"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKSPEARE.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Air	577
Albania, Three Guns in	16
All about Pigs	471
Among the Moors	276, 567
Ancient Officers of the Tower	68, 156
Anglers, The Oldest of the	540
Animal Mechanics	398
Apparition, A True Account of an	27
Arbuthnot's (Gen. Sir R.) Equestrian Feat	519
Art in Birmingham	196
Assurance Companies and Unhealthy Neighbourhoods	563
Auction at Garraway's	274
Australia, The Climate of	391
Australia, Emigrant Farmers in	396
Australia, The Gold Fields of	213
Australia, Story of a Bush Ranger	310
Australia, What to Take to	364
Australian Emigration Ships	410
Ben, A Terribly Strange	129
Beggars, Departed	211
Betting Shops	333
Berrington's Knapsack	193
Birds, A Flight with the	381
Birmingham Glass Works	32
Bitter Beer	423
Blacksmith, The Harmonious	198
Blake, Admiral	326
Blue Mantle, Little	429
Bokhara Shawls	552
Bombay	181
Bonfires on St John's Eve	426
Bonn, The Thirsty Boys of	137
Bovington (Mr) on the New Cattle Market	422
Boys to Mend	597
Brass Works at Birmingham	192
Bricks and Mortar, Invasion of	69
British Cotton	51
British Gun Secret, The	202
Broadbumble, The Schoolmaster of	377
Buoys	21
Buried City of Ceylon	25
Burney, Fanny, The Shadow of	392
Bush, A Ride through the	310
Buttons	106
Cairo, The Merry Men of	602
Cattle Market, The Proposed New	422
Cemeteries in France	258
Ceylon, a Garden of Flowers in	556
Ceylon, The Buried City of	25
Chalk Farm Fair	165
Change for a Sovereign	279
Charms and Spells	59
Charterhouse, The	265
Child's Funeral at Drammen	231
Child's History of England, A	89, 207, 305, 400, 495, 612
Child's Hospital, A	46
Chinaman's Ball	331
China with a Flaw in it	368
Chips	15, 98, 101, 155, 203, 279, 295, 325, 364, 391, 438, 493, 519, 535, 566, 582, 610
Chowsempoor Bank, The	237
Christiania, The Roads in	230
Chromo-lithography	176
Cities in Plain Clothes	417
City of Sudden Death, The	171, 281
City Parliament	525
Climate of Australia	391
Clouded Skye	98
Cologne Cathedral	127
Constitutional Trials	423
Copeland's Potteries	117
Cornish Choughs found at last	582
Cornish Choughs, Search for	186, 519
Cotton	51
Court, Up A	508
Cries of London	93
Cranford, Visiting at	53
Cross Country Church, A	465
Cup and the Lip	582
Cup of Coffee	502
Daniel Lambert	548
Danube, Wild Flowers of the	268
Darkness in Devonshire	325
Day and Night	450
Departed Beggars	244
Diggings, Off to the	405
Dining with the Million	149
Dinner Party in Norway	233
Duect for India	141
Dish of Vegetables	221
Doubles	535
Down in a Silver Mine	593
"Drawing-room," A Poor Man's Delight in a	569
Drinking Duel, A	135
Drooping Buds	15
Dumb Friends	121
Dumblodowndeary	312
East, The Law in the	347
Eclipse in Norway, The	231
Emigration from the Highlands	324
Encroachments of the Sea	252
Enemy, The	577
Evergreen, How to be an	42
Execution at Lewes	167
Faith, Monsters of	506
Fanny Burney, The Shadow of	392
Farmer of Tiptree Hall	477
First Fruits	189
Flight with the Birds	381
Floating Sentinels	21
Flying Bridge	466
Forbidden Land, The	431
Foreign Money	574
Foreign Refugees, A Plea for	253
Forgeries in Literature	374, 414
For India Direct	141
Four Stories	396
French Cemeteries	258
French Nobility, Privileges of	209
French Provincial News	440
French Students	149
French Women, The Rights of	218
Funerals in Naples	19
Garden of Flowers, A	556
Gardener to the Schah, The	317
Garraway's, The Wonders of	274
Geneva, Average Duration of Life in	536
Geography of the Ocean	246
German Workman, The	410
Ghost Raiser, The	83
Glass discovered at Pompeii	284
Glass Works at Birmingham	32
Going to the Dogs	309
Gold, The Harvest of	213
Gossip of Lebanon	439
Gown and Town	101
Great Catch, A	104
Great Chowsempoor Bank	237
Great Idea, A	546
Great Invasion	69
Great People	504
Gretna Green	19
Gum on Postage Stamps	203
Handful of Foreign Money	574
Hanging Paper, Hints on	516
Harmonious Blacksmith, The	198
Harvest of Gold	213
Healthy Figures	535
Heavy Spade and Light Fork	180
Highland Emigration	324
History of England (A Child's)	89, 207, 305, 400, 495, 612
Hollow Things	589
Hon Member for Verbosity, The	454
Hospital for Children, The	45
Hospital, Saint George's	77
Household Scenery	513
Houses of Call for High Art	251
Houses to Let	5
How Dover Cliffs became White	48
How to become an Evergreen	42
Hunter and the Student	157
Hyde Park	302
India Direct, For	141
India, The Law in	347
Indian Wife's Penance	507
Invasion of Bricks and Mortar	69
Island of Madeira	542
Isle of Skye, The	98
Joan of Arc	197
King Charles's Post-bag	203
Knapsack, Berrington's	193
Last Homes	258
Law in the East	347
Leadhills, The Village of	538
Lebanon, Gossip of	439
Legend of the Castle	567
Lewes, an Execution at	167
Life of a Salmon	606
Lion and the Hunter	161
Literary Mystifications	374, 444
Little Blue Mantle	429
Lloyd's	585
Looking up the Tower	15
Lodging-houses of the Poor	520
Logan Rock, The	206
London, The Cries of	93
London Bridge in the Afternoon	570
Lunatics, The Treatment of	270
Madeira, The Island of	542
Man from the West	145

PAGE

Margaret Fuller 121
Marischal College, Fatal Frolic at 436
Mechi's Farm, A Visit to . . . 477
Medical Knowledge of our Ancestors 80
Melancholy Place, A 166
Merry Men of Cairo, The . . . 602
Mid-air, A Tale of 197
Midsummer Bonefires 426
Mincing Lane, The Wonders of . 273
Money Orders 1
Money, Foreign 574
Monsters of Faith 506
Moors, Among the . . . 276, 567
More Dumb Friends 124
My Aunt in Paris 112
My Little French Friend . . . 169

Naples, Village Funerals in . 19
Napoleon, A Visit to the Tomb of 295
New Religious Sect 261
New School for Wives 84
News of an Old Place 537
Nobility in Spain 38
Norfolk Encroachments of the Sea 372
Norfolk Island 73
Norfolk Island, Transported to 455, 482, 506
Northern Lights and Shadows . 48
Norway, A Child's Funeral in . 231
Norway, A Dinner Party in . . 233
Norway, Notes from . . 230, 255
Norway, Summer and Winter in . 275
Norway, The Total Eclipse in . 231
Not Found Yet 186

Ocean, Geography of the . . 246
Official Emigration 155
Off to the Diggings 121
Old Clothes 93
Old Household Words . . . 80
Omnibuses, Ill named . . . 438
One of the Evils of Match Making 152
Open Air Entertainments . . 165
Operation at St George's Hospital 78
Our Court and its Proprietor . 510
Our Doubles 388
Our Honorable Friend . . . 453
Our House 41
Our Primaries 189
Our Ruins 521
Our Total Eclipse Pic-Nic Party . 231
Our Vestry 519
Overland Mail at Southampton . 141

Page from a Sad Book . . . 474
Paper-hanging, Hints on . . 516
Paper-staining Manufactory . 517
Paris, My Aunt in 112
Parliament of the City . . . 525
Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, The . 141
Persian Housekeeping . . . 317
Phases of Public Life . . 224, 250
Philanthropic Farm School at Red Hill, A Visit to the . . . 500
Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville, Shadows of 346
Pictures on Stone 176
Pigs 471
Plain Clothes, Cities in . . 417
Plated Article, A 117
Play in a great many Acts . . 366
Poets of Fifty Years ago . . . 357
Pompeii, A Visit to . . 172, 281
Poor Brothers of the Charterhouse 285
Poor Man's Delight in a "Drawing-room" 509
Postage Stamps, The Gum on . 213
Post-office Money Orders . . 1
Potteries, The Staffordshire . 117
Primaries 189
Primitive People 104
Printed Forgeries . . . 374, 444
Present Hollow Time, The . . 569
Preservation in Destruction . . 280
Privileges of the French Nobility 205

Quarter-day 342

Races, The Smithfield . . . 162
Raiser of Ghosts 83
Refugees, A Plea for . . . 253
Rehburg, A Ramble to . . . 522
Ride through the Bush . . . 310
Rights of French Women . . 218
Rise and Fall of the Great Chowsempoor Bank 237
Rose, the Fairest in the World . 610
Round the Midsummer Fire . 426
Roving Englishman's Ramble to Rehburg 522
Ruins by the Seaside 522

Sad Book, A Page from a . . 474
Saint George and the Dragon . 77
Saint George's Hospital, an Operation at 78
Saint Helena, A Visit to . . . 295
Saint John's Eve, Bonefires on . 426
Salmon 606
Schah's English Gardener, The . 317
School for Wives 84
Schoolmaster of Broadbumble, The 377
Sentiment in Stone 127
Sentinels, Floating 21
Serpentine Yacht Club . . . 303
Shadow—Day and Night . . . 450
Shadow of Fanny Burney at Court 392
Shadows of Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville 346
Shadow of the Island of Madeira . 542
Shawls 552
Shipwreck of Madame d'Ossoli . 123
Silver Mine, A 592
Sister Ship, The 138
Skye, The Isle of 98
Sledging 64
Smithfield Races 162
Snails 240
Something New 519
Sovereign, Change for a . . . 279
Spain, The Nobility of . . . 38
Spanish Romance 415
Staffordshire Potteries . . . 117
Still on the Wing 201
Stone Pictures 176
Strength, A Tower of 66
Student and the Hunter . . . 157
Submarine Geography 246
Sudden Death, The City of . 171, 281
Summer among the Farmers in Norway 235
Superstitions of the North . . 48
Switzerland 299
Swords and Ploughshares . . 297

Tale of Mid-air, A 197
Tapestry, A Story of 514
Tapping the Butts . . . 501, 531
Ten Minutes "cross Country" . 464
Terribly Strange Bed, A . . . 129
Thibet 431
Thirsty Boys of Bonn . . . 137
Three Guns in Albania . . . 16
Three Sisters, a Tale . . . 350, 384
Tiptree Farm, A Visit to . . 477
Too Much Blue 291
Total Eclipse in Norway . . 231
Tomb of Napoleon 295
Tom's Salad Days 580
Tower of London . . . 15, 66, 156
Town and Gown 101
Train for India 141
Transported for Life . . 455, 482, 506
Treatment of the Insane . . 270
True Account of an Apparition . 27
Tubal Cain 192
Twenty Shillings for a Napoleon . 295

Underwriting 585
Universal Magazine, An . . 519
Up a Court 508

Vegetables, A Dish of . . . 221
Venice in Plain Clothes . . . 420
Verbosity, The Hon. Member for 454
Vestry Meeting, A 550
Vesuvius, A Visit to 285
Village Funerals at Naples . . 19
Visit to Pompeii . . . 172, 281
Visiting at Cranford 73
Volunteer Apostles 201

Walking-sticks 610
We and our Man Tom . . . 396
West, Man from the 145
What Godfathers have done for Omnibuses 438
What has become of Winter? . 12
What's to become of us? . . 372
What there is in a Button . . 106
What to take to Australia . . 864
Wholesome Policy 583
Who Murdered Downie? . . . 436
Widow of Sixteen 322
Wild Flowers of the Danube, a Legend 266
Winter in Norway 256
Witchcraft, A Trial for . . . 474
Witchcraft in Devonshire . . 325
Wives, A new School for . . 84
Wonders of Mincing Lane . . 273
Workmen in Germany . . . 150
World's Fairest Rose, The . . 610
Wreck and Ruin 494

Yacht Club, The Serpentine . . 303
Young France at the Easel . . 149

POETRY.

Angel Eyes 224
Bread of Life 321
Camera Obscura 11
Cities of Time 489
Emigrant's Glance Homeward . 80
Fiery Trial, a Legend . . . 248
First Born, The 392
From Gold to Gray 104
Growth of Good 54
Hope 297
Household Word, A 440
Kilspindie 585
King Dirt 31
Lady and Child 345
Legend of the Miraculous Rose Trees 128
Path of Hope 561
Recollections of Sir Martin Shee . 176
Rhyme of the Caliph . . . 512
Spanish Romance 415
Tale Unfinished 152
Thinker and the Doer . . . 464
To my Cousin Helen 440

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDERS.

In 1792, when the true British sailor was stoutly preparing to defy the French in various parts of the globe at thirty shillings a-month; and when British military valour was fighting Tippoo Saib, in India, at a shilling a-day; it was felt as a great hardship, that the affluent warriors of both services could not transmit, safely and speedily, to their sweethearts and wives, even from one part of the United Kingdom to another, their surplus capital. The Government—seeing the danger of allowing the savings of its servants to burn holes in their pockets—was good enough to concoct a snug little "job," by means of which such pocket-conflagrations might be extinguished. The monopoly of transmitting money from one place to another was conceded to three gentlemen, in connection with the Post-office. Their terms were—eight-pence for every pound; but, if the sum exceeded two pounds, a stamp-duty of one shilling was levied by Government, in addition. Five guineas was the highest amount which could be thus remitted; and the charge for that sum was four shillings and sixpence, or nearly five per cent., besides the price of the postage of the letter which contained the advice—perhaps a shilling more.

Now, happily, the days of monopoly have passed, and Mr. Rowland Hill does the same thing for the odd sixpence, with an odd penny, at a profit to the Government of about seven thousand pounds a-year; exclusive of the gain derived from the enormous number of letters of advice which Post-office orders have created. When the privilege was extended from soldiers and sailors to the general public, the three monopolists of the last century could divide between them, on an average, no more than six hundred and fifty pounds per annum. No longer ago than the year 1838, the Money-order Office was absorbed into the Post-office; and, although the charges were reduced to a commission of sixpence for sums not exceeding two pounds, and of one shilling and sixpence for sums up to five pounds (which was, and is still, the limit), a chief clerk and two assistants were appointed to do all the business the public brought to them; and even they could only do it at a loss to the department. People could not afford to increase even the reduced charges for commission, by the eight-penny and shilling postages, for their letters of advice.

Penny Postage, therefore, is the parent of the gigantic Money-order system, which now flourishes in full activity. In estimating the advantages of that great stroke of economical, administrative, and commercial sense, many of its less prominent agencies for good are overlooked. The facilities it has afforded for epistolary intercommunication are so wonderful and self-evident, that we who benefit by them, are blinded to the hidden impulses it has given to social improvement and to commerce. Regarded only as the origin of the present Money-order system, Penny Postage has occasioned the exercise of prudence, benevolence, and self-denial; it has, in many instances, stopped the sufferings of want by timely remittances; and it has quickened the under-currents of trade by causing small transactions to be easily and promptly effected. These advantages can only be estimated by a consideration of the following facts.

During the advent-year of penny postage, the commission on Post-office orders was reduced to threepence and sixpence for sums not exceeding two pounds and not exceeding five pounds respectively. In that year the number of orders granted in the United Kingdom was (in round numbers, which we shall use throughout, for the reader's greater convenience) one hundred and eighty-eight thousand, for an aggregate amount of three hundred and thirteen thousand pounds. Even this was a great advance on the business previously done at the old prices; but what are the figures for the tenth year of penny postage? During the year 1850, the number of orders granted in the United Kingdom was four million four hundred and forty thousand, for amounts making up eight million four hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds;—only a million less than the yearly produce of the income and assessed taxes put together! This marvellous increase can, perhaps, be better appreciated by being seen through a diminished medium. In the first *month* of the penny postage (1840), the issue of orders was about ten thousand in number, for something over sixteen thousand pounds; but in the month of December, 1851, the number of orders issued was more than three hundred and

sixty-seven thousand, for six hundred and ninety thousand pounds. That is to say, during that single month twice as many orders were taken out and paid for than were issued and paid in 1840 during the whole *year*. This astonishing increase will be accounted for when we explain the apparent hyperbole which classes Money-orders with prudence, charity, and commercial activity.

No one will deny, that of all the possessions vouchsafed to mankind, the most difficult to keep, is money. That difficulty—a difficulty universally experienced and felt as pressingly in Her Majesty's naval and military services, as in any kind of service whatever—first brought the Money-order Office into existence. It is because it relieves that difficulty in some degree, that the Money-order Office is now so extensively patronised. Formerly, when the young English provincial, or aspiring Scotchman, left his straightened home to seek his fortune in some distant town—and found it—the temptations that gleamed from his hoarded earnings often overcame him; and, instead of keeping them to remit, at some uncertain opportunity, to his struggling relations, he squandered them on his own pleasures. Now, that temptation is greatly lessened; he can send home his spare cash by the cheap, immediate, and safe agency of Post-office orders: to be applied either in relieving the wants of the recipients, or to be prudently invested for himself. The amount of money which is passed to Ireland in this way is very great. It can be ascertained, approximately, by a comparison between the number of orders issued in England, and paid in Ireland, at ordinary times, and so issued and paid during the Irish invasion, at hay-making time. For instance, during the month of February 1851 (the business during which month affords a fair monthly average), thirteen thousand orders were issued in England, and paid in Ireland with nineteen thousand pounds; but in the July following, thirty-three thousand English orders were presented in Ireland, in exchange for nearly thirty-three thousand pounds; being an excess over the transactions of February of nineteen thousand orders, and thirteen thousand eight hundred pounds. It would be a curious (but impossible) calculation which should show us how much of this large sum would have reached Ireland, under the respected ancient dispensation, when Irish haymakers hoarded their money;—after it had been hidden in holes and hedges; or screwed up in worsted stockings; or inserted in the linings of brimless hats. During the famine year (1847), the orders transmitted hence and paid in Ireland, exceeded the average by one hundred and forty-three thousand, representing about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This shows how readily the poor will help the poor, when facilities for so doing are presented to them.—The Money-order Office accounts paint the character of Scotland for prudence, saving habits, and commercial activity in small matters, in glowing colours. With a population two-thirds less than Ireland, her absent sons and daughters sent home, for various purposes, during the year which ended on the 30th September, 1851, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. During the same period, the Irish absentees and their commercial connexions in this country forwarded to Ireland very little more; namely, two hundred and ninety thousand pounds. The poverty of the Irish remitters is strikingly shown by the smallness of the average amounts. Less than one hundred and fourteen thousand orders were issued to send the two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to Scotland; while nearly double that number were taken out to forward the two hundred and ninety thousand pounds to Ireland. The average amount of each remittance to Scotland was two pounds, three shillings, and fourpence; while the average of each order on Ireland was not quite one pound, five shillings, and sixpence. During the hay-making season, the average of each order on the Irish offices was only fourteen shillings and five farthings.

The Money-order system has opened up an enormous amount of small traffic. In many country places it has superseded the pedlar, and has lessened the number and variety of those commissions with which any member of a country family is loaded, when he happens to be "going into town." Whatever articles may be required by private families, by small manufacturers, or by petty shopkeepers, can now be ordered at once from head quarters in a penny letter. The goods are sent, through various conveyances, by the town shopkeeper; and payment for them is made per Post-office orders. Thus, we find that in all the great centres of trade or manufactures, there is a great excess of orders paid, over orders granted. During the year ending on the thirtieth of last September, the excess of payments over receipts, in Birmingham, was ninety-five thousand pounds; in Liverpool, eight thousand pounds; in Manchester, thirty-six thousand five hundred pounds. The great excess of payments is in the manufacturing towns; for, by the medium of Money-orders and penny postage, the watchmaker at Cheltenham or Plymouth can as readily write for, pay for, and obtain by return of post from Birmingham, any tool he may require, as if the maker were his neighbour in the next street. In places, therefore, where trade and manufactures are not the staple; where fashion resorts; or where—as in cathedral cities—pursy respectability vegetates, the excess is the other way. The year's transactions, at Cheltenham, for example, leave a large balance of orders issued, over orders paid. It is found, in effect, that all small Money-order offices issue more orders than they pay.

A great many money-orders are taken out as answers to advertisements. Tradesmen

especially have widened the circles of their connection in this way. The amount of tea, coffee, confectionery, books, jewellery, wearing apparel, and innumerable other articles, which advertising traders get paid for in Post-office orders, would be astounding, if it could be ascertained. Answers (in cash) to charitable appeals, and payment of small debts, are also much facilitated by Post-office orders. We mentioned in our account of "My Uncle," that bank-notes were sometimes pawned for safety's sake. In like manner, hawkers, trampers, sailors, and other humble travellers, take out money-orders in one place, to be paid to themselves in another.

The Central Money-order Office in which these remarkable results have been produced and ascertained, is in Aldersgate Street, London, hard by the Post Office. It is a large establishment—large enough to be a very considerable Post Office in itself—with extensive cellarage branching off into interminable groves of letters of advice, and receipts, all methodically arranged for reference. The room in which the orders are issued and paid, has a flavor of Lombard Street and money. It has its long banker's counter, where clerks sit behind iron gratings, with their wooden bowls of cash, and their little scales for weighing gold; and vistas of pigeon-holes stretch out behind them—which are not without their pigeons, as we shall presently see. Here, from ten o'clock to four, keeping the swing-doors on the swing all day, all sorts and conditions of people come and go. Greasy butchers and salesmen from Newgate Market with bits of suet in their hair, who loll, and lounge, and cool their foreheads against the grating, like a good-humoured sort of Bears; sharp little clerks not long from school, who have everything requisite and necessary in readiness; older clerks in shooting-coats, a little sobered down as to official zeal, though possibly not yet as to Cigar Divans and Betting-Offices; matrons who *will* go distractedly wrong, and whom no consideration, human or divine, will induce to declare in plain words what they have come for; people with small children which they perch on edges of remote desks, where the children, supposing themselves to be for ever abandoned and lost, present a piteous spectacle; labouring men, merchants, half-pay officers: retired old gentlemen from trim gardens by the New River, excessively impatient of being trodden on, and very persistent as to the poking in of their written demands with tops of canes and handles of umbrellas. The clerks in this office ought to rival the lamented Sir Charles Bell in their knowledge of the expression of the hand. The varieties of hands that hover about the grating, and are thrust through the little doorways in it, are a continual study for them—or would be, if they had any time to spare, which assuredly they have not. The coarse-grained hand which seems all thumb and knuckle, and no nail, and which takes up money or puts it down with such an odd, clumsy, lumbering touch; the retail trader's hand which chinks it up and tosses it over with a bounce; the housewife's hand which has a lingering propensity to keep some of it back, and to drive a bargain by not paying in the last shilling or so of the sum for which her order is obtained; the quick, the slow, the coarse, the fine, the sensitive and dull, the ready and unready; they are always at the grating all day long. Hovering behind the owners of these hands, observant of the various transactions in which they engage, is a tall constable (rather potential with the matrons and widows on account of his portly aspect) who assists the bewildered female public; explains the nature of the printed forms put ready to be filled up, for the quicker issuing of orders and the greater exactness as to names; and has an eye on the Unready one, as he knots his money up in a pocket-handkerchief, or crams it into a greasy pocket-book. If you have any bad money by you, be careful not to bring it here! The portly constable will whisk you into a back office before you can say Jack Robinson; will snip your bad half-crown or five-shilling piece in half, directly; and (at the best) after searching inquiry, will fold the pieces in a note of your name and address, and consign them to a bundle of similar trophies for evermore!

A prosaic place enough at first sight, the Money-order Office is; but, when we went there to look about us, the walls seemed presently to turn to burnished gold, the clock to go upon a thousand jewels: the clerks to be the ministers of Fortune, dispensing wisdom, riches, beauty, to the human race. For, if you want to know what you are fit for (true wisdom in itself) will not a money-order for five shillings in favour of the gentleman who pierces you through and through if you only show him your handwriting, settle it beyond a doubt! If you seek that one efficient recipe for curls, eyebrows, whiskers, sparkling eyes, and general bloom, can it not be yours to-morrow, through this wonderful establishment! If you want to acquire, for seven-and-sixpence sterling, that light and elegant accomplishment which will enable you to realise from two to twenty pounds per week, during the whole remainder of your natural life, have you anything to do but to take your money-order out and send it to the great philanthropist, whose modesty is equal to his merit, and who lives retired behind initials! Or, if your tastes be sporting tastes, and you would prefer to realise a handsome competence on the turf, is not "The Kiddy's Tip" (for the small charge of a crown, and a percentage on your winnings) to be had by the next post, on remittance to the Kiddy from this place; and has not the Kiddy ever been The Lucky One; and does he not refer with pride to that eventful day when he cautioned

his kind patrons to beware of Staggers's lot; and is not the Kiddy absolutely sure that he can pick the winner from the field, this time, and lead the sporting gents who honour him with their confidence, to wealth and laurels!

All these people, we found, on sober inquiry, in common with a host of quacks and fortune-tellers, really do use the office, and really do receive large sums of money from the unlucky pigeons, the records of whose folly pass into the pigeon-holes. We were shewn a circular, which has been very extensively disseminated in the provinces. It explains (with patterns of the article produced) a pretended patent for the manufacture of a fabric in universal demand. It promises to each subscriber for one share, price five shillings, (to be sent, of course, per Money-order), not a paltry return of three or four hundred per cent.; but a good round income. "Subscribers," we quote the precise words of the printed bait, "will, for every five shillings they invest, realise from seventy-five to three hundred pounds sterling *per annum!*"—to be paid, it is politely stated in another part of the prospectus, quarterly. Now, rational people will say that the wild extravagance of such a promise, exceeding all possible gullibility, would be its own defeat. The said rational people, however, will be (as they sometimes are) in error. Credulity has no bounds. It is a fact, that since the issue of that golden circular, the Post-office authorities have paid to its concocter,—not hundreds, but thousands of pounds. Post-office orders have poured in from believers in impossible profit, at such a rate, that three hundred pounds were handed over to the successful schemer in the course of one single week! Could Clairvoyance get a postman's place, and read the sealed letters as well as deliver them, what insane credence, what impossible hope, what glowing cupidity would be revealed in the wrappers to those particular Post-office orders! Perhaps a clergyman writes to inquire whether the first quarter's produce of his five shillings enclosed (on the before-mentioned scale of productiveness), is likely to become due about September? because, at the beginning of that month, possibly, "he has a little bill of exchange to take up!" So, a lady, writing, it is likely, in August, wishes to open a school in December: and does the gentleman think that, by that time, her five shillings will have grown into,—say even fifty pounds? The next letter may show (mesmerically) the inmost soul—and the five shillings—of a young gentleman, who is "loved and beloved," &c., and who wishes to know whether, if he take a house at Lady-day, the first instalment of the annual fortune will arrive in time for him to enshrine his idol in it with the requisite appliances for persons about to marry?

It is right, however, to observe, that the authorities, when they find themselves accidentally and innocently agents in carrying on such infamous schemes, take advantage of any informality to withhold the payment, and restore the orders to the deluded senders.

This sort of mystification is even more surprising than that under which certain uneducated individuals (Irish) have been known to labour. The belief has more than once been manifested at a Money-order office window, that the mere payment of the commission would be sufficient to procure an order for five pounds; the form of paying in the five pounds being deemed purely optional. An Irish gentleman (who had left his hod at the door) recently applied in Aldersgate Street for an order for five pounds on a Tipperary Post-office: for which he tendered (probably congratulating himself on having hit upon so good an investment) sixpence! It required a lengthened argument to prove to him that he would have to pay the five pounds into the office, before his friend could receive that small amount in Tipperary; and he went away, after all, evidently convinced that his not having this order was one of the personal wrongs of Ireland, and one of the particular injustices done to hereditary bondsmen only.

To pass from the Pigeons to the Pigeon-holes, it may be observed that, in the paying department, there are eleven hundred of the latter (Heaven knows how many of the former; they are incalculable) corresponding to the eleven hundred Money-order offices spread all over England. The Scotch and Irish advices have pigeon-holes to themselves. When an order is presented, the clerk goes straight to the hole marked with the name of the town it has been issued from. If the order correspond in every respect with the advice, the cash is instantly paid.

The number of Money-order offices in the United Kingdom is nearly seventeen hundred; their accounts are dealt with, in Aldersgate Street, by one hundred and seventy-eight clerks. So promptly and accurately are these accounts posted up, that a balance of the whole kingdom as to money-orders is struck daily; and, by two o'clock, the state of each deputy's (or postmaster's) account can be accurately ascertained—what he owes, or what is due to him—up to the latest postal communication.

That the gigantic operations of the entire system may be seen at one view, we present an account of its transactions during the year which ended on the thirty-first of last December:—The number of orders issued in the United Kingdom during that time, was nearly four million seven hundred thousand, for money amounting to nearly nine millions sterling. The cash which changed hands by the intervention of the Post-office Money-order office—in other words, the combined total of issues and payments of money-orders, in the United Kingdom, during last year, was

upwards of seventeen millions sterling; a sum more than equal to one-third of the whole official expenditure of this very expensive and rather official country. Every day, an interchange of small sums (each averaging in England and Wales no more than one pound, eighteen shillings, and ninepence) takes place in the United Kingdom by the agency of Money-order offices, to the amount of upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

The revenue of the Money-order Office exceeded its expenses, in the year 1851, by more than seven thousand pounds of profit. The same office, before the important improvements of the last few years had been effected, cost the country *a loss* of ten thousand six hundred pounds.

Despite the prodigious increase in the business of the department, which we have pointed out, its efficiency has been doubled, and its cost almost halved. By superseding seventy-eight superfluous ledgers, the labour of sixty clerks has been saved; by simply reducing the size of the money-orders and advices, the expense of paper and print alone has been diminished by eleven hundred pounds per annum; while the abolition of separate advices of each transaction has economised the number of letters by forty-six thousand, weekly. The upshot is, that these economical reforms have effected a saving in the Money-order Office, alone, equal *to seventeen thousand pounds per annum!*

HOUSES TO LET.

I HAVE often heard doubts expressed, and conjectures hazarded, as to who and what manner of people they may be that read the Supplement of the Times newspaper. That a very fair proportion of the subscribers and readers of that journal do so, is a fact, I take it, apparent to, and acknowledged by, the frequenters of parlours, coffee-houses, club-rooms, and hotel snuggeries. Admitting always that it *is* read, it is not by any means so certain *who* reads it. The advertisers may do so, wishing, like careful men of business, to make sure that they have had their pennyworth for their penny. The proof reader reads it *bon gré, malgré*, though, very likely, while toiling down the dreary columns of uninteresting announcements, he may say, with Ancient Pistol, in the Great Leek Consumption Case,—"I read and eke I swear." But do you or I, reader, affect the perusal of that portentous broad-sheet with the halfpenny stamp? From time to time we may glance at the Education near London column; at the New Discoveries in Teeth; at the Sales by Auction; and the Horizontal Grand Pianofortes: but we know that the really interesting "ads." are in the body of the paper; that the profligate initials are entreated to return to their parents, or to send back the key of the tea-caddy in the second or third column of the front page; and that the unfathomable hieroglyphics hold sweet converse in the same locality. In that Pactolean front page, who knows, from morning to morning, but that Messrs. Wouter, Gribble, and Sharp, of Gray's Inn, may publicly express their wish to communicate something to our advantage to us? In that front page, conscientious cabmen have found the wearing apparel and jewellery we have lost, or dog-fanciers (more conscientious still) the dogs which have been st——well, mislaid. In that same page we can put our hands on all the announcements we want:—the Steam Navigation, which is to waft us to Rotterdam and the Rhine, or to Paris, *vid* Calais, in eleven hours; of the exhibitions and dioramas we delight in witnessing; of the charitable associations it so pleaseth us (kind souls!) to subscribe to; of horses and carriages, we buy or sell, and of the oats, which good Mary Wedlake so pertinaciously desires to know if we bruise yet. If we want clerks or governesses, or, as clerks and governesses, are ourselves wanted; if we wish to borrow or to lend money, or to see what new books or new music appeal to our taste, literary or musical, we find them, if not in the front page, still almost invariably in the main body of the "Times;" it is only on special occasions—when the honourable Member for Mugborough divides the house at two o'clock in the morning; or the Crushclod Agricultural Society holds a meeting, unusually stormy or lengthy; or my Lord Centipede gives a dinner, at which everybody drinks everybody's health, and returns thanks into the bargain,—that the really interesting advertisements are crowded into the Supplement. On other occasions, that document remains a dreary acceptance for the education, teeth, pianoforte, and auctioneer advertisements, with the addition, perhaps, of a few camphine lamps, liquid hair-dyes, and coals at nine shillings per chaldron. Yet the Supplement is read by thousands,—not merely by that pale man in the brown cloak and the discontented face opposite to me, who has engaged the Times *de facto* after me, and is only, I can plainly see, affecting to read the *de jure* Supplement; having rage in his heart, caused by the conviction (wherein he is right) that I intend to keep the paper till I have read the leaders through;—not merely by him, but by the numerous and influential class of persons who are interested in a phalanx of advertisements, which I have hitherto omitted to enumerate, as among the contents of the dullest Supplement; and which have reference to Houses to Let. This is, at least, *my* theory. If ever I see a man really immersed in the perusal of the Times Supplement, and appearing to derive any genuine interest therefrom, I make pretty sure that he has either a House to Let, or that he wants to take one.

Houses to Let! The subject is fraught with speculative interest for those philosophers who are content to leave the sun, the

moon, the pre-Adamite dynasties, the Mosaic theory of creation, the digamma, and the perpetual motion, to their betters; and can find sufficient food for philosophy in the odds and ends, the sweeping of the house of life—who can read homilies in bricks and mortar, sermons in stones, the story of a life, its hopes and fears, its joys and woes, in the timbers of a dilapidated pigstye, in the desolation of a choked-up fountain, or the ruins of a springless pump!

We change our dresses, our servants, our friends and foes—how can our houses expect to be exempt from the mutabilities of life? We tire of the old friend, and incline to the new; the old baby is deposed in favour of the new baby; the fat, turnip silver-watch our father gave us, gives place to a gold Geneva—we change, and swop, and barter, and give up, and take back, and long for, and get tired of, all and everything in life—why not of houses too? So the Supplement of the Times can always offer Houses to Let; and we are continually running mad to let or hire them, as *vice versâ*, six months hence, perhaps, we shall be as maniacally eager to hire or to let.

Subdivision, classification, and elaboration, are certainly distinguishing characteristics of the present æra of civilisation. The house-agents of the Daily Courant now, of the Public Ledger, or the Evening Intelligencer, would have been coupled with the announcement *pur et simple*, that in such and such a street, or part of the court, there was a House to Let. They might, perhaps, have added, at the most, that it was over-against the Bear Garden, or that it formerly belonged to a tradesman possessing an infallible cure for the scurvy, and who "made the very best purl that ever was brewed;" but there they would stop. Catch *us* doing anything of the sort in these enlightened days. Where our benighted grandfathers had boys' and girls' schools, we have seminaries, academies, lyceums, and colleges, for young ladies. Where they had sales "by inch of candle," we have Mr. George Robins. A spade isn't a spade in 1852, but something else; and with our house agents. a house is not only a house, but a great many things besides.

A House to Let may be a mansion, a noble mansion, a family mansion, a residence, a desirable residence, a genteel residence, a family residence, a bachelor's residence, a distinguished residence, an elegant house, a substantial house, a detached house, a desirable villa, a semi-detached villa, a villa standing in its own grounds, an Italian villa, a villa-residence, a small villa, a compact detached cottage, a *cottage ornée*, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*. Rarely do the advertisements bear reference only to a house, a villa, or a cottage: we *must* call the spade something in addition to its simply agrarian title.

Now, are all these infinitesimal subdivisions of Houses to Let merely intended as ingenious devices to charm the house-hirer by variety, in the manner of Mr. Nicoll, with regard to his overcoats, and Messrs. Swan and Edgar with reference to ladies' cloaks and shawls; or do there really exist subtle distinctions, minute, yet decidedly perceptible, between every differently named house? Can it be that the desirable residence has points calculated to satisfy desire in a different degree to the elegant predilections to be gratified by the elegant residence? Can it be that a residence, after all, is n't a house, nor a house a residence? It may be so. People, in the innocence of their hearts, and unaccustomed to letting or hiring houses, may imagine that there can be no very material difference between a villa, a genteel villa, and a compact villa; but in the mind of the astute house-agent, and equally intelligent house-hirer, differences, varieties of size, aspect, and convenience, immediately suggest themselves, and to their experienced eyes there are as many points of distinction between the genteel and the compact, the desirable and the distinguished, as to the visual organs of those learned in horses between a cob and a hack, a racer and a screw; or to the initiated in dog-lore, between a greyhound and a setter.

I do not pretend to any peculiarly nice perception as to things in general. I cannot tell to this day a hawk from a falcon (between the former bird and a handsaw I might be able to guess). It was a long time before I could distinguish between a leveret and a rabbit, or tell very high venison from decomposed shoulder of mutton; and I will not be certain, even now, if I could tell, from the odour (being blindfolded), which was pitch and which tar. So, the immense variety of Houses to Let has always been to me a mystery, the subtle distinctions in their nomenclature sources of perplexed speculation. There may be those who are more learned than I am—those who, with similar acuteness as the gentlemen mentioned in Hudibras, who had been beaten till they could tell to a splinter of what wood the cudgel was composed, and kicked till they knew if the shoe were "calfskin or neat's leather"—can mark the strong connections, the nice dependencies, the gradations just of houses, mansions, villas, and residences, and with their "pervading souls look through" the wondrous variety of Houses to Let.

I can only theorise. I have studied the Times attentively, and gazed wearily at the elongated crimson baize-covered panels in the house-agents' windows, on which, written on slips of foolscap, the announcements of Houses to Let are secured with parti-coloured wafers. Goodness knows how far from the actual mark I may be; but you shall hear what my ideas are on this very open House question.

First, of the Mansion. What manner of house would you imagine that to be? I take it to be situate at Kew, possibly at Chiswick,

peradventure at Putney. Red brick, stone window casings, a great many chimney-pots, a steep flight of steps before the door. Perhaps the advertisement says that it is "approached by a carriage drive." I can see that carriage drive, the mangy gravel, weeds and grass springing up between; the brown ragged lawn in the middle; the choked-up flower-beds, with pieces of broken bottles and fractured tobacco-pipes, where there were once geraniums and heliotropes. There must be a wall in front, and a pair of rusty iron-gates, or more probably a paint-destitute portal, scored over with drawings in crayons of unpopular churchwardens, and fierce denunciations of the Pope of Rome, the College of Cardinals, and the New Police Act. This door is blistered with the sun, dinted by the peg-tops and hocky-sticks of savage boys. In the centre you may see a parallelopipedal patch, where the paint is of a lighter colour, and where there are marks of bygone screws. That was where the brass plate was, when the mansion was occupied by the Reverend Doctor Brushback. It was called "Smolensko House" then, and on Sundays and holidays a goodly procession of youths educated therein issued from it. A small confectioner's ("sock-shop," the boys called it) was started in the adjacent lane, on the sole strength of the school custom; and Widow Maggle, the greengrocer, who supplied the establishment with birch-brooms, actually started her boy Dick in a cart with a live donkey from her increased profits. But the Reverend Doctor Brushback, at the age of fifty-seven, and in a most unaccountable manner, took it into his head to turn the wife of his bosom out of doors. Then he flogged three-fourths of his scholars away, and starved the remainder. Then he was suspected of an addiction to strong drinks, and of breaking Leather's (the shoe, knife, and general errand boy's) head, because he could not tell him what was Greek for a boot-jack. Smolensko House speedily presented that most melancholy spectacle, a bankrupt school; and the last time I heard of Doctor Brushback, it was on a charge (unfounded, of course) at the Public Office, Bow Street, of being drunk and disorderly in the gallery of the Standard Theatre. Was not our mansion, after this, Minerva House Finishing Academy for Young Ladies? Surely so. The Misses Gimp devoted themselves to the task of tuition with a high sense of its onerous duties, and strenuously endeavoured to combine careful maternal supervision with the advantages of a finished system of polite education (*vide* Times). But the neighbourhood was prejudiced against the scholastic profession, and the Misses Gimp found few scholars, and fewer friends. Subsequently, their crack scholar, Miss Mango, the heiress, eloped with Mr. De Lypey, professor of dancing, deportment, and calisthenics. The resident Parisienne married Mr. Tragacanth, assistant to Mr. Poppyed, the chemist, and the Misses Gimp went to ruin or Boulogne. I lost sight of my mansion about here—for a time at least. It must, however, have been rented by Captain Vere de Vere Delamere, and his family, who paid nobody, and, owing innumerable quarters for rent, were eventually persuaded to remove by a bribe from the landlord. Or was the mansion ever in the occupation of the celebrated Mr. Nix, who said he belonged to the Stock Exchange, and removed in the midst of winter, and at the dead of night, taking with him, over and above his own furniture, a few marble mantel-pieces, register stoves, and other trifles, in the way of fixtures? Or was this mansion the one taken by Mr. Pluffy, immensely rich, but very eccentric, who turned his nephews and nieces out of doors, painted all the windows a bright red, kept a tame hyena, and persisted in standing outside his gate on Sunday mornings with nothing on, to speak, of save a leather apron, and a meerschaum, assuring the public generally that he was Peter the Great?

I glance again at the advertisement, and find my mansion described as a "noble" one. In that case, I should say it was in some nice, marshy, swampy, reedy part of Essex, where the owls scream, and the frogs croak blithely at night. There are two stone hawks sculptured above the gates; a garden, as tangled and savage-looking as an Indian jungle; a dried-up fountain; and maimed, broken-nosed, mildewed statues, tottering on moss and weed-covered pedestals. In the old time, the Earl of Elbowsout lived at the "noble" mansion; but his lordship has resided in sunny Italy for many years, deriving immense benefit (not pecuniary, of course) from a judicious consumption of Professor Paracelsus's pills. He has an heir; and, whenever Inspector Beresford forces open the door of some harmless house in Jermyn Street, with sledge hammers, you will be pretty sure to find, among the list of prisoners conveyed to Bow Street, on a suspicion of indulging in the forbidden game of chicken-hazard, the names of Robert Smith or of John Brown; one of whom, you may be as certain, is no other than Lord Viscount Hawker, his lordship's son.

"Convenient Mansion," says the Times, again. Ah! I know. A big, square block of a house, very small windows, iron-barred, and a high wall inside. Just suitable for Doctor Muffles's asylum for the insane; plenty of cold water laid on. Very convenient!—Family Mansion. Plenty of bedrooms, high gate on the nursery-stairs, stables, coach-house, and detached room, for the gardener.—"Picturesque Mansion." Decidedly picturesque, but damp. Picturesque in proportion as it is ruinous, and out of all habitable repair. Thomas Hood wrote a beautiful poem once, of a Picturesque Mansion—A Haunted House—and which has haunted me ever since. The choked-up moat; the obscene birds, that flapped their wings

on the roof; the foul insects, that wove webs inside; the gaunt rats, that held unholy gambols in the kitchen; the weed-grown courtyard, window-sills, and door-steps; the damp feculence, dust, dirt, rust, about all or everything; the one sunbeam, coming through a grimed window, and illuminating a bloody hand. There had been a murder done there, and the house was haunted. I can well believe it. I, too, saw, once upon a time, a mansion, where a foul and wicked murder had been done. I saw labourers searching the muddy moat for the weapons of the assassins; I was taken to see the corridor where the deed had been done; and I followed the footsteps of the murderer through mud and slush, snow and straw, from the mansion to the farm he lived at. I never read poor Hood's plaintive poem without thinking that Staufield Hall—shut up, untenanted, moat-dried — would be a very counterpart, now, of the house he shadowed forth.

Not, however, to forget Houses to Let. Shall I take the Bachelor's Residence? An invisible hand points to Highgate—an inward feeling suggests Mitcham. *I* go for Cricklewood: Kilburn is too near, and Edgeware too far; but Cricklewood holds a *juste milieu* between them. I can see the Bachelor's Residence—a pert, smart, snug, little habitation, standing alone, mostly; for your bachelor is incorrigible (steady or fast) with regard to musical instruments. Your fast Bachelor will manage the Redowa on the cornet-à-piston; and your steady one, set "Ah! non giunge," to hard labour on the flute—but *will* practise; and—should their bachelors' quarters happen to be supported, right and left, by family residences—the inhabitants of Acacia Terrace or Plantain Grove are apt to become remarkably disagreeable in their reclamations to the bachelor himself. The bachelor is a bank-clerk, very likely, or a stockbroker, not over-plethoric just yet with profits; or a young fellow with a small independence. He has a front garden and a back garden; both, ten to one, provided with a trim little summer-house, where he is very fond of sitting on fine afternoons with his friends, clad in bachelor-like deshabille, consuming the grateful beer of Bass, and gently whiffing the cutty-pipe of Milo, or the meerschaum. He has flowers, but has a faint idea that the tobacco-smoke does not do them any good. He has a housekeeper—generally middle-aged, and frequently deaf—many friends, more pipes, and frequently an anomalous kind of little vehicle, drawn by an eccentric pony, and which he calls his "trap." Sunday is his great day. All his fly-rods, fishing-tackle, gardening implements, guns, rabbit-hutches, and pipe-racks, are overhauled on that day; grave judgments are passed on the dogs and horses of his friends; and an impervious cloud of Bird's-eye or Oronooko hangs about the little summer-houses. But the bachelor marries; goes a little too fast, perhaps, or dies (for, alas! even bachelors must die); and so his Bachelor's Residence is To Let.

The Desirable Residence. I have the secret of that "House to Let," I will be bound. A lodging-house! What could there be more desirable, in the way of a residence, than that, I should like to know? Twelve-roomed house, in Manchester Street, Manchester Square. Blue damask curtains in the first-floor windows; red ditto in the parlour windows; a never-disappearing placard, of Apartments Furnished (for, however full the lodging-house may be, it always seems to have a marvellous capacity for holding more); and area railings, frequently enlivened and ornamented by the three-quarter portrait of a pretty servant maid. Whenever you see the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer's man, at the door of the Desirable Residence, you will be sure, if you watch, to see him produce a red account-book; for people who keep lodging-houses invariably run bills with tradesmen, probably to give an air of veracity and colourable truth to their persevering assertion, that they have a little bill to pay to-morrow. If the lady who keeps the Desirable Residence is married, you will not be very far out, if you assert that her husband has something to do with the Docks, or that he is a barrister's clerk, in good practice. You can't be wrong, if you set him down as an indifferently-dressed man, with an umbrella, who, whenever he speaks to you, calls you "Sir." If your landlady should happen to be a widow, take my word for it, that "she was not always in these circumstances;" that her late husband's executors have used her shamefully; and that she has a pretty daughter or niece.

Unless I am very far out in my theory, the "Substantial Residence" is a lodging-house too, and the "Genteel Residence" not very far from it. Cecil Street, Strand, for the former, and Camberwell for the latter, would not be very wide of the mark. Cecil Street is full of substantial houses, in which lodgers, sometimes not quite so substantial as the houses, continually dwell. The prices of provisions are high in Cecil Street, and the quantity of nourishment they afford far from considerable. Penny loaves are twopence each, and you can't get more than one dinner off a leg of mutton. The profits arising from the avocations of the landladies of substantial residences must be so large, that I wonder that they ever come to be advertised as "to let" at all. Perhaps it is that they make their fortunes, and migrate to the "elegant residence," or the "distinguished residence."

I wonder whether I am wrong in placing the *locale* of these two last species of "Houses to Let," in Belgravia and Tyburnia? They may, after all, be wasting their elegance and their distinction in Golden Square, Ely Place, or Kennington Oval. Yet I am always coming across, and reading with great

unction, paragraphs in the newspapers, setting forth that, "after the marriage of Miss Arabella Constantia Tanner, daughter of Hyde Tanner, Esq., of the firm of Bender, Cooter, and Tanner, of Lombard Street, to the Honourable Captain Casey, son of Lord Latitat, the happy couple partook of a magnificent *déjeûner* at the elegant residence of the bride's father in Hyde Park Gardens;" or else it is, that "last evening the Earl and Countess of Hammersmith and Ladies Barnes (2), Sir John Bobcherry, Pillary Pacha, &c., &c., honoured Sir Styles and Lady Springer with their company to dinner at their distinguished residence in Eaton Place." I can always imagine tall footmen, magnificent and awful in plush and embroidery, lolling at the doors of elegant and distinguished residences. I don't think I can be very far wrong. I reside, myself, over a milk-shop, and I know that to be neither an elegant nor a distinguished residence; but are there not both elegance and distinction in the stately Belgrave Square, and the lofty Westbourne Grove?

Coming, in the pursuit of this superficial examination of "Houses to Let," I stop puzzled at the word "House," simple, unadulterated, unaccompanied with eulogy, or explanatory prefix. I have my theory about it, though it may be but a lame one. The lone, silent "House" must be one like that celebrated one at the corner of Stamford Street, Blackfriars, which, with its two companions, everybody has seen, and nobody knows the history of—a house unlet, unletable, yet always to let. Now, a house agent having any bowels or conscience whatsoever, could not call this a desirable house, nor a convenient house, nor an elegant house. So, being too good a man of business to call it an ill-favoured house, a dirty house, and a villanous house, as it is, he calls it a "House." A house it is, sure enough, just as a horse, albeit spavined, wind-galled, glandered, staggered, lame, blown, a kicker and a roarer, is a horse still. But what a horse, and what a house!

A "Genteel House" seemeth to me different to a genteel residence. The latter's employ I have elsewhere hinted at; the former I take to be situate somewhere in Gower Street, Keppel Street, or Guildford Street, or in some of those mysterious thoroughfares, you are always getting into when you don't want them, and never can find when you do. In the genteel house, I should think, two maiden ladies must have lived—sisters probably; say, the Miss Twills, whose father was Twills of Saint Mary-Axe, sugar-baker; and whose brother, Mr. Twills, in partnership with Mr. Squills, can be found in Montague Place, Bedford Square, where the two carry on a genteel business as surgeons and apothecaries. The Miss Twills kept a one-horse fly (not one of your rakish-looking broughams, be it understood), with a corpulent horse (serious of disposition, and given to eating plum-cake when he could get it), and a mild-looking coachman, who carried a hymn-book in his pocket. One day, however, I surmise, Miss Jessy Twills, the youngest and prettiest sister (she did not mind owning to forty) married the Reverend Felix Spanker, of Saint Blazer's Chapel, in Milman Street. Miss Betsy Twills went to live with her married sister (the two lead the poor parson a terrible life between them, and Felix is more irate in the pulpit against the Pope than ever), and the genteel residence took its place in the category of "Houses to Let."

The "Detached House" bears its peculiar characteristic on its front; it stands alone; and nothing more can be said about it; but with the "semi-detached house" there is a subtle mystery, much to be marvelled at. Semi-detached! Have the party-walls between two houses shrunk, or is there a bridge connecting the two, as in Mr. Beckford's house in Lansdown Crescent, Bath? A semi-detached house may be a house with a field on one side and a bone-boiling factory on the other. Semi-detached may mean half-tumbling to pieces. I must inquire into it.

The "mansion," the "residence," and the "house," seem to indicate to me dwellings of some considerable degree of importance and extent; the "villa," the "cottage," and the "lodge," seem to indicate smaller places of abode, though perhaps equalling, if not surpassing, their contemporaries in elegance, gentility, distinction, convenience, desirableness, substantiality, &c., &c. There is one thing, however, certain about the villa—one sound basis to go upon, which we do not possess as regards the "house." The "house" is ambiguously situated, it may be, in Grosvenor Square, in Pall Mall, or in Brick Lane, Spitalfields, or Crown Street, Seven Dials; but the villa is necessarily suburban. You could not call a house (however small it might be) situated between a pie-shop and a public-house, a "villa." A four-roomed house in Fleet Street would be a novelty, and if you were to call it a Gothic lodge, would be a greater novelty still; while Covent Garden Market, or Long Acre, would scarcely be the *locale* for a *cottage ornée*, or an Italian villa. I recognise cottages, villas, and lodges, with the addition of "hermitages," "priories," "groves," "boxes," "retreats," &c., on all suburban roads;—in Kensington, Hammersmith, and Turnham Green; in Kingsland, Hackney, and Dalston; in Highgate, Hampstead, and Hornsey; in Camberwell, Peckham, and Kennington; in Paddington, Kilburn, and Cricklewood; their roads, approaches, and environs, inclusive. And a fair proportion do these suburbs contribute to the "Houses to Let" in the Supplement of the Times.

The "villa standing in its own grounds," is generally suggestive to me of stockbrokers. Great people are these stockbrokers for villas; for driving mail-phaetons, or wide-awake looking dog-carts; for giving capital

dinners and wine. The young man who has a stockbroker for a friend, has need but to trouble himself only concerning his lodging and washing; his board will take care of itself, or, rather, will be amply taken care of in the villa of his Amphitryon. Next, I should say, to a decided *penchant* for betting odds, and a marked leaning towards the purchase and sale of horseflesh, hospitality is the most prominent characteristic of a stockbroker. He is always "wanting to stand" something. His bargains are made over sherry and sandwiches; he begins and ends the day with conviviality. What a pity it is that his speculations should fail sometimes, and that his clients should lose their money, and himself "sold up"—ostracised from 'Change, driven to dwell among the tents of Boulogne-sur-Mer, or the cities of refuge of Belgium, the boorish and the beery! Else would he be living in his own ground-surrounded villa to this day, instead of its being confided to the tender mercies of Messrs. Hammer and Rapps, auctioneers and house-agents, as a "House to Let."

"An Italian Villa to Let." Pretty, plausible, but deceptive. The house-agent who devised the Italian prefix was a humbug. Start not, reader, while I whisper in your ear. The Italian villa is a shabby little domicile, only Italian in so far *as it possesses Venetian blinds.* I know it; for I, who speak, have been egregiously sold, lamentably taken in, by this mendacious villa.

"A Villa to Let." Not elegant, desirable, distinguished, nor Italian; but a villa. It has bow windows, I will go bail. A green verandah over the drawing-room window, for a trifle. *Two bells,* one for visitors, and one for servants. The villa is suitable for Mr. Covin (of the firm of Feraud and Covin, Solicitors), who has been importuned so long by Mrs. Covin to abandon his substantial residence in Bedford Row, that he has at last acceded to her wishes. Covin is a portly man, with a thick gold chain, a bald head, and a fringe of black whisker. He is fond of a peculiarly fruity port; and his wife's bonnet-box is a japanned tin-coffer, labelled "Mr. Soldoff's estate." He won't live in the villa long, because he will get tired of it, and long for Bedford Row again, with its pleasant odour of new vellum and red tape. *He* will let it to Mr. Runt, the barrister, or Mr. Muscovado, the sugar-broker of Tower Street, or Mrs. Lopp, the comfortably-circumstanced widow, who was so stanch a friend to the Reverend Silas Chowler; the same who, in imitation of the famous Mr. Huntingdon, S.S., called himself H.B.B., or Half-Burnt Brand.

What should the "*cottage ornée*" be like, I should wish to know (to jump from villas to cottages), but that delightful little box of a place at Dulwich, where a good friend of mine was wont (wont, alas!) to live. The strawberries in the garden; the private theatricals in the back parlour; the pleasant excursions on week days to the old College—(God bless old Thomas Alleyne and Sir Francis Bourgeois, I say! Had the former done nothing worthier of benediction in his life than found the dear old place, or the latter not atoned for all the execrably bad modern pictures he painted in his life-time, by the exquisitely beautiful ancient ones he left us at his death);—the symposium in the garden on Sundays; the clear church-bells ringing through the soft summer air; the pianoforte in the boudoir, and Gluck's "Che faro senza Euridice?" lightly, gently elicited from the silvery keys (by hands that are cold and powerless now), wreathing through the open window; the kind faces and cheerful laughter, the timid anxiety of the ladies concerning the last omnibus home at night, and the cheerful recklessness with which they subsequently abandoned that last omnibus to its fate, and conjectured impossibly fortuitous conveyances to town, ultimately terminating in impromptu beds. How many a time have I had a shake-down on the billiard-table of the *'cottage ornée?* How many a time——But my theme is of Houses to Let.

And of "Houses to Let," it appeareth to me, I have been unconscionably garrulous, without being usefully communicative. I have said too much, and yet not half enough. In houses, I am yet at fault about the little mushroom-like rows of flimsy-looking tenements that spring up on every side in and about the suburbs; in brick-fields, in patches of ground where rubbish was formerly shot, and vagabond boys turned over three times for a penny. I have yet to learn in what species of "House to Let" the eccentric gentleman formerly resided, who never washed himself for five-and-forty years, and was supposed to scrape himself with an oyster-shell after the manner of the Caribbees; where it was, whether in a house, a villa, a residence, or a cottage, that the maiden lady entertained the fourteen tom cats, which slept each in a four-post bedstead, and were fed on turtle soup. I want to know what "every convenience" means. I should like to have some further information as to what "a select number" actually implies. I am desirous of ascertaining in what category of "Houses to Let" a house-agent would rank a tenantless theatre, a chapel without a congregation or a minister, an empty brewery, or a deserted powder-mill.

Finally, I should like to know what a "cottage" is. Of the *cottage ornée* I have spoken; the compact cottage, the detached cottage, the semi-detached cottage, speak for themselves; but I am as much puzzled about the simple cottage as about the simple house, mansion, or villa. In my youth I had a chimera of a cottage, and drew rude outlines thereof on a slate. It had quadrangular tiles, a window immediately above the door, palings at the side, and smoke continually issuing from its chimney. Its architecture was de-

cidedly out of the perpendicular; afterwards, perusing works of a rural and pastoral description, a cottage became to me a little paradise of ivy, and honeysuckles, and woodbine. It had a pretty porch, where a young lady in a quilted petticoat, and a young gentleman in a flapped waistcoat, both after the manner (and a very sweet one it is) of Mr. Frank Stone, made first and last appeals to each other all the year round. The times have changed, and I, so I suppose, have changed with them. I am sceptical, ignorant, undecided, about the cottage now. Sometimes it is the slate-pencil cottage, sometimes the Frank Stone one, sometimes the cottage of the sixpenny valentines, quitting which, by a bright yellow serpentine path, a gentleman in a blue coat, and a lady in a pink dress, wend their way to the altar of Hymen. Sometimes, oh reader of mine! I see other cottages, dreadful cottages, squalid cottages, cottages in Church Lane, Saint Giles's, where frowsy women in tattered shawls crouch stolidly on the door-step; where ragged, filthy children wallow with fowls and pigs amidst the dirt and squalor. Sometimes I see cottages in my fondly pictured rural districts—cottages dilapidated, half unroofed, where gaunt agricultural labourers are sullenly wrangling with relieving officers; where white-headed, brick-dust faced children cry for bread; where mother is down with the fever, and grandmother bedridden, yet querulously refusing to go into the dreaded "House."

Perhaps I am wrong in all this. Perhaps all these theories about mansions, residences, houses, villas, and the inexplicable cottages, after all may be but wild and improbable theories—crude, vague, purposeless speculations. But I have said my say, and shall be wiser some day, I hope, in other matters besides "Houses to Let."

THE CAMERA-OBSCURA.

A SUNDAY MORNING LECTURE.

Or, Nature! ever wondrous, ever new,
Whose magic varies with each passing glance;
Thy common scenes are lovely as romance:
Thy daily life a miracle most true,
Ever awake, our senses to entrance.

All thou dost touch, a similar touch can give,
And all become enchanted who touch thee:
Thy forms, that breathe in vital energy,
Are of such power their very shadows live,
Till Art partakes thine immortality.

'Tis Sunday morn: a bright and lovely day!
Come, then, with me, and mark how Nature moves
In the broad field of Christian faiths and loves;
And, in a mirror, lit by her own ray,
See how her smile all narrow feuds reproves.

Grey misty light the shadowy disk illumes,
Which sways and lurches like a deck, at sea;—
And clouds, fields, house-tops, in confusion flee,
Till the round plane a steady blank becomes,
And all stand round in darkness, silently.

A mead appears, all bright with pasture green,
Where moving miniatures of cattle graze:
A Liliputian herdsman loitering strays
Across the delicately-pictured scene;—
And his dog follows—searches, leaps, and plays.

Now glides the disk; a windmill from grey space
Works threatening into view, with whirling arms,
Whose fleeting shadow o'er the grass, alarms
A group of children, coming near the place,
Who pause—and watch the giant's dangerous charms!

The miller's wife in the trim garden stands,
And trains the tangled honeysuckle bowers;
Then stoops.—Ah, see! are those enchanted flowers,
Which now she gathers in her tiny hands,
And shakes them clear from recent spring-tid showers?

A promenade—with many a varied group:
Ladies in undulating robes—young maids,
Old men, and boys—all living, yet all shades!
And now a child comes with a rolling hoop!
'T is gone—'t is here again—it nears—it fades!

Now, in a sandy bay upon the shore,
Two lovers enter slowly;—all unseen,
As they believe—bending with tender mien—
Hand clasping hand, and looks that tell far more,
While thus they pass, and glide beyond the scene.

A pier slides in!—the masons chip the stone,
And near them stands a sun-burnt sailor-boy,
A horse and cart, no larger than a toy,
Move onwards, while a distant kite is blown
Among the clouds, and dances as in joy.

The harbour, with the shipping;—masts and spars,
And miniatures of men, and boys in boats,
Who row across; and now all darkly floats
Black smoke along the air—you steamer roars!
But of her storm-song spell-bound are the notes.

Silence and wonder, darkness, and soft light,
Surround us—fill us with their influence;
We feel strange pleasure, like a novel sense
Derived from Art and Nature—Science, Sight—
Which God permits, in His munificence.

Glide onward, disk:—and now we're in the bay,
With all its tossing billows, life, and foam;
A sea-gull soars above its briny home,
Descending now, to swim amidst the spray;
Now rising, o'er the masts and cliffs to roam.

Hither the steamer beats her noiseless way!
Real—yet silent, as 't were all a dream!
Men, engines, motion, colour—as we deem
Proofs of reality—doth she display;—
Yet 't is a picture passing o'er a screen!

She steams along—her passengers we scan—
She hoists a sail—she tacks—a very sprite
Smiting the waters backward in her flight;
Her size, from stem to stern, not half a span!
And thus she works her way beyond our sight.

The lone sea-shore. The tide is coming in,
And breaks in rows of silver-gushing waves,
As silently as spirits rise from graves!
And all is rapture—with no earthly din,—
Nor e'en a whisper from the hollow caves.

Divine, bright solitude of soundless motion,
Whose foam, like year on year, flows up the shore!
Imagination loves thee evermore,
Bowing itself in this reflected ocean,
God's slightest shadow truly to adore!

Again the sea-gull passes through the sky—
Dips in the surge, and beats her sparkling wings!
Rises aloft in widening oval rings!
Down-slanting near dark rocks, she now doth fly,
And a white wavering line, soft gleaming, flings.

Once more green meads, with cattle grazing round!
A mimic orbit have we traversed, fleet!
Are we awake? This earth—these moving feet—
Seem perfect; yet no odour, taste, touch, sound!
The real and the visionary meet!

'T is a new planet-surface we behold!
Our own—yet not our own—diminished—dumb;
A world of dream-like coloured shadows come—
And go—more exquisite than e'er was told
By pen or pencil; yet they have no home.

Their birth is from the darkness into light;
But into darkness when their forms return,
For them no spheric installations burn—
No glories treasured in the ecstatic night;
Poor pilgrims are they of earth's shows extern!

Not so, the substances that lend them life;
Not so, the human images that give
These fleeting miniatures the means to live;
For we are born with inward essence rife,
Both substances and shadows to survive.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF WINTER?

People are now putting on the best faces they can to welcome the Spring. Welcome the Spring, indeed! when we have had no winter;—welcome a light pudding, when we have had no meat! I trust I am a Briton and know how to grumble. "In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant," says Milton, "it were an injury and sullenness against Nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth." If Nature is mean enough to rejoice after having defrauded me of my winter, I scratch her name out of my visiting book; I won't "go out and see her."

I want my Winter.—As Fanshawe says:

> "Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,
> New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged Hours,
> Thou art returned; but nought returns with thee,
> Save my lost joys' regretful memory."

Now, Spring, it would serve you right that a lost joy's regretful memory should stick to you also; and I mean to make you cry half April through by letting you understand what pretty things I might have said about you, if the conduct of Nature on a late occasion had not put me out of temper. I want you to feel what you have lost, and for that reason only touch you with a little praise which I might have meant in earnest, but distinctly now inform you that I utter only out of spite, to let you see how delicately I could flatter, if I chose, your vanity and beauty. Now hear what I could have done.

Dear little Spring, the black and withered twigs, that have worn all the same livery of mourning, throughout the dreary months of winter (because there was no skating to be had), are tricking themselves out in their holiday garbs, because you are coming down to see them. One is dressed in virgin white, one wears a saffron-coloured robe, another puts on blue, and some twig somewhere plays the dandy in a scarlet uniform. The sunny slopes are reeking with the early mists, and the fields are laying down their carpets for the lambs to dance upon. The sap is stirring in the trees and swelling in the bud, and the early breeze comes fresh and fragrant, as if it blew through the boudoir of Nature, while she was getting up in the morning and making a free use of her perfumery. The owl is hooting from the turret, and by so doing shows his wisdom; for to hoot at Spring when she appears out of her turn, is only proper. Her true cue is "hard frost," and she should have waited for it. The owl is hooting from the turret, the rook screaming from his swinging nest on the tall tree top, and the cuckoo shouting from the lonely glen. The blackbird whistles from the bush—and he *may* whistle, if it 's Winter that he wants to see ever again on this side of the year 2000. I 'm driven to be despondent. The blackbird whistles from the bush, and the throstle from the grove, and the deep coo of the ringdove is heard in the woods. The feathered emigrants who had taken refuge on our shores from the illiberal edicts of an arctic winter—though an arctic winter is much better than none—liberty of the plume being restored, go back to the North again. Those who emigrated from our winter, before they knew that we were not to have any, are now returning one flight after another, to join in the ornithological concert that takes place under the management of Spring. The martins and the wrens and the redstarts have come into the concert with small pipes, the nightingale has come with a flute, the linnet and the goldfinch with a lute, the lark, that sky-rocket in feathers, gets its music up so thoroughly, that as it twinkles a mere speck in the clear air of the sunrise, almost out of sight and very far from being out of hearing, we know very well what the thing is, it is one of the morning stars singing for joy.

Then there are the woodlark and the pipit—the lark of the wilderness—whose health requires that they should bathe their beaks in music every morning. From the tall hedge or cottage-shading tree, the magpie, dressed like a gentleman in black and white, chatters as idly as is usual with gentlemen who are not men. In the heart of the thick wood the jay is screaming, or giving an entertainment similar to that of the late Mr. Mathews, to an audience as full of noises as the House of Commons. The jackdaw jabbers from a

steeple, and along the wild, or from a naked cliff, the raven bids us think about a sepulchre, if we are superstitious. If we are reasonable souls, it does not. Except when dogs are fighting and on a few similar occasions, beasts, birds, and insects are a happy set of fellows, and "in Reason's ear they all rejoice." The crow means to be jolly when he sings, as thoroughly as any nightingale.

Then, Spring, if you had a fair claim on my praises, I should not object to state that these winged voices—rich, and abundant, and varied, as they are, in the glades and groves of our, on the whole, not disagreeable country—make but a small portion of the pleasant noise with which you are accompanied. There is a voice from all things. Emancipated from the wintry thraldom which had claimed their waters (you perceive how inappropriate the praise would be, when no brook has been frozen), the streams are murmuring through mead and valley; the trout are leaping in their depths, and cattle lowing on their banks. The bleat of the lamb comes from the hill-side (mint is, happily, at the same period fresh and green), and the laughter of young human voices fills the sunny glade. The doors of habitations stand wide open to let in the air of heaven; the fireside—where the poker stimulates no more the flagging coal, and fires are dying of neglect—the fireside is forsaken for the field; and the whistle of the ploughman—painfully prone to perform nigger melodies—comes cheerily from the up-turned glebe. But the great Spring minstrel is the Wind; wind music is the sweetest. In the Spring it plays all kinds of melodies; sometimes, a forest piece on its trombones and bassoons; sometimes, a song about a violet, upon one little piccolo. Man laughs, and loves, and thinks, when the Spring comes, with a more delicate expression. In the Winter he had skated, or he ought to have skated, roared over good jokes, and enjoyed, when he was shut up in-doors, a concentration of home jollity. Man's general sympathy with external objects is, in the presence of Spring, wholesomely set in action; and the pervading sentiment of resurrection is full to him of fine, unconsciously-received suggestions. "In the motion of the very leaves of Spring," says Shelley, "in the blue air, there is found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks, and the whistle of the reeds beside them; which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes—like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved, singing to you alone."

Lists of fashionable arrivals are now charged, I believe, as advertisements in country papers. Whether birds are fashionable, I am not quite sure, but perhaps I may be allowed to risk incurring the expense of duty upon the following list of movements in what, I confess, must be admitted to be high life, passed as it is, on tree tops, or in a yet more elevated sphere. Pigeons move in higher circles than even dukes and duchesses. Liable, or not liable, to advertisement duty, here is a list of movements in high life for the present season.

Arrivals:—Wryneck, Reed Sparrow, Bunting, Smallest Willow Wren, Stone Curlew, Wheatear, House Swallow, Martin, Sand Martin, Black-cap, Nightingale, Cuckoo, Middle Willow Wren, Whitethroat, Redstart, Grasshopper Lark, Swift, Lesser Reed Sparrow, Land Rail, Fern Owl, Fly-catcher, Turtle Dove, Ring Dotterell, Wagtail, Water Rail, Largest Willow Wren, Lapwing, Titlark, Razor-bill, Corncrake, Ring Ouzel, Yellow Wren.

Departures:—Fieldfare, Redwing, Woodcock, Hooded Crow, Snow Bunting, Widgeon, Teal, Snipe, Merlin, Solan Goose, Grey Gull, Cross-bill, Bean Goose, Herring Gull.

Spring is said to begin in March; meteorologists say on one day, astronomers say on another day; but *I* say, that Spring 1852 began in November 1851. Spring has the Yankee blood in her, and has annexed Winter; or, at least, is infusing a Spring temper into it, with a view to ultimate annexation. However, let us take March. Let us look at March. He used to have a little bluster in him—to be something of a roaring blade. Whether he has got married, or what else may be the reason, I don't know; but all his boast seems to be taken out of him. There ought to be a wind-spirit abroad in March to sweep the floor of heaven, preliminary to the laying down of a fresh pavement of sunshine. March ought, like a child, to play with flowers, and destroy them in its wilfulness. If March behaved like March, and, if I had no quarrel with the Spring on other grounds, I would speak of it somewhat after this fashion: Wooed by its smile, some insect troop will venture forth, too soon, to thread a maze in honour of the welcome guest; and, ere they have had time to try their glancing wings, the frown succeeding to the smile, chases the affrighted band, and they are scattered. In its sunny moods a coronal of violets is given to the child; but the wrathful fit comes on, and the sweet toy is torn to pieces, trampled beneath the foot of the capricious month. Awakened by one of the bright flashes of its laughing eyes, the bee looks out; and, thinking it is summer, rushes abroad in coat of gold, sounding his premature summons on his tiny trumpet: but the wing of the snow-spirit (which I strongly suspect Time of having clipped with his scythe, some years ago) shadows for a moment (or used to shadow when it was big enough) the face of the youthful month; and, unable to borrow the umbrella of a single flower-cup, the false herald perishes, the victim of his own mistake.

Down the long winding lane, over the broad meadow, and on the sunny bank by the way-side, are peeping up, amid the emerald grass, the gem-like flowers that were the playthings of our childhood—that lured us, years ago, through the dewy dell. When we look at them, we call to mind how our hands in their first state of chubbiness, or in their second state of ink and slate-pencil dust, grasped at the

. . . . . "Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

When our yet plastic and undeveloped noses breathed over the

. . . . . "Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

And when we wore our first gold chains, made of

. . . . . "Pale Primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

Then what work have we not made in childhood with

. . . . . "the Daisie
That well by reasson men it callé maie
The Daisie, or else the Eye of Daie,
The emprise, and the floure of flouris all.

The daisy is the pet of poets; and, while I *am* tagging these snips of verse together, let us say some more about the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower"—the

. . "silver shield, with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

A graceful lady-writer calls the daisy, the Robin of flowers. I've an idea. Had she been as fanciful as Mr. Wordsworth, she might have added its *red breast* as amongst the reasons for her pleasant conceit.

Now I am going on with what I might say, if I chose, concerning March. The alder wears her dark wreaths, and the hazel and willow have hung out their catkins in the fields. The marsh is gay with the bright orange-flowers of the marsh-marigold; and the shady grove and humid bank, with the pilewort's yellow stars. Before the end of the month, the leaves of the honeysuckle are nearly expanded; the garden is beautiful with the pink flowers of the mezereon; and the greenhouse, besides the pale narcissus and the bright camellia japonica, has the brilliant tulip, and all the rich and graceful hyacinth array. Leeks flourish in the caps of Welshmen on St. David's Day; and in the Irish bonnets, on St. Patrick's Day, shamrock is planted. David and Patrick are March saints. Of David we have heard how

. . . "through the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his *green crest*
To conquest."

As a hint to future commentators, I suggest a misprint here. Leeks were more likely to have been written, by poetic license, as *green cress*, than as a crest, which we know to be a thing usually composed of hair or feathers. The leading act of the life of St. Patrick, performed on Croagh Patrick, is thus beautifully narrated by a native minstrel:—

"Och! Antrim hills are mighty high, and so 's the
Hill of Howth, too;
But we all do know a mountain that is higher than
them both, too:
'Twas on the top of that high mount, St. Patrick
preached a sermon;
He drove the frogs into the bogs, and banished all
the vermin."

Then, after March, the noisy boy, comes—or used to come—April, the crying girl. Whatever trick she may play us, in behaving as she ought not to behave, she cannot trick us out of her great day of tricks; we will be April Fools! The man who doesn't like to be a fool, is fit for treasons, murders, and, particularly, stratagems; he is the very man to punish on the first of April. "Beshrew the man," says Elia, "who, on such a day as this, should affect to stand aloof! I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wiseacre, I can tell him! *Stultus sum*—translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. . . . I have never made an acquaintance that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any one that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. . . . And take my word for this, reader—and say a fool told it you, if you please—that he who hath not a drachm of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." April has her own small jokes in the way of fool-making. The prudent father of a family, before taking an extended walk, looks up into her face for a hint about the weather. "There 'll be a severe shower!" says April, with a frown. So, the father commits himself to walk out with the family umbrella; April takes to shining; the sky looks as if there would be no more rain till Midsummer; and the umbrella makes the prudent man look like a fool. Then April has not only fools, but birds. There is that much over-rated vocalist, the nightingale. No doubt his night-strain is unrivalled; because nobody else would think of playing melodies at midnight, except students who are learning the trombone, and are ashamed to practise it when people are about. The nightingale is all very well; but why not praise the throstle, and the blackbird, and the wood-lark? I should like to hear a better ballad-singer than the robin! As for the nightingale being crossed in love, and sentimental in its habits; though

. . . "many a poet echoes the conceit,
And youths and maidens most poetical,

VOL. 14 1855

Who lose the deepening twilight of the Spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
. . . . . We have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance!—'Tis the MERRY nightingale!
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music."

After the nightingale, there comes the wryneck, our woodpecker, and the cuckoo: he is melancholy, perhaps. Spring pigeons are to hand, and a rage for building speculation seizes all the birds. Now is the time for feathering their nests.

Then, there comes also, in April, the festival of the English Patron St. George, formerly of Cappadocia, the most unmitigated rogue that ever got a church legend to himself, and suffered registration in the list of saints.

There. I shall say nothing about May. I scorn to talk of May till I have had my Winter. I don't care for the disappointment that the Spring must suffer in losing all the praise I could have showered on it; it is nothing to the disappointment I have suffered from the constant liquidity of the Serpentine. If I have tagged rhymes from all manner of poets about flowers, and that sort of thing, I beg to inform Londoners that they are of no consequence. Let them stand on any of their bridges in the morning, and they will see what Wordsworth himself declares to be quite equal to Cumberland. Hear him:—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning. Silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie,
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valleys, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I—never felt—a calm so deep!"

So let us not be sighing here in London after fields and flowers. We are better off. What are the lambs to us unroasted? And what do birds concern us with their feathers on? They had better float in gravy than in music. Others may do as they please, but I shall stop in town. I suspect foul play. I suspect that Winter has been made away with, and Spring is too clearly a gainer not to lie open to suspicion. Spring was seen where she had no business to be, stealing about timidly at Christmas; and, when her proper time came, stealing away altogether to let Winter in where, and when he was not wanted. There is something wrong in all this; although I hope it is all right; but I shall stay in town; for I do not choose to be mixed up with such irregular transactions.

CHIPS.

LOCKING UP THE TOWER OF LONDON.

FEW persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled; and, the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious, and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays, twelve—the Head Warden (Yeoman Porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother Warden, carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice, "Escort keys!" At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate; each sentry challenging, as they pass his post, "Who goes there?"—"Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred—the Warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party:—

"Who goes there?"
"Keys."
"Whose keys?"
"Queen Victoria's keys."
"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The Yeoman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The main guard devoutly respond "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" the firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions; and the Yeoman Porter marches majestically across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

All of which is pleasantly absurd, and

reminds us of the stately manner in which the Crown was carried about, when the White Tower was on fire.

THREE GUNS IN ALBANIA.

True yachting takes a man a bit about the world. Last August, I left Cowes, one of a party in a yacht, which, if nobody objects, I will call the Scowler. The party consisted, as to its heads, of three men: 1. Myself, not to be described by myself. 2. Francis Silvertop, a man of fashion, and a crack shot over the Moors. 3. Major Blaze, a card accustomed to turn up in unaccustomed places, and tremendously experienced in foreign sports. We all carried our guns, a taste for game being a common weakness with us. After a few days spent at Malta, we steered Eastward; and one fine afternoon, towards the end of October, cast anchor in Corfu Bay.

Shooting is not to be enjoyed in Corfu itself; for every Greek who has a gun, and can beg, borrow, or steal powder and shot, is watchful to bag any luckless specimen of game that he may chance to see or hear of in the swampy ground of the valleys, or the drier elevations of the olive groves. The shooting which will bring an Englishman to Corfu, is to be had on the opposite shores—the coasts of Albania, the classic regions of Thessaly; and there, during the winter, he may have the finest shooting, perhaps, in the world.

The Sanitar Boat visited the Scowler: the harbour-master satisfied himself touching the clean "bill of health" from Malta: my two friends went ashore with me; called at the palace of the Lord High Commissioner; dined at the said palace; made the acquaintance of the best fellows in the garrison; and nothing remained to hinder us from spending one day in Albania. Neither Silvertop nor myself had ever been there before; Major Blaze had. We had accepted the friendly offer of a brown-visaged, red-night-capped, dark-whiskered Corfiote to act as pilot, and were all prepared to start, when the Major puzzled us, at starting, with a pull upon his old experience: "Is the *Guardiano* on board, Peter?" was his first inquiry. "Yes, signor." "And the dogs?" "Yes." So the boat was shoved off, and glided from the ditch into the open bay of Corfu. We were soon on board the Scowler; and on the deck found an odd-looking figure, dressed in coarse rifle-green cloth, his shoulders protected by a short capote, or shaggy cloak, with arms, and his dark-mustachioed face topped with a geranium-coloured cap. This was the Guardiano, a Corfu policeman. One of these gentlemen accompanies every shooting party from Corfu into Albania, to see that there shall be no risk incurred of taking the infection of the much-dreaded plague, by handling forbidden things. "To bed, now," said the Major; "we shan't rest to-morrow. Butrinto, Peter." "Butrinto! vera good, sir," was the pilot's reply. Butrinto was our destination; a place once of note under its classical name of Buthrotum, and now as celebrated for the variety of its game and its woodcocks, as Cateito, a little further down the coast, is for its snipe-marshes.

The Scowler was soon running for the Albanian shore, before a pleasant breeze. The night was somewhat chilly; but the stars were bright, and the shore-lights from Corfu glistened in long streaks on the tideless waters of the Adriatic. We rounded the little island of Vido, that lies in the middle of the bay, crowned with enormously strong fortifications, whose guns, should their proprietors so will it, could lay all Corfu town in ashes; the Guardiano lay curled up asleep in the fore hatchway; and, as we stood across what is called the Northern Passage, I turned in with my companions.

Morning discovered us at anchor in the Bay of Butrinto; the Major was on deck, looking about first for weather signs, and then for scenery. "By jingo, this is very fine!" Before us lay the Albanian shore, with a wide valley running up between two chains of hills clad with verdure, and running into other chains, which intermingled till they were lost in the blue distance. On the side of one hill, some way off, were the white walls of a straggling Albanian village. Near the shore was an old ruined castle, now tenanted by a Turkish Aga, the sole representative of the supreme authority, and who consults his best interests by exhibiting civility, on any needful occasion, to English sportsmen. Many a hill in the neighbourhood bore the ruins of a castle or tower, the relics of the military sway of the celebrated and notorious Ali Pasha. Almost the most striking feature of the landscape was its perfect quiet; no labourer was to be seen a-field; no herdsman with his flocks; no hum of population: it was more than silence; it was desolation to the ear; but, to the eye, fertility. Behind the yacht, at a distance, rose the heights of San Salvador, a mountain on the opposite side of the Bay of Corfu to that on which the town is built, and, as it seemed, beyond that the citadel of Corfu was refracted through the morning light, and stood above and apart from the water. A flock of gulls were soaring about, every now and then making a dash at their prey in the shallows that ran a long way out from the shore, while at a little distance, rested on the water a whole host of wild-ducks and other water-fowl, with three or four majestic swans among them, apparently unconscious of an enemy. These provoked us to bring up our double-barrelled Mantons, and paddle quietly towards the game. The swans and ducks were perfectly at their ease, and I had raised my gun, when, certain Albanian fishermen, who were lying in their boats unnoticed under the shore, threw their heavy net with an astounding splash. It was all

over—away went ducks and geese and swans scared by the sound; and the double bang! bang! of our guns served only as a parting salute. Pietro, who had been sculling the dingey with all caution, muttered between his teeth a complimentary word to the fishermen; but, suddenly brightening up, suggested to the Major the propriety of buying some fresh fish for breakfast; accordingly, the dingey visited the dirty fishing-boat, and opened treaty with its dirtier proprietor. The price first asked was about double that eventually taken, and the fish (probably red mullet) having been thrown into the dingey, and the money thrown back into the fishing boat, and Pietro, having taken especial care not to let the boats touch each other, and thereby incur for us the penalty of quarantine, on the information of the Guardiano, sculled us back to breakfast. I pity these fishermen. They live in a perpetual quarantine as regards any shore but their own. They come into Corfu Bay, transfer their fish to another boat which takes the cargo to market; and, if they remain there an hour, their vessel is made to bear the dreaded yellow flag, and is carefully avoided by all other craft. Their life seems wholly to be passed in the vessels, on the Albanian coast, with their nets; and, should repairs compel them to abide awhile upon the islands among their fellow men, it is only after a fortnight's imprisonment in the Lazaretto.

Breakfast over; cigars lighted; powder-flasks, shot-belts, and percussion-caps ready; guns duly loaded, dogs (three spaniels and a retriever) brought out from the fore-hatchway; and the Guardiano's paper cigar manufactured and lighted, that he might start on good terms with himself, for what he feared would be a heavy day's work, we stepped into the boat; and at about nine o'clock found ourselves grounding on the Albanian shore, a little below the Aga's Castle. Peter received his directions as to the creek up which he was to bring lunch, and pushed off again. The shore was low and swampy, and piles of firewood were heaped up along it, under the guardianship of a wretched-looking Turkish soldier, in a dirty yellow jacket with black braid, who was appended to an enormously long gun and (of course) a pipe. He exchanged nods with the Guardiano. The Major led our way, I following with Silvertop;—Silvertop, clad in a dapper-shooting costume of faultless cut, and one conglomerate of pockets. We passed under the walls of the old Castle, and entered upon a wild, marshy, reedy tract, which stretched some little way before us, and was intersected by numerous creeks. "We shall find snipe here," said the Major; and as he spoke, snipes rose to confirm his opinion. The sport once begun went on in earnest, and the snipes got up in front, and on the right and left, in a manner and in a number that entirely astounded me. We gradually advanced, extending our line of beating; and before we had passed the swampy tract of ground, had bagged enough snipe to make a Lincolnshire fen poacher open his eyes for ever. Silvertop at length found himself separated from our party by an uninviting swamp, and, not yet become reckless about his apparel, wandered on seeking for a firmer passage. At length he reached a spot where the creek widened into a small lagoon, fringed with tall rushes and reeds; he pushed them aside, and stared when he saw the whole surface of the lagoon literally alive with teal, widgeon, and every kind of wild duck. Hundreds of these birds were gathered on this their favourite feeding-ground; and Silvertop was somewhat nonplussed at the spectacle, when he looked up and saw the sun shining above him, as it might do on an English summer's day; the only trace of winter visible being the snowy peaks of the Pindus chain, glistening from very far away through a gap in the adjacent hills. Luckily some of the birds were scared; and as they flew over Silvertop's head he secured a couple; and after some splashing in the mud, succeeded in carrying off his trophies, and rejoining us, his friends. We had quitted the snipe country for the present, and now entered upon a wood, pursuing a sort of green lane which ran through it full of ruts and holes, and very like an English woodland path. The wood on each side was pretty thick with trees, and between them was the most wonderful underwood. It looked as though the strongest thorns, brambles, and briars, had been suffered to grow and entwine themselves at will and undisturbed since the Creation; only a bill-hook could make means of passage through the tangled wall. The spaniels crept in here and there; and, after several unsuccessful attempts, re-appeared in the lane. "Mark cock!" shouted the Major, and a woodcock came out above the brambles, speeding down the lane. I secured him for my bag. The woodcocks seemed as much inclined to play at follow-my-leader as the snipes had been; and for a couple of hours sport was found for the English guns. We reached the extremity of the wood, and then beat back again down the side towards the sea, still gathering woodcocks, but occasionally losing a bird among the brushwood. A hare also made its appearance, and Silvertop made that his own. Having again reached the open ground, we followed the windings of a creek; till under the bank was seen the dingey, with Pietro waiting.

The hour of lunch had arrived, and the morning's work rendered it very welcome, while the wet which we had sustained about the legs made a draught of weak brandy-and-water both advisable and pleasant. The Guardiano, who had been following us all the morning at the distance of about half-a-mile in the rear, came in for his share; and having received it, retired into the same state of

mental seclusion as he had hitherto maintained. Luncheon despatched, the game already killed was sent back in the boat to the yacht; Pietro ordered to be at the landing-place at five; and we all started off again inland.

We returned up the side of the wood, and, on reaching the extremity, turned off to the left, when our progress was apparently stopped by a small stream. Silvertop began looking about for a bridge, while the Major, without pausing a moment, tucked the skirts of his sporting-coat under his arms to keep his pockets dry, and holding his gun over his head, waded through the stream, which was about up to his hips, and gave a satisfied stamp or two on the opposite bank. We took his hint. I followed quickly enough, rather pleased than otherwise with a fresh incident of the day's proceedings, and Silvertop was not less ready, though he evidently cast a look of pity on his shooting costume; whereat the Major's eye twinkled a little.

The stream we had just passed, seemed to be the threshold of more swampy ground than we had yet encountered, and presently we found ourselves walking along, very unconcernedly, through a tract of land on which the water was often half-way up to our knees. Our minds were now again directed to the snipe, and so successfully, that the Major himself spoke of the sport as "good," and his companions looked upon it as something very far beyond the power of an adjective to qualify. This tract passed, and the afternoon passing away, we determined on beating back towards the shore, but this time in a most extended range. The Major was to beat the copses which lay under the hills to the right; I was to go back through the wood where we found woodcocks in the morning; Silvertop was to beat off to the left, and have another look after the wild ducks. The creek on which he saw ducks in the morning did not run very far up; but beyond it, quite unknown to him, there was a stream that ran down to the sea; this stream he reached, and began to follow, ignorant of the fact that he was separated from his friends. He wandered on, and for some reason or other best known to himself, the Guardiano followed him, though still at the usual respectful distance. Presently, to Silvertop's great astonishment, a gaunt miserable figure appeared from under the bank, and regarded him with a fixed and stolid gaze; it was the first human being any of us had seen in the country that day. His appearance was abrupt enough and singular; on his head was a miserable fez, or Turkish cap, which once might have been red, but then neutral tint; there was no trace of hair upon his temples, and his whole apparel appeared to consist of a dirty yellow capote. He was a peasant, probably come out of some miserable hut on the hill or in the valley to catch fish, or, having heard the guns, to obtain the Albanian's great hope in life, a little powder. Silvertop was addressed by the stranger in a whining voice, of which one word was evidently "Baronte;" the Englishman said "Ah!" and bowed politely, having some idea about national peculiarities of salutation, but the Albanian went on with his whine about "Baronte."

The situation was utterly incapable of explanation, till the Guardiano arrived, having quickened his course on hearing voices, and he vouchsafed a solution of the difficulty by remarking to Silvertop, "Want powder, sir." The Englishman was perfectly ready to bestow this new kind of alms, and was going towards the object of it, when he was stopped by the Guardiano, who took his powder-flask, and said a few words to the Albanian. The latter approached a little way, took off his cap, put it down on the ground, and retired some yards. The Guardiano opened the powder-flask, and shook a portion of its contents into the cap, but carefully avoided touching it, because being of woollen manufacture it is among the plague-branded articles of quarantine. The powder-flask was returned to its owner, and the Albanian, taking up his cap, went off with much apparent gratitude. The Guardiano, having done what was wanted, struck off, unobserved, by another path, and Silvertop wandered on till he reached an open space, which ran, uninterrupted by trees, quite across the valley. He could see me, about half a mile to his left, plodding away, and about a mile beyond him he could discern the occasional smoke of the Major's gun, which gave evidence of his having found something to amuse him in the hill-side shrubberies. Either of us might have incurred the penalties of quarantine fifty times over, for all the Guardiano could tell, but the Albanians are scarce, and also repulsive; at any rate the plague has never yet reached Corfu by such means. Silvertop, having tried somewhat of a cross-country movement, was stopped by the creek already mentioned, which had again narrowed in breadth, but of which the waters were wofully muddy. He followed the bank some way, but found he was approaching the lagoon; and so, encouraged by the Major's late example in fording, he selected an apparently favourable spot, and stepped cautiously in. Two steps took him half across the creek; he took the third, and found himself floundering in a treacherous hole, with the water up to his chest, and the mud splashed into his eyes. Luckily there were overhanging bushes on the bank, and by their aid he dragged himself out. There was no help for it; his gun had escaped wetting, and he came out safe: the only thing that suffered was his shooting dress. So he trudged on, and made for the rendezvous. He arrived there first of the party, and saw the dingey coming off from the yacht, while his companions were fast approaching from the inland covers.

The evening was as beautiful in its calm as the morning had been in its brightness. The

sun was going down behind Santa Deca (the hill of the Ten Saints, in Corfu), and the peaks of the Pindus mountains glowed with rosy hues, in the light shed upon the silver snows. Groups of wild ducks, in sixes and sevens, were continually passing overhead to their evening feeding grounds; the Albanian fishing boats were moving out of the bay, with supplies for the market at Corfu; and Pietro, in the dingey again, took the opportunity to make a purchase of fish, this time, for our dinner. Silvertop sat down, and mused with himself on the day;—shooting, and yet no keepers, no preserves, no game-laws, streams to ford, holes to tumble into, and a health officer dogging one's heels.

By way of finale, a huge eagle came sailing by. Silvertop discharged his last barrel at him; but, except a shake of the feathers, and an extra flap of the wings, the eagle took no notice of the insult; we were then partly rowed and partly punted through the shallows to the Scowler. Fifteen couple of snipe, twenty of woodcocks, and eight brace of et-ceteras, were the spoil we counted.

Once on board the yacht, a change of apparel was quickly effected; and, as we sat down to a snug dinner in the cabin, the rattling of the chain told us that the anchor was up, and the yacht sped on her return voyage to Corfu. The night deepened quickly around us; and when, later in the evening, I lighted a cigar on deck, we were crossing the Northern passage, and the only sound which broke the silence was the howling of the jackals on the Albanian shore. The wind suited, and, at about eleven o'clock, the anchor was let go in our former roadstead; and, having resolved to sleep ashore, we again landed in the citadel ditch. The Guardiano touched his cap, and vanished in the gloom.

VILLAGE FUNERALS IN NAPLES.

Naples, Feb. 26.

If our Ferdinand were King of England, having his won way among you, doubtless many Englishmen would think that Death and Burial might form the happiest event in their existence. Do not be surprised, therefore, if I, living in Naples, and wishing to write upon a cheerful topic, find Death and Burial to be, at any rate, not the most gloomy I could lay my pen upon.

There was a poor fellow to whom, one evening, I sent a supper. Next morning, the church-bell was tolling for his funeral. To let him eat my supper over-night, and to bury him in the morning, was to be very quick with poor Giacomo. In his case the law, which requires burial twenty-four hours after death, had been evaded, as it often is, by ante-dating the hour of decease. Quick burial is commonly sought; "for, you know, my dear fellow," said an Italian to me, "we have none of those foolish prejudices which you English have."

A lighted candle at the mouth distinguished death from life; if death be its verdict, the dead is dressed, and the chamber ornamented as circumstances permit. It becomes a reception chamber into which every one is free to enter, according to the proverb of the country, "from a marriage feast or a funeral, drive no one away." I went a few days since to visit a poor old pensioner of mine; but, on coming to the cottage, found the door wide open, and Costanziello lying with his feet towards the threshold, on his funeral bed. If the door be not left open, say the country people, the body will tumble to the ground. And, as for the direction of the feet, "to be carried out feet foremost," is only a periphrasis for death; and, if an invalid were carried out of his house-door, while alive, in that position, it would be considered an event of fatal omen. So strong is the prejudice, that I once laboured, in vain, to make an Italian country-servant place my bed opposite the chamber-door. The idea lingers in Italy from the old Roman times: Persius, in his Third Satire, expresses death by saying, that a man "stretched his stiff heels towards the door." Many tapers were arranged about the body of poor Costanziello, and his family sat silently in a circle, waiting for sympathy and consolation. "A taper at baptism, and a taper at death," say the poor people of this country. The thought of the old Roman used to be a torch at marriage, and a torch at death. To "live between the torches," is the expression with which Propertius in one place indicates the interval between a man's wedding and his funeral.

When the priests came to remove Costanziello's body, the silence was at an end. There arose a shouting and a screaming which remind one strongly of the old Roman "conclamatio." The violent outburst of passion in these southern climes, at such a moment, is sometimes terrific. The priests barely escape personal violence now and then. I remember—indeed, how could I forget?—one funeral scene; a poor woman had lost her son, a fine youth, drowned at sea. His body had not been recovered. For many nights the mother wandered alone by the sea-shore, shrieking for her child, and carrying dry clothes with her in the crazed hope that he would come to land and need her tender nursing. At the same time, there lay dying in the village one of the political exiles, far from home and friends, and suddenly all the love of the distracted mother poured itself out upon him. Her spirit, blind with grief, saw her own son in him; and, for the few last hours of his life, she lavished on the friendless exile all the fulness of her mother's heart. He died; and, in the quiet of my own chamber, I was startled by the desolate woman's shrieks. She had placed herself upon a covered balcony, and as the youth was carried out feet foremost, held out her son's clothes towards him, urging him, in her

madness, to return, with an intense pathos of voice and gesture.

In the villages about Naples there are many pretty funeral customs. The unmarried, when they die, have a palm leaf; or failing that, a bunch of flowers, or a sprig of olive, called the palma, placed in their clasped hands; and they wear, also, a garland on the head. The married have their hands crossed, and a rosary placed in one.

The order of the funeral is a great subject of care; the people pawn, or incur debt, to obtain the attendance of a certain number of priests; to get for the priest a particular robe; to pay for the chanting of a particular part of the service; a procession of torches, and a high mass on the succeeding Sunday. As I have seen such funeral processions, winding, with a line of torch-light through the olive grounds, I have thought often how literally they repeat a picture which, in the Eleventh Book of the "Æneid" (l. 144), Virgil long ago presented. The chanting of the priests upon the road succeeds the mournful music of old dwellers in this land upon a like occasion, and the sprinkling with holy water after the funeral service has been read, supplants lustration of the men.

The act of burial is here exceedingly repulsive. There are the "Confratelli," who are banded into a kind of burial society. They have their own ground. In my village they have an oratorio near the church, of which the soil is thought so sacred that men who tread there pick it reverently from their feet. As space is needed, the Confratelli are disinterred. A messenger is then sent to the family to ascertain whether they desire to preserve the head of the deceased. If they do, they must send a carlino and a bottle of vinegar to defray the expenses. The head is then taken off, and the skull beautifully polished. The skulls, prepared thus, are arranged against the walls in various devices, each with its deceased owner's name written upon it. At the "Feast of the Dead" two or more recent skulls from the collection are laid out on a table in the middle of the church, with tables and a crucifix. The friends of the deceased thus honoured pay extreme devotion in the presence of the precious relics.

Another mode of burial common in England also, and everywhere most objectionable, is the arrangement of bodies in vaults under the church. A third mode is, I hope, peculiar to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In Naples, as everyone knows, there are three hundred and sixty-five holes to receive the poor dead of the city. Here, in this country village, there are only two, one for infants, one for adults. The body of the deceased is brought to the mouth of the pit, and there stripped of its outer garments. This is done because the relatives can ill afford to lose them; they are articles of luxury put on in order that the dead may make an honourable passage through the streets. They belong often to relatives. I know a man to this day who is always reproached by his enemies as a heretic, because he would not lend his breeches to his father's body for the passage from the chamber to the grave. At the pit's mouth stand the grave-diggers, who seize the body carelessly, as though it were a sack of charcoal. Let anyone look into the pit, if he does not shrink from the horror, and he will perceive a large stone or rock, on either side of which lie human bodies of any sex and age, in every position and stage of corruption. The stone is placed there for a purpose. The servant of the pit, holding the body in a dexterous position, gives a violent push; you hear it fall down with a heavy crash upon the rock, and swerve to right or left, leaving the entrance free,—a heavy, sickening blow, which beats the skull in, or breaks dead bones. Let us change the subject.

There is a custom in the country places here, which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere, of abstaining from fire during the whole time that a corpse is in the house. It would be a disgrace were smoke to be seen issuing from the chimney of a house of mourning, and the fire is frequently not lighted for some days after the burial. The mourners, it is supposed, prostrated by their loss, are unable to think of food; the neighbours, therefore, think for them. Hence has grown the custom of sending presents of food to the house of death. I have known families to be supplied in this way with a fortnight's stock of macearoni, meats, or sweetmeats; all such presents being cooked to tempt an unwilling appetite. There is beauty in the custom, but it dates from heathen times. Juvenal, in his Third Satire (l. 214), connects hatred of fire with grief; the hearth was sacred to the household gods; "a continual fire" was everywhere an old Roman phrase for a house unvisited by grief.

Among the country people in this neighbourhood, it is also believed that the dead have leave to walk on the vigil of the Feast of the Dead, and then some families, on retiring for the night, leave food on the table. "We always used to leave a plate of maccaroni," said a woman to me; "and grandmother used to say, that perhaps grandfather or my uncles would come and eat it. Though it was prepared very nicely, and grated cheese put over it, we always found it untouched in the morning; but grandmother then said that the spirits were satiated." This idea was in the Roman Silicernia, and has been a superstition in countries widely separated from each other since the remotest times.

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FLOATING SENTINELS.

WHAT finger-posts, warning-boards, milestones, sign-posts, watchmen, watch-dogs, lanterns, and long poles with wisps of straw at the top, are to the wayfarer by land—a certain fleet of wooden and iron sentinels, bobbing about among the waves, are to the wayfarers round our most dangerous coast. They are of various shapes, and sizes, and colours, and each has its special duty. We hear that a fleet of these sentinels has just come ashore for a holiday, and accordingly we betake ourselves to their house and premises, which we find to belong to the Honourable Corporation of the Trinity Board, at Blackwall. We are received by the worthy and hospitable godfather of these Buoys, Captain Poulter, Superintendent under the Elder Brethren, who kindly offers to introduce us to the Buoys at their abode in the great storeroom of the Trinity Wharf, where they are now taking their ease and some "refreshments" after their long absence at sea.

We proceed along the wharf, and arrive at a huge building of the simplest order of architecture, *viz.*, the order of the "barn," being a great one-roomed house. We enter by a door of considerable dimensions, suited to the convenience of the nautical Patagonians; and, without any intermediate ceremonies, we find ourselves at once in the presence of the burly crowd of British Coast-Buoys.

Imagine yourself in the midst of an assemblage of three or four hundred peg-tops and humming-tops of eight and ten feet in height, some humorously standing on their heads with their pegs uppermost, others lying on their great round stomachs asleep, or in meditation; a few youngsters are only of six feet in height, at present, but here and there are some of seventeen feet and upwards, being grown to full maturity. Some of these very jolly buoys are all white, others all black; some all red; others of black and white in stripes—horizontal or vertical stripes—or black and white in chequers. Some are all green, with an ominous word in great white letters upon them—"WRECK."

But though the general form of these Patagonian Peg-tops is pear-shaped or conical, their appearance is greatly diversified by sundry insignia they bear, stuck on the top of their pegs on their upper side—whichever side is intended to be uppermost—these insignia being squares, circles, bird-cages, rat-traps, diamonds or lozenges, upraised fingers, funnels, stars, and other crosses and orders, which denote the rank of the Buoy in question, and which, by a mutual telegraphic understanding between it and the captains of vessels, serve to designate the position and point of duty it is placed to occupy and fulfil at sea.

The Buoys have all been at sea for six months; and they are now ashore for six months, at the end of which period they will all go to sea again.

We are presented, in due form, by Captain Poulter to most of the head buoys of this great maritime establishment. This robust figure in the white pea-jacket, with a thin neck and a small round head, is Master Knowle; and the fellow to him, here, is Master South-East Whiting! This figure in the black jacket, with a large cross through his head, is Master Long Sand Head; this tall, gourd-shaped youngster, in a long coat, encircled with broad horizontal stripes, is Master South-West Shipwash; this large red-coated youth, with a red funnel-head, is no less a person than Master North-East Goodwin (of Goodwin Sands, Ramsgate), and his companion, here—though they are much further apart when out at sea—in the long black pilot-coat, with a black round bird-cage head, is Master South-East Goodwin! Master North Cross Sand, in his red-ochre jacket, Master South Scroby, in black, and Master Morte Stone, of Bristol Channel, who, in his severe simplicity of outline, presents the figure of an acorn, or filbert, are all excellent persons, whose acquaintance we are delighted to make. We also make a low bow to Master South Calliper, not so much on account of his broad black-and-white stripes, as out of reverence for the mysterious, inverted bushel-basket sort of crown he wears upon his head! Another figure now claims a marked attention. Master Elbow, of Broadstairs! He is painted in black-and-white Scotch Tweed chequers, lies upon his stomach when on duty, and is surmounted by an iron rod with a "stay" or support of another iron rod placed at an acute angle abaft, on the united points of which at the top there is placed a small circle of iron. *Sat verbum*—see the chart of the Channel. The very diversified

appearance of these Buoys excites our admiration; but let no one, for an instant, suppose that there is any more notion of "ornamental art" in these varieties. Each has its special post; so that if you took Master Long Sand Head this morning, and made him change places with Master South-East Goodwin, before to-morrow morning there would be a score of wrecks and no end of confusion in ships' reckonings—in fact, any exchange suddenly made would produce extraordinary disasters. But who is this? Master Aldborough Knapes! This ingenious young person presents the appearance of an enormous kitchen candlestick, the foot and entire pedestal of which remain under water when he is on duty, by which means he is ballasted and kept in an upright position. His peculiar faculty, and the cause and consequence of his singular shape, is that of being able to dive under a ship's bottom, and instantly bob up again on the other side, as if nothing had happened. As he is in a position which renders him very liable to be run over at night, and even by day, he finds this peculiar faculty very convenient. This White Buoy, supposed to be of Irish origin, which lies in the same horizontal attitude when at sea, and displays a similar insignia upon his iron rods above, is Master South Margate; and this prodigious black Humming Top, who stands bolt upright, with a small iron circle exhibited on the top of a structure of iron bars fixed into his flat head, is Master East Margate! We beg that our presentation to the rest of these floating sentinels may be postponed to another visit, as we have now many other things to see. The Buoys, in reply, quote Dr. Johnson, as we are informed, and say, "They can wait!"

We have mentioned our friend Captain Poulter, as the godfather of all these big buoys; but he stands in a yet nearer and dearer relation to many of them, the invention and design of which are attributable to him, under the advice of the Board, and their fabrication having taken place under his immediate eye. Not only does he give each of them a new coat (of many colours), and a new breeching, too, every six months, but he has instituted a change in the structure of those made of wood, which tends to preserve the coat in its original purity for a much longer period than before its adoption. Formerly the wooden buoys used to be bound with iron hoops, and, notwithstanding the paint, they soon corroded sufficiently to emit streaming stains of rust, so that a white buoy shortly became a mottled buoy, and eventually almost a Red Indian. The change and preservation of the coat has been effected by an internal arrangement of wood-work, as holdfasts and strengtheners, so that all the outer hoops and iron-work are dispensed with; yet, such is the dread of innovation in the sage and mature mind of maritime authority, that it took the little interval of seventeen years to get this improvement brought into general adoption. But buoys, made entirely of wrought-iron, have subsequently been introduced among the fleet of wood, and are found to have advantages in certain localities. The last improvement proposed by the Superintendent, and adopted by the Board, is the construction of a larger-sized buoy of wrought-iron, as a three-decker—or having three compartments, each air-tight, so that in the event of a ship dashing against it, and bursting in one compartment, the buoy would still float by means of the air in the other compartments. These buoys are of the enormous size of seventeen feet in height, and one of them is twenty feet. We should not omit to state that a buoy is made to retain its upright position by means of a lower division, or cell, which has a hole in it below to admit the water, with an air-hole above; by means of which water-weight at the lower end, the buoy is ballasted. This lower division, whether in wood or iron, is called the ballast-bag. By similar means a buoy is made to float horizontally or aslant, as may be most suitable to circumstances. A buoy is kept in its place by a large chain affixed to a ring at the bottom, which descends the requisite number of fathoms, when it is fastened to a large flat iron slab, called a "sinker," as well it may be, for it weighs twelve hundred weight; and sometimes, where the situation is exposed to the violence of winds and tides, as much as two tons. There are occasions, also, when a mushroom anchor is employed, which weighs nearly this amount, having besides a holding property, that would render it impossible to be dragged by any amount of force which the buoy could experience, or his chain endure.

The importance of the chain being of an ascertained and reliable strength for a given purpose, is obvious, and we should not omit to mention the means that Captain Poulter adopts for testing and proving every chain used for a buoy, or supplied to any of the light-ships in the service. The required amount of strength being known, he causes the chain to be tried, by appending weight to it far greater. If the force required, for instance, amount to a strain equal to eight or ten tons, he applies a weight of twenty tons. In general, he tries each chain up to sustaining a weight of thirty tons,—eighty tons being known as the fair breaking point. If a chain has undergone the ordeal of thirty tons uninjured, he then examines every fathom, link by link, and selects any one link that appears, in the least degree, to suggest an imperfection, or to be, in the least degree, less strong than the rest. The chain is then taken to an anvil, and this particular link being singled out, two blacksmiths with massive hammers continue to strike it, cold, in successive blows. It may be beaten into triangles, squares, octagons, ovals, and finally flattened, and cut away from the chain; but it must not break, split, or show a flaw. If

it does "flinch" in any respect, the whole chain is condemned, and returned to the severely-tried contractor. It would be well for the public service if all government contracts (so long as the odious and mischievous system exists of proposing to men to under-bid each other, instead of offering a fair sum to the best man) were tested with the same severity. A record of all these chain-tests is kept, and of a most substantial kind; the link in question being preserved, ticketed and hung up, and a book kept; so that reference can be made directly, if any chain, furnished by the Trinity Buoy Wharf, is reported to have "parted," when it ought to have held fast.

Attached to this establishment is a blacksmith's shop, and a whitesmith's, for the repair, testing, and so forth, of all iron-work, and for the manufacture of any small articles needed for the buoys or the light-boats—the latter being supplied and fitted out with every thing necessary at this Wharf. A room is set apart as a butcher's shop, where the masters of the light-boats cut up and salt all their store of meat; and by the side of it is another small room, which contains the pump-works of an Artesian well, of two hundred and forty-five feet in depth, where all the supply of fresh water for their tanks is obtained.

Let us proceed to look at the general store-rooms for supplying the light-houses, light-boats, and beacons along the coast—not forgetting any little additional matter that may add to the comfort and safety of the buoys.

We pass through store-rooms—clean, as only naval officers seem to know how to keep a place clean (for certainly the sight of a morsel of rag, a fallen button, or a pin, would "stand out" as an effect upon the surface); and in side offices and closets we discover shelves full of lamp-glasses of different sizes; cupboards full of reflectors; drawers full of lamp-wicks, like rolls of linen; shelves crowded with bright copper oil-measures; nooks and corners filled with bales of lamp-leathers, cloths, and whitening, and soap, and other cleaning and polishing materials; while overhead are hanging groves of mops, hand-brushes, and brooms. All this light-house chandlery on the left side: on the right are stowed, like a dead wall rising up to the ceiling, a battery of black round-headed oil-cans, each fixed firmly in a circular black basket, so as to be protected from injury when carried up cliffs, or sent up by the side of rocks or light-house stone-work from boats below, or other rough-and-ready-work, on emergencies.

We pass on to the oil-store. This is a great square room, paved with large slabs of slate, so clean and clear from the slightest crumb to catch the eye, that the entire surface looks like one enormous slate. On the right-hand side is ranged a compact set of oil-tanks and cisterns, all painted in Venetian red, and fixed close against the wall. At the opposite end stands a row of smaller tanks, containing olive oil, for engines, also painted red. Each has a large brass tap, with a copper mouth-piece hung beneath it, to catch any dripping, together with a copper trough on the floor below, to prevent waste or untidiness. Copper oil-measures of all sizes are ranged on shelves. These tanks and cisterns contain the enormous quantity of one hundred and thirteen tons of oil. All the light-houses, light-boats, and beacons on the coast are supplied from this source.

Passing out through other store-rooms, the floors of which are half-covered with small kegs of whitelead for painting purposes, and with ranges of small red windlasses, or cranes, for heaving up lanterns to the mast-heads of light-boats, we arrive at the chain-cable tiers of the buoys, all ranged according to their several sizes and lengths, and all painted black, and shining in their dark massive repose. A little railway, or tram-road, is constructed from the level of the store-rooms, which runs straight down to the end of the wharf, so that trucks laden and empty can go and return from the stores to the boats, without delay or effort, and a cargo of all sorts of things is thus "trundled out" in a surprisingly short space of time. Certainly no practical operations, requiring strength, precision, and celerity, are carried out with such undeviating accuracy, as when they are under the direction of an active and intelligent naval officer of experience.

A light-ship (we call them all light-boats) is a creature of peculiar construction; all its fittings-up are peculiar; its crew is peculiar, and all their duties are peculiar. Imagine a three-masted vessel of the size of a small steam-boat, but with bulwarks of great strength, and, in short, presenting all the features of strength and compactness, and the whole frame-work painted a dull Venetian red. All its fittings-up and apparatus on deck are painted red also. Every piece of machinery that is on deck is either painted red, or protected by a red water-proof canvas cover. There is a lantern for each mast-head, but not visible during the day. Each one is lowered and sleeps in a locker, or case, at the foot of the mast—or rather, where the mast joins the deck. The lantern is a circular frame-work of metal, with glass windows all round, and varying from three to four feet in diameter. They are hoisted up to their position at the mast-head every night, by means of a small crane, called from its shape an A crane. Some of these lights in the light-ships are revolving, for which there is a clock-work apparatus on the deck, with a communication up the sides of the mast. During the day-time, a signal to vessels is given by means of a top-mast, on the summit of which is placed a large globe made of wooden hoops, and having somewhat the appearance of a globular bird-cage. To get this up to such a position, as no shrouds run so high, and the globe could only be fixed there by a manual

operation (to leave it swinging would be out of the question, as it would soon be knocked to atoms) was found to be a work of so much difficulty, that Captain Poulter at length devised an alteration in the construction of the globe, by which it should be taken up one half at a time, and then fixed on the top of the topmast. The man who first performed this experiment, found that he could not fix the globe without standing in the inside of one half while he fastened up the other. This being successfully done, it *then* occurred to him, and to all those on deck who were looking on, that there had been no provision for his getting out! There stood the man in the globe-cage at the tip-top of the topmast, in a situation at once painful and ludicrous—so excellently had he fastened himself in this novel prison. After a time, he was enabled to break out and come down, and the globe has now a little trap-door underneath. These hoop globes are of great use, being visible from a great distance at sea. A flag is not visible far off, as it straightens in the direction of the wind. Many of the buoys display a hoop-globe of similar construction on the top of an iron rod sticking out of their heads.

In the exposed and stormy positions where most of the light-ships are destined to be moored, they are continually exposed to tossing seas, and to waves running completely over the decks—and this for days together. Every precaution is taken to keep out the sea from the interior of the vessel, where men are destined to live under such tempestuous circumstances, cut off from all the rest of the world. The decks are saturated all over with a mixture of resin and turpentine, so as to render them impervious to wet, and not only is each hatchway carefully defended, but even the apertures through which the mooring-cables pass up from below, are protected by iron hoods, like helmets of a primitive form.

The crew of the light-ship is composed of eleven men, with a mate and captain. They are all picked men, as to character; and to provide against illness, as well as to break the monotony of the life, seven only remain on board at a time, and four ashore, always ready to attend a summons. Here then, in some position of the most dangerous kind, on the most dangerous part of our dangerous coast, does the light-ship ride—or rather toss, roll, heave, and plunge—at anchor; battered by the raging seas, howled round by the raging winds, threatened at all times by wreck upon the lee of those very sands or rocks she is placed to warn others to avoid, and remaining fixed at her post in "thunder, lightning, or in rain," even while the "hurly-burly" of the elements seems determined at every moment to drive her to utter destruction. Great care, however, is taken to provide for her safety, as far as practicable. She is always moored by the mushroom anchor, and anchors of a ton weight.

The fitting-up of the interior is of the most careful and ingenious description. The berths, the mess-table, and seats (all fixtures), the lockers, the oil-room, with its tanks, each with a copper trough under its nose, to prevent the least waste or uncleanliness; the copper oil-measures "all of a row;" the spare hoop-globes for the topmasts, made to collapse, so as to present a flat surface, and thus occupy much less space; Captain Poulter's iron invention for securing any link of a chain-cable which may be thought faulty, so that it cannot break; the rocket-store; the life-preservers; the powder-magazine; the obviously pervading system that there is a place for everything, and everything must be *in* its place,—all these things denote a degree of foresight and order that reflect the highest credit upon the service, as well as the officer who superintends them.

The men are promoted according to seniority and good conduct. It is a high honour to be made a lamp-lighter. He must be a steady man, of much light-boat experience, and be able to read and write. Why must a man be able to read and write in order to rise to the post of a lamp-lighter, we enquired? We were informed that it was expected of him to keep a reckoning of his "oil and wicks," of which a strict account was always required. The senior lamp-lighter becomes mate; the senior mate becomes master.

In vessels requiring such an exact performance of duties, where great precision like this, relating to all the lamps and their apparatus, is imperatively necessary, in addition to the care of the ship under her perilous circumstances; it may be imagined that many hours of the time not devoted to sleep are fully occupied. Still, there will be spare time; and the men are ordered to make mats and other articles. Still, there will be more spare time; and as this might be filled up by "grog and tobacco," it has been thought prudent to encourage reading, writing, and the employment of leisure in any sort of industry for which the men have a "turn." This has brought to light many an original genius (of a sort), and some have had a sudden fancy that they could paint a portrait, or a shipwreck, or a church, with a sailor and his lass going to be married; and others have shone forth as makers of nautical Tonbridge-ware; some have knitted purses and stockings, and nightcaps and comforters; and others have made shoes and ankle-jacks—to say nothing of "fashionable" coats and trousers—all self-taught. Occasionally the heterogeneous collection of these works of art and utility which is brought ashore as the product of the extra spare time, forms an exhibition of an amusing, and yet more interesting kind, as the product of those honest active minds, and huge mahogany hands.

These light-ships, thus nobly manned, are

the grand floating sentinels of the British Channel; and in conjunction with the Buoys, are the great protection against shipwreck along our perilous const. Experience shows that it is much better these things should be thus managed by a regular system laid down by a competent Board, than by any individual speculations.

THE BURIED CITY OF CEYLON.

Robert Knox was the captain of an English ship which was wrecked in 1659, upon the coast of Ceylon. The other survivors of the wreck perished in the forest—about which they wandered many days naked and hungry. The captain fell in with some people of the nation, who took him to Kandy. There he was kept a prisoner for about twenty years, forbidden to attempt departure by the penalty of death; but otherwise permitted unrestrained intercourse with the inhabitants. He at length escaped, and found his way home to England, where he soon published a very interesting account of his life in Ceylon. During his flight from Kandy, which is in the centre of the country, to the northern coast—a very ticklish enterprise—he passed the ruins of the ancient capital of Ceylon.

This ancient capital, Anurajapoora by name (which means the city of Anuraja, its founder), once the chief town of a luxuriant kingdom, and evidently of considerable extent, lies buried in the northern portion of the island. At the time when it was in its most flourishing condition, it has been estimated that Ceylon contained five millions of inhabitants. It does not now contain one-third of that number, but Ceylon is an island that has seen better days; Eastern wealth of matter has long yielded before the rivalry of Western wealth of mind. Ceylon was one of the good things of the world more than one thousand years ago. The island then carried on an important trade with China and Siam; it was connected with those countries by religious ties; and it was through Ceylon that the productions of the far East made their way to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Its agriculture was then in a thriving condition; for the mountains, even now, are covered to their summits with terraces on which rice grew for the sustenance of men who have become dust—and which have become rice, and food, and men, and dust again, through many a long succession of ages. The kings of Ceylon, too, had conquered Southern India.

A few of the larger monuments and more massive structures of Anurajapoora still remain standing and exposed; but, generally speaking, the various ruins have become so overgrown with vegetation, that they resemble natural hills, covered with a forest, rather than the remains of works of art. "Here and there," writes Robert Knox, in the account of his flight, "Here and there by the side of this little river, is a world of hewn stone pillars, which I suppose were formerly buildings; and in three or four places are the ruins of bridges built of stone, some remains of them yet standing upon stone pillars. They told me that ninety kings reigned here successively, where, by the ruins that still remain, it appears they spared not pains and labour to build temples and high monuments to the honour of their gods, as if they had been made only to hew rocks and great stones, and lay them up in heaps; these kings are now happy spirits, having merited it by these their labours."

In 1815, the British became the rulers of the whole island; and early in 1846, I turned my face in that direction—having seen all the lions of Kandy—and, with several attendants carrying all the necessary comforts for a journey in the East, succeeded in getting over the sixty miles. The road was but a "trace;" that is, trees were felled in the forest, where the road was to be, and thrown on one side; the brooks and rivers were unspanned by bridges, and the sides of the hills no smoother than they had been made by nature. Here and there some big tree stretched across the "trace;" not having been able to combat the storms, when deprived of the support of its neighbours on that side, it had fallen. Tropical trees of a very large size are so accustomed to grow in a tangle, mutually propping one another, that they take weak hold of the ground with their roots, and need no very heavy storm to blow them down, when they are left lone and lorn. Such trees my horse could, now and then, leap over, but more frequently we had to force a way through the jungle round the base of an obstructive monster. Forcing the jungle is no joke when the wiry plants cling to each other, and co-operate against an interloper; the brushwood being so dense, that one cannot see five feet into the forest on either side.

However, I reached Anurajapoora, famous now as the head quarters of miasma, foul damps, feverish winds, and ague exhalations, formerly the abode of hundreds of thousands of men, sunning themselves, generation after generation, in the presence of a series of kings, who held court in pomp and splendour where there is now nothing but jungle.

On reaching the site of the ancient city, I immediately went to the top of a small hill, formerly a majestic pile of building. Thence I surveyed the district. Here and there all around rose various mounds, for the most part covered with thick jungle to the summit, and varying in height from fifty to three hundred feet. All these were ruins of large domed buildings, erected to enclose some relic. Pillars surround these mounds; some elegant shafts, and others massive columns, which originally supported spacious verandahs, by which each mass was surrounded. These buildings were almost all alike in form and in the purpose they had served. They had been originally bell-shaped, and designed for the

entombment of some bone of the great prophet, Buddha, or a well-known saint. The annals of Ceylon, which begin in the fifth century before our era, give circumstantial details respecting the erection of these stupendous piles; and there can be little doubt, judging from the ruins alone, that two of them at least were higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. The building of these *dagobahs*, as they are called, was thought to be an act of merit, consequently kings who had probably not been very noted in their prime for a religious cast of mind, endeavoured, as the years stepped on, to make up for lost time by erecting these sacred structures. They were built commonly of brick, coated with hard cement. The base and foundation consisted, however, of enormous blocks of granite, which abounds in the north of the island, and the sides were richly ornamented with carvings in bas-relief, executed with some skill and correctness. The carvings generally represent religious processions, in which the elephant, horse, ox, camel, and goat take a large part. A small spire usually surmounted the great bell-shaped dome; and this form of construction is characteristic of the sacred dagobahs of Buddhism in every country which builds dagobahs, from Ceylon and Siam to Tartary and China.

One of these singular structures was opened, in another part of the island, by Mr. Layard—not Layard, late of Nineveh, but his father, who was a Civil servant in Ceylon for upwards of thirty years—and the interior was found accurately to correspond with the descriptions left us in the native annals. A small cavity was found in the centre; in its shape a miniature of the dagobah itself, the four sides of which were found to be mathematically correct in bearing North, South, East, and West. The contents were;—a rude stone urn, containing some decayed bones, a little heap of coins, several gold and silver plates, and ornaments of no great value, and a collection of dust which had probably once lived and breathed in the shape of an offering of flowers.

Had these buildings been erected in the dry atmosphere of Egypt, they would have doubtless been at the present day objects of curiosity and admiration to a great many visitors; but in Ceylon, where the atmosphere is moist, and the parasitic plants seek in every direction for support and soil, trees are soon to be seen growing on the highest piles of masonry, and every breeze tends to break up the building, and adds its crumb to the surrounding ruins. The most remarkable of these dagobahs at Anurajapoora were raised during the second and third centuries before the Christian era; and, when we consider the time and the destructive influences to which they have so long been subject, we rather wonder that the faintest outline of their old form should remain.

These are not the only evidences of the former greatness of Anurajapoora, although, from their size and elevation, they are the most conspicuous. The vast extent of the ancient city is proved by the ruins of the walls, which have been completely traced. They form a square of which each side is sixteen miles in length; and, although we know very well that such cities were not like our own—that they contained large gardens, tanks, and fields within them—yet there can scarcely be a doubt that, in this case, the population must have been large, and its wealth and importance great, if it was thought worth while to build so ample a defence.

The tanks—now sources of malaria and fever, from neglect and the breaking down of their sides—were formerly works of much importance. Many of them, in the neighbourhood of the capital (that is, in the north of the island), were from ten to fifteen miles in circumference, and supplied water to extensive tracts of country. Those within the walls were surrounded by dykes formed of gigantic blocks of granite, which astonish even the European traveller by their enormous size. The natives of the vicinity gravely tell us, and firmly believe too, that these works were the works of giants, and not of ordinary men. It was estimated by an intelligent officer who visited the district in 1830, that it would be beyond the power of the British Government in the island, with its present resources, to restore one of these vast excavations to its first condition.

The native annals tell us, that in the second century before our era, one of the greatest of Ceylonese Kings, Gaimour, erected a great palace for the accommodation of several hundreds of priests; it was two hundred and seventy feet square, and as many in height, containing nine stories, and in every story one hundred apartments. It stood upon sixteen hundred granite pillars. On account of its having been roofed with metal, it was called the Lowa Maha Paya, or Great Brazen Palace.

When we read a narrative like this in the early annals of a remote island, we feel disposed to regard it as a fiction. Possibly it was not. The building has disappeared; but the granite columns remain to attest the truth of at least one part of the description. Massive, grand, and dark—exposed to the rain and winds of nearly two thousand years—the majority of them yet rise above the surface of the ground; some have fallen, and some have been removed, but the places of all are clearly to be distinguished; and the traveller, by pacing the district, can satisfy himself of the general correctness of the measurements given by the Cingalese historian, for the ground plan, at any rate. The building was visited by a Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, in 412 A.D., and the account he gave of it, as translated by M. Remusat in Paris, exactly corresponds with the description I have quoted. A spacious hall occupied the centre, adorned

with gilt statues of lions and elephants. At one end of it an ivory throne of beautiful workmanship was erected for the high priest; on one side shone a golden image of the sun; on the other side a silver image of the moon. It was probably to these ruins that Knox referred in the quotation we have given from his very interesting work.

It is worthy of observation, that the ruins in Anurajapoora, which strike the visitor as most worthy of notice, are not the remains of royal palaces. The dagobahs and the great brazen palace were evidently erected by the zeal of mistaken piety. The walls of the city, massive and extensive as their foundations prove them to have been, seem to have been raised for the protection of the people, and there cannot be a doubt of the utility of the immense embankments of the tanks, when we consider the tropical situation of the island, and the fact that its supply of rain is only periodical.

We retired to the cool grot afforded by the *cella*, or inmost fane, of a tremendous temple; and, in the presence of at least twenty centuries — lunched. Before, however, falling to in earnest, we thought it but decently respectful to dedicate the first glass of champagne to the founder of the place; and we drank, in the solemn silence the scene demanded—a bumper to the immortal memory of Anuraja.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

On a wintry afternoon in the month of February—carnival time—in Paris, I sat in my room, in the Rue Rambouillet, Quartier Latin, alone. The course of lectures in the Collège de France which I had been following, were suspended for the holidays. All serious things were put aside for that round of gaiety which was to fortify the Parisians against the supposed privations of Lent. I, however, had determined to eschew all pleasures for awhile. Upon a serious review of my career for some months previously, I had come to the conclusion, that nothing short of hard study and moderate fare, in my hermitage, far removed from the gaiety of Paris, in the time of carnival, could atone for the past, and bring me upon good terms with myself. So, upon this afternoon—being the third day of my voluntary confinement—I had returned from the *restaurant*, and putting on my dressing gown and Greek cap, sat down with my book open before me.

There is a solemn sensation in a wintry afternoon, when the dusk comes on early, and we sit quietly alone, which belongs to no other season. Mine was a retired street, and my room being *au sixième*, I was as much removed from the bustle of Parisian life as if I had been in Palmyra or Pompeii. Yet, sometimes, in the pauses of my reading, out of the very solitude and stillness, perhaps from an involuntary listening for some sound, there grew up a low noise in the air, which seemed always about to become more distinct; but dying away, returned again, in a manner that perplexed me. I speculated upon the cause of it. I fancied it was the whole noise of the city blended and softened down into one deep murmur. I imagined the variety of sounds of which it was composed. I analysed it into the rumbling of vehicles, voices of people, bells, shutting of doors, working of machines, falling of waters, music, laughter, wailings: and, letting my fancy take such shapes as it would, I saw, in my reverie, many scenes from which such sounds might arise. I found pleasure in such fancies, and gave myself up to them easily. When I aroused, the sound was hushed; but on waiting awhile and listening attentively, the same murmur seemed to fill the air. A suspicion that it was a deception of a sense overstrained by listening, set me meditating; for with this, as with most trifling things which baffle our inquiries into their causes, I was reluctant, having begun my speculations, to give them up without coming to some satisfactory conclusion.

I rose from my seat and looked out of the window. In the square yard below, the bare branches of the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind. The sky was cloudy as if snow were about to fall: in the dusk, here and there, I saw lights at the windows. My neighbour, the daguerreotyper, who lived with his wife—a Norman woman—and four children, in a little erection upon the next roof, I could see smoking and reading by the fire. For three weeks, nobody had been on his roof to *pose* for a portrait; the sun having altogether withdrawn his smiles from the people of Paris during that time, and the secret of taking photographic portraits *par tous les temps*, not having been then discovered. He was a cheerful man, and his wife was a cheerful woman, yet he was poorer even than I was. He had a little glass-case beside a shop-door in the Rue Dauphine, with an announcement that he would take portraits, in a style there exhibited, at two francs fifty centimes; or in family groups, of not less than four, at one franc per physiognomy; and directing the public to "M. Brison, Rue Rambouillet, No. 2, top of the house." His roof was never crowded at the best of times, and in dull weather his occupation was gone. At such times, with the wind that way, I have missed the savoury smell of soup or bouilli at the accustomed hour of eleven in the morning. A Frenchwoman can make soup of anything; and the poverty must be sad indeed, when she can no longer provide this.

I took an interest in this family. I climbed up their dark staircase one day, six flights of stairs and a ladder, and as soon as I could recover my breath, demanded a portrait at two francs fifty centimes. They had attracted my attention from my window, and I was prompted more by curiosity than aught else

to pay them a visit. The sun was feeble that day; and after "posing" eight times, and waiting while his wife gave an extra polish to the plate; and, finally, for the ninth time putting on that look of profound sagacity, mingled with good-humour, which all people try to get into their portraits, I was obliged to give it up. The time was not wholly lost; I had seen something of Monsieur Brison's home in the time that I had waited, and this was my chief object in going to him. Indeed a portrait would have been of no manner of use to me, and I half suspected myself of a secret design in choosing such a dull day. So I rose to go away; and, after remarking upon the trouble to which I had put him, held out two francs in my hand. Poverty was written on his walls, and in his patched blue blouse; but he resolutely refused my offer, with a speech that would have brought down an avalanche of applause on the stage of the Gymnase, if he had pronounced it there in a tone a trifle more tragic than that in which he then spoke, and had paused to take the sense of the house on the propriety of his sentiment. That man's cheerfulness puzzled me. I strove to account for it upon philosophical principles, and thought all daguerreotypers in Paris must be cheerful, because they live on the roofs, and are most subject "to skyey influences." So I fell meditating deeply upon this subject.

When I looked out again, it was getting darker, and there was a slight fog, which made some lights, a long way off, across the house-tops, glimmer in a halo. Looking round my room, it had to me a drearier air than usual, with its scanty furniture, and floor of polished tiles. My fire was nearly out—if an Englishman could give the name of fire to a few chips of charcoal, shut up closely in a porcelain cylinder, standing out in the room, and communicating with the chimney by a rusty tin-pipe. I opened its little door; and, kneeling down, was just in time to blow out the last remains of vitality. The weather was cold, but I did not care to light it again. It was becoming too dark to read, and I determined not to light my lamp. I sat down again, and wrapped my dressing-gown about me with a shiver. The great pipe, which my friend Louis Raynal gave me, when he came back from Africa, hung upon the wall. I sat looking at its enormous bowl—carved into the face of an Arab, with a fierce grin and small black eyes—until I could scarcely see it; though, now and then, I knew not why, it suddenly became more distinct. When I was tired, my eye wandered, and fixed itself upon the carving of the Crucifixion on the mantelpiece. This was of white wood, and consequently remained distinct, for a longer time, in the deepening twilight of the room. I was not sorry when I could see it no longer. I would have preferred that that carving had not been in the room alone with me that afternoon.

It was growing darker still; and, as the few objects near me faded away, and my attention was no longer occupied, I heard again the murmuring in the air, which had troubled me at first,; but this time it was still more perplexing. Now and then, as I listened, it seemed about to become deeper; and then, with the utmost effort, I could not hear it at all. It was its monotony (while it lasted) that teased me. If any one of the multitudinous noises, of which I supposed it to be composed, would have predominated for a moment, I should have been content. If some clanging peal of bells would have broken out near me, or come from a distance upon a sudden shifting of the wind, I would have lighted my lamp, and gone on with the perusal of my book. But it was still the same confusion of noises—so perfectly blended, that although sometimes it became louder, no distinct sound could be caught: as if, at a certain moment, all its components increased, in exact proportion, in order to preserve a perfect monotony.

It is strange that this trifling fancy was gradually sapping the foundations of my resolution—holding me with so singular a fascination, that I was compelled to abandon my studies for that day. I began to suspect that the sudden change, from a life of pleasure, to one of solitary study, had wrought some injury to my mind. I experienced a degree of timidity and irresolution that I had never known before. I had other strange fancies. Once, while walking to and fro, in my room, I had seen my features, darkly, in the glass, and instinctively shrunk from looking there again. Afterwards, on reflecting, I could not divest myself of the notion that they were not my features that I had seen there, but a face wholly different. I sat down again, and thought of going out and wandering in the streets. I knew that, during the cold weather, great wood fires were lighted at midnight, in certain open places in the city, that the houseless might not perish of the cold; and I thought of spending the night by one of these, and not returning to my room until daylight.

From this mood I was suddenly startled by a noise, as of something falling on the floor of the adjoining room. I was startled, because I had always known that room to be uninhabited; and as it communicated by a door with my room, I knew that I should have heard of any change in this respect. It was one of those rooms, often met with in the great houses of Paris (where each floor is divided into many apartments, or, as we should say in England, sets of chambers), into which it had been found impossible to admit sufficient daylight for a sitting-room. In such a case, the usual course would have been to let it with my room as a sleeping-chamber; but I had declined it, and it had remained unoccupied during the several years of my residence there.

I listened attentively for a repetition of the noise; and now all my wild fancies were forgotten in this new feeling of curiosity. I had never been in that room, for the door had always been kept locked, and the key was in the possession of the porter below; but I recollected, now, having frequently heard noise in the night, which I had attributed to the wind out of doors, but which, I seemed now to remember, had come from the empty garret. I had once heard from the Concierge (though I had taken it for an idle story), that Danton—memorable among the tyrants of the Revolution—had lived in a room in that house. And now I thought I remembered that it was in a house in that quarter where he had spent the night (it was the night of the terrible butcheries at the prisons of La Force and the Conciergerie) in conversation with Camille Desmoulins, until, seeing the first glimmering of the dawn across the house-tops, he told Camille that a terrible blow had been struck at Royalism, even while they had been sitting there. It seemed to me remarkable that I had not thought of this before. I remembered now distinctly the words "across the house-tops," in the account that I had read; and a superstitious conviction forced itself upon me, that it was in that very room that Danton (affecting, as was common with the revolutionary leaders, an appearance of poverty) had dwelt.

My fancy had wandered away among the scenes of that terrible Revolution, when I was roused again by a second noise. But this time it was the sound of a light footstep walking in the room. I listened, and waited, with my eye fixed upon the door, and now for the first time I remarked a faint light shining through the keyhole. The footstep ceased for a moment; and then I saw by the long light in the crevice, that the door, which I had always supposed to be locked, was ajar. I had not heard any movement of the handle of the lock, but I felt convinced that it had only just been opened; for it was impossible, otherwise, that I should not have observed it. The door trembled for a moment, as if an undecided hand were upon the lock, and then, opening wide, I saw, to my surprise, the figure of a man standing in the doorway.

He held in one hand a thin candle, with a shade, which threw that part of the room in which I sat into darkness; but I could see him distinctly, as he stood there a moment, apparently hesitating whether to go on or turn back. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes, in the light that struck upward, through the aperture in the shade, were fixed and sunken. His dress was that which was worn by the old revolutionary leaders; but he bore no resemblance to the portraits of Danton. I recognised him at a glance. The prominent forehead, the short pointed nose, the scornful curl of the upper lip, the powdered hair, the frilled shirt, the broad sash, and even the nosegay in his hand—all, except the general faded look of his attire, identified him at once with the ideal indelibly fixed in my mind, by portrait and tradition, of the great fanatical Jacobin, Maximilian Robespierre. The door closed sharply behind him, as if by the current of air, for his light was extinguished at the same moment. I heard his footstep across my room; the door closed behind him as he went out upon the landing. I listened, but could hear no footstep descending the stairs. I walked to the door, and looked down into the darkness of the great staircase, and listened, but the house was quite still.

Was I to believe my senses? Here I sat, exactly as I had sat ten minutes before. My stove was cold: my room was dark: I was alone: my book was open before me. I saw the light still in the daguerreotyper's window, on the roof, and at other places, far off. I walked over, and tried the door of the room, but it was fast locked again. Everything was in its usual state. In a few minutes from the time when I first fancied that I heard the noise, the door had been unfastened, this strange apparition had passed through my room, the door was re-fastened, and no trace of what had happened remained. I was not dreaming? No. But how often, in sleep, had I questioned myself of the reality of my dream, and invariably ended by convincing myself that I was awake—sometimes even remembering that I had so deceived myself before; but always, at last, conquering my own objection, and coming to the conclusion that this time, at least, I stood amid the real life of the daylight world. But I rubbed my eyelids, rose again, and walked to and fro, and convinced myself that I was really awake.

What could I think, but that my reason was becoming weakened? The life I had led for some time had been wild and reckless. I had become so accustomed to excitement, that it was almost necessary to my existence; so that when I applied myself to a steadier life, I experienced something of the depression of the drunkard in the first days of his reformation. The mood in which this vision had found me was favourable to such hallucinations. My mind had been unsettled. My fancies would not let me apply myself to my task. Whimsical, and filled with vague apprehensions, I knew that my mental state exactly coincided with the descriptions of those who have been visited by similar apparitions.

Smoking would, I thought, soothe me. I lighted some wood in my stove with a fusee, and taking down my pipe from the wall, filled it, and sat there smoking hour after hour. The great transparent bowl glowed in the darkness at every puff, so deeply, that I could watch the wreaths of smoke by the light that it gave. I strove to fix my mind upon cheerful images—thinking of an English home, where the fatted calf was ever ready to be

killed when I should return; but chiefly of thee, Eugénie, (of whom I knew myself unworthy,) lily-handed, lovelier than the loveliest of all flowers!

I dropped asleep, and awoke several times, always dreaming and waking up with the feeling, that my strange vision was a portion of my dream; but the burning embers in my stove recalled to me what had passed, and each time, putting on more fuel, I dropped asleep again.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping the last time. When I awakened, my fire was out, and I was in darkness. I knew, however, that it was past midnight, the hour at which my ghostly visitor would probably have returned, if he had had an intention of returning. My slumbers had tranquillised me. Looking out of the window, it did strike me that a certain dark object, close upon the next roof, had somewhat the look of a monk, staring out of his cowl at me through my window; but I speedily recognised it for a portion of the daguerreotyper's apparatus for fixing his customers in the required position. The fog had cleared away. There were no lights on any of the roofs, or at any windows far and wide. In the distance rose the dusky towers of St. Sulpice; and the stars were shining.

I had determined to go to bed, and think no more of my apparition until the morning, when turning to light my lamp, my eye caught again a faint light through the key-hole of the adjoining room. This was stranger still; for I knew that no one, in the habit of shutting doors so noisily, could have passed through my room while I had been sleeping. I lighted my lamp and listened. I heard again a light footstep, and presently a voice as of some one talking to himself, though loud enough, sometimes, for me to distinguish his words:

"A good wind getting up, such a wind as blows sharp dust into the face on a frosty night. Whew! I wouldn't turn a dog out. This is cheerless; but better than that hot cursed place, full of shrieking, whining men and women. How the dusky Satan took that girl, and turned her till her brain was giddy, and she swooned! She had a pretty simple look; but she would not have been there if she were as innocent as her face. They knew me. The priest taunted me with my free use of the guillotine. No matter. That peasant girl did not shrink from the monster, nor look upon my hands to see if they were blood-stained, when we joined the others in their devilry. Oh, it was a pretty sight for them to see a man with some thousands of murders on his mind, looking so merry, and handling a nosegay so delicately—a nosegay that they knew so well in all my portraits! Well, well! enough of this for to-night. My feet can scarcely forget their habit. The fascination of that whirling multitude haunts me. I seem to have her still—my peasant girl. Steadily! Hold me firmly. Now then! Away!"

My mysterious neighbour seemed to be turning rapidly about the room. I heard the quick movement of his feet; and then a noise, as if a heavy body had come violently in contact with the wainscot. I walked on tiptoe to the door, and looked through the keyhole, but my sight only ranged over a small portion of the room, and I could see no one. There was a silence for some moments. Then I heard him talking—again:

"This kind of sport does not suit the middle of the night. I shall wake the whole floor. Let me see; how am I to amuse myself? No rest for me to-night. At daylight I must begone."

I heard again a noise, as if he had flung himself heavily into a chair; and then there was a long silence again. I sat listening for any sound, and wondering at the strange words that I had heard; but, when the church-clocks had twice chimed the quarters, the room was still quiet. Looking at the key-hole, the light was gone; but, on observing again, I thought I saw a faint glimmer, as if the candle were still burning, with the shade down. After a while, however, I resolved to retire to bed; taking first the precaution to place a chair against the door, in such a manner that it would fall and awaken me, if he attempted again to enter my room; besides which, I placed my sword-stick within reach. I tried to persuade myself that this was some trick of my fellow-students to alarm me, or that my neighbour was a harmless madman, personating the great republican; although I felt uneasy at remembering that he was in possession of the key of the door opening into my room. Resolved, however, at any rate, to shake off my alarm, I strove to rally myself upon the subject. "If M. Robespierre," said I, aloud, "takes a fancy to walk through my room again, he will be kind enough to shut the doors with less noise, if I am sleeping."

Instantly, I heard the footstep again; the handle of the lock turned; the chair, with some articles that I had designedly placed upon it, fell with a loud clatter; the door opened wide; and the same figure that I had seen before stood in the doorway.

"Keep off!" I exclaimed, seizing my sword-stick, and planting myself, like Roderick Dhu, with my back to the wall.

"I beg your pardon!" said my disturber, with a low bow.

"Who are you? What do you do here?" I demanded, waxing bolder.

"M. Hector Favart—at your service; student of the Ecole de Médécine; having the honour to do duty in the Third Legion of the Garde Nationale—an honour that will take me out of doors at daylight this frosty morning."

"What!" said I, letting my sword-stick fall from my hand—"the cousin of my Eugénie?"

"Eugénie de la Tour?"

"Eugénie de la Tour."

"The same!"

"But how do you find yourself in that room?" I asked, still somewhat incredulous.

"I took this little place to-day," said he, "as a quiet room to read in, and to sleep in at night. By the way, I have to apologise for coming through your apartment in your absence, for the porter had not yet given me the key of the other door upon the landing."

"I saw you," said I; "but how did you contrive to lock your door again without my hearing it?"

"Do you not know that when this door is once shut, it cannot be opened again, from your side, without a key?"

"I understand," said I, advancing, with the light, to shake hands with him. But his unaccountable resemblance, in dress and features, to Robespierre himself (which I had almost forgotten), his pale face, and sunken eyes, struck me again so forcibly, as the light shone upon him, that I started back. "I hope you will not think me unpolite," said I, "if I observe, before coming closer, that I am struck very forcibly with the remarkable resemblance that you bear to a certain historical personage."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, in a tone that sounded strangely hollow. "To whom, now? Tell me. To Louis Seize, or the Cardinal Richelieu; Jean Jacques Rousseau, or the Emperor Napoleon; the lean Frederick of Prussia, or the portly Mirabeau?"

"To none of those," said I.

"To a man of the Revolution—eh? A Girondin, or a Cordelier; a Feuillant, or a Jacobin?"

"To a Jacobin!" said I, "without any offence."

"No doubt!" he replied; "but to which of them? Not to Marat, the blackguard, I hope? nor little Camille Desmoulins? nor the jolly Danton? Something more of the Robespierre look about me—isn't there?" Holding the nosegay in one hand, he placed himself exactly in the attitude of Robespierre in the portraits.

"I certainly," said I, "did have such an impression when I first saw you; and now that you stand in that position, I cannot help being struck with the similarity between you."

He laughed again, in the husky tone of a man afflicted with a severe cold. "The day I was born, my nurse—who never before, in her life, admitted a child to have the slightest resemblance with anybody but his own father—could not help exclaiming, '*Ah, le petit Robespierre!*' for she had seen the great man when a girl. Everybody said I resembled him exactly; everybody was right. Faith! to-night, at the fancy ball at the Chaumière, I make my appearance in this style, with nosegay complete, and everybody recognises me in a moment."

"Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, laughing in my turn. "The mystery is unravelled! Pray, step in; I will light my fire in a moment. I think I have materials for a bowl of punch."

"With all my heart," said he. "I dare not go to bed, lest I should oversleep myself, and forget my engagement."

"To your fair cousin, Eugénie!" said I, when the bowl stood smoking on the table, while we struck our glasses together, in ratification of the toast.

"To one not less fair!" said he, filling again, "whose name I need not tell."

KING DIRT.

A Song adapted to a slow Sanitary Movement.

Drink from the dark and mantling pool,
With festering weeds begirt,
A deep black draught to the lazy rule
Of poverty's king—King Dirt!
Though I stoop my head, and trail the skirt
Of my robe in the miry way,
All know that the ragged and old King Dirt
Hath a potent and patent sway.
I laugh to see
How all devoted my people be,
Grovelling low, and bepraising me.

And many friends, wealthy and steadfast, have I,
Though they oft look askant as they pass me by;
And many a purse-proud burgher, wise
In his generation, on me relies;
And many town-councillors, seeing no hurt,
Sneer down my enemies—proud of King Dirt!
And I laugh on still, while they let me be,
And extend my realm unceasingly!

Opponents of Progress, who love the inert,
Who claim for inanity Wisdom's desert,
Loving friends, round me cling!
Fill high the bowl, and sing
Long live your lazy king, squalid King Dirt!

There's a low-roomed house in a ruinous street,
Where filth and penury lovingly meet;
And the cobwebbed roof, and the rotting wall,
And the rag-stifled casement, dark and small,
Are unheeded there, among many more—
So wretched the homes of the wretchedly poor!

A poor worn weaver there works for his bread—
Working on, working on, far in the night;
His daughter breathes hollowly, lying a-bed,
And the wasting clay
Lets the spirit play
Over her face with a flickering light!

The clock of a neighbour ticks solemn and low
On the neighbour's side of the crazy wall;
And the loom clicks on with an answer slow,
And the shuttle flies silently to and fro,
As it weaves the robe for bridal or ball.

But the loom is stopped; and down by the bed
The father kneels by his dying child;
But vainly he speaks—her time is sped;
No answer there comes to his outcry wild,
For the child stares out with her glazed eyes,
Till the eyes turn back—and she silently dies!

And they call it a Fever,
Putrid or low;
But I and the weaver
Both of us know
That the fetid well-water, and steaming styes,
And the choked drains' gases, that unseen rise,
Subtle and still,
Sure and slow,
Certain to kill
With an unheard blow,
Are the fiends who poisoned that maiden's breath,
And cling to her still as she sleeps in death!

And the weaver, haggard, and worn to the bone,
With clasped hands and despairing moan,
Knowing the poison that lurks in the room,
Still doggedly stays till he meets his doom!
I laugh to think,
How they greedily drink
Of the poisoned cup
Till they drink it up!
And ever to time-honoured filth revert,
And love to the death their old King Dirt!

BIRMINGHAM GLASS WORKS.

Little children are sometimes as much puzzled as older people, about how the world got on before they and other wise moderns were born; about how men lived without the conveniences and comforts afforded by our arts of life. We are not quite so conceited now as we were a century ago, in regard to our superiority to the ancients; for, the farther we go back among ancient monuments, the more evidence we find, that some of our most recent inventions and luxuries were in common use before old Troy was founded, and before the venerable Abraham set out on his travels a young man. About one thing, however, little children are right enough, as far as we know. They are not absurd in asking, how people, in old times, ever got on without glass windows? We knew a little child, who was fond of looking out of the window in bad weather, when there was no getting a walk: and the same child had to go a long journey in a post-chaise, day after day, before railroads were made; and how any child could have borne the being boxed up in a post-chaise so long, without a window to look out of when it was windy, and the rain-drops to watch on the pane during the showers, there is no saying. She was so far aware of this, that she asked everybody likely to answer her, what people did when there were no windows? The more she was told of wooden shutters, that were closed in bad weather, or of horn or parchment panes, which let in a dim, dirty light, but could not be seen through, the more she pitied the ancients, who knew nothing of the amusement of watching the jerking, capricious drops on a window, which seem never to be able to make up their minds which way they shall run, in their inevitable general direction from top to bottom. And what groping work, trying to read, write, or sew, behind parchment panes! and how cold, most days of the year, if the wooden shutters were opened to let in light! Something of this may be seen now, in the homes of some people who speak our language, and otherwise live pretty much as we do—the settlers in the wilder parts of the American woods, where the glazier has not yet found his way.

When the mail drives up at night, with its load of hungry passengers, there shines the settler's dwelling—the yellow light, and the scent of broiling ham or venison, diffusing themselves at once through the square holes, which will be closed by shutters when the mail drives off. The light streams out, and strikes red upon the stems of the pines, or yellow upon those of the beeches; the fragrance streams out upon the fainting senses of travellers, and unto the nostrils of the negroes, who gather about the door, as the heavy coach jolts up to the threshold, and the chill night air rushes in upon the cooking dame and her "help," and makes the lamp flare; or, if the air be not chilly, swarms of mosquitoes invade the dwelling, and amply prove the curse of the want of glass windows. Yet this—if we leave out the mosquitoes, and aggravate the dulness and dampness of the air—was what our forefathers had to put up with, not so very long ago. Three centuries since—when Alnwick Castle was in its glory, and had all manner of conveniences that ordinary dwellings were without—the glass windows of the Duke of Northumberland were put up only when the family were at home, and taken down immediately on their departure, for fear of accident. So lately as two centuries ago, the only glazed windows in Scotch dwellings were those of the upper rooms in palaces; the lower windows being still furnished simply with wooden shutters. It is true, this was one thousand years after some of our churches and abbeys had been graced, and kept warm and dry, by the use of glass windows. At least, we know that artists were brought from the Continent to glaze the windows of a church and monastery at Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, in the year 674; and the mention of the subject brings before us the beautiful painted windows that the pious put up in our cathedrals, and other churches, long before that Duke of Northumberland was born, whose "casements" were taken such care of whenever he left Alnwick.

Suppose any one had mentioned, at any of these dates, such a thing as a whole house made of glass,—what a romance the notion would have appeared! Some say, indeed, that old Chaucer did imagine such a thing; and in his "House of Fame" there is a description of a dream of a temple of glass, with metal pillars, stretching far away, and crowds of people from all regions roaming about within it: but Chaucer's readers received this as a dream. The chimera has come

among us, and sat down in our midst, in solid reality. Most of us can testify to it on the evidence of our own senses: But so few have visited the awful birthplace of this chimera—so few have any idea of the fire caverns, the dim vaults, the scorching air, the rush, roar, glare, and appalling handicraft from amidst which that light and graceful creation came forth to lie down on the grass in Hyde Park, that we must tell a little of what we saw when we went hunting out its birthplace.

In plain words, we have been permitted to see the glass-works of the Messrs. Chance, near Birmingham. In old reports of the glass-manufacture, we find Birmingham low down in the list of places in England where the process is going forward. It can never be so again. The establishment which produced the Crystal Palace must stand first in the world until something greater has been done. It is only within three centuries that the manufacture has been heard of at all in the district; and a century ago it was not known in the town of Birmingham. Messrs. Chance's works are not in the town, but at Smethwick — half-an-hour's drive from it: and, indeed, they would take up too much room in any town. The buildings occupy many acres; and the canal has to stretch out various branches among them. The number of men, women, and children employed, are twelve hundred or upwards. The schools on the estate contain from four hundred to five hundred children (not all connected with the works, however); and the consumption of coal is,—but we will excuse any reader from believing it, without seeing the coal heaps,—from eight hundred to one thousand tons per week. To those of us who consider and calculate about buying ten or twenty tons of coal per year, it is a marvellous thought,—that of the coal-bill for an establishment which consumes nearly one thousand tons in a week, and in every week of the year;—say forty-seven thousand tons in a year. Visitors to the works may pass hither and thither for four or five hours together without entering the same place twice; and they may go again and again, without coming upon many traces of their former visits. The vastness of the buildings is as striking as their number; and the passage through lofty, dim, cool, vault-like sheds, is an admirable preparation for entrance among the furnaces and kilns.

In one of these sheds we see, heaped up against the walls, masses of sulphate of soda. This portion of the material is brought from the alkali works of the same firm, not very far off. In another shed there are millstones, revolving on edge, for grinding to dust the small proportion of coal required hereafter. Elsewhere, we see heaps of chalk; and, in one shed, the greatest quantity of fine sand we ever saw in one place, except on the sea-shore. St. Helens, near Liverpool, yields very fine sand for glass-making; but this roomful is from Leighton-Buzzard, where there is a sandpit belonging to this firm. As it is sifted, wreaths of it rise, like white smoke, and curl under the rafters. Thus, we have seen the materials; and must next observe the apparatus for the cooking of them.

It is a desperately rainy day; and the roads which lead from one place to another are inches deep in black mud and puddles. Of course, the canal does not look very engaging; and the procession of boats on it, laden with coal, is about as wet as everything else. There are carts in the alleys filled with broken glass; and there are heaps of broken glass piled up against the walls. Women are at the cart's tail, or under sheds, picking the glass; that is, separating whatever is stained with iron in the process of glass-making, or otherwise coarse, to be made into coarse glass again, while the clear and fine is set apart for higher purposes. A cart-load of rubbish and sweepings is about to be shot into a canal-boat. Being drawn across our path, the cart is ordered away, but the man in charge calls out from the other side, that we must wait our turn. Shocked at such a speech, men within hearing rush to turn the horse, and spill the rubbish on the wharf, which afflicts the strange-looking carter. The poor fellow is not quite sane. One of the pleasant incidents often observable in these large establishments is the employment of poor creatures who would otherwise be sadly desolate. Where there is a will there is a way, in such large concerns, of finding something that the foolish or the partially infirm can do; and it seems as if the will was never wanting.

Up an inclined plane we go now, under heavy drops from the eaves, and take shelter in a place curiously furnished. The large floor is almost wholly occupied with great caldrons of ash-grey clay;—very handsome caldrons, round, smooth inside and out, with a thick smoothly-rounded edge, and each standing on its own platform. These are the "pots" in which the "metal" is to be melted in the furnace. There are three pot-makers in the establishment; each of whom makes three pots in a week. One of them is busy now, with a labourer and a girl to help him. The labourer is treading the clay. He has a watering-pot in his hand: his feet are bare, and his trousers turned up; and he tramps about on his platform with a squashing tread, which is not pleasant to us, and can hardly be more so to him. Everybody says there is no way but this of making the clay fit for pots; but we cannot help fancying that one will soon be found. The girl is at a table, with a mass of clay at her right hand. She is making it into sausage-like rolls; and her employer is building up his pot, by laying these rolls in order round the edge, and squeezing them down smooth, so as to exclude the air, and make the whole of as close a grain as possible. The bottom is no less than five

inches thick, and the sides nearly as much; and five or six months are required for the drying of a pot—passing, as it does, through various degrees of heat, from that of the room in which it is built (seventy degrees when we were there) to that which is to cause its destruction. Inquiring when this catastrophe was likely to happen, we found that a pot may last anytime between one day and three months. Few last so long as three months. It must be a grief to see a pot fall to pieces in one day, after having been watched in the drying for half-a-year; but there may be some little consolation in its not being wholly lost. The fragments are ground down to powder, and mixed with four times the amount of fresh clay, to make new pots. The clay is from Stourbridge. The pots hold thirty-five hundred-weights each of molten metal.

And now we must go and look at the molten metal in the pots, and see how it is treated. We find ourselves on a sort of platform, in front of six furnace mouths, which disclose such a fire within as throws us into a secret despair; despair for ourselves, lest we should lose our senses, and for the men, because it seems impossible to live through the day in such a heat. Looking into one of the openings, as well as we can from behind a screen, we see that the spectacle is one of exquisite beauty. There are the great pots, transparent with heat, and of the palest salmon colour, just distinguishable by their rims from the fire which surrounds them. Rising on tiptoe, we can see the metal—a calm surface, somewhat whiter than the pots. Turning to the men, we observe that they work over a row of troughs of water. We should like to plunge our head in, if the water were not so dirty. It is for cooling the pipes. The workman dips one end of his pipe into the metal, taking up a portion which is of the consistence of honey. He lays his pipe across the trough, and laves it with water, while a boy blows into the end, swelling the metal into a small globe. The effect of the breath is seen in a paler central bubble, spreading itself through the red mass, and expanding it. When more metal has been taken up, enough for a sheet of glass, it is to be carried to the next shed, where there are more furnaces, and the globe is to become a cylinder. Before we follow it there, we are offered the privilege of blowing through a pipe. We empty our lungs into it, again and again, but without producing the slightest effect. Our breath goes away easily enough, but no bubble ensues; we look rather foolish; so we hasten away, to see what becomes of the globe we have seen created.

We pass a man who is hewing out, with a small hatchet, a hollow in a block of wood, large enough for the globe to be rolled about in. In the next shed, each workman has one of these blocks to himself. It contains some water; and as he rolls his red-hot globe in it, a boy sprinkles more water upon it. The water seethes and bubbles, but does not reek. The heat is actually too great to permit evaporation. The globe is tossed about, and blown into again. If the pipe is raised in the air while blown into, the metal becomes cheese-shaped: if held horizontally, the form produced is a globe: if pointed downwards, the globe is elongated. This particular mass is elongated. In a moment it must be heated again. Between the range of blocks and the furnace, there are bridges across a deep chasm; a bridge to each furnace mouth. The workman runs along his particular bridge, holds his metal into the furnace, withdraws it for another toss, heats it again, with another puff through the pipe, and at last has blown a hole through the further end. The whole expands, the edges retreat, and we now see the cylinder form arranging itself. There he stands on his bridge—as half-a-dozen more men are standing on their respective bridges, swinging the cylinder at arm's length, even swinging it completely round in the maddest way; the scarlet colour at the further end shading off beautifully into soberer reds up to the point of the pipe, where the central knot is still scarlet. When it is of the right length (that is, for the Crystal Palace panes, somewhat above forty-nine inches), the cylinder must be detached from the pipe. For this purpose it is laid upon a wooden rest; a touch of cool iron breaks off the pipe; with pincers, a strip of red-hot glass is drawn off from the end of the pipe, and laid like a ribbon round the cylinder, near its closed end. After this, a gentle tap severs the closed end, and we have the cylinder complete.

While it lies cooling for a minute or two, we observe the making of a glass shade, large enough to cover a time-piece, or a statuette on its pedestal. Stopping short of blowing a hole in his *cul-de sac*, the workman deposits his red bubble in a wooden mould which stands in the chasm below his bridge. The sides are flattened, while the top and ends remain round; and thus, amidst a little rush of sparks, the shade receives its form. The work done on these bridges is, perhaps, the most imposing to a novice of any part of the business. Some of the men have bare feet and legs; some have no clothing but drawers and a blue shirt; one or two, indeed, add the article of gold earrings, being Frenchmen. All have glistening faces; and all swing their glowing cylinders as if they were desperate or demented; a condition which we suspect we are approaching, under the pressure of the heat, and the strangeness and the hurry of incessantly getting out of the way of red-hot globes, long pipes, and whirling cylinders.

If we are to follow our own particular pane of glass, we must be off; for the cylinder is cool enough to be carried in a man's arms to the annealing, in preparation for the splitting. How this round thing is ever to grow flat, we cannot conceive. Supposing it split, the

inside must have a more contracted surface than the outside. Well; we shall see. It has to be annealed, before anything more can be done to it, and for this purpose, it is carried to the kiln, where it is to be well baked, and gradually withdrawn into a lesser and lesser heat, until it will bear what else it has to undergo. As we cannot stand here for a day or two till it is done, we must transfer our attentions to another cylinder, to see how the splitting is effected.

The diamonds, for cutting, are shown to us. One is mounted as on one point of a pair of pincers, the diamond looking inwards. The pincers are mounted upon wheels. This is for cutting off the edge of the cylinder, which is more or less jagged. The little carriage runs round under the upright cylinder, the diamond marking the glass as it travels; and a gentle tap severs the jagged end at the mark. Next, the cylinder is laid along upon a table, and another mounted diamond is run through the inside of it, from end to end, guided by a ruler. Another tap, and there is a split along the line, and the edges actually overlap. The glass is seen to be thicker than it is to remain. It will lose one fifth, or one sixth of its thickness in the grinding. A curious fact is observed here. Looking at the edge of a piece of red glass, we see that it is not red throughout—that, in fact, the glass, seen sideways, is greenish; but how this happens we cannot divine. It is done by taking up first a little of the red honey from the ruby glass-pot, and afterwards white—again and again, in proportion to the intended paleness of the hue. Thus, the red, while completely incorporated in substance with the rest, is spread over only the inner surface; and thus, when cut, the sheet can be embossed with white figures. Red or white, the cylinder is now to become a sheet of glass.

We adjourn to the mouth of a kiln, where we see that a slab of stone, moveable, forms the floor. On this slab lies a sheet of glass; and our cylinder is to be unrolled upon it, or its lower side would be made rough by contact with the stone. A little lime or chalk is sprinkled on the sheet, and then the cylinder is laid down upon it. As it heats, it begins to gape at the slit. The process is aided by the man at the kiln. He takes up a pole which has a wooden block at the end of it, thrusts in the block, and proceeds to iron out the relaxing cylinder. His block begins to smoke, and presently throws out sparks, more and more; but he perseveres until every corner is levelled; the sheet lies as flat as a pancake, and its two surfaces are equalised, in its semi-fluid condition. By observing the reflection of the fire on its surface, we see that it is rapidly melting. But it is not to melt away; so the slab is drawn away backwards, by a stout chain; and another is to take its place from one side.

We go round to see what becomes of the sheet. We find it in a somewhat cooler part of the kiln, about to be removed, that the stone slab may go back to its proper work. A boy is to effect the removal. He lifts up the sheet with a long "fork," as he calls it, and gently lays it on the top of a pile of predecessors, which are gradually cooling. When nearly cooled, they are to be transferred, in the iron box which now contains them, and where they are to stand on edge, separated by iron bars, to a sort of railway truck, where they stand, shut up in their box, until they have become accustomed to a natural temperature, and may be carried on to the grinding. There we must leave them, while we take a look at the treatment of two other kinds of glass—flint-glass, or crystal, and crown glass.

There is no flint now really used in the manufacture, though there was when crystal glass was called after it. Flints were, in those days, heated red-hot, and thrown into cold water, when they fell to pieces, so far as to be easily reducible to powder. It is still easier, however, to pick up the sand ready powdered at Lynn and in the Isle of Wight. Red lead is added, to give density to the glass; but in what proportions we did not inquire here, having learned elsewhere that that is the one question which a stranger ought not to ask. It is the grand secret of most glass-houses. Red lead also promotes the melting of the sand; it gives a greater refracting power, and a higher lustre; and it is some protection against fracture from sudden changes of temperature. It renders the glass more ductile in the working also; but there must not be too much of it, or the material will be too soft. In these works, the flint glass has a furnace to itself—built for it. It is melted in crucibles, or small pots, over and over again, until it is pure. It is left in the pots, and the furnace is shut up, and allowed to cool very slowly; when the pots fall away, and leave the glass in masses. A man holds each mass between his eye and the light; and, if he sees any speck, he splits the glass, and removes the offending particle. Peeping into the annealing oven, we see flat cakes of flint glass, about an inch thick; and it is with a sort of veneration that we look upon them. They have grand work to do soon. They are to bring down to us much that is too high, and up to us much that is too small, for our discovery without their help. They are to open to us the spectacle of starry systems—reach beyond reach, until our faculties can endure no more. They are to show us (what we could not believe without seeing) how every drop of water in a stagnant pond is thickly peopled with living animals, and how whole quarries and sea-beaches are composed of the remains of dead animals. They are to separate the rays of the sun into parts for us; and to enable the aged to read and work, forgetting their years; and to repair many a mischief of imperfect sight; and to improve the beacon-

lights upon our coasts, saving many a seaman from the snares of the ocean, and giving him years more of life. It is this particular glass of which all kinds of lenses are made; and when we think of what is included in this set of uses, we feel that all the wonders of windows and glass palaces are of small consequence in comparison with them.

Passing from thoughts of telescopes, microscopes, spectacles, and lighthouse lenses, we go to see some more window-glass—the very best kind—namely, Crown Glass. We cannot in the least comprehend how and why the "metal" we saw treated, becomes the great and beautiful disc that we beheld it grow into; we can only relate what the process is, as we witnessed it. It is considered the most striking and wonderful of all the spectacles of this fire-palace. The same sort of tube that we had tried to blow through, now took up the same kind of material, in the same manner as in the case of sheet glass; a globe was formed in just the same way, and rolled on a metal table. After many heatings, and much blowing, the farther side of the globe was somewhat flattened, by pressing it against an upright surface; and then a boy brought a solid rod, with a dab of the fiery honey upon it, and fixed it in the middle of the flattened side. As soon as the rod is safely fixed, the original tube is detached by a touch of cold iron, and comes away, leaving a small hole. The workman throws down his tube, takes the rod, and twirls the globe like a mop, thrusting it into the furnace very often, to prevent its cooling. It swells and spreads, and reflects the flames on its film-like surface; the hole enlarges, and the edge curls back, till the globe looks like a vast lamp-shade. As the twirling continues, the edge folds backwards, more and more, till it makes a tubular ring all round. Suddenly, this ring bursts, and its substance melts into the flattening material which it surrounds, and the whole becomes a disc, or circular plate, of from fifty to sixty inches in diameter, of the same thickness throughout, except just round the rod in the centre. The plate is carried to the annealing kiln, and there is tilted with a "fork," until it stands on its edge—the foremost of a regiment of discs, separated from each other by bars. Window-panes are to be cut out of it, by-and-bye; and the thick part, in the centre, is to glaze out-houses and the like.

The heat from these last-seen furnaces is tremendous. The men do what they can to shield themselves from it. They wear masks—gauze, fastened to the rim of an old hat. One holds a wooden screen before the face of another, and all are as quick as possible, both for their own sakes and that of the glass. Still, it is a marvel how they can bear it. We are told that it is by their working very moderately, as to time—four or five days (of seven hours) in a week. Thirty-five hours in a week are considered a fair share of work for glass-blowers; but, if a pot breaks, they must work until another is put in. Thus, their time is spent between arduous toil and leisure; and this circumstance points to the expediency of furnishing them with amusement which may make their leisure harmless. The public-house used to be a terrible temptation to men so tired, heated, and thirsty; and to many it is so still. Of late, reading-rooms have been opened, which appear to be an inestimable resource. There the workman may enter at any hour during the day, and find a good fire, a table covered with newspapers and other periodicals, and some comrades reading the news. There is a good and increasing library; and the men may take the books home, and are encouraged to do so, that they may spend the evenings with their families.

We have still to see how the sheet-glass becomes smooth and polished. It has to undergo three processes more;—grinding, smoothing, and polishing. Probably the first thing every stranger does on entering the grinding-room is to burst out a-laughing,—the machinery is so grotesque;—so like being alive and full of affectations. It is patent machinery: the exclusive possession of this house. One sheet is moved about upon another with a movement like that by a human arm, scrubbing and grinding; and the repetition of this, by scores of machines in rows, produces a most ludicrous effect. The sheets have been properly squared before by being cut with a glazier's diamond. The grinding now, with sand between the sheets, takes three hours for each side; and they come out of the process opaque, but without seams or serious blemishes. They must be smoothed by hand; and this is done by women, who rub them with fine emery, and remove any remaining specks. From forty to fifty women are employed in this work at long tables, where their action is very graceful, as they bend over their work, and use the steady and equable pressure required. The polishing is done by machinery, in the same sort of red apartment, filled with red machines, tended by red work-people, which was described in the account of Plate-glass making, at page 433, of our second volume. The noise here is horrible. Noise and rouge, and the tyranny of the rolling presses over the tortured sheets, bound down immovable, give an infernal aspect to the place, very unlike some things that remain to be seen.

We pass through more and more of these vast rooms, each of which would contain a house. One is full of glass shades, of all sizes, from that which would cover a life-size statue, to such as would preserve butterflies from dust. In a closet, opening out of this room, a man is plying the wheeled diamond with a weight and measure, carefully cutting the bottom of shades true and even. Here are bell-glasses for fern-houses, and some with a trough for water round the edge. Here, too, are shades made to order, for

particular objects,—as a group of statuary,—where the back of the shade is wider than the front. In another room, boys are cutting little squares of glass on marked counters, with rulers and glaziers' diamonds. These are to cover miniatures and daguerreotypes; but where they can all go to—many thousands in a week—we cannot conceive. The demand from America is very great, we are told: but it seems to us, that if all American and English children were to amuse themselves with breaking the glasses of miniatures, what we now see in this room would repair the damage. If such be the quantity of glass in bits, it may be conceived what the amount must be in sheets. We pass hundreds and thousands set on edge. Handfuls of straw are thrust between the plates to keep them apart; and in rooms near there is a vast packing always going on.

The conclusion of our survey is charming. We find men, women, and boys painting and enamelling glass. A sheet is covered smooth with a white enamel, which has itself much of the character of glass. Slips of brass, with patterns cut out, are laid on the enamel, and rubbed over, so as to leave the pattern clear. It is, in fact, stencilling; only, instead of laying on paint through the holes in the pattern, the enamel beneath is rubbed off there. A woman is covering a sheet all over, except a border, with some thick black substance. This sheet is to be embossed. The border is to be corroded by an acid, and she is protecting all the rest of the surface by this covering. An artist is painting a broad border with the blue iris—as beautiful as life—and convolvulus and poppies. The panes of lanterns are almost as astonishing for quantity as the miniature glasses; and extremely various in patterns. But we should never have done, if we told what pretty things we saw; or if we entered into details about the schools; or described the life and condition of the twelve hundred work-people connected with this vast establishment.

There was a certain fountain in the centre of a certain Exhibition which need not be described, because everybody knows it. We have been to see how that fountain was made, and have had the honour—a somewhat laborious one—of lifting some of its portions; a shell, a spike, an ornament or two, each of which required the whole strength of an unpractised person to raise from the ground. The weight of the fountain, before the trimming and dressing, was upwards of four tons. Mr. Osler engaged three railway carriages (passenger train) to convey it to London, he taking his own seat in a fourth. A wall was built in the centre of the transept for the foundation of this beautiful structure; and the building up was done slowly and carefully. When the Queen and Prince Albert walked round the screen which surrounded the work which Mr. Osler was superintending within, they could not have imagined—for none but the artificer could—what would be the beauty of this transparent shaft, with its streams of water falling like a veil around it, when the slanting sunlight from the roof touched it, and sent thousands of gleams and sparkles through it. It could be, and it was, removed in one night; but many were the anxious nights and weary days which passed over the making of it. If the Messrs. Osler could have devoted their works and their people wholly to the making of this fountain, it would have been pleasant enough; but it had to be done in addition to their ordinary business; and desperately hard work it was.

We saw how some of its parts were made, in seeing how ornamental glass—vases, pitchers, decanters, chandeliers, and many fancy articles, come out of the hands of the workmen. Of the earlier processes of the art we need not speak, as they resemble those which were described long ago; but there is one circumstance which ought to be noted; the form of the great chimney of the glass-house. Mr. Osler knows what he is about in matters of science; and he perceived that the prejudice in favour of a chimney with a narrow top was a mistake. He determined to build his the same width, inside, all the way up. Perhaps, if he had to do it over again, he might even make it wider at the top, as the heated air requires plenty of room for expansion and escape. Some people thought the plan a very odd one, and said there could be no proper draught. Everything else about this carefully planned glass-house was capital; but who ever heard of such a chimney for a glass-house? There it is, however, resting upon strong pillars; and with such a draught, that at times the business is to moderate it.

Passing the mixing rooms, the pots, the melting, the blowing, we give a moment's attention to the method of forming a decanter or pitcher. The workman sits in a "chair"—a bench with two long arms to it—and rolls his iron pipe or tube, with the left hand on these arms, to keep the soft glass in shape, while with the right he applies a pair of tongs to fashioning the neck of his decanter, or claret-jug, or whatever it may be. It is a pretty sight; and so are the long vistas of glass, in the kiln first, and then in the "lear"—the milder oven, in which the annealing of the smaller articles is done. We leave the glass-house, and travel to the manufactory, where we see how the drops for chandeliers, and all manner of arms and branches, are made, and how the cuttings, and polishings, and putting together are done. Here is a deaf and dumb man casting drops and "spangles," as small square drops are called. Why not? Hearing and speech are not required for this work; and there he sits diligent and still. One wonders what he thinks about, all the while. He tosses a bit of coal into his little furnace, every minute or so. The coal is on his right hand, and on his

left are the "lumps" of flint-glass he is to use. He pushes forward one at a time into the heat before the fire, that it may be warming for its work. With his left hand he holds the rod, on the end of which is the "lump" he is using; and in his right is the mould in which the drops are to be formed. He melts his lump, and lays a yellow trail into his mould, and shuts down the lid upon it. Out comes the drop, three-sided, rough, and attached to the lump. He knocks it off, pushes it on one side, and begins another. When he comes near the end of his lump, he makes smaller drops and "spangles," until only enough remains to fasten on the new lump which has been roasting in preparation. The place is lighted only by the furnace fires. The glare is intense to the workman on his stool; and his sight would suffer if the daylight were mixed with it: so he darkens the window.

We find women at work in the next place we enter. Wheels are whirling and whizzing, and the drops are first ground smooth, and then polished. The most wonderful thing is, the skill with which the facets of a drop or spangle are ground by the eye. Ridges meet at the top; planes slope away to the side, with a regularity truly mysterious to the novice. Out come the drops, smooth in their edges, polished in their sides, and with the obtuse angles at their ends all without a fault. It is a wonderful education of eye and touch.

In the moulding of the pendants, holes were made, by wires standing up in the mould. Hooks and eyes have to be inserted in these holes, and in the plates to which they are to hang. Girls insert these, and put the parts together.

There is a long and peopled apartment, called the metal-room, where the metallic parts of chandeliers, &c., are prepared. But more interesting, because more unlike other manufactures, is the glass-cutting, which proceeds in a vast right-angled room, where whole rows of iron mills, as they are called, are at work. Above each wheel or "mill" is a funnel, which drops sand and water on the edge of the wheel. It is, in fact, the sand which cuts the pattern—the mill being the means of applying it. Down dribbles and drips the sand; whizz goes the wheel; the glass held to the edge vibrates and seethes; and, after being dipped in the tub of water at each man's elbow, it shows the desired form and pattern; the curve, or the facet; the star, or the Greek border, or the flower and leaf garland. To save some kinds of articles which are slender, or much curved, from too strong a vibration, clay is plastered into hollows or angles. Some of the work is, necessarily, "underhand," though everybody prefers the "overhand" process; that is, it is more convenient and easy, and catches more sand, to hold the article to the upper part of the wheel than to the under. In the one case, the glass is thrust against the wheel; in the other, it is lifted against it, which involves the holding the whole weight of the article, while much less sand finds its way to the right place. The work is both laborious and anxious. One article may require a succession of mills; and it may be spoiled in any one stage of the manufacture. Here is the anxiety of the case. In metal-working, all is pretty secure when once the model is obtained, and the first casting is found to succeed. In the glass manufacture, each article must stand on its own merits, and the thousandth requires as much pains as the first. Those pains have their reward, however, as some of our readers may be aware, if they have overheard remarks on the collection of graceful and brilliant glassware, in the Messrs. Osler's rooms in London. Another kind of tribute arrived lately from a very distant place. The Messrs. Osler had sent to Egypt, by order of the Viceroy, two pairs of crystal glass candelabra, ten feet high. The Viceroy is so delighted with them, that he has sent them—who would guess where?—to the tomb of the Prophet, at Medina; where, as his Highness's Secretary observes, they will be the admiration of hundreds of thousands of pilgrim worshippers. It is a singular destination of Birmingham products—to keep watch over the pair of genii, who are keeping watch over the Prophet in his tomb; reminding him of his good and evil deeds, and balancing the account which his resurrection is to settle. How very far have they travelled over sea and land, to stand within those iron rails, and under the charge of the forty eunuchs who keep guard there! It is a symbolic incident, indicating the spread of British arts among the remotest regions, and the strangest races and faiths on earth.

CHIPS,

NOBILITY IN SPAIN.

Excepting Hungary and Poland, the most numerous crowd of nobles in the world is to be found in Spain; and here, again, the crowd is thicker in Castile and in the Basque provinces, especially in Alava, than elsewhere. In the last-mentioned district, indeed, almost every peasant is Hijo de Algo (the son of something), or, in short, Hidalgo.

In what are called everywhere the good old times, the Spanish nobility possessed many privileges, and among others was one which still exists; *viz.*, they do not stand up to be hanged for any crime, but have the right of taking a chair, and being strangled in a comfortable manner. This punishment is called "El Garrote noble." The nobles claim a right to be addressed as "Tu" (thou) by the sovereign, signifying that they are thus acknowledged as his peers. They are divided into three ranks. In the first come the *Grandees*, who claim equality by birth with the king, and derive their origin, at some time or other, from one of the reigning families;

then follow the *Tituladoš*, formerly called "Ricos ombres," to which class belong the Counts, Barons, and Marquisses, who are not grandees: and lastly, the numerous *Hidalgos*, or infanzones, many of whom are in the utmost misery of poverty, answering, in some respects, to the one-spurred nobles, created by Maria Theresa in Hungary, or the Provincial Barons of France, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The grandees of Spain are altogether an anomaly in our own railroad century. Mentally and physically degenerated, crippled in mind and body, they saunter, now-a-days, so listlessly about the streets of Madrid, that it is scarcely possible to believe them the descendants of those men who fought so long and bravely in old time against the Moors, who scorned privation, and became the theme of song and story; men who, through good and evil fortune, struggled on and knew no rest till the banners of the Cross were floating upon the battlements and minarets of Granada, and reflected themselves in the waves of the Xenil and the Darro.

The grandees of to-day appear to be below the weakness of ambition. Unlike their hardy forefathers, they are so bred into the ways of wealth, that dressing is a labour to them, and even eating and drinking seem, in the vulgar forms at any rate, to be a bore. They pass the night in revelry, and doze away the day. They go out at four, five, or six o'clock in the afternoon, according to the time of year, usually in close carriages, with the windows carefully closed, even in summer: they show themselves for a short time in the Prado, or the "Fuente Castellana," pleasure-grounds, without the town, and so kill time till dinner. While the Spanish grandee wastes his life, the "Intendant" (agent) of his immense estates usually mismanages them in a prudent way, certain that he shall never fall into disgrace while he provides money daily for the follies of his lord. The result of this is naturally that the grandees are miserably indebted, and according to all appearance will soon be utterly beggared, their properties passing into the hands of the prudent "Intendants," who are usually their chief creditors.

Among so large a body there are, of course, exceptions. The Duke de Rivas, for instance, stands honourably out from many of his equals. Poet and scholar, wise and brave, he is an example of manliness, of feeling of honesty of purpose, and active beneficence, which the nobles of any land might be proud to imitate.

A few years ago, when the strife of parties ran so high that it would seem impossible for any Spaniard to have been uninterested in the struggle, what was the part played by the grandees? During the whole of that wretched period they held aloof. They passed their time in strange tranquillity in Paris or in London, and sent their homage to Don Carlos or to Queen Christina, even as the case might be, as fortune gave a master or a mistress to these dignified incapables. Only *two*, the Count of Via Manuel, and the Count of Campo Alanza, displayed any valour, and of these the first was taken prisoner of war, and shot by the express order of Don Carlos; the other fell, sword in hand, at the storming of Luchana. Scarcely, however, was the treaty of Bergara concluded by the treason of Maroto, when the grandees hurried back to Madrid, and flocked to the feet of the young Queen, mutually outbidding each other in protestations of attachment and allegiance.

The whole of the ancient nobility of Spain consists of about fifty families; some of these, such as the Dukes of Osuna and Medina-Celi, possess six or eight dukedoms, and as many titles of count and marquis. Thus, for example, the present Duke of Osuna, of the house of Giron, is also Duke of Arcos, of Bejar, of Gandia, of Infantado, of Lerma, of Pastrana, of Placentia, and of Benavente. His estates, which, like Berkeley Castle, for the most part belong to the titles, are immense; and one which he inherited in 1845, with the dukedom of Infantado, is said to be alone worth nearly a million sterling. The present possessor of the title of Alva is the Duke of Berwick, an illegitimate descendant of our James the Second. The family name of the Duke of Medina-Celi (said to be the richest of all the Spanish grandees) is the famous one of Fernandez de Cordova, descending, in a direct line, from the great hero, who stands among the worthies of the nation next in esteem to the Cid Campeador.

All grandees are born knights grand cross of the order of Charles the Third, of the Immaculate Conception. They are also either knights of Alcantara or Calatrava, or of St Jago de Compostella, and Montesa; but these four military orders of knighthood, once so celebrated among the chivalry of Christendom, have lost all significance of merit, and are now merely badges of distinction for the old nobility. The only order which still claims respect among military men in Spain, is that of the Holy Ferdinand, which is not hereditary, and, according to statutes, can be bestowed only for personal bravery in battle.

The grandees are divided into two classes. The grandees of the first class appear before the monarch without uncovering their heads; they take off their hats only while kissing hands, or when personally addressed by Majesty. The grandees of the second class must appear uncovered, and may only put on their hats after they have kissed hands; of course they also must stand uncovered while they are speaking with the sovereign.

There are no other privileges that have not been run away with by the constitution. It abolished even the law of entail,—a great boon to the country, but a death blow to the nobles. By-and-bye, perhaps, agriculture may be benefited, as the possessors of small estates will be likely to look after their land more. There are, altogether, sixty-seven

ducal titles in Spain, and with them, for the most part, is joined a grandeeship of the first class. The oldest dukedom is that of *Benevente*, and it is among the titles of the Duke of Ossuna, who is thus the premier noble of Spain. This title was created in 1461. Then follow the titles of Alva Medina-Celi, Arcos, Grandia, and some others, all of the fifteenth century. The youngest titles are those of the Duke of Valencia (Narvaez), 1847, Tarrancon, a brother of Munoz, the soldier of fortune, who married Queen Christina, 1848; and Saragossa, possessed by the famous defender of that town, General Palazon, whose heroism was only rewarded at last under the ministry of Narvaez.

With these recent dukedoms, however, no estates were bestowed, and their only privilege consists in that of kissing hands on gala days a few minutes sooner than more ancient nobility of lower grades.

The number of Marquisates is five hundred and twenty-four, only four dating so far back as the fifteenth century. The first marquis in Spain was the famous scholar and natural philosopher, Villena (1445), who, like all clever men in the good old times, was believed by his contemporaries to be a dealer with the devil. The present possessor of this title is the Duke of Frias. Most of the marquisates, however, belong to the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; no less than one hundred and thirty-four have been made in the century to which we ourselves belong.

There are three hundred and ninety-eight Counts, and among them many of the most famous names in Spanish story, such as the Count de Valencia de Don Juan (1387), the Count de Trastamaro (1445), Trevino (1493). Of Viscounts there are forty-eight; of Barons forty, mostly creations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. All the dukes are grandees, and many of the marquisses, counts, and viscounts, but not any of the barons, who are the lowest order of the nobility. Those who are not grandees are called simply *Titulados*. They are less connected with the court, and usually live upon their own estates, which thus mostly show better signs of care and culture than the others. Under these lords the peasantry are not quite naked, and have now and then something more solid than pomegranates for their dinner.

At this moment, perhaps, the nobles of Spain are displaying no abatement of their ostentation and extravagance, but their latter day is near. Most of the entailed estates are hopelessly encumbered, and must shortly pass into the hands of creditors. Where this is not the case they will be divided by the new laws of succession. Then there is another law that makes the possibility of their existence as a large class, for another century, extremely difficult. Every new heir to a title must pay a sum of money to the government before he can lay claim to his privilege; for this he obtains what is called a *real carta personal*, or certificate of identity. Should the first heir not be able thus to take up the title, any of the collaterals may do so; but if on account of the magnitude of the sum all should refuse, the title then becomes extinct.

Then, again, when the several heirs to one estate cannot agree about the terms of its division, it has to be sold, and the title travels with it to the purchaser. Should any unauthorised person use a title, he is liable to a fine of double the sum fixed to be paid for it in law by an heir; and having been thus made to pay double for his whistle, it is taken from him.

The title of duke costs 500,000 reals, or about £5000; a marquis, who is at the same time a grandee, pays 300,000; if not a grandee, 200,000; a count being a grandee, 250,000; otherwise, 150,000. A viscount pays 100,000, and a baron 80,000 reals to government, as the fine on entering into possession. Only one person in a family is permitted to wear the title, as with us. Before the abolition of majorities, it was customary for the heir apparent to be also titled; but this is now no longer the case. The younger branches of the family go by the family name, without any addition.

In the year 1847, when the present Duke of Medina-Celi succeeded to his property, he found himself no less than thirty-six-fold a grandee, and had, therefore, to settle the following little bill, made out in this form by government:—

H. G. the Duke of Medina-Celi,
Dr. to the Royal Treasury of Spain.

To 6 Titles of Duke . .	3,000,000	reals.
„ 14 Marquisates . .	4,200,000	„
„ 16 Countships . . .	4,000,000	„
Total	11,200,000	reals.

Or about £112,000, which must have shaken the accumulations on the rents a little. Besides this expenditure of money, there must be a great sacrifice of time and ink, whenever his grace wishes to sign his six-and-thirty names. A humbler Spanish grandee, who was once benighted, knocked at a lonely inn. When asked the usual "*Quien es?*" (who is there?) he replied, "Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribiera Guzman Pimentel Osorio Ponce de Leon Zuniga, Acuña Teller y Giron, Sandoval y Roxas, Velasco Man"——He had not nearly finished when the landlord exclaimed, shutting his window, "Go with God! There is not room for half of you."

In 1836, the Cortez thought proper to abolish all tithes of whatever kind soever, without indemnity of any sort to their possessors. Many of the tithes being, as with us, in the hands of laymen, this loss fell heavily on the nobles; and the Marquis de St. Jago lost no less than 80,000 reals a year. In fact it ruined him, there being only a very insignificant estate joined with the title; but the

Count de Quale suffered a still heavier blow, in losing a tithe of all the receipts of the post-office, an immense income in these degenerate letter-writing days.

The higher nobles are usually quite as unwilling as they are unfit to serve the state. Now and then, indeed, when government desires to be well represented by some splendid embassy, it takes advantage of the grandee passion for display, and despatches one of the class on a foreign mission; but then he is usually sent in company with some shrewd secretary, who performs the work.

Lastly, the *Hidalgos*. To this class belong, almost entirely, the small house and land-owners, and the greater part of the persons employed by government. Fortune, on the whole, however, deals but hardly with them. But never mind, whichever way the winds of fate may blow, the weathercock of his prosperity, the genuine creak of a Hidalgo never changes; whether he owned Peru or a pomegranate, he would be Hidalgo still. His very walk betrays him; you can see him afar off snuffing the air, and know him by his knees so close together, and his feet so wide apart. Almost a third part of the nation is said to belong to this class; and it is surprising how it nevertheless keeps up its distinctive character, and how carefully fathers and mothers will warn their offspring from the horrors of those so-called misalliances, which might yet regenerate and save them from contempt. It is a melancholy farce to see how these great minnows insist on the proofs of ancestry before contracting marriage with a stranger, and how every act of social intercourse is encumbered with forms and ceremonies, one more ridiculous than the other. No Hidalgo may become a public executioner, a butcher, crier, or the landlord of an inn, if he will not lose his rank and become incapable of holding any other office. In every peculiarity the inhabitants of the Basque provinces, said to be all Hidalgos, bear away the palm; and one, so late as the reign of Philip V, is said to have written on his marriage contract, "*Don X. noble come el Rey*" (noble as the King); though that, to be sure, very often is not saying much.

On the whole, Spain may be said to be in the blest condition, pictured in the eloquent prayer once put up by a noble Poet at present roaming in the Woods and Forests. It holds no high place among nations, but it has its "old Nobility" left—and plenty of it. Spain can want nothing more.

OUR HOUSE.

May a comfortable person talk about his comfort? Let me speak. Our house stands on the site of a rookery. Our viaduct of a street has been elevated above the level of one of the most fetid, ill-drained, and disreputable parts of Westminster. But a few years ago, it required a stout heart, a strong arm, and a light purse, to walk from Parliament Street to our house after nightfall. There were narrow, dirty, ill-drained streets, gin-palaces, night houses, smelters' dens, where the "kettle was always kept boiling," to receive and melt down the ill-gotten gold and silver which sturdy, grim-visaged men, and haggard, hardy women, brought from all parts of the town. A few years ago, the site of our street was to Westminster what the "Mint" still is to the other bank of the river—the home and the breeding-place of fever, dysentery, and crime, neighbour to virtuous poverty and hopeless suffering. Philanthropic adventurers undertook expeditions across our district, but on such occasions they were escorted by the police; and even with this protection they were advised to leave their watches and jewellery in some place of safety.

All this is changed now. The Board of Health, and the Improvement Commission, have been at work in our district. They have cleansed it and ventilated it. They have made drains, and cut it in all directions with broad long streets. What they have done for the people who thronged in the little houses—upon whom they are now pressed—Heaven knows! Our street was the first improvement finished, and it was opened with great ceremony.

For every foul hut pulled down, there ought to be a fair one built, or other lodging space provided for the miserable people "cleared away." If not, of course we only aggravate the misery which we affect to put more out of sight. How the case may be in this respect as regards our street, I do not know, but in itself it is a great improvement. It is all very well, some said, to put down a rookery and make a long street, but who would take the building-ground in such a locality, and who would build the houses such a street required? and if the houses were built, who would take them? That was the question, and they paused for a reply.

While they still were pausing, our house was run up. It is a large house, with dozens of windows. It is three stories high; it has above thirty rooms, and looks like a castle; but none of us can say it is "his castle." None of us can shut the house-door, put the key in his pocket, take in provisions through a loophole, and defy the sheriff's officers. One of the chief peculiarities of our house is, that a man must not be in debt if he would live in it. Our house, in fact, is built on the plan of the large Paris houses, to make up half-a-dozen homesteads, and accommodate half-a-dozen families. It is like one of the hotels in the Faubourg du Roule, specially improved and adapted for the use of English families. It has no French back-doors and back-stairs; nor is our house made to assemble all social ranks and grades under the same roof. Our house is built on the same plan throughout. The upper floors are exactly on the same scale as the lower ones; they have the same accommodation, and are let at very much the

same price. I cannot, of course, be expected to divulge the secrets of our account-books; and it will be enough to say, that our rents would command for each of us the sole possession of a small house, in one of the streets contiguous to our suburban square. We have resigned the right of having our "house for our castle," and we have the advantage of airy, roomy dwellings, in the immediate vicinity of the business and pleasure quarters of the town.

At the bottom of the plan of our house, there is a reasonable co-operative principle. The houses of the great and wealthy of this world are in the immediate vicinity of the great squares and thoroughfares of the town; they are conspicuous, easily accessible, and their inmates avoid those long and wearisome town travels, which those must undertake who seek decent and comfortable quarters in the suburbs. The houses of the great have spacious halls and apartments, and commodious, safe, and roomy stairs. None of our purses, I believe, could command all these advantages, if each of us desired to have his "castle" to himself; but a rational spirit of combination steps in, and supplies us with all—with a situation near the centre of the town, with large, comfortable rooms, and magnificent stairs. Our house has all the advantages of a great house, without its cares; our porter (for we have a porter) maintains its privacy; and the open door of our house is more secure from intrusion than the heavy-barred and brass-knockered doors of our friends in other parts of London.

I said before that our house consists of three stories. Of these each is divided into two habitations of five rooms, that run from the public stairs, by a most mysterious-looking, dark polished door, with a bronze handle and bell-knob at the side. A visitor ascends the stairs (of which the windings form a large shaft for ventilation), and demands admittance to one of our habitations. A gentle pull at the bell—a low soft ringing in some mysterious locality within, and the door is immediately opened by a comfortable servant, whose cosey looks show that though fully occupied, she is not overburdened with labour. For the servants in our house have no door-steps and stairs to clean. All this rough work is taken from them by the porter. Then, as for the interior, a single look will tell the visitor how easy it must be to keep order in a house which seems to be made for comfort and cleanliness. As you look along the lofty corridor (which receives its light from a large window of painted glass, communicating with the central shaft, which, in its turn, lets in a flood of sunlight through a skylight on the roof), you see the doors opening to the right and left into the various sitting and sleeping rooms; each door with its china handle and finger-plates. Let him open the first door. He will peep into a kitchen, fitted up in splendid style, with massive shelves and dressers, marble slabs, gas-burners, and all fittings which do not usually belong to private houses. For the dust and refuse, a door communicates by means of an inclined plane with the dust-shaft. The kitchen has its water-pipes, and the range its gas-stoves. Now let me praise our rooms. Exquisite paper-hangings and costly fixtures everywhere! Surely the landlord of "our house" must be a very liberal man. Liberal, true! but prudent also; for our house, with its six families, pays double the rent which it would be possible for him to obtain in any other manner. It is an odd humour, but our landlord has a horror of "Chambers." It is his ambition to build small houses in a large house; and he lets them to none but families. Bachelors have applied in vain: vainly have spinsters exerted their powers of persuasion. He remained obdurate; only the married and the children would have roofs to cover them, if all landlords resembled ours.

"But," asks a friend, "is the speculation likely to answer?" It *has* answered beyond the speculator's boldest hopes. Here we are with our banisters unfinished, with our stairs and corridors partially still in the possession of workmen; here we are, people from various parts of the town, each clinging to his allotment, and preferring the necessary discomforts of this domicile to the hearthstones and door-steps of the Englishman's Castle. But who are the tenants? Who should they be but people whose avocations call them to the centre of the town, whose means are too small, or who are too prudent to live in houses in Pall Mall or St. James's Square, who detest lodgings, and who cannot live in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn? There are thousands of such in this large town; and there will soon, I hope, be a dozen landlords who will build for their use and comfort club-homes, such as that which I inhabit.

HOW TO BE AN EVERGREEN.

If old Fitz-Baynard, of the Old Fellows' lodge of Odd Fellows, would listen to my advice—old man as I am—I could give him a hint how to make himself a little less ridiculous to our club. He looks like the choleric, retired uncle, in all the farces at the Haymarket Theatre. Doesn't he know that his camlet roquelaire, with a poodle collar, has been superseded, five outer-garments deep? Its only merit is, that it hides that absurd, sparrow-tailed, blue dress-coat, with gilt buttons, which he is so fond of buttoning tightly up to his chin. Five-and-twenty years ago, he wore his coat stuffed and wadded all over, like that, and close-buttoned up, with the exception of the third button from the top; where, to this day, he stuffs in his crimson pocket-handkerchief, which always hangs—accidentally, of course—half out. But what is to hide that chimney-

pot hat, with a broad, turned-up brim? or those boots, coming to a point, like a pair of flat-irons? His eye-glass would be all right enough if he would keep it in his eye, and look about him: though that heavy bunch of seals, with their stones the colour of anchovy sauce, dangling by a broad bit of black ribbon, is a positive eyesore. Then why is he continually disparaging young people? Let me tell him young men are the blood of the nation; they keep the world in motion.

Our club calls itself the "Youthful Britons," not because we are all young fellows, but because our taste and opinions are exactly opposed to those of old Fitz-Baynard. Threescore years, with us, is no objection to a man, so long as he keeps his head up, and does not hold the belief that whatever is is right, and that whatever is not, oughtn't to be. Our opinion is, that things generally might be a great deal better than they are; and that, whether in fashions, politics, or social economics, when a man comes forward to do a little good, even though he should propose to disturb the existing order of things a little, he is entitled to fair play. If any member uses the word "Utopian" we fine him. Not that we believe that there are not many things well deserving of that adjective; but, firstly, because we have seen so many Utopian schemes pass into realities, that we are suspicious of it; and, secondly, because the word, from the time of Sir Thomas More downwards, has been so much abused that we think every honest man ought to scratch it out of his dictionary. Why, the very steel pen with which I write this, was once an Utopian steel pen—a new-fangled pen—a mere toy—a thing that never could and never would supersede the good, old, stout goose-quill, that you went cutting away, and notching, and slitting up the middle, and pointing, and nibbing every quarter of an hour. There was not an old man in the three kingdoms—unless it was a schoolmaster, sick of hearing little boys standing of a row beside his desk all day, with the eternal refrain of "Pleasir, will you mend my pen?"—who did not say that they would not answer. In vain we pointed to the increase of the number who were taught to write, the spread of literature, and the insufficiency of all the geese in the kingdom to the growing demand for feathers. They shook their heads. "You will do as you please, sir; but give me a good, strong-barrelled goose-quill." And so say their survivors to this day. They don't believe in the millions of grosses that are said to be made in Birmingham every day. "They don't know. *They* never see anything but quills wherever they go. Where are they all, if such a number is made?" If there had been none but old men, we should have had no steel pens to this day. But the boys took them up. They wrote the Creed with them in the size of a split-pea; they did the Ten Commandments, and illustrated them with spread eagles and cherubim, and set them up in the windows of steel-pen makers, until there was no shutting the eyes to their merits, and a revolution was partially accomplished. We all use steel pens to a man. I will add that when that admirable invention, a candle which requires no snuffing, was universally decided to be fandangle, we unanimously adopted it; and have never had a pair of snuffers on our tables since.

When Mr. Winsor lighted his house with gas, the Edinburgh Review said it wouldn't do; and the Fitz-Baynards of 1805 applauded, and thought they and the reviewers had put it out for ever. Now, even Westminster Hall—the last place where a man would look for novelty—is lighted with it. When I look around me, and see the endless variety of new-fangled things, which it has been confidently said a thousand times "would never do," which have now become familiar servants, or absolute necessaries, I am inclined to propose that the word "Utopian" be reinstated; and that its employment, in a youthful Britonian sense, be henceforth encouraged. Have we not Utopian Railways, and Utopian Ragged Schools; impossible Telegraphs; ruinous Free Trade, and dangerous County Courts—where plaintiff and defendant are admitted to give evidence, in direct opposition to one of the most venerable law maxims, in the immortal Latin language; all in full operation, and the constitution as sound as ever? Why, then, should we shrink from admitting that the abolition of the Court of Chancery is somewhat Utopian; and that the demolition of Temple Bar, and removal of Smithfield and slaughter-houses, are notions a little tainted with fandangleism?

Personally, I do not mind acknowledging that I am fond of novelty. I like to be up to the time. One or two instances will suffice to show what I mean. I can remember Kemble, Cooke, Elliston, Kean, and the legitimate drama, for example; but I never talk about them, because I like the opera. I believe the notes of Mario, in the "Prophet," to be at least as pleasing to the ear as the rolling *r*'s of the late Mr. Kemble. Many a pleasant day I have spent outside the stage-coach; but I do not grumble at railways. If any man says you cannot enjoy a sight of the country from a railway carriage, I differ with him. If he says you have no time to observe a hedge or a post against your nose, I admit it; but let him take a view of the country, and I say he will, in most cases, remain long enough in the same landscape to observe its beauties. I consider the late change in the Ministry as decidedly no improvement; but I hope I am as free from prejudice as any man. I am ready to try anything except patent medicines and Protectionist Ministers. Attracted by an announcement in the Times (for example) that "Hadjee Allee, the celebrated Indian cook, having arrived at the Bengal Hotel, makes Indian Dupeajja, and

Keorma, Jerdu and Krooma Plow, Indian Coaptu, Kitcheree, Mancooly, and Cawabs," I sauntered into the Bengal Hotel the other day. I know the merits of old English fare, and could live contentedly upon "plain roast and boiled;" but I determined to give Hadjee Allee a chance of convincing me: so I called for "a couple of cawabs," by way of commencement. "A couple of cawabs, sir?" said the waiter; "cawabs is a soup, sir." "Very good," said I; "then bring me a basin of cawabs." I was not ashamed of my ignorance. I came there to learn, and I did learn, though I burnt my mouth in the trial. These are my principles; and I think I have said enough to show the difference between myself and Fitz-Baynard.

When I was a young man I wrote poetry. All young men did not write poetry then, as they did afterwards, when Lord Byron came more into fashion. I recollect, when Lord Byron died, it was generally considered that if he had not died, as he did, just on the right side of forty, his reputation would have been materially damaged. I had held similar opinions when a youth; and had determined to "play the Roman fool" upon my thirty-ninth birthday. But my ideas had undergone some modification before that time. I was, indeed, within a short march of that poetical Rubicon, at the time of the noble lord's decease. But I knew that the sincerest of his admirers would cross the fatal line if his turn came; and I was sure that Lord Byron had an intention of doing so, if he had not been cut off in his youth. I remember a stanza in Don Juan in which an allusion is made to the author's intention of purchasing a peruke; and a speculation upon the probable appearance of his hair at forty; from which I infer, that with a full consciousness of the fact that time was fast hurrying him towards that critical period, he had taken the resolution calmly to abide the event. And why should he not? Do such minds grow old?

That *I* have contrived to keep something of my juvenility, I think is pretty well proved by the fact of my being still the president of the "Youthful Britons." And how have I done this? Not by standing stock-still, and bending my back for the years to play at leap-frog over it; and growling at everybody else because they would not stand still in like manner. Neither was it by constantly "thinking of my grave," as I overheard my pious, well-meaning old landlady say I ought to be doing "at my time of life;" but I am not offended. Here am I in my sixty-sixth year, as youthful as ever I was, and as cheerful, thank God! Three stairs at a time is my way of getting up stairs; and, as to playing on the fiddle, I flatter myself I can tear my way through Beethoven's "mad" quartette with the fiery vigour of a much younger fiddler. I walked down to Rochester one day last summer, and got up the next morning as fresh as a daisy. I don't say I could stand such a life as our friend Stow leads. My wild oats are sown. But I can walk a match, or bowl a ball at cricket, with most men. Ask any of our club if their hands have ever tingled after blocking a ball from me. And do I owe all this to Nature? I think not.

What I have said, what I do say, and what I will say, as long as I have health, (and I flatter myself I have as much of that article as most people) is, that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred a man need not grow old unless he likes. This is what you may learn from looking at Fitz-Baynard, and then at me; this is the moral of what I have been saying. This is the important truth which I have to proclaim—I believe that I have discovered the true Elixir of Life. I am not fond of making myself conspicuous, in print, or elsewhere; but my motives are philanthropic motives. I am ready to do a little good where I can. I did not sit down to write this article for the mere sake of abusing Fitz-Baynard, in a periodical that he does not read; but I say, that if Fitz-Baynard senior, or any of Fitz-Baynard senior's class, feel themselves to be miserable old fellows, they have none but themselves to blame. For, let me tell them, that it is not years, nor bald heads, that constitute the right definition of old age. While a man keeps up in the march, and does not stand still to look back, he is as good as any of them. It is giving in that does it, it is being lazy, and over-comfortable—fancying that you have marched far enough; that there is no better land than that you have come to; and persuading yourself that you do not envy those who have gone on, and left you behind; and, when a man so persuades himself, and tries so to persuade others, he is become an old fellow, and a Fitz-Baynard senior.

Now, I consider the father of our young friend knocked under in the year 1820. I regard his coat, trousers, hat, and watch guard as so many outward symbols of that inward stoppage which took place in that year. To any person acquainted with the history of costume, the fact is as clear as the date of a cathedral to a student of architecture. There he stands, as perfect an embalment of the past as any Roman idler, suddenly imbedded in lava in the streets of Herculaneum. In the year '25 he rebelled against the great law of change and movement; and there he stands to this day, grumbling, and trying to persuade us to rebel too. But we won't.

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OF

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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DROOPING BUDS.

In Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburgh, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgard, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and Constantinople; there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our churchyards and our cemeteries—to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander—does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children—more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die, during the two first years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.

Our children perish out of our homes: not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness (except in the few cases where they are born of parents who communicate to children heritable maladies), but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this was natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glaze of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them—or that they should kiss so many little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fail to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it.

Think of it again. Of all the coffins that are made in London, more than one in every three is made for a little child: a child that has not yet two figures to its age. Although science has advanced, although vaccination has been discovered and brought into general use, although medical knowledge is tenfold greater than it was fifty years ago, we still do not gain more than a diminution of two per cent. in the terrible mortality among our children.

It does not at all follow that the intelligent physician who has learnt how to treat successfully the illnesses of adults, has only to modify his plans a little, to diminish the proportions of his doses, for the application of his knowledge to our little sons and daughters. Some of their diseases are peculiar to themselves; other diseases, common to us all, take a form in children varying as much from their familiar form with us as a child varies from a man. Different as the ways are, or ought to be, by which we reach a fault in a child's mind, and reach a fault in the mind of an adult; so, not less different, if we would act successfully, should be our action upon ailments of the flesh. There is another thing, also, which puzzles the physician who attends on children. He comes to us when we are ill, and questions us of this symptom and of that; and on our answers he is taught, in very many cases, to base a large part of his opinion. The infant can only wail; the child is silenced by disease; or, when it answers, wants experience, and answers incorrectly. Again, for life or death, all the changes in the sickness of a child are commonly very rapid: so rapid, that a child which suffers under an acute disease should be seen at least every five or six hours by its medical attendant. He knows this quickness of action; he knows how swiftly and how readily the balance may be turned upon which hang life and death. He may have been to Paris or to Vienna, and have studied in an hospital for children; and, out of his experience, he may know how to restore the child whole to the mother's bosom. But all English students cannot go abroad for this good knowledge; nor is it fit that they have need to do so. They have need at present. In a rough way, English practitioners of medicine no doubt administer relief to many children; but, that they are compelled to see those perishing continually whom a better knowledge might have saved, none are more ready than themselves—the more skilful the more ready—to admit and to deplore.

The means of studying the diseases of children in London have been confined to one dispensary, and the general hospitals. In these,

the hours, the management, and discipline are not readily adapted to the wants of children. It was found, when a committee of the Statistical Society, in 1843, inquired into such matters, that only one in a hundred of the inmates of hospital wards was a child suffering from internal disease. Can we wonder, then, —when we call to mind the peculiar characteristics of disease in a child, and the sagacity and close observation they demand—can we wonder that the most assiduous students, growing into medical advisers, can in so many cases, do no more than sympathise with the distress of parents, look at a sick child's tongue, feel its pulse, send powders, and shake their heads with vain regret over the little corpse, around which women weep so bitterly?

The want of a Child's Hospital in London is supplied. The Hospital for Sick Children, lately established and now open, is situated in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

London, like a fine old oak, that has lived through some centuries, has its dead bits in the midst of foliage. When we had provided ourselves with the address of the Child's Hospital, and found it to be No. 49, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, we were impressed with a sense of its being very far out of the way. Great Ormond Sreet belonged to our great-grandfathers; it was a bit of London full of sap a great number of years ago. It is cut off, now, from the life of the town—in London, but not of it—a suburb left between the New Road and High Holborn. We turned out of the rattle of Holborn into King Street, and went up Southampton Row through a short passage which led us into a square, dozing over its own departed greatness. Solitude in a crowd is acknowledged by the poets to be extremely oppressive, and we felt so much scared in Queen Square at finding ourselves all alone there, that we had not enough presence of mind to observe more than space and houses, and (if our vague impression be correct) a pump. Moreover, there were spectral streets, down which the eye was drawn. Great Ormond Street was written on a corner house in one of them. It was the enchanter's label by which we were bidden forward; so we went into Great Ormond Street—wondering who lived in its large houses, some of them mansions—and looking hazily for No. 49. That was a mansion too: broad, stuccoed front, quite fresh and white; bearing the inscription on its surface, "Hospital for Sick Children." A woman with a child in her arms was finding ready admission at the great hall-door. The neat and new appearance of the hospital walls from the outside restored our thoughts to our own day; and we presently resolved, and carried, that the committee had shown great judgment in their selection of a situation—quiet (very quiet), airy, and central.

At the hall-door there was a porter, so new to his new work that the name of a surgeon to the Institution was a strange sound in his ears. Crossing a spacious hall, we were ushered into a fine old ancestral parlour, which is now the board-room of the Institution; and there, before a massive antique chimney-piece, we found a young house-surgeon.

Many stiff bows and formal introductions had those old walls seen, when Great Ormond Street was grand, and when frills and farthingales lent state to the great mansion. Many a minuet had been solemnly danced there; many hearts and fans had fluttered, many buckram flirtations had had their little hour; many births, marriages, and deaths, had passed away, in due and undue course, out of the great hall-door into the family vaults—as old-fashioned now, as the family mansion. Many little faces, radiant in the wintry blaze, had looked up in the twilight, wondering at the great old Monument of a chimney-piece, and at the winking shadows peeping down from its recesses. Many, far too many, pretty house-fairies had vanished from before it, and left blank spaces on the hearth, to be filled up nevermore.

O! Baby's dead, and will be never, never, never, seen among us any more! We fell into a waking dream, and the Spring air seemed to breathe the words. The young house-surgeon melted out of the quaint, quiet, room; in his place, a group of little children gathered about a weeping lady; and the lamentation was familiar to the ancient echoes of the house. Then, there appeared to us a host of little figures, and cried, "We are Baby. We were Baby here, each of us in its generation, and were welcomed with joy and hope and thankfulness; but no love and no hope, though they were very strong, could keep us, and we went our early way!"—"And we," said another throng of shades, "were that little child who lived to walk and talk, and to be the favorite, and to influence the whole of this great house and make it very pleasant, until the infection that could not be stopped, was brought here from those poorer houses not far off, and struck us one day while we were at play, and quenched the light of our bright eyes, and changed our prattle into moaning, and killed us in our promise!"—"And I," said another shadow, "am that girl who, having been a sick child once, grew to be a woman, and to love and to be blessed with love, and then—O at that hardest time!—began to fade, and glided from the arms of my young husband, never to be mine on earth!"—"And I," said another shadow, "am the lame mis-shapen boy who read so much by this fireside, and suffered so much pain so patiently, and might have been as active and as straight as you, if any one had understood my malady; but I said to my fond father carrying me in his arms to the bed from which I never rose: 'I think, O dear Papa, that it is better I should never be a man, for who could then carry me like this, or who could be so careful of me when you

were gone!'" Then all the shadows said together: "We belonged to this house, but others like us have belonged to every house, and many such will come here, now, to be relieved, and we will put it in the hearts of mothers and fathers to remember them. Come up, and see!"

We followed, up the spacious stairs into a large and lofty room, airy and gay. It had been the drawing-room of the old house. A reviving touch had passed over its decorations; and the richly-ornamented ceiling, to which little eyes looked up from little beds, was quite a cheerful sight. The walls were painted, in panel, with rosy nymphs and children; and the light laughter of children welcomed our entrance. There was nothing sad here. Light iron cribs, with the beds made in them, were ranged, instead of chairs, against the walls. There were half-a-dozen children—all the patients then contained in the new hospital; but, here and there, a bed was occupied by a sick doll. A large gay ball was rolling on the floor, and toys abounded. From this cheerful place we looked into a second room—the other drawing-room, furnished in a like manner, but as yet unoccupied.

There were five girls and a boy. Five were in bed near the windows; two of these, whose beds were the most distant from each other, confined by painful maladies, were resting on their arms, and busily exporting and importing fun. A third shared the profits merrily, and occasionally speculated in a venture on its own account. The most delightful music in this world, the light laughter of children floated freely through the place. The hospital had begun with one child. What did *he* think about, or laugh about? Maybe those shadows who had had their infant home in the great house, and had known in those same rooms the needs now sought to be supplied for him, told him stories in his sleep.

One of the little patients followed our movements with its eyes, with a sad, thoughtful, peaceful look; one indulged in a big stare of childish curiosity and wonder. They had toys strewn upon their counterpanes. A sick child is a contradiction of ideas, like a cold summer. But to quench the summer in a child's heart is, thank God! not easy. If we do not make a frost with wintry discipline, if we will use soft looks and gentle words; though such an hospital be full of sick and ailing bodies, the light, loving spirits of the children will fill its wards with pleasant sounds, contrasting happily with the complainings that abound among our sick adults. Suffer these little ones to come to such a Christian House, and forbid them not! They will not easily forget it. Around the gates of the Child's Hospital at Frankfort, hangs a crowd of children who have been discharged, lying in wait to pounce with a loving word upon any of those who tended them when sick. They send little petitions in to the hospital authorities to be allowed, as a special favour, to come into the garden again, to play. A child's heart is soon touched by gentle people; and a Child's Hospital in London, through which there should pass yearly eight hundred children of the poor, would help to diffuse a kind of health that is not usually got out of apothecaries' bottles.

We have spoken only of five children; the sixth was not in bed and not at rest. He was a literary character, studiously combining into patterns letters of the alphabet; but he had removed his work so far out of the little world to which he belonged, that he attracted no attention from his neighbours. There are larger children in a greater world who do the like. The solitary child was lonely—not from want of love—its thoughts were at home wandering about its mother; it had not yet learnt to reconcile itself to temporary separation. We seemed to leave the shadows of our day-dream in attendance on it, and to take up our young surgeon again.

Having paid as we were able brief respects to each member of the little company, and having seen the bath-rooms on this floor, we continued our progress upward. Of course there were no more stately drawing-rooms, but all the rooms were spacious, and by modern care had been, moreover, plentifully furnished with the means of ventilation. There were bath-rooms, of course; there were wards cut off from the rest for fever cases. Good thought had been evidently directed to a good purpose everywhere.

Having seen all these things, we came downstairs again, and passing through the surgery—upon whose jars and bottles our eyes detected many names of compounds, palatable to little mouths—we were shown through an excellent consulting-room, into a wide hall, with another of the massive chimney-pieces. This hall is entered from a side street, and is intended for a waiting-room for out-patients. It had always belonged to the brave house in Great Ormond Street, and had been used at one time for assemblies.

What we have said of the few patients admitted at the early period of our visit, will have shown the spirit in which a Child's Hospital should be conducted. Of course, to such an institution a garden and play-ground for the convalescent is an essential requisite. We inquired, therefore, for the garden in Great Ormond Street. We were shown out through a large door under a lattice, and found a terrace in the old style, descending by steps to a considerable space of ground. The steps were short, suited to little feet; so also in the house, according to the old style, which curiously fits itself to the modern purpose. We found that an air of neatness had been given to that portion of the ground immediately near the house; but the space generally is very ample, and is at present a mere wilderness. The funds of the hospital have

only sufficed to authorise the occupation of a building, and the preparation for a great useful work. For means to plant the roses in the garden, and to plant the roses in the cheeks of many children besides those who come under their immediate care, the Hospital Committee has support to find.

So large a piece of garden-ground waiting for flowers, only a quarter of a mile from Holborn, was a curious thing to contemplate. When we looked into the dead house, built for the reception of those children whom skill and care shall fail to save, and heard of the alarm which its erection had excited in the breasts of some "particular" old ladies in the neighbourhood, we felt inclined to preach some comfort to them. Be of good heart, particular old ladies! In every street, square, crescent, alley, lane, in this great city, you will find dead children too easily. They lie thick all around you. This little tenement will not hurt you; there will be the fewer dead-houses for it; and the place to which it is attached, may bring a saving health upon Queen Square, a blessing on Great Ormond Street!

Is it too much to hope that in a few years there will not be many students at the Adult Hospitals in London who will fail to contribute animation, by their frequent presence at the Child's Hospital, to these deserted pavements of a bygone fashion? Is it too much to believe that the little beds in the great house will never be suffered to remain empty, while there are little shapes of pain and unrest to lie down in them; or that the wilderness in the garden will be taught to bloom with recovered infant health? Who that knows how sweet a part of home the children are—who that knows how ill our hearts can spare one child to Death, far less the dreadful and reproachful thought of one in three—can doubt the end of this so sorely needed enterprise! Its way to the general sympathy and aid, lies through one of the broadest doors into the general heart; and that heart is a great and tender one, and will receive it.

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND—SHADOWS.

We may look at Legendary Superstitions as relics of our heathen times; as fragments of the world's old dress which lie about in little black rags, looking shabby enough under the light of Christianity. We may look at them also as wild and wilful creations of the mind, and dive after the psychological phenomena which they expound. We may trace the same legend with surprise from land to land, and find it now and then connecting regions so remote, as to suggest many valuable thoughts to the ethnologist. In fact, wise men may handle legends to good purpose in a serious and learned way. Moralists may dwell upon the ignorance which they reveal, as having entered so largely into the composition of the good old times; and may point out the huge sum of injustice and cruelty which must have attended the working of a superstitious system, which founded upon trivial accidents suspicions, accusations, condemnations. Then, if we have legends in store, they are such capital things that, if the owner be not disposed at any time to philosophise or to moralise over them, he may amuse himself by laughing over them, if it so please his fancy. We may dwell on quaint, wild, and extravagant inventions, which caught the common taste, and have been repeated with reverent and simple faith, by credulous and ignorant folk over their hearths.

That is the use which we mean now to make of certain volumes recently published on Northern Mythology, by Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, in which volumes are collected for the use of moralists, philosophers, or lovers of amusement, a large mass of the popular traditions and superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands. The Scandinavian we shall not touch, lest they tempt us into mythological discussion. With the Netherlandish we shall not greatly concern ourselves, because they are horribly low-spirited. Any one might tell that they came out of the Low Countries by their flat, depressing character. They want lightness of fancy and ingenuity; most of them are little better than nightmares. We prefer, therefore, to go for legends to our cousins of North Germany. Great numbers of the superstitions of North Europe, as might be supposed, exactly correspond with notions that prevail among the ignorant in England. In North Europe, however, it is to be remembered that "the masses" are instructed, and that these old notions and sayings exist now among them chiefly in the form of customs, humours and pleasant tales; while, in England, our untaught millions receive such things in sober, heathenish good faith.

The attention of naturalists is respectfully directed to the following fact, which satisfactorily accounts for the whiteness of the cliffs at Dover. There is a ship, say the North Frisian mariners, called Mannigfual. The Mannigfual is a ship much larger than the Great Britain. Its deck is so long that the captain gallops over it on horseback to give out his orders. The sailor boys who climb the rigging have so far to go up that they come down old men with grey hair and beards; and, because they could not live through the years till they were greybeards without eating, the blocks in the cordage are made hollow, and contain spacious refreshment-rooms.—If all the ship be built in this proportion, and the captain does his duty by her, we are bound to feel compassion for his horse. —This splendid vessel once forsook the pool of the Atlantic, and attempted to steer through the British Channel. Between Dover and Calais the straits were found to be so

narrow that the ship stuck fast. The captain, however, was a clever man, and there occurred to him the happy thought of smearing white soap over the whole larboard side. This having been done, the ship slipped through, but in its passage ground so much soap into the English coast, that Dover cliffs have been white ever since.

Shirt buttons are unjustly cast against their wives by English husbands. Our cousins, the Germans, show a much more accurate sense of the character of woman as a wife. The following legend represents her sense of tidiness and duty to her husband, in respect of managing his linen, as surviving when all else is gone. When, says the legend, seven boys or seven girls are born in succession, one of them, without knowing it, is a nightmare. Now, there was a man who had a nightmare for his wife, and he became sensible, in course of time, that she was in the frequent habit of disappearing from his bed; when in fact she was gone to sit on other people's chests in their sleep. One night, the husband kept himself awake in order to watch his spouse. He saw her rise from bed, go to the door, and, as her husband had taken the precaution of locking it, she slipped out through the hole for the strap by which the latch was lifted. After some time she came back by the same road. The husband thereupon plugged up the hole, and after having done so, always found his wife to remain by his side. At length, after a very long time, he thought that she must now have been quite broken of her uncomfortable habit, so he took the peg out of the door in order that he might be able to use the latch again. In the very next night his wife was gone, and what was worse, she never came back again; although every Sunday morning the man found that his clean linen was laid out for him.

That is homage to wives; now here is a hint to unmarried damsels. In Schleswig, at a splendid wedding in the noble mansion of Hoierswort in Ederstedt (it is essential to be particular in fixing the spot, lest any one should doubt the story), there was a young girl among the company who was a most enthusiastic dancer. "You are dancing too much, my dear," said her mamma, "and you are not being particular enough in choice of partners." The naughty damsel answered mamma in a pet, and said, "If the devil himself were to call me out, I would not refuse him." A polite stranger at this moment entered the room, and asked the honour of her hand for a dance. The courtly stranger whirled her about so long, that at length blood streamed from her mouth and she fell dead. Mamma knew very well who was her partner. The blood-stains are still visible in the saloon; of course they cannot be scraped out, and every night, as the clock strikes twelve, the music plays, the girl comes in, and all the house is in an uproar. If any person dares to pass a night in the saloon, the ghost of the girl asks him to dance with her. Nobody ever dares, and yet if any Christian would, she would be released from her penalty. This is a fine opportunity, therefore, for any good man, clever at a polka, who desires to do a charitable and gallant thing. Let him go out to Ederstedt and free the dancing lady. She once so frightened a wild young fellow, that he never afterwards went out to any merrymaking, because the sound of a fiddle made him fancy that the spectre and her midnight company had broken loose. Young ladies will learn from this example to be particular in saying that they are engaged six deep, when they are asked to dance by any gentleman who shows the least trace of the cloven foot.

There is another moral legend founded on the will-of-the-wisp, which does credit to the northern races, when contrasted with the classic applause bestowed on trickeries of a like nature with hides and other things by southern fables. At the time of partition and fencing of the land, there arose a great boundary question between two villages in South Ditmarschen. At length a man appeared who undertook to settle it by oath. He filled his shoes with sand from his own village, and then walking some way into the lands of his neighbours, stood still on a marshy tract, and swore that there he stood on ground belonging to his village. He thought that by this trick he had avoided perjury: but after death he was doomed to wander on the boundary line as a fire-sprite. A flame, of the height of a man, was often to be seen dancing about there until the moor dried up, and people said, "That is the land-divider!"

The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends says, that after death old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the east, running, like lamplighters, all night up and down a ladder.

Now-a-days we say "It is of no use wishing;" once upon a time, wishing was powerful. There was a man who stole cabbages on Christmas-eve out of his neighbour's garden. A number of people saw him walking off with them, and wished him up in the moon. There any one with eyes may see him still, holding his load of cabbages, which he is not allowed to drop, to all eternity. Perhaps the Frisians had got this man into a mesmeric state, and powerfully, consentaneously willing him up to the moon, they got him there. It is quite evident that there he is.

We often talk of letting the cat out of the bag. Here we have probably the origin of the expression in a popular tradition. If a man wants what the Germans call a Heckethaler—that is to say, a piece of gold, which he may spend as often as he likes, and never lose out of his pocket—he must select the

longest night in the year for the performance of his incantation. His incantation is this: he is to put a black tom-cat in a bag, and bind the mouth of the bag round with a cord, fastened with ninety-nine knots. Taking the bag on his back, he must walk three times round the church; and every time he comes to the door, he must call to the sacristan through the key-hole. The sacristan is the Mr. D. who danced with the lady just now. At the third time of asking, the sacristan steps out, when the man asks him if he wants to buy a hare. In that character he sells the cat, and gets for it the magic dollar, but he must take to his heels immediately. If Mr. D. can untie the knots, let the cat out of the bag, and overtake the man who sold it as a hare, his dollar is exchanged for dolour, equally everlasting.

Mr. D, of course, plays part in many legends, and there is much pleasure derived from tales which convert him from D. sharp into D. flat. There was a peasant in Eiderstedt (we are in Eiderstedt again) whose house was burnt down. A little man, in a grey coat, with a horse's foot, came to him in his affliction, and told him not to be cast down, as he wouldn't charge more than a single soul for building him a new house with a hundred windows in it. The peasant accepted his tender, binding him to the condition that the building was to be complete next morning before cock-crow. The grey-coated contractor was at once up to his chin in bricks and mortar. Long before cock crow all was built, and the last window was being put in, when the peasant, while his friend's back was turned, screwed up his mouth and began crowing, as much like a cock as possible. Mr. D. turned round and laughed at him; he was a great deal too sharp to be deceived so clumsily. But there is a habit, inveterate among cocks, of answering each other's trumpets; and a cock, in an adjacent barn, happening to be awake, slowly became aware of some very bad crowing in his neighbourhood, and thought it right to let his neighbour see that he could manage things a great deal better. So the cock answered lustily from within the barn just as the architect was putting the last pane into the last window. He threw it down in a great pet and disappeared; and ever since then, the window has wanted that pane. It never has been, never can be, and never will be put in. At the same time the wind blows through the hole so angrily, that all the chamber is kept cleanly swept, and any goods or furniture that any one may try to put into the room, is immediately blown out through the door.

The gentleman who was outwitted as an architect on this occasion, also acts as schoolmaster, and now and then has some unmanageable scholars. All pastors in Friesland were thought, by the ignorant, to know something of the black art; in the good old times a very little knowledge gave to a man a character for magic. Some pastors knew a great deal of this art, which they had learnt in the Black School, which the Black Doctor himself teaches at a trifle less than a soul for each pupil. The retaining of the soul by the pupil is left in his power, if he adhere through life to the fulfilment of some ridiculous or troublesome condition He must only shave on a Saturday, or he must, all his life, wear only one woollen under-waistcoat, or never wear more than one garter. Pastor Fabricius was one whose soul hung on a garter; a garter was his tie to the old teacher; it was the peppercorn-rent he paid for the command of a wide magical domain. Traps are always being laid for these people. Pastor Fabricius, who knew where he was to go when he wore two garters, could in no way be put off his guard. If he saw in the morning two garters lying naturally by his bed, he always left one. The old schoolmaster would often take the shape of a flea, to bite and torment the maid-servant while she was knitting the pastor's stockings; so that he made her lose the calculation of her stitches, and provide for her master stockings, which were loose and wide, and hung about his heels. That was the reason why the learned pastor was so often seen walking about the village with his stockings down at heel. He was not to be tempted.

Once upon a time, a lad and lass were working in a hay-field, near the Stellerberg. They were betrothed, and would have been married, if they had not both been wretchedly poor. While they worked, there was a toad slipping quietly by. The young man saw it, and was about to kill the poor reptile with his hay-fork; but the girl held his hand, and bade him not be cruel. He was quite willing to obey her; but, because he liked to hear her plead so tenderly, he held the fork some time above the toad, as if about to strike, until it had crawled out of reach. When they went home that evening, their master told them that they were invited to a christening next day, by a voice that didn't leave any address. Means were, however, found next day to bring them both to a grand hall of gold and precious stones, inside the Stellerberg, where the dwarfs were: there was a dwarf lady, and there was a baby, and there was a costly feast. The young man was desired to hold the baby at the font; while he did so, he observed that a millstone hung over his head, suspended from the ceiling by a silken thread. He tried to move, but could not stir a step. The ceremony appeared very long; when it was over, he received thanks from the master of the house. With respect to the millstone, the gentleman told him that he could now perfectly imagine what his wife must have suffered on the previous day, when he was about to stab her with his fork—for she was the toad. The little people then entertained the pair, and gave to the girl, when they left, an apron-full of shavings. On

their way, the weight became so heavy that she threw the half of it away; the rest, when they got home, were turned out as a heap of duests. So the lad and the lass built a farm-house, and were married, and if they don't live happily, you and I never will.

Now, by way of change, let us pile up a little heap of superstitious practices and opinions, of which the record is come to us from the good old times. If any young gentleman wishes to know what sort of a wife he shall have—on the night of May the first, he must ride on a broomstick to the stable, and knock thrice; then go to the pigstye, and hear what pig grunts—whether an old or a young one. His wife will be old or young accordingly.

"The devil has thrashed peas upon him," is said of one whose face is pock-marked.—If new-baked bread has a crack, one of the family will die soon. How great must have been the discomfort caused by a superstition like this last, among villagers who drew a weekly batch from their own ovens!

The next is an invention absolutely wicked (a Netherlandish superstition). If a child falls into the fire, you must not take it out till you have seen how the loaf lies, and turned it, if it should lie topsy-turvy.—A German superstition for St. Andrew's-eve must make a prettier sport than our own dull pack of fortune-telling cards, or our Doll-Sibyls. To learn which of the persons present love one another, or will one day be united—a vessel, with pure water, is placed on the table, and there are placed, to float upon the water, little cups of silver-foil, inscribed with the names of those whose fortune is to be determined. If a youth's cup advances to a maiden's, or a maiden's to a youth's—it is worth while to note which makes the chief advances—and if they eventually cling together, they will be sweethearts. But, little cups must also be set floating, marked as priests; and it is only when the youth and maid, coming together, get a priest between them, that they can look forward, with any certainty, to marriage.

To "the Mariners of England" we commend a bit or two of information. When there is a calm—tradition says at Hamburgh—scratch with an old nail on the foremast, then wind will rise. Again, when the wind has long been contrary, and you meet with another ship, throw an old broom before it; the wind will then change; you will get a fair, the other ship a contrary wind.

There is a severe legend against tailors, who must have suffered long under the reproach of cabbaging. Bearing hard upon the proverbial dishonesty (tailors have not been equitably dealt with in the sayings of our ancestors), they said, in some parts of North Germany, "If it rains while the sun shines, a tailor has gone to Heaven!" Popular superstitions bring us into very close contact with many of the choice secrets which were accepted even by the learned in the good old times. Two or three hundred years ago a large number of the legends and sayings, which now live as curiosities among the people to be laughed at, were solemnly believed, and gravely put in books, by men who were comparatively clever. Then it might gravely be written: "To obtain what you wish from another, lay a swallow's tongue under your own, and then kiss the person whom you wish to influence." Can we imagine, now, that a party of agricultural labourers, feeding their families on six shillings a-week, would ever put on clean smocks, slip swallows' tongues into their mouth, and go up in a body sworn to kiss the farmer into letting them have better wages!

Here is a superstition, which, in the present state of flour-mills, we do not hesitate to back as true. If a girl finds a whole corn in her bread and butter, she can see her future husband. She must stick the corn in a crack of the door, and then keep watch. The third person that passes is the future one. In love matters it is always some unfortunate third party who is made to suffer trouble.

BRITISH COTTON.

The words British Cotton will perhaps sound as significantly as Gooseberry Champagne, conveying to the mind the embodiment of one of the "shams" of the present age. Some may "pooh, pooh!" the flax-cottonising process as very much akin to a discovery for converting silver into lead, linen goods being dearer than those made from cotton; whilst not a few express their astonishment at the recent "Flax Movement," and wonder why we should be so desirous of finding any substitute for what has hitherto answered, and still continues to answer our purpose remarkably well.

The annual importation of raw cotton into Great Britain has risen enormously since the commencement of the present century. In 1800, it amounted to fifty-six millions of pounds; in 1815, to one hundred millions; in 1835, to four hundred millions; and at the present time it is upwards of seven hundred millions of pounds, equal to one thousand tons a-day. Nearly the whole of this arrives at the port of Liverpool. Seventeen-twentieths of this aggregate is imported from the United States of America, the remainder from the Brazils, the East Indies, and Egypt. About one-seventh leaves the country for other places in the raw state; so that fully six hundred millions of pounds are wrought into goods in our factories, the greater portion of which are in Lancashire, affording employment to a million-and-a-half of inhabitants. The quantity manufactured is thus disposed of:—one-tenth is wasted in the process, in dirt and refuse; one-fourth is worked up for home consumption; and the balance is shipped to other countries as

manufactured goods. The present yearly value of the Cotton manufacture of this country is estimated at forty-five millions sterling, of which thirty millions are believed to be paid away in wages; one-third being the original cost of the raw material. In some inferior descriptions of goods the value of the material is far beyond that of the labour and skill expended on them. In others, the labour bestowed in their production is infinitely more costly than the original value of the material operated upon. Samples of cotton yarn have been recently produced so exquisitely fine in texture, that a single thread is found to be invisible to the naked eye, unless placed upon some dark substance. A hank of cotton measures eight hundred and forty yards; yet it would require more than two thousand hanks of this gossamer to weigh one pound. Twenty-five pounds weight of such a fibre would encircle the globe at the equator, whilst in value it would far exceed it own weight in gold. In the importation of the raw cotton into this country, and in the exportation of the manufactured goods, about eight hundred thousand tons of shipping are yearly employed.

Perhaps a better idea of the magnitude of this branch of our national industry can scarcely be embodied than in these two facts:—Firstly, a rise in the price of the raw material of twopence the pound, costs the manufacturers four millions sterling; Secondly, in the simple process of starching the fibres whilst being spun, two hundred and fifty thousand barrels of flour are annually used, worth about half a million sterling.

Such is the Cotton trade of England; unequalled by any industry of any other country in the world. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand how important becomes any question affecting the future supply of this great staple commodity. We are at present dependent upon another nation for the staff of our national prosperity, and that nation depends upon the labour of a race of slaves. Let any great social or physical convulsion visit that country, and England would feel the shock from Land's End to John O'Groat's. The lives of nearly two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America; their destiny may be said, without any sort of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befal the land of cotton, a thousand of our merchant ships would rot idly in dock; ten thousand mills must stay their busy looms; two thousand thousand mouths would starve for lack of work to feed them.

It is not, however, sufficient that we glance at the Cotton manufacture; we must say a few passing words touching that of Linen, before pointing out the operation of the present "Flax Movement." For the supply of flax, we are equally dependent upon foreign countries; not more than one-fourth of the flax required, that is, a hundred thousand tons, being grown in Great Britain. We pay to other countries for flax, for linseed, and for oil-cake, not much under seven millions sterling annually; whilst we ship linen goods to the yearly value of three millions sterling. Flax is employed in the manufacture of the most delicate French and Irish cambrics, and of the coarsest sail-cloth and tarpaulins; of the most beautiful laces from Lisle and Valenciennes, and of the heavier sacking and towelling. The folds of snowy lawn that deck a bishop's arms, and the stout storm-sail that rides out the fiercest gale, are both the produce of the same plant.

The propriety of rendering ourselves independent of other nations for the supply of cotton, is no new idea. It has been entertained for many years past. The manufacturers of Manchester have been urging the cultivation of cotton in our Indian possessions, where vast tracts of land are known to exist well suited to the cultivation. Our own chilly climate is utterly unfitted for the growth of this plant; with flax, however, the case is different, and, as already stated, about one-fourth of our requirements of this article is raised on British ground. There appears to be no reason whatever, why the remaining three-fourths should not also be grown upon our own soil. Besides which, recent experiments have demonstrated that flax may be substituted for one half of the cotton at present in use, which would give an additional demand for the article of five hundred tons daily, requiring for their growth twelve thousand acres every week. The experiments alluded to were made by the Chevalier Clausson, who has thus originated what is known as the "Flax Movement." By these he discovered a simple and at the same time beautiful and effective process, by which flax may be "cottonised" or converted into what is termed "British Cotton."

Some of the more important processes in the manufacturing arts have been the result of mere accident. It was even so with Flax Cotton. The accidental discovery of the new application of the flax-plant has been thus described, in the last edition of the Chevalier Clausson's little work on the subject of the "Movement:"—

Wandering along the luxuriant banks of one of the Brazilian rivers, his attention was attracted to a white, down-like substance, adhering to the branches of trees, overhanging and touching the stream. On obtaining a quantity of it, he was so pleased with its character, that—thinking he had discovered some vegetable product hitherto unknown—he determined to trace it, if possible, to its source, and to ascertain the plant which produced it. Pursuing his task with great ardour, he eventually found that the substance had been washed from a bed of flax-straw, the produce of some of his own land; and which, long before, he had caused to be thrown, as useless, near the banks of

the river. As the swollen waters had occasional access to this heap, fermentation, and the decomposition of a portion of the plant, had taken place; and, in time, the influence of natural chemistry had so separated the filaments of the flax-fibre, as to give the mass a cotton-like appearance. Some of it having been washed by the river, had been arrested by the overhanging branches.

The process thus casually observed in a very imperfect state, Clausson afterwards imitated by the aid of chemistry; and he can now supply the factories of Lancashire with a home-grown substance, capable of being worked up with certain portions of cotton, silk, or wool, with the machinery already in use for those manufactures. And herein lies the great value of the discovery. From the peculiar structure of the flax-fibre, and the consequent nature of the machinery to work it up, it now costs tenpence per pound in the manufacture; whereas cotton is made up for threepence per pound. It is obvious, therefore, that by preparing flax, so as to be capable of being worked upon the ordinary machinery at the same cost as cotton, the process must be one of great value. Next in importance to this, is the greater yield of marketable fibre from a given quantity of straw, than by the old mode of steeping and preparing.

We will now examine the new process; which we witnessed a short time since, at the Chevalier's model establishment at Stepney. An old poorhouse has been converted into a factory; oakum-picking has been supplanted by the magic transformation of chemistry; iron soup-boilers are now busy with mysterious mixtures, producing results which, when the old fabric was built, would have consigned every man and woman concerned to the stake at Smithfield, for sorcerers and witches.

The flax plant is composed of three distinct parts, the wood, the fibre, and the gum-resin, which causes the fibres to adhere together. To remove the wood is the first object; and this, under the old system, was performed by a machine little better than a flail. Here commences the first improvement. At the Stepney factory we saw a small apparatus at work, which costing a mere trifle, removed the wood from the fibre with astonishing rapidity and cleanliness. It is proposed that growers should employ this machine on their farms; by which means they reduce the bulk by one-half, and at the same time retain the portion most useful for manure. In this state it will be brought to market for sale to the manufacturers, who will then have to free it, in the first instance, from the gum-resin. Under the old system, this was effected by steeping the flax in cold water, a process which occupied from four to six weeks, and frequently caused much discoloration of the fibres. The Chevalier's mode consists in boiling the material in a weak alkaline solution for about four hours, after which it is washed first in a slightly acidified liquor, and then in plain water. It is then dried and in a fit state for the various processes of scutching, heckling, &c., necessary to render it fit for the linen manufacture. In order to "cottonise" the flax, according to the Clausson's patent, the fibres are taken from the washing vats direct to a series of other vats, ranged side by side; and it is in these that the magic of chemistry is so brought to bear as to transmute a heavy mass of dark, harsh straw, in the course of some minutes, to a light, silky, snow-white wool.

In the first of these vats is a weak solution of carbonate of soda: here the previously boiled and washed fibres are steeped for about fifteen minutes, during which time they become completely saturated with the soda liquid. To explain the chemical action which follows, it is necessary to point out the structure of the flax fibre. These fibres, minute though they be, are cellular, composed of a number of smaller cylinders, united closely at their side. It is the separation of these finer fibres, and the consequent addition to the length and surface of the whole mass, that has now to be accomplished; a process that may well be likened to hair-splitting. These cellular fibres being thoroughly saturated with the soda in most minute quantities, are removed from the first vat, and placed in vat number two, containing water slightly acidulated with one part in five hundred of sulphuric acid. The change which now takes place is instantaneous. A rapid frothing and ebullition of the liquor may be observed, and the heavy mass of flax which, in the first liquor, sank far below the surface, is now seen floating lightly on the face of the water: it is no longer flax—it is British Cotton. And how has this happened? The acid in this liquor, finding its way into the little cylinders already saturated with the soda, immediately effects a chemical change; the sulphuric acid combines with the alkali, and forms sulphate of soda, giving out the carbonic acid gas, from the carbonate of soda, which, seeking its liberation, expands and bursts open the cellular tubes. The cottonised flax is next placed in a weak solution of soda, in order to free it from any remaining acid; and thence transferred to the bleaching vat, which contains a mixture of solution of chloride of lime and sulphate of magnesia. Here it remains during two hours, at the end of which time it wears a perfectly snow-white appearance. The process is then completed by washing, first in a weak acid liquor, and afterwards in pure water. It then only remains to dry the flax-cotton, in order to fit it for the after processes, preparatory to spinning. The same method as has been here described can be made available for converting the refuse tow from the flax establishments into a fine white article, admirably adapted for paper-making, and at a less price than he pays for linen

rags. The value of this latter preparation may be estimated, when it is known that one manufacturer of linen in the north of Ireland throws aside "refuse tow" to the yearly value of five thousand pounds sterling; all of which, at present, is utterly useless.

From what has been stated, it is evident that the objection held against this process, of its converting a dear article into a cheap one, does not hold. Not only is the value of the British cotton greatly enhanced by being rendered capable of spinning at the low cost of ordinary cotton goods, but the yield of marketable fibre is much increased, and at a much less cost of time and labour than was needed under the old method. The new fibre is so completely assimilated in character to cotton, that it readily receives the rich dyes imparted to the latter, and is, in short, capable of being printed or dyed in a precisely similar manner.

At the Stepney model factory we examined specimens of flannel, felt, and woollen cloth, manufactured of equal parts of British cotton and wool; also, a felt that was composed entirely of the former material. All of those goods had a remarkably stout feel, and appeared to be strong in their body.

Combined with silk, British cotton may be worked up with great ease on the existing silk machinery, and when so wrought, is capable of receiving the same colours in dying, and materially adding to the strength of the fabric manufactured.

We saw two other substances, which, it appears, are quite as susceptible of being "cottonised" as flax: one was a coarse species of China silk, at present of little value; the other was "Jute," or Indian hemp. Both of these fibres were materially improved in appearance and feel, and are, no doubt, in their new form, adapted to purposes for which they were not at all available, previously.

Looking at this "Flax Movement" in an agricultural point of view, we shall find as many advantages likely to arise from it in that direction as in any other. Hitherto it has been a most prevalent opinion that flax crops were exceedingly exhaustive in their effect upon the soil. Experiments fairly carried out have shown this to be a fallacy. Chemical analysis of the plant, and a series of flax crops taken from the same land, have proved beyond a doubt, that not only does this cultivation not weaken the soil, but tends to keep it in a state of great productiveness.

An examination of the structure of the plant demonstrates that those portions of it which absorb the alkalies and the nutritive properties of the soil, are those which are not required for the purpose of manufacture; namely, the woody part, the resinous matter, and the seed. The fibres derive their elements almost entirely from the atmosphere, one hundred parts containing not more than two parts of mineral matters. Under the old process of steeping, the nutritive portions contained in the wood and gum, as well as the whole of the seed, were lost in the fermentation during steeping; so that nothing whatever was restored to the land. By the new method, these properties are capable of being returned whence they were taken. The seed may be either employed in feeding cattle, or crushed for oil; the oil-cake being in that case returned for the cattle-yard.

Estimates, based upon several years of actual experience, go to show that, by this cultivation, the farmer may realise a yearly profit of from fifteen pounds to eighteen pounds the acre, and that, too, upon land which has been just previously heavily cropped in cereals. Many thousands of acres which hitherto have yielded but indifferent and uncertain crops, or which have scarcely been worth cultivation, may be brought under flax without any fear of the result. Hitherto, the absence of linen manufactures, and the consequent want of markets, in so many parts of England and Scotland, have proved a serious obstacle to any attempts at extending flax culture. But now that every grower may, by the purchase of an inexpensive and simply constructed machine, convert the flax-straw into a fit condition for economical and convenient transport to a market, and now that conveyance is so much lessened in cost, and that the patent process will before long be in active operation in every agricultural county of Great Britain and Ireland, it is to be hoped that a widely extended cultivation of this article may take place, affording active employment to a vast number of persons of all ages.

Already the patent has been taken in hand in Scotland: arrangements are in progress for a similar undertaking in Ireland; and, should the like activity be manifested in England, there can be little doubt that two most important results will have been attained—the providing a great portion of our poorer population with good employment, and rendering our manufacturers less dependent upon the United States for the supply of flax and cotton.

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

Far where the smooth Pacific swells,
Beneath an arch of blue,
Where sky and wave together meet,
A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,
Nor sea-bird poised on high;
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,
The nursling of the sky.

With soft-caressing touch, the wind
In summer round it play'd;
And murmuring through its tiny caves,
Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet
With mountain-perfume, brought
A changeful robe of emerald moss,
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year,
The little islet grew;
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by;
Its drink, the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars look'd forth,
Each from his watch-tower high,
And smiled a loving blessing down,
Gently and silently.

And forest birds from distant isles,
A moment settled there;
And from their plumage shook the seeds,
Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants
Rose up amidst the dearth—
Bloom'd, died, and dropt upon the soil,
Like gifts from Heaven to Earth.

Thus ages pass'd; a hundred trees
Graced that once barren strand;
A hundred ships its produce bore
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart
A germ of good is sown,
Whose strivings upward to the light
Are seen by God alone.

VISITING AT CRANFORD.

One morning, as Miss Matey and I sat at our work—it was before twelve o'clock, and Miss Matey had not yet changed the cap with yellow ribbons, that had been Miss Jenkyns' best, and which Miss Matey was now wearing out in private, putting on the one made in imitation of Mrs. Jamieson's at all times when she expected to be seen—Martha came up, and asked if Miss Betty Barker might speak to her mistress. Miss Matey assented, and quickly disappeared to change the yellow ribbons, while Miss Barker came up stairs; but, as she had forgotten her spectacles, and was rather flurried by the unusual time of the visit, I was not surprised to see her return with one cap on the top of the other. She was quite unconscious of it herself, and looked at us with bland satisfaction. Nor do I think Miss Barker perceived it; for, putting aside the little circumstance that she was not so young as she had been, she was very much absorbed in her errand; which she delivered herself of, with an oppressive modesty that found vent in endless apologies.

Miss Betty Barker was the daughter of the old clerk at Cranford, who had officiated in Mr. Jenkyns' time. She and her sister had had pretty good situations as ladies' maids, and had saved up money enough to set up a milliners' shop, which had been patronised by the ladies in the neighbourhood. Lady Arley, for instance, would occasionally give Miss Barkers the pattern of an old cap of hers, which they immediately copied and circulated among the *élite* of Cranford. I say the *élite*, for Miss Barkers had caught the trick of the place, and piqued themselves upon their "aristocratic connection." They would not sell their caps and ribbons to anyone without a pedigree. Many a farmer's wife or daughter turned away huffed from Miss Barkers' select millinery, and went rather to the universal shop, where the profits of brown soap and moist sugar enabled the proprietor to go straight to (Paris, he said, until he found his customers too patriotic and John Bullish to wear what the Mounseers wore) London; where, as he often told his customers, Queen Adelaide had appeared only the very week before in a cap exactly like the one he showed them, trimmed with yellow and blue ribbons, and had been complimented by King William on the becoming nature of her head-dress.

Miss Barkers, who confined themselves to truth, and did not approve of miscellaneous customers, throve notwithstanding. They were self-denying, good people. Many a time have I seen the eldest of them (she that had been maid to Mrs. Jamieson) carrying out some delicate mess to a poor person. They only aped their betters in having "nothing to do" with the class immediately below theirs. And when Miss Barker died, their profits and income were found to be such that Miss Betty was justified in shutting up shop, and retiring from business. She also (as I think I have before said) set up her cow; a mark of respectability in Cranford, almost as decided as setting up a gig is among some people. She dressed finer than any lady in Cranford; and we did not wonder at it; for it was understood that she was wearing out all the bonnets and caps, and outrageous ribbons, which had once formed her stock in trade. It was five or six years since they had given up shop: so in any other place than Cranford her dress might have been considered *passée*.

And now, Miss Betty Barker had called to invite Miss Matey to tea at her house on the following Tuesday. She gave me also an impromptu invitation, as I happened to be a visitor; though I could see she had a little fear lest, since my father had gone to live in Drumble, he might have engaged in that "horrid cotton trade," and so dragged his family down out of "aristocratic society." She prefaced this invitation with so many apologies, that she quite excited my curiosity. "Her presumption" was to be excused. What had she been doing? She seemed so overpowered by it, I could only think that she had been writing to Queen Adelaide, to ask for a receipt for washing lace; but the act which she so characterised was only an invitation she had carried to her sister's former mistress, Mrs. Jamieson. "Her former occupation considered, could Miss Matey excuse the liberty?" Ah! thought I, she has found

out that double cap, and is going to rectify Miss Matey's head-dress. No! it was simply to extend her invitation to Miss Matey and to me. Miss Matey bowed acceptance; and I wondered that, in the graceful action, she did not feel the unusual weight and extraordinary height of her head-dress. But I do not think she did; for she recovered her balance, and went on talking to Miss Betty in a kind, condescending manner, very different from the fidgety way she would have had, if she had suspected how singular her appearance was.

"Mrs. Jamieson is coming, I think you said?" asked Miss Matey.

"Yes. Mrs. Jamieson most kindly and condescendingly said she would be happy to come. One little stipulation she made, that she should bring Carlo. I told her that if I had a weakness, it was for dogs."

"And Miss Pole?" questioned Miss Matey, who was thinking of her pool at Preference, in which Carlo would not be available as a partner.

"I am going to ask Miss Pole. Of course, I could not think of asking her until I had asked you, Madam—the rector's daughter, Madam. Believe me, I do not forget the situation my father held under yours."

"And Mrs. Forrester, of course?"

"And Mrs. Forrester. I thought, in fact, of going to her before I went to Miss Pole. Although her circumstances are changed, Madam, we can never forget her alliance to the Bigges, of Bigelow Hall."

Miss Matey cared much more for the little circumstance of her being a very good card-player.

"Mrs. Fitz-Adam—I suppose"—

"No, Madam. I must draw a line somewhere. Mrs. Jamieson would not, I think, like to meet Mrs. Fitz-Adam. I have the greatest respect for Mrs. Fitz-Adam—but I cannot think her fit society for such ladies as Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Matilda Jenkyns."

Miss Betty Barker bowed low to Miss Matey, and pursed up her mouth. She looked at me with sidelong dignity, as much as to say, although a retired milliner, she was no democrat, and understood the difference of ranks.

"May I beg you to come as near half-past six, to my little dwelling, as possible, Miss Matilda? Mrs. Jamieson dines at five, but has kindly promised not to delay her visit beyond that time—half-past six." And with a swimming curtsey Miss Betty Barker took her leave.

My prophetic soul foretold a visit that afternoon from Miss Pole, who usually came to call on Miss Matilda after any event—or indeed in sight of any event—to talk it over with her.

"Miss Betty told me it was to be a choice and select few," said Miss Pole, as she and Miss Matey compared notes.

"Yes, so she said. Not even Mrs. Fitz-Adam."

Now Mrs. Fitz-Adam was the widowed sister of the Cranford surgeon, whom I have named before. Their parents were respectable farmers, content with their station. The name of these good people was Hoggins. Mr. Hoggins was the Cranford doctor now; we disliked the name, and considered it coarse; but, as Miss Jenkyns said, if he changed it to Piggins it would not be much better. We had hoped to discover a relationship between him and that Marchioness of Exeter whose name was Molly Hoggins; but the man, careless of his own interests, utterly ignored and denied any such relationship; although, as dear Miss Jenkyns had said, he had a sister called Mary, and the same Christian names were very apt to run in families. Soon after Miss Mary Hoggins married Mr. Fitz-Adam, she disappeared from the neighbourhood for many years. She did not move in a sphere in Cranford society sufficiently high to make any of us care to know what Mr. Fitz-Adam was. He died and was gathered to his fathers, without our ever having thought about him at all. And then Mrs. Fitz-Adam reappeared in Cranford, "as bold as a lion," Miss Pole said, a well-to-do widow, dressed in rustling black silk, so soon after her husband's death, that poor Miss Jenkyns was justified in the remark she made, that "bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her loss."

I remember the convocation of ladies, who assembled to decide whether or not Mrs. Fitz-Adam should be called upon by the old blue-blooded inhabitants of Cranford. She had taken a large rambling house, which had been usually considered to confer a patent of gentility upon its tenant; because, once upon a time, seventy or eighty years before, the spinster daughter of an earl had resided in it. I am not sure if the inhabiting this house was not also believed to convey some unusual power of intellect; for the earl's daughter, Lady Jane, had had a sister, Lady Anne, who had married a general officer, in the time of the American war; and this general officer had written one or two comedies, which were still acted on the London boards; and which, when we saw them advertised, made us all draw up, and feel that Drury Lane was paying a very pretty compliment to Cranford. Still, it was not at all a settled thing that Mrs. Fitz-Adam was to be visited, when dear Miss Jenkyns died; and, with her, something of the clear knowledge of the strict code of gentility went out too. As Miss Pole observed, "As most of the ladies of good family in Cranford were elderly spinsters, or widows without children, if we did not relax a little, and become less exclusive, by-and-bye we should have no society at all."

Mrs. Forrester continued on the same side.

"She had always understood that Fitz meant something aristocratic; there was Fitz-Roy—she thought that some of the Kings' children had been called Fitz-Roy: and there was Fitz-Clarence now—they were

the children of dear good King William the Fourth. Fitz-Adam!—it was a pretty name; and she thought it very probably meant 'Child of Adam.' No one, who had not some good blood in their veins, would dare to be called Fitz; there was a deal in a name—she had had a cousin who spelt his name with two little ffs—ffoulkes, and he always looked down upon capital letters, and said they belonged to lately invented families. She had been afraid he would die a bachelor, he was so very choice. When he met with a Mrs. ffaringdon, at a watering-place, he took to her immediately; and a very pretty genteel woman she was—a widow with a very good fortune—and 'my cousin,' Mr. ffoulkes, married her; and it was all owing to her two little ffs."

Mrs. Fitz-Adam did not stand a chance of meeting with a Mr. Fitz-anything in Cranford, so that could not have been her motive for settling there. Miss Matey thought it might have been the hope of being admitted in the society of the place, which would certainly be a very agreeable rise for *ci-devant* Miss Hoggins; and if this had been her hope, it would be cruel to disappoint her. So everybody called upon Mrs. Fitz-Adam—everybody but Mrs. Jamieson, who used to show how honourable she was by never seeing Mrs. Fitz-Adam, when they met at the Cranford parties. There would be only eight or ten ladies in the room, and Mrs. Fitz-Adam was the largest of all, and she invariably used to stand up when Mrs. Jamieson came in, and curtsey very low to her whenever she turned in her direction—so low, in fact, that I think Mrs. Jamieson must have looked at the wall above her, for she never moved a muscle of her face, no more than if she had not seen her. Still Mrs. Fitz-Adam persevered.

The spring evenings were getting bright and long, when three or four ladies in calashes met at Miss Barker's door. Do you know what a calash is? It is a covering worn over caps, not unlike the heads fastened on old-fashioned gigs; but sometimes it is not quite so large. This kind of head-gear always made an awful impression on the children in Cranford; and now two or three left off their play in the quiet sunny little street, and gathered, in wondering silence round Miss Pole, Miss Matey, and myself. We were silent, too, so that we could hear loud, suppressed whispers, inside Miss Barker's house: "Wait, Peggy! wait till I 've run upstairs, and washed my hands. When I cough, open the door; I'll not be a minute."

And, true enough, it was not a minute before we heard a noise, between a sneeze and a crow; on which the door flew open. Behind it stood a round-eyed maiden, all aghast at the honourable company of calashes, who marched in without a word. She recovered presence of mind enough to usher us into a small room, which had been the shop, but was now converted into a temporary dressing-room. There we unpinned and shook ourselves, and arranged our features before the glass into a sweet and gracious company-face; and then, bowing backwards with "After you, ma'am," we allowed Mrs. Forrester to take precedence up the narrow staircase that led to Miss Barker's drawing-room. There she sat, as stately and composed as though we had never heard that odd-sounding cough, from which her throat must have been even then sore and rough. Kind, gentle, shabbily dressed Mrs. Forrester was immediately conducted to the second place of honour—a seat arranged something like Prince Albert's near the Queen's—good, but not so good. The place of pre-eminence was, of course, reserved for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson, who presently came panting up the stairs—Carlo rushing round her on her progress, as if he meant to trip her up.

And now, Miss Betty Parker was a proud and happy woman! She stirred the fire, and shut the door, and sat as near to it as she could, quite on the edge of her chair. When Peggy came in, tottering under the weight of the tea-tray, I noticed that Miss Barker was sadly afraid lest Peggy should not keep her distance sufficiently. She and her mistress were on very familiar terms in their every-day intercourse, and Peggy wanted now to make several little confidences to her, which Miss Barker was on thorns to hear; but which she thought it her duty, as a lady, to repress. So she turned away from all Peggy's asides and signs; but she made one or two very mal-apropos answers to what was said; and at last, seized with a bright idea, she exclaimed, "Poor sweet Carlo! I'm forgetting him. Come down stairs with me, poor ittie doggie, and it shall have its tea, it shall!" In a few minutes she returned, bland and benignant as before; but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor ittie doggie" anything to eat; judging by the avidity with which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tea-tray was abundantly loaded. I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seed-cake, slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of her last party, that she never had it in her house, it reminded her so much of scented soap. She always gave us Savoy biscuits. However, Mrs. Jamieson was kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life; and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seed-cake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance, not unlike a cow's.

After tea there was some little demur and difficulty. We were six in number; four could play at Preference, and for the other two there was Cribbage. But all, except

myself—I was always rather afraid of the Cranford ladies at cards, for it was the most earnest and serious business they ever engaged in—were anxious to be of the "pool." Even Miss Barker, while declaring she did not know Spadille from Manille, was evidently hankering to take a hand. The dilemma was soon put an end to by a singular kind of noise. If a Baron's daughter-in-law could ever be supposed to snore, I should have said Mrs. Jamieson did so then; for, overcome by the heat of the room, and inclined to doze by nature, the temptation of that very comfortable arm-chair had been too much for her, and Mrs. Jamieson was nodding. Once or twice she opened her eyes with an effort, and calmly but unconsciously smiled upon us; but, by-and-bye, even her benevolence was not equal to this exertion, and she was sound asleep.

"It is very gratifying to me," whispered Miss Barker at the card-table to her three opponents, whom, notwithstanding her ignorance of the game, she was "basting" most unmercifully—"very gratifying, indeed, to see how completely Mrs. Jamieson feels at home in my poor little dwelling; she could not have paid me a greater compliment."—Miss Barker provided me with some literature, in the shape of three or four handsomely bound fashion-books ten or twelve years old, observing, as she put a little table and a candle for my especial benefit, that she knew young people liked to look at pictures. Carlo lay, and snorted, and started at his mistress's feet. He, too, was quite at home. The card-table was an animated scene to watch; four ladies' heads, with niddle-noddling caps, all nearly meeting over the middle of the table, in their eagerness to whisper quick enough and loud enough: and every now and then came Miss Barker's "Hush, ladies! if you please, hush! Mrs. Jamieson is asleep."

It was very difficult to steer clear between Mrs. Forrester's deafness and Mrs. Jamieson's sleepiness. But Miss Barker managed her arduous task well. She repeated the whisper to Mrs. Forrester, distorting her face considerably, in order to show, by the motions of her lips, what was said; and then she smiled kindly all round at us, and murmured to herself, "Very gratifying, indeed; I wish my poor sister had been alive to see this day."

Presently the door was thrown wide open; Carlo started to his feet, with a loud snapping bark, and Mrs. Jamieson awoke: or, perhaps, she had not been asleep—as she said almost directly, the room had been so light she had been glad to keep her eyes shut, but had been listening with great interest to all our amusing and agreeable conversation. Peggy came in once more, red with importance. Another tray! "Oh, gentility!" thought I, "can you endure this last shock?" For Miss Barker had ordered (nay, I doubt not prepared, although she did say, "Why! Peggy, what have you brought us?" and looked pleasantly surprised at the unexpected pleasure) all sort of good things for supper—scalloped oysters, potted lobsters, jelly, a dish called "little Cupids," (which was in great favour with the Cranford ladies; although too expensive to be given, except on solemn and state occasions), maccaroons sopped in brandy, I should have called it, if I had not known its more refined and classical name; in short, we were evidently to be feasted with all that was sweetest and best: and we thought it better to submit graciously, even at the cost of our gentility—which never ate suppers in general—but which, like most non supper-eaters, was particularly hungry on all special occasions.

Miss Barker, in her former sphere, had, I dare say, been made acquainted with the beverage they call cherry-brandy. We none of us had ever seen such a thing, and rather shrunk back when she proffered it us—"just a little, leetle glass, ladies; after the oysters and lobsters, you know. Shell-fish are sometimes thought not very wholesome." We all shook our heads, like female mandarins; but, at last, Mrs. Jamieson suffered herself to be persuaded, and we followed her lead. It was not exactly unpalatable, though so hot and so strong that we thought ourselves bound to give evidence that we were not accustomed to such things, by coughing terribly—almost as strangely as Miss Barker had done, before we were admitted by Peggy.

"It 's very strong," said Miss Pole, as she put down her empty glass; I do believe there 's spirit in it"

"Only a little drop—just necessary to make it keep!" said Miss Barker. "You know we put brandy-paper over preserves to make them keep. I often feel tipsy myself from eating damson tart."

I question whether damson tart would have opened Mrs. Jamieson's heart as the cherry-brandy did; but she told us of a coming event, respecting which she had been quite silent till that moment.

"My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me."

There was a chorus of "Indeed!" and then a pause. Each one rapidly reviewed her wardrobe, as to its fitness to appear in the presence of a Baron's widow; for, of course, a series of small festivals were always held in Cranford on the arrival of a visitor at any of our friends' houses. We felt very pleasantly excited on the present occasion.

Not long after this, the maids and the lanterns were announced. Mrs. Jamieson had the sedan chair, which had squeezed itself into Miss Barker's narrow lobby with some difficulty; and, most literally, stopped the way. It required some skilful manœuvring on the part of the old chairmen (shoemakers by day; but, when summoned to carry the sedan, dressed up in a strange old livery—long great-coats, with small capes, coeval with the sedan, and similar to the dress of the class in Hogarth's pictures) to edge, and back, and

try at it again, and finally to succeed in carrying their burden out of Miss Barker's front-door. Then we heard their quick pit-a-pat along the quiet little street, as we put on our calashes, and pinned up our gowns; Miss Barker hovering about us with offers of help; which, if she had not remembered her former occupation, and wished us to forget it, would have been much more pressing.

Early the next morning—directly after twelve—Miss Pole made her appearance at Miss Matey's. Some very trifling piece of business was alleged as a reason for the call; but there was evidently something behind. At last out it came.

"By the way, you'll think I'm strangely ignorant; but, do you really know, I am puzzled how we ought to address Lady Glenmire. Do you say, 'Your Ladyship,' where you would say 'you' to a common person? I have been puzzling all morning; and are we to say 'My Lady,' instead of 'Ma'am'? Now, you knew Lady Arley—will you kindly tell me the most correct way of speaking to the Peerage?"

Poor Miss Matey! she took off her spectacles, and she put them on again—but how Lady Arley was addressed, she could not remember.

"It is so long ago!" she said. "Dear! dear! how stupid I am! I don't think I ever saw her more than twice. I know we used to call Sir Peter, 'Sir Peter,'—but he came much oftener to see us than Lady Arley did. Deborah would have known in a minute. My lady—your ladyship. It sounds very strange, and as if it was not natural. I never thought of it before; but, now you have named it, I am all in a puzzle."

It was very certain Miss Pole would obtain no wise decision from Miss Matey, who got more bewildered every moment, and more perplexed as to etiquettes of address.

"Well, I really think," said Miss Pole, "I had better just go and tell Mrs. Forrester about our little difficulty. One sometimes grows nervous; and yet one would not have Lady Glenmire think we were quite ignorant of the etiquettes of high life in Cranford."

"And will you just step in here, dear Miss Pole, as you come back, please; and tell me what you decide upon. Whatever you and Mrs. Forrester fix upon, will be quite right, I'm sure. 'Lady Arley,' 'Sir Peter,'" said Miss Matey to herself, trying to recall the old forms of words.

"Who is Lady Glenmire?" asked I.

"Oh! she's the widow of Mr. Jamieson—that's Mrs. Jamieson's late husband, you know—widow of his eldest brother. Mrs. Jamieson was a Miss Walker, daughter of Governor Walker. Your ladyship. My dear, if they fix on that way of speaking, you must just let me practise a little on you first, for I shall feel so foolish and hot, saying it the first time to Lady Glenmire."

It was really a relief to Miss Matey when Mrs. Jamieson came on a very unpolite errand. I notice that apathetic people have more quiet impertinence than any others; and Mrs. Jamieson came now to insinuate pretty plainly, that she did not particularly wish that the Cranford ladies should call upon her sister-in-law. I can hardly say how she made this clear; for I grew very indignant and warm, while with slow deliberation she was explaining her wishes to Miss Matey, who, a true lady herself, could hardly understand the feeling which made Mrs. Jamieson wish to appear to her noble sister-in-law as if she only visited "county" families; Miss Matey remained puzzled and perplexed long after I had found out the object of Mrs. Jamieson's visit.

When she did understand the drift of the honourable lady's call, it was pretty to see with what quiet dignity she received the intimation thus uncourteously given. She was not in the least hurt—she was of too gentle a spirit for that; nor was she exactly conscious of disapproving of Mrs. Jamieson's conduct; but there was something of this feeling in her mind, I am sure, which made her pass from the subject to others, in a less flurried and more composed manner than usual. Mrs. Jamieson was, indeed, the more flurried of the two, and I could see she was glad to take her leave.

A little while afterwards, Miss Pole returned, red and indignant. "Well! to be sure! You've had Mrs. Jamieson here, I find from Martha; and we are not to call on Lady Glenmire. Yes! I met Mrs. Jamieson, half-way between here and Mrs. Forrester's, and she told me; she took me so by surprise, I had nothing to say. I wish I had thought of something very sharp and sarcastic; I dare say I shall to-night. And Lady Glenmire is but the widow of a Scotch baron, after all! I went on to look at Mrs. Forrester's Peerage, to see who this lady was, that is to be kept under a glass-case: widow of a Scotch peer—never sat in the House of Lords—and as poor as Job, I dare say; and she—fifth daughter of some Mr. Campbell or other. You are the daughter of a rector, at any rate, and related to the Arleys; and Sir Peter might have been Viscount Arley, every one says."

Miss Matey tried to soothe Miss Pole, but in vain. That lady, usually so kind and good-humoured, was now in a full flow of anger.

"And I went and ordered a cap this morning, to be quite ready," said she, at last, letting out the secret which gave sting to Mrs. Jamieson's intimation. "Mrs. Jamieson shall see if it's so easy to get me to make fourth at a pool, when she has none of her fine Scotch relations with her!"

In coming out of church, the first Sunday on which Lady Glenmire appeared in Cranford, we sedulously talked together, and turned our backs on Mrs. Jamieson and her

guest. If we might not call on her, we would not even look at her, though we were dying with curiosity to know what she was like. We had the comfort of questioning Martha in the afternoon. Martha did not belong to a sphere of society whose observation could be an implied compliment to Lady Glenmire, and Martha had made good use of her eyes.

"Well, ma'am! is it the little lady with Mrs. Jamieson, you mean? I thought you would like more to know how young Mrs. Smith was dressed, her being a bride." (Mrs. Smith was the butcher's wife.)

Miss Pole said, "Good gracious me! as if we cared about a Mrs. Smith;" but was silent, as Martha resumed her speech.

"The little lady in Mrs. Jamieson's pew had on, ma'am, rather an old black silk, and a shepherd's plaid cloak, ma'am; and very bright black eyes, she had, ma'am, and a pleasant, sharp face; not over young, ma'am, but yet, I should guess, younger than Mrs. Jamieson herself. She looked up and down the church, like a bird, and nipped up her petticoats, when she came out, as quick and sharp as ever I see. I'll tell you what, ma'am, she's more like Mrs. Deacon, at the 'Coach and Horses,' nor any one."

"Hush, Martha!" said Miss Matey; "that's not respectful."

"Isn't it, ma'am? I beg pardon, I'm sure; but Jem Hearn said so as well. He said, she was just such a sharp, stirring sort of a body"—

"Lady," said Miss Pole.

"Lady—as Mrs. Deacon."

Another Sunday passed away, and we still averted our eyes from Mrs. Jamieson and her guest, and made remarks to ourselves that we thought were very severe—almost too much so. Miss Matey was evidently uneasy at our sarcastic manner of speaking.

Perhaps by this time Lady Glenmire had found out that Mrs Jamieson's was not the gayest, liveliest house in the world; perhaps Mrs. Jamieson had found out that most of the county families were in London, and that those who remained in ——shire were not so alive as they might have been to the circumstance of Lady Glenmire being in their neighbourhood. Great events spring out of small causes; so I will not pretend to say what induced Mrs. Jamieson to alter her determination of excluding the Cranford ladies, and send notes of invitation all round for a small party, on the following Tuesday. Mr. Mulliner himself brought them round. He *would* always ignore the fact of there being a back-door to any house, and gave a louder rat-tat than his mistress, Mrs. Jamieson. He had three little notes, which he carried in a large basket, in order to impress his mistress with an idea of their great weight, though they might easily have gone into his waistcoat pocket.

Miss Matey and I quietly decided we would have a previous engagement at home:—it was the evening on which Miss Matey usually made candle-lighters of all the notes and letters of the week; for on Mondays her accounts were always made straight—not a penny owing from the week before; so, by a natural arrangement, making candle-lighters fell upon a Tuesday evening, and gave us a legitimate excuse for declining Mrs. Jamieson's invitation. But before our answer was written, in came Miss Pole, with an open note in her hand.

"So!" she said. "Ah! I see you have got your note, too. Better late than never. I could have told my Lady Glenmire she would be glad enough of our society before a fortnight was over."

"Yes," said Miss Matey, "we're asked for Tuesday evening. And perhaps you would just kindly bring your work across and drink tea with us that night. It is my usual regular time for looking over all the last week's bills, and notes, and letters, and making candle-lighters of them; but that does not seem quite reason enough for saying I have a previous engagement at home, though I meant to make it do. Now, if you would come, my conscience would be quite at ease, and luckily the note is not written yet."

I saw Miss Pole's countenance change while Miss Matey was speaking.

"Don't you mean to go then?" asked she.

"Oh no!" said Miss Matey, quietly. "You don't either, I suppose?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Pole. "Yes, I think I do," said she, rather briskly; and, on seeing Miss Matey look surprised, she added, "You see, one would not like Mrs. Jamieson to think that anything she could do, or say, was of consequence enough to give offence; it would be a kind of letting down of ourselves, that I, for one, should not like. It would be too flattering to Mrs. Jamieson, if we allowed her to suppose that what she had said affected us a week, nay ten days afterwards."

"Well! I suppose it is wrong to be hurt and annoyed so long about anything; and, perhaps, after all, she did not mean to vex us. But I must say, I could not have brought myself to say the things Mrs. Jamieson did about our not calling. I really don't think I shall go."

"Oh, come! Miss Matey, you must go; you know our friend Mrs. Jamieson is much more phlegmatic than most people, and does not enter into the little delicacies of feeling which you possess in so remarkable a degree."

"I thought you possessed them, too, that day Mrs. Jamieson called to tell us not to go," said Miss Matey, innocently.

But Miss Pole, in addition to her delicacies of feeling, possessed a very smart cap, which she was anxious to show to an admiring world; and so she seemed to forget all her angry words uttered not a fortnight before, and to be ready to act on what she called the great Christian principle of "Forgive and

forget;" and she lectured dear Miss Matey so long on this head, that she absolutely ended by assuring her it was her duty, as a deceased rector's daughter, to buy a new cap, and go to the party at Mrs. Jamieson's. So "we were most happy to accept," instead of "regretting that we were obliged to decline."

The expenditure in dress in Cranford was principally in that one article referred to. If the heads were buried in smart new caps, the ladies were like ostriches, and cared not what became of their bodies. Old gowns, white and venerable collars, any number of brooches, up and down and everywhere (some with dogs' eyes painted in them; some that were like small picture-frames with mausoleums and weeping-willows neatly executed in hair inside; some, again, with miniatures of ladies and gentlemen sweetly smiling out of a nest of stiff muslin)—old brooches for a permanent ornament, and new caps to suit the fashion of the day; the ladies of Cranford always dressed with chaste elegance and propriety, as Miss Barker once prettily expressed it. And with three new caps, and a greater array of brooches than had ever been seen together at one time, since Cranford was a town, did Mrs. Forrester, and Miss Matey, and Miss Pole appear on that memorable Tuesday evening. I counted seven brooches myself on Miss Pole's dress. Two were fixed negligently in her cap (one was a butterfly made of Scotch pebbles, which a vivid imagination might believe to be the real insect); one fastened her net neck-kerchief; one her collar: one ornamented the front of her gown, midway between her throat and waist; and another adorned the point of her stomacher. Where the seventh was I have forgotten, but it was somewhere about her, I am sure.

But I am getting on too fast, in describing the dresses of the company. I should first relate the gathering, on the way to Mrs. Jamieson's. That lady lived in a large house just outside the town. A road, which had known what it was to be a street, ran right before the house, which opened out upon it, without any intervening garden or court. Whatever the sun was about, he never shone on the front of that house. To be sure, the living-rooms were at the back, looking on to a pleasant garden; the front windows only belonged to kitchens and housekeeper's rooms, and pantries; and in one of them Mr. Mulliner was reported to sit. Indeed, looking askance, we often saw the back of a head, covered with hair-powder, which also extended itself over his coat-collar down to his very waist; and this imposing back was always engaged in reading the "St. James's Chronicle," opened wide, which, in some degree, accounted for the length of time the said newspaper was in reaching us—equal subscribers with Mrs. Jamieson, though, in right of her honourableness, she always had the reading of it first. This very Tuesday, the delay in forwarding the last number had been particularly aggravating; just when both Miss Pole and Miss Matey, the former more especially, had been wanting to see it, in order to coach up the court-news, ready for the evening's interview with aristocracy. Miss Pole told us she had absolutely taken time by the fore-lock, and been dressed by five o'clock, in order to be ready, if the "St. James's Chronicle" should come in at the last moment,—the very "St. James's Chronicle" which the powdered-head was tranquilly and composedly reading as we passed the accustomed window this evening.

"The impudence of the man!" said Miss Pole, in a low indignant whisper. "I should like to ask him, whether his mistress pays her quarter-share for his exclusive use."

We looked at her in admiration of the courage of her thought; for Mr. Mulliner was an object of great awe to all of us. He seemed never to have forgotten his condescension in coming to live at Cranford. Miss Jenkyns, at times, had stood forth as the undaunted champion of her sex, and spoken to him on terms of equality; but even Miss Jenkyns could get no higher. In his pleasantest and most gracious moods, he looked like a sulky cockatoo. He did not speak except in gruff monosyllables. He would wait in the hall when we begged him not to wait, and then look deeply offended because we had kept him there, while, with trembling, hasty hands, we prepared ourselves for appearing in company. Miss Pole ventured on a small joke as we went up-stairs, intended, though addressed to us, to afford Mr. Mulliner some slight amusement. We all smiled, in order to seem as if we felt at our ease, and timidly looked for Mr. Mulliner's sympathy. Not a muscle of that wooden face had relaxed; and we were grave in an instant.

Mrs. Jamieson's drawing-room was cheerful; the evening sun came streaming into it, and the large square window was clustered round with flowers. The furniture was white and gold; not the later style, Louis Quatorze I think they call it, all shells and twirls; no. Mrs. Jamieson's chairs and tables had not a curve or bend about them. The chair and table legs diminished as they neared the ground, and were straight and square in all their corners. The chairs were all a-row against the walls, with the exception of four or five which stood in a circle round the fire. They were railed with white bars across the back, and knobbed with gold; neither the railings nor the knobs invited to ease. There was a japanned table devoted to literature, on which lay a Bible, a Peerage, and a Prayer-Book. There was another square Pembroke table dedicated to the Fine Arts, on which there was a kaleidoscope, conversation-cards, puzzle-cards (tied together to an interminable length with faded pink satin ribbon), and a

box painted in fond imitation of the drawings which decorate tea-chests. Carlo lay on the worsted work rug, and ungraciously barked at us as we entered. Mrs. Jamieson stood up, giving us each a torpid smile of welcome, and looking helplessly beyond us at Mr. Mulliner, as if she hoped he would place us in chairs, for if he did not, she never could. I suppose he thought we could find our way to the circle round the fire, which reminded me of Stonehenge, I don't know why. Lady Glenmire came to the rescue of our hostess; and somehow or other we found ourselves for the first time placed agreeably, and not formally, in Mrs. Jamieson's house. Lady Glenmire, now we had time to look at her, proved to be a bright little woman of middle age, who had been very pretty in the days of her youth, and who was even yet very pleasant-looking. I saw Miss Pole appraising her dress in the first five minutes; and I take her word, when she said the next day,

"My dear! ten pounds would have purchased every stitch she had *on*—lace and all."

It was pleasant to suspect that a peeress could be poor, and partly reconciled us to the fact that her husband had never sat in the House of Lords; which, when we first heard of it, seemed a kind of swindling us out of our respect on false pretences; a sort of "A Lord and No Lord" business.

We were all very silent at first. We were thinking what we could talk about, that should be high enough to interest My Lady. There had been a rise in the price of sugar, which, as preserving-time was near, was a piece of intelligence to all our housekeeping hearts, and would have been the natural topic if Lady Glenmire had not been by. But we were not sure if the Peerage ate preserves—much less knew how they were made. At last, Miss Pole, who had always a great deal of courage and *savoir faire*, spoke to Lady Glenmire, who on her part had seemed just as much puzzled to know how to break the silence as we were.

"Has your ladyship been to Court, lately?" asked she; and then gave a little glance round at us, half timid, and half triumphant, as much as to say, "See how judiciously I have chosen a subject befitting the rank of the stranger!"

"I never was there in my life," said Lady Glenmire, with a broad Scotch accent, but in a very sweet voice. And then, as if she had been too abrupt, she added, "We very seldom went to London; only twice, in fact, during all my married life; and before I was married, my father had far too large a family"—(fifth daughter of Mr. Campbell, was in all our minds, I am sure)—"to take us often from our home, even to Edinburgh. Ye'll have been in Edinburgh, may be?" said she, suddenly brightening up with the hope of a common interest. We had none of us been there; but Miss Pole had an uncle who once had passed a night there, which was very pleasant.

Mrs. Jamieson, meanwhile, was absorbed in wonder why Mr. Mulliner did not bring the tea; and, at length, the wonder oozed out of her mouth.

"I had better ring the bell, my dear, had not I?" said Lady Glenmire, briskly.

"No—I think not—Mulliner does not like to be hurried." We should have liked our tea, for we dined at an earlier hour than Mrs. Jamieson. I suspect Mr. Mulliner had to finish the St. James's Chronicle before he chose to trouble himself about tea. His mistress fidgetted and fidgetted, and kept saying, "I can't think why Mulliner does not bring tea. I can't think what he can be about." And Lady Glenmire at last grew quite impatient, but it was a pretty kind of impatience after all; and she rung the bell rather sharply, on receiving a half permission from her sister-in-law to do so. Mr. Mulliner appeared in dignified surprise. "Oh!" said Mrs. Jamieson, "Lady Glenmire rang the bell; I believe it was for tea."

In a few minutes tea was brought. Very delicate was the china, very old the plate, very thin the bread-and-butter, and very small the lumps of sugar. Sugar was evidently Mrs. Jamieson's favourite economy. I question if the little filigree sugar-tongs, made something like scissors, could have opened themselves wide enough to take up an honest, vulgar, good-sized piece; and when, I tried to take two little minikin pieces at once, so as not to be detected in too many returns to the sugar-basin, they absolutely dropped one, with a little sharp clatter, quite in a malicious and unnatural manner. But before this happened, we had had a slight disappointment. In the little silver jug was cream, in the larger one was milk. As soon as Mr. Mulliner came in, Carlo began to beg, which was a thing our manners forbade us to do, though I am sure we were just as hungry; and Mrs. Jamieson said she was certain we would excuse her if she gave her poor dumb Carlo his tea first. She accordingly mixed a saucer-full for him, and put it down for him to lap; and then she told us how intelligent and sensible the dear little fellow was; he knew cream quite well, and constantly refused tea with only milk in it: so the milk was left for us, but we silently thought we were quite as intelligent and sensible as Carlo, and felt as if insult were added to injury, when we were called upon to admire the gratitude evinced by his wagging his tail for the cream, which should have been ours.

After tea we thawed down into common-life subjects. We were thankful to Lady Glenmire for having proposed some more bread-and-butter, and this mutual want made us better acquainted with her than we should ever have been with talking about the Court, though Miss Pole did say, she had hoped to know how the dear Queen was from some one

who had seen her. The friendship begun over bread-and-butter, extended on to cards. Lady Glenmire played Preference to admiration, and was a complete authority as to Ombre and Quadrille. Even Miss Pole quite forgot to say "my lady," and "your ladyship," and said "Basto! ma'am;" "you have Spadille, I believe," just as quietly as if we had never held the great Cranford parliament on the subject of the proper mode of addressing a peeress.

As a proof of how thoroughly we had forgotten that we were in the presence of one who might have sat down to tea with a coronet, instead of a cap, on her head, Mrs. Forrester related a curious little fact to Lady Glenmire—an anecdote known to the circle of her intimate friends, but of which even Mrs. Jamieson was not aware. It related to some fine old lace, the sole relic of better days, which Lady Glenmire was admiring on Mrs. Forrester's collar.

"Yes," said that lady, "such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad they tell me. They say that they can't make it now even there. But, perhaps, they can, now they've passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I should not wonder. But, in the meantime, I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing of it to my maid" (the little charity school-girl I have named before, but who sounded well as "my maid.") "I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, your ladyship knows that such lace must never be starched or ironed; some people wash it in sugar and water; and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow colour; but I myself have a very good receipt for washing it in milk, which stiffens it enough, and gives it a very good creamy colour. Well, ma'am, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace is, that when it is wet, it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left the room; on my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she was half-choked with something she wanted to swallow, and could not. And, would you believe it? At first, I pitied her, and said, 'Poor pussy! poor pussy!' till all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty—cleaned out! 'You naughty cat!' said I; and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down—just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed; but I determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate; but it would have been too much for Job, if he had seen, as I did, that cat come in, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked. 'No, pussy!' said I; 'if you have any conscience, you ought not to expect that!' And then a thought struck me; and I rang the bell for my maid, and sent her to Mr. Hoggins, with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour? I did not think there was anything odd in the message; but Jenny said the young men in the surgery laughed as if they would be ill at my wanting a top-boot. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her fore-feet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a tea-spoonful of currant-jelly, in which (your ladyship must excuse me) I had mixed some tartar emetic. I shall never forget how anxious I was that next half-hour. I took pussy to my own room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it, and soaked it, and spread it on a lavender-bush in the sun, before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now, your ladyship would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside."

We found out in the course of the evening that Lady Glenmire was going to pay Mrs. Jamieson a long visit, as she had given up her apartments in Edinburgh, and had no ties to take her back there in a hurry. On the whole, we were rather glad to hear this, for she had made a pleasant impression upon us; and it was also very comfortable to find, from things which dropped out in the course of conversation, that, in addition to many other genteel qualities, she was far removed from the vulgarity of wealth.

"Don't you find it very unpleasant, walking?" asked Mrs. Jamieson, as our respective servants were announced. It was a pretty regular question from Mrs. Jamieson, who had her own carriage in the coach-house, and always went out in a sedan chair to the very shortest distances. The answers were nearly as much a matter of course,

"Oh dear, no! it is so pleasant and still at night!" "Such a refreshment after the excitement of a party!" "The stars are so beautiful!" This last was from Miss Matey.

"Are you fond of astronomy?" Lady Glenmire asked.

"Not very"—replied Miss Matey, rather confused at the moment to remember which was astronomy, and which was astrology—but the answer was true under either circumstance, for she read, and was slightly alarmed at, Francis Moore's astrological predictions; and, as to astronomy, in a private and confidential conversation, she had told me, she never could believe that the earth was moving constantly, and that she would not believe it if she could, it made her feel so tired and dizzy whenever she thought about it.

In our pattens, we picked our way home

with extra care that night; so refined and delicate were our perceptions after drinking tea with "my lady."

SLEDGING.

The great winter feature of Munich is sledging. One morning, just as I entered the English Garden, and when I was admiring the heavy masses of snow which lay in fantastic forms upon the dark branches of a group of pine-trees, and was delighting in the purity and silence and beauty of the whole scene, a sharp, clear sound of bells rang through the frosty air; and skimming along the white, smooth road, which wound among the trees, on came a bright green and golden sledge drawn by a brisk black horse, brilliant with scarlet trappings, and musical with little bells! It was a peasant's sledge; and wrapt up in his cloak, and with fur cap and gloves, and many a warm wrapping besides, sate a burly peasant within it. The whole thing was so pretty, and fantastic, and gay, that a sudden thrill ran through me, and I was a perfect child in my joy over the pea-green sledge.

There were sledges everywhere, I found, in the course of the day. Sledges were seen standing before doors, without horses, as though people were bringing them forth from their summer retreats, and were now inspecting their state and condition. There were sledges being drawn along to blacksmiths and coach-builders, to be put into repair. In a day or two, gentlemen's carriages began to go upon sledges instead of wheels; ditto drosches, ditto fiacres, ditto peasants' carts, ditto laundresses' carts, ditto brewers' carts. Little lads, of course, went upon sledges, instead of upon their legs; water-tubs and buckets, and milk-jars, or, rather, the queer wooden pails hooped with brass, in which they here carry their milk—all travel on sledges. One now begins to consider things and vehicles which move upon legs or wheels as very much out of fashion.

Together with the drosches and fiacres now put upon sledges, you see upon the stands sledges proper—two and one-horse sledges, green, blue, and yellow, grand, elegant, and shabby; and sledges of this description you see driving about in all directions, with their heavily-cloaked and furred drivers generally standing up behind, to drive *à la Hansom* cab, and cracking their long-lashed whips till the streets resound again. You see a couple of students in one sledge, a whole family, father, mother, and a crowd of children, in a family sledge; you see a lady and gentleman alone; you see, perhaps, as I did last night, two fat citizenesses, one driving, with a couple of round-faced rosy children peeping out at their knees, and apparently close under the horses' heels; you see a couple of Munich "gents"—for there are such animals here—with big-buttoned coats, jaunty hats, and cigars in their mouths, driving a lean, shambling horse at a furious rate, whilst they themselves seem ready to be *spilt* from their slight sledge every moment. You see numbers of well-to-do, big-boned peasants, rapidly skimming along in their sledges, which all bear a striking resemblance to each other, being green, often of wicker-work painted, and most quaintly adorned with gilt tracery work, which looks as if cut in iron, gilded.

I have varied my walk to the studio these several last mornings, by going down through the hof-garden, and along a queer old street, which leads into the St. Anna Vorstadt, in order to see as much of life as possible. I have seen, besides all these varieties of the sledge genus, various little bits of winter life, which amused me. I have seen soldiers emptying from long, heavy carts, loads of snow, into the various branches of the Iser, which flow through the town; and have met processions of laundresses, which have a vastly odd appearance. In the early morning they were entering the city with clothes-baskets and bundles, piled up ever so high on wooden sledges, which they both drew and pushed along; the sledges, not few in number, and the procession, rendered yet more fantastic from gay-coloured dresses and white petticoats, which were borne aloft, like pennons, upon long poles! These laundress-matrons and maids looked very attractive, I can assure you, all bright and fresh as they were in the clear winter's morning; their comely faces glowing with exercise and the sharp air. Just picture to yourselves this train winding along through the queer old street, white and crisp with its snow, and tell me whether, together with a pea green sledge rushing along here and there, and every now and then a group of peasants cutting wood before the houses, the scene was not quaint and pleasantly foreign?

These groups of wood-cutters form quite a characteristic feature in the winter picture of a Munich street. The man—for the groups usually consists of one man and two women—the man in a chocolate-coloured or pale pink cotton jacket, black velvet breeches, and black top-boots, chopping away at a heavy block, which he has set on the causeway; the women in pink or blue cotton boddices, with huge wadded *gigot* sleeves, and scarlet or green, or both colours mixed, woollen petticoats, and with black or white handkerchiefs tied over their heads; one sawing piles of wood in a skeleton-like sawing machine; the other carrying away, in a wooden basket, on her back, the cut and sawn pieces of wood, through the heavy arched door, or rather gateway, of the house.

But to return to the sledging, and to our sledging in particular. On Tuesday afternoon the sun shone out gloriously, and cast long gleams on the studio floor, through the high windows. My eyes glanced up, and encountered, smiling through leafless branches,

flecked with snow, such a *lapis lasuli* heaven, that I forthwith put away my work, and some twenty minutes afterwards rushed into our little sitting-room, startling my companion, Mary, with my exclamation of—"On with your cloak! Quick! quick! We will go in a sledge to Nymphenbourg! Hurrah for Hamilton and Hildegrande! We will honour their memories by the self-same drive!"

Mary, my companion, was as much pleased with the scheme as myself; for, though we are invited to join a grand sledging party "some day," yet we would not wait for that; we would have a little pleasure, by anticipation, on our own account. Fraulein Sänschen, therefore, was despatched to bring us the handsomest sledge she could find on the stand, with two capital horses. We made a hasty dinner, while the good old soul bustled off; wrapped ourselves in all our warm things, and were ready by the time that the musical and significant jingling of bells was heard beneath our windows.

Our sledge was a magnificent one, which I had already greatly admired on the Odean Platz; a large white sledge, lined with scarlet, and with an immense apron of leopard-skin. Two tall golden ornaments rose up in the front, crowned each with a golden bunch of grapes. But the supreme grandeur of the whole were plumes of white and blue feathers, which nodded upon the horses' heads, while the bells were of silver; a gradation of bells, and consequently of sound, hung within a bright steel bow, which arched over each horse's neck, and producing, as may be imagined, a most gay and pleasant sound. The driver was a large, handsome, rosy-faced man, literally buried in his dark-blue cloak, edged with brown fur at the cuffs, and deep cape. Our horses were coal-black and very wild, with trappings of a brilliant scarlet. We ourselves you may picture in our smart new bonnets, our furs and black-hooded cloaks, nestled down like birds among the scarlet cushions, which make part of the sledge furniture.

Away we start; the long whip is cracked again and again in artistic flourishes over our heads; its echoes sound through the silent Amalien Strasse, and altogether, with the sweet ringing of the horses' bells, we make a tremendous riot. Mary is quite alarmed, because everybody stops and looks after us.

The sun shines upon the long lines of delicately-tinted houses, pale pinks, stones, greens, and salmon colours; the roofs are dazzling with snow; the sledges we pass—for we go at a tremendous rate—and the groups of people in the streets look brilliant patches of colour, contrasted against the whiteness of the road, and shone upon by the bright sun.

We drive out towards the vast plain; the sun is beginning to sink slowly into an abyss of molten gold, which reveals itself behind a gigantic range of mountain-like cloud of lilac and amber; the tall obelisk burns in the rays of the setting sun, till it appears like a mighty tongue of fire leaping up into the azure heavens; the sunbeams lie upon the broad doors of the beautiful pure Glyptothek, gleaming like flame; the statues, the columns, and pediment, both of the Glyptothek and the Corinthian Temple facing it, are tinted with the warm light, and rise from the expanse of snow beyond in sharp outline, and of the most exquisite creamy hue; and before us lies the plain, dreamy, dazzlingly white, with long shadows falling across it of delicate azure, with trees and villages in the middle distance of etherial greys and blues, so tender, so unreal in their colouring, yet at the same time so distinct in their contour, that one is transported with delight and wonder.

We pass beneath one of those huge beams suspended across the roads, painted with winding stripes of the Bavarian colours, which stand here in place of turnpike-gates; enter a road lined with trees on either hand; ascend a slight hill, breweries, and wayside beer and coffee-houses, and small villas skirting the road; and having again reached the level ground, are in Nymphenbourg *Allée*, as it is called. But, only see! A mist, dense, blue, cold, approaches us. We cannot see a hundred, not fifty, not twenty yards, before us; yet behind us lies Munich in the sunshine. Mist rises rapidly, stealthily, from the snowy plain to the right hand, and to the left, mist blocks up the avenue! How very strange!

We must return immediately; no Nymphenbourg for us to-day! Pedestrians, and horses, and drivers, and riders of various degrees approach us, and pass us, or are passed by us, all on their way to Munich, out of the mist. The beards, the hair of the men, the fur of their dress, the manes, and tails, and long hair of the horses, all covered with a white rime; they seemed suddenly all to have gone grey.

We drive back to the city at full speed; there all is still so pleasant, that we continue our drive. We drive past the Basilica, and across the Dult Platz, and through the most frequented streets, till we enter the Ludwig Strasse, which, at this season, is in the afternoon the great parade of Munich. People were as usual promenading up and down the long beautiful street, whilst other sledges were rapidly driving to and fro. As we glide along past the palace of the Duke Max, where the colossal statues of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Homer, and Thucydides, throned aloft, look more than usually solemn and venerable, from the snow hoods and draperies fallen upon them; past the Ludwig Church, the white, slender towers of which cut boldly against the pure, rosy, evening sky; past the Damen Stift, the University, the Jesuits' College, the now silent fountains, and, emerging from beneath the triumphal arch, find ourselves in the long poplar avenue leading to Schwalbing,—we declare that the Ludwig Strasse has quite exceeded itself in beautiful effects to day.

We had just time to drive as far as Schwalbing for Mary to have a dim and dreary glimpse of the church, where is the picturesque Overbeck Gallery, and of the house where dwells the little old woman with the lots of children, and of the yet more distant church with the pea-green spire. But all was now cold, snow, ice, and icicles; so away we sped home again to our comfortable tea-table; our driver cracking his whip yet louder and louder, and in one of his evolutions nearly snapping off poor Mary's nose, which seemed more than usually unkind, as I discovered on our drive that this happened to be her birthday! Well, after all, no harm was done; and so delicious is the memory of it all, that without waiting for any grander party, we shall, before long, indulge ourselves again in a sledge, and drive down to the lake in the English Garden, and see the skating. We hope also to see somewhere or other the royal sledges, of which we hear so much.

A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

"Every man's house is his castle," has long been a favourite saying in England, and in Wales, too, where I live, when at home; and it suggests, and indeed is meant to imply, not only the abstract inviolability of a man's own private property, but the external demonstration of a good substantial wall, and a stout door with a lock and bolt to it, by way of a good practical sign and token of the fact. If a man dwelling in an old barn were to say this, it would obviously lose half its effect; and if he said it while strutting up and down in front of a dilapidated pigstye, he would, assuredly, be regarded either as a madman or a very sorry jester. We English and Welsh can very well understand a moral right, and the strength of it, as in the law, though this may generally be associated with the impression of a number of ponderous volumes bound in calf, and the prospect, or presence, of a prodigious bill of costs; but when direct reference is made to a substantial object, such as a house or a tower, we do expect that it shall be in a bodily condition to maintain and justify the opinion entertained and declared of it.

Full of these thoughts, the other day, I chanced to stroll up a certain hill in the neighbourhood of a fortress of time-honoured repute for its great strength—a strength not confined to the periods of history, in many grave and terrible records of which it is peculiarly rich; but, still held in extraordinary estimation at the present day. I should premise, that I only learnt all this afterwards; but, being a total stranger, I had no notion at the time what fortress it was that I was approaching. I bent my steps towards the dark place of strength, anxious to gratify my feelings by the discovery, that while "every man's house is his castle," we possess cast again England which are capable of resisting all possible assaults upon the houses of those who reside within the protecting shadow of their embattled walls.

I advanced up the hill above mentioned, and emerging upon a great swelling summit, I presently found myself near to an immense range of old neglected walls and turrets, such as we see down in Wales very commonly, though I certainly had expected something very different of this place from its imposing look at a little distance. As I walked round, my wonder increased at its dirty, weed-grown, squalid appearance. Of course I now perceived that I had been quite mistaken in my first impression; because, so far from being a fortress of great strength, it was evidently not habitable, except by a few old crones and their pensioner husbands, who were allowed to reside there, and make a few pence by showing visitors what a place it once was, a very long time ago; just as they do at Caernarvon Castle, and Caerphilly, and other majestic remains of antiquity in the ancient principality, God bless it!

I descended towards what appeared to be the drawbridge and grand entrance-gate, or rather the place where they used to be, and I found myself passing between a high row of fresh wooden palisades, surrounding irregularly—and with unfinished gaps between—a mass of bricklayers' rubbish, and masons' refuse, and carpenters' leavings, and navigators' work, in midway of confusion of hillocks of mould, and masses of dirt, and dry turf, and shavings, and pieces of wood, and heaps of brick rubbish, and round hard puddings of old mortar, and rags, and charred wood, and flat pieces of fresh mortar, and bricklayers' little quaint wheelbarrows, with ricketty planks for their thin round heads to run upon, and navigators with pickaxes, and spades, and mauls, and mallets, and mattocks, and paviors with trowels and paving-rammers, and beetles, almost as big as Falstaff's "three-man beetle;" and here and there the faded red-coat of a soldier, making its way through the workmen down towards the place which one may suppose was once called the drawbridge, as the passage in question, however overwhelmed with the doings and materials and rubbish, extended over a great broad trench below, which was no doubt the moat.

I eventually made my way down to this bridge of many wrecks, and standing close to one side, in order to avoid the press of passengers and soldiers and workmen passing to and fro, I looked down into the moat below. It was of great width, extending, probably, some fifty or sixty feet from the base of the fortress to its enclosing walled banks on the opposite side. It must have been a long time since any water was there. The walls displayed no remains of the usual moat or ditch-stains, and all the surface below was covered with a dry scrubby sort of dusty grass, of a russet hue. Two small, ragged, hungry-looking urchins were playing a melancholy

game at marbles in the centre; and a girl, without shoes or stockings, and who had lost her front teeth (better off than the fortification, which seemed to have lost all the teeth it ever had), was standing by, with a vacant look, trying to be interested in the game. I crossed over to the other side, and gazing down into the moat, I saw several extremely thin sheep, whose wool was of that sort of dull neutral tint that leaves one in some doubt as to whether the sheep was originally a white sheep smutted, or a black sheep faded. The creatures had been wandering about to try and find a few blades of grass worth cropping, and had evidently failed, and arrived at a half-patient, half-stupefied stand-still. As my face looked over into the moat below, the face of one of the sheep looked up at me, interrogatively; then another sheep looked up in my face; then they all five looked up; then one of them said "*baa!*"—then I withdrew. I had nothing to give them but sympathy, and they could not eat that.

Now, I was not aware whether this great fortress had the reputation of a "fine old ruin," such as travellers are directed to go and see in different parts of North and South Wales, or in many parts of England and Scotland; but such I imagined it, till I heard some of the passers-by remark, "What a strong place!" Could I have been so much mistaken, and was it really considered a place of strength? If so, I took it for granted that the condition of affairs outside was merely a temporary matter, involving some repairs of drains, sewers, gas-pipes, new paving, and so forth; perhaps the repair or construction of tunnels, secret passages, and other underground work of elaborate fortification. I passed over the bridge, therefore, and through the entrance-gate. Looking up at the iron-cased spikes of the portcullis, I saw that they were so rusty and rotten, that, if the gate had been suddenly lowered, they would have shattered themselves in a shower of old touchwood and dust. Still, I made no doubt that within I should find everything in high order, and fully justifying, by its tremendous batteries of guns, admirable arrangements for their service, and all other means and appliances of war, that this "Tower of Strength" was prepared to maintain its historical fame and present reputation.

I passed through stone court-yards and ways, and up stone steps, and found myself wandering round a kind of circuitous, narrow street, very squalid and deserted, having a line of small houses on one side, with dirty windows, some of them broken, and with locked doors, appearing as if seldom opened, and having the words written upon them, "Artillery Officers' Quarters." If an Artillery officer's cat resided there, it is more than I should have expected. On the other side arose high walls, of different kinds, which at times I thought might form some portion or wing of the great castle within; others, I took to be the walls of some dilapidated house of old stores and refuse, while now and then was presented the remains of a house or building that had fallen in ruins a long time since, and sometimes leaving a gap, with a mass of rubbish heaped up below—all evidently of long standing, and no signs visible of any intention either of repairing the structure, or clearing away the wreck. Amidst one of these mounds of rubbish, I saw a poor old wounded wheelbarrow, lying hopelessly upon its back, with one leg and a stump sticking up in the air; but this was the only token of a thought having once dawned, that it might be as well not to leave things in this wretched state.

Noticing, here and there, a narrow passage between the queer-looking little houses called "Artillery Officers' Quarters," with a narrow flight of stone steps, I ascended them, and presently found myself on "the lines" or lower works of the fortress, with the back windows (or front, whichever they should be called) of the same houses on my right, and the walls, with their embrasures for musketry, on the left. At intervals, between a certain number of these embrasures, a stone shield was set up, something about the size and shape of a tall tombstone, behind which two or three men might stand with loaded muskets, and peeping round, now and then, take a shot at any advancing party of an enemy who had penetrated the fortress gates, and ascended the lines at the other end. I walked along upon the slanting pavement of this desolate place, feeling uncommonly like some lonely cat in search of adventures, till I found the passage open upon a broad flight of stone steps; mounting which I gained the platform of a battery, and here, for the first time, I came upon a sentry on duty. He inquired with a smile if I belonged to the garrison? The word astonished me. Garrison! What—which—where? I had never imagined there was any garrison among these ruins. Such was my thought, though reduced to words, and accompanied with a smile in return for that of the sentry, my reply only amounted to a simple and dignified "No." "Then," said the sentry, "you must not come up here." As I was up there already, and had perambulated the lines in all the observing leisure of undisturbed solitude, this order had rather a pleasant effect. Of course I immediately complied. Yet I did think the thing odd; for what was he there to guard? Old brick rubbish and broken windows. This was the first time I had ever heard of a sentry being placed among ancient ruins. They never do this in Wales.

Arrived at the bottom of the flight of steps, I moved forwards, attracted by a large range of building apparently new. Several soldiers were now visible, and I soon came to a guard-room, with a score of soldiers loitering about in the colonnade, and some of them being placed in marching order,

and sent away to relieve the sentries. Ascending another flight of steps, I arrived in a large square. Here there were no ruins, excepting the cannon (long rows of which were displayed in all the deformity and rust of by-gone years), but I noticed ranges of great and comfortless-looking buildings, and in the middle, amidst much bleak wind and sharp flying dust, I saw a tall statue of an officer raised upon a pediment, with one leg, and a very handsome one, put forth to display a particularly well-made Hessian boot. Not finding anything attractive in this great draughty square, I turned off to the left, and very quickly found myself in the vicinity of barracks, where soldiers were standing out in front of their doors, without coat or waistcoat, washing their faces, and laughing, and carrying on practical jokes with each other. A strange mixture of things, all this seemed. A great square, great new buildings, and barracks with soldiers, all in the midst of dilapidation and absolute ruins of long standing, exactly like the appearance of things after a great fire!

I turned down a passage, and soon discovered that I was making a semicircle in the opposite direction to the one I had first perambulated. Similar sights presented themselves. Everywhere the same melancholy, squalid, deserted appearance — dilapidated houses, fallen houses, heaps of brick-rubbish —desolate Artillery Officers' Quarters—soldiers' canteens, sending forth prelusive odours of beer, tobacco, and sawdust, so that I knew of them before I came upon their crude and careless temporary sheds—and broken windows in houses that ought to have known better, some of which were patched up with rags and paper.

I made my way out in a far more puzzled state of mind than when I came in; and, passing over the drawbridge, I stopped to read an inscription upon a long board. It was exhibited upon a place that looked—from the booth-like shape and colour of it, its dirty locality, the heaps of rubbish all round it, its huge, showman-like placard, and its man in a very dirty dress of red cloth and old gold-lace, with a little round black squab hat and gold band, walking up and down in front—exactly like a show at a fair, the morning *after* the fair. The inscription upon the long board was:—"Ticket Office for the Sale of Tickets of Admission. Tickets for the Armouries, Sixpence each person; Tickets for the Jewel Houses, Sixpence each person."

On inquiry, I learned that this was the great Tower of London! But so far from being considered as a ruin, it was regarded with all manner of awe, as a formidable place of strength; so far from being uninhabited, many soldiers, and many officers (most of them superiors, having leave of absence, we suppose) resided in it; and that, so far from being neglected, it was regarded as a sort of dusky town, or very close and quiet borough, out of which a very great variety of incomes, places, fees, and emoluments were derived by a great number of meritorious individuals, whose claims upon the gratitude of their devoted country were fully recognised by those eminent personages who happened to be aware of the fact, and had the power to bestow such rewards.

That a place of such magnitude—comprising a number of great stone buildings, surrounded by a ruined town of small houses—should need a good many officers, as well as men, to keep it in proper order, I can have no doubt. The sort of order, or disorder, that it really presents, cannot, however, lay an equal claim to be represented by many persons of authority and importance. I trust, therefore, that it is only the gossip of the place which boasts that the Tower still has its Constable, the Duke; its Lieutenant, the Knightly Major-General; its Deputy Lieutenant, the Honourable Colonel; its Gentleman Porter; its *Gentleman Gaoler;* its Physician; its Chaplain; its Chief Bailiff; and—but really this is rather strong—its *Gentleman Headsman*,—because, if this be a true list of some of the posts and places, I cannot help fancying they must be uncommonly like sinecures! Nice quiet "places," quite in the shade, never dreamed of by any hunter after abuses in the disposal of the public money. Besides the above, there are the Major; certain other officers, and non-commissioned officers; the Assistant Chaplain; the Apothecary (who is, no doubt, the Deputy Physician); the Yeoman Porter (obviously the deputy of the Gentleman Porter); the Master Gunner; the Coroner; the Clerk of the Peace (who, we make bold to imagine, might be turned into a War Clerk in time of need), and some others,—by whom all the onerous and inexplicable duties of the place are carried on. I admit that this was not given to me upon evidence and authority; and yet I can't help fancying that some part of it must be true. The Tower is certainly a tempting opportunity for a quiet shady "place" or two.

I returned to my hotel, somewhat humbled at my mistake or my stupidity. I was as sure as ever that the Castle of Caernarvon was a magnificent old ruin: but after what I had seen of the Tower of London, and been told of the many high offices it finds cover for, all the old fortresses in my poor country must hide their dismantled heads. If, however, the Tower really be a strong place and worth keeping up, why on earth should it be left surrounded by such squalor and disgrace, and with no apparent intention of making itself decent?

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE GREAT INVASION.

THE English Nation have always been distinguished by a strong predilection for a "bogey"—a dreadful bugbear, hated, feared, talked about by everybody. For a bogey of bogeys—a bugbear about whom there can be no mistake,—a thorough, right-down, sanguinary, man-eating, woman-murdering, child-roasting, raw-head-and-cross-bones bogey, give me Bonaparte.

In the time of the original "Boney" the cry was very strong. The French were continually landing (in imagination) somewhere or other. Not a smuggler attempted a peaceable run of brandy on a moonlight night, but the hated Corsican—jack-boots, cocked hat and all—was presumed to be in full march on the Metropolis; not a little boy sent up his harmless rocket, or discharged his innocuous squib, but fearful reports were circulated of a French-kindled conflagration, or at best of the simultaneous illumining of the beacon fires. Boney, his marshals, and his much redoubted invasion were here, there, and everywhere.

We had a slight invasion panic in the year '40 (when Commodore Napier beat the Egyptians with their famous instrument of torture—a stick). Our "Boney" then was an astute old gentleman, with a pear-shaped head, who, assuming the patronymic of Smith, abdicated sovereignty in a hack-cab. He was to invade us in the twinkling of a bed-post—he, Monsieur Thiers, Marshal Bugeaud, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique; all about some Eastern question, the merits of which, if anybody understood or understands, I am sure I don't. The year '43 came, and that terrible pamphlet by the good-natured Prince Admiral, who so kindly stood god-father to our Joinville cravats. He was to blow us to pieces with steam-frigates; to bombard Brighton; to demolish Dover; to lay Lowestoff low; to turn Great Grimsby into a Golgotha, and Harwich into a howling desert. '45 came; Pritchard, Tahiti, Queen Pomare, and the grim Guizot. War! war! war! cried the bogey-fearers. Lamoricière, Pélissier, Changarnier were to land the day after to-morrow. '48 came, and a few thousand National Guards, who, despite the fears of the alarmists, were provided with railway return tickets in lieu of mortars and howitzers. '51 came, and another foreign invasion, the results of which, it appears to us, we have already described in this journal.

And now the trumpet-cry sounds louder than ever. Now that the shores of England and France are united by the electric wire, by the iron hand-shaking of railroads, by a hundred thousand bonds of friendship and interest besides, we are to have a real invasion—a dreadful invasion—an invasion in earnest. It is all up with London, England, Great Britain, and the Colonies! Our soldiers can't fight, and our ships can't sail; our guns won't fire, nor will our bayonets pierce. Tilbury Fort is of no use, and the Guards must march out of London at one end as the French enter it by the other. We haven't got a decent fortification, or a serviceable gun, or an efficient soldier. As for "Veritas," "Civilian," "Q in the corner," the "Constant Readers," and the "Occasional Correspondents," they give up all hope. It is all over with us. Let us put sackcloth and ashes on our heads.

But what is the use, my friends, of crying "Wolf!" when the foe has already entered our sheepfolds—when he has already carried away the most succulent of our young lambs from their bleating mothers, and thirsts now, with his ravening jaws all dripping with gore, for our lives?

Shall we be invaded?

We *are* invaded; root and branch, body and bones, horse and foot, neck and heel, outfang and infang. The invasion has been going on for years, and we recked nothing of it. The insidious enemy, burrowing like a mole underground, has sapped our foundations; has undermined our institutions. An unscrupulous army of mercenaries (principally Irish) have carried out his iniquitous behests. We are compassed round about, hemmed in, surrounded by his fortalices—not masked batteries or stockaded forts—but defiant, brazen-faced strongholds. Great, and getting greater day by day, is the invasion of London. We are beleaguered by Brigadier Bricks and Field-Marshal Mortar. Their weapons of offence have been scaffold-poles and bricklayers' hods; their munitions of defence, hoarding and wheelbarrows. This is what I call the "real invasion."

Take up this map of the Metropolis, published last year, and glance at that little kernel, coloured scarlet, called the City, and then at the prodigious extent of Nutshell surrounding it, all loudly demanding, (and meriting) to be included in the general title "London." Yet this little scarlet kernel, with some scattered streets about Westmonasterian marshes, was the whole of London once. It was big enough to give laws to all England, and to great part of France, for hundreds of years. It was big enough to hold a Lombard Street; which, even then, stood in no unfavourable degree of comparison with a China orange. It was big enough to have Lord Mayors who bearded Kings; to be a constant source of anxiety and uneasiness to the Sovereign; to be the philosopher's stone of Jack Cade's ambition; to be, as it always has been, a monarch among cities. But the nutshell? How small the kernel looks, with his rubicund boundary! Throw in Westminster and Southwark, as the three appear in Hollar's print: how diminutive they are with the big nutshell around! Take a map of London, hydrographed even within the memory of man—within thirty years let us say—the nutshell has still the best of it, and the kernel shrinks wofully, even amidst its layers upon layers of cuticle.

The prodigious enlargement of London seems more to me in the act of the country closing round the town, than of the town advancing on the country—more as a giant hand gradually closes up its Titanic fingers on a shrivelled dwarf, than as the dwarf growing into the giant, and throwing up earth-heaps in its struggle for emancipation from the parent monster. The fat has grown round the heart, and the heart has grown torpid and sluggish in the midst. Do you think it is that scarlet kernel—once the whole City of London—that has pushed out mandibles, crab-like feelers, on every side, and, cancer-like, has spread over the green fields and shady lanes? Do you think the kernel is the spider, and Westminster and Southwark the web? It may be so; but I rather incline to the theory that the advancement is towards, and not from, the kernel. That is why I call it an invasion: and the invasion seems to me gradually but surely driving, into a constantly diminishing circle, all sorts of old abuses, old nuisances, old vested interests, old "time-honoured institutions," towards the shrivelled old kernel, which, though she knows (excuse the gender) she might be rid of them by the aërial locomotive of progress, seeks rather (happily impotently) to cause them to permeate through sewers into healthier streams, poisoning them meanwhile; or she would strenuously seek (always impotently) to cast them, as so much guano, on to the invader's fields around her, where they would produce a nice rich crop of gingerbread coaches, men in brass, prejudice, dirt, water-bailiffs, overdriven bullocks, choked sewers, reeking slaughter-houses, and coal and corn committees. What will the nut-shell do? Will its invasion, hugging, in boa-constrictor fashion, the old, musty, shrivelled, yet wealthy kernel, hug it into better shape? or will it crush it and cause it to collapse entirely; forcing it, by some hidden phœnix process of its own, to reproduction in another guise to entire rejuvenescence?

It is natural for large cities to grow larger. Pine-apples grow; so do little boys, and lawyers' bills of costs—why not capitals? The little island of St. Louis once held all there was of Paris. Vienna has outgrown its glacis; Madrid, Naples, Venice, have all grown; and Constantinople—no; for Constantinople will be to me always a mystery, even as Smyrna is. They are always being burnt down, yet never seem to get smaller or larger. But London has not grown in any natural, reasonable, understandable way. It hasn't grown bigger consistently. It hasn't increased by degrees, like the pine-apple or the little boy. The lawyer's bill may be a little more like it; for, like that dreadful document, it has swollen with frightful, alarming, supernatural rapidity. It has taken you unawares; it has dropped upon you without warning; it has started up without notice; it has grown with stealthy rapidity, from a mouse into a mastodon.

Thirty years ago!—Boney the first, had just finished eating his heart on a rock. Thistlewood and others had been decapitated. A grave judicial discussion had not long before been closed as to whether a murderer and ravisher had a right to the "appeal by battle." The Old Bailey Monday morning performances yet took place before crowded and unfashionable audiences Samuel Hayward had just been hanged for burglary, and Fauntleroy was yet to suffer for forgery; women were yet whipped for larceny; and George, the gentleman of gentlemen, was king. There were no railroads, and no police, save the red-coated Bow Street runners and the purblind old watchmen. There were no coffee-shops, no reading rooms; and the coffee-houses were taverns resorted to (in the paucity of clubs) by the nobility and gentry. It was considered aristocratic to beat the watch; it was esteemed "Corinthian" to get drunk in the purlieus of Drury Lane; it was very "tip-top" to patronise a prize-fighter. We have been invaded by manners and customs somewhat different *since* the gentleman of gentlemen was king.

Concerning the brick-and-mortar invasion: There was no Regent's Park, no Victoria Park, no Belgravia, and no Tyburnia. Tyburn Gate, indeed, yet stood where Tyburn Gallows not so many years before had stood, and beneath which mouldered the bones of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw. Paddington was, but it was countryfied; and the Edgeware Road was simply a rural road leading

to Edgeware, as formerly Oxford Street was but the high-road to Oxford. Portland, Somers, Camden, and Kentish Towns were no more integral portions of London, as they now are, than is Footscray in Kent, or Patcham in Sussex. The New Road was dangerous to walk in at night, and the open fields about St. Pancras Church (catch any open fields about there now) a favourite rendezvous for body-snatchers and burkers to hide their "shots" (so the bodies they had rifled from graves, were called). Clerkenwell, it is true, was thickly populated; but Pentonville, about where the Model Prison is now (and there was no Model Prison then), was quite rural. Islington, as far as concerns the High Street and the neighbourhood of the "Angel," was suburbanly Londonified, but Holloway was still a journey. As to Highgate and Hornsey, they were nowhere—*terræ incognitæ*, almost, or at best as difficult of access as Windsor or Reading. Touching the irregular cube, bounded at the base by the Whitechapel and Mile End Roads, on the east and west by Hackney and by the Dalston and Kingsland Roads, and on the north by the London and North-Western branch line (from Camden Town to Blackwall)—which irregular cube comprises within its limits, Hackney, Globe Town, Bethnal Green, Dalston, Kingsland, and the crowded districts known as the Tower Hamlets—I have no hesitation in saying, that, swarming with houses and inhabitants as it is now, it was in 1822 very little better than a waste. Goodman's Fields and the *entourage* of the London Docks had even then their tens of thousands; but where the Commercial Road stretches now, through Stepney, Bow, and down towards Limehouse, it stretches through strongholds of the real invaders of London—the brick-and-mortar warriors, who are compassing the city round about.

In '22, where was Chelsea? Rurally aquatic. Chiswick, Hammersmith, Kew! All plainly and distinguishably separated from London; but where are they now? Millbank was far off; Pimlico was in the country; no man had yet heard of Belgrave Square. Crossing Vauxhall Bridge, what were Newington, Kennington, Vauxhall, Lambeth, Walworth, Camberwell, Brixton, in the year 1822? What sort of road was the Old Kent Road in those days? And were not Deptford and Greenwich separated from London by miles of green fields? Bermondsey and the Borough were always, within my recollection, integral London; but how about Rotherithe? How about Blue Anchor Road, Spa Road, the neighbourhood of the Commercial Docks, Millpond Fields, the Saltpetre Works, the Halfpenny Hatch, the ——

I am out of breath! Here is the real invasion! Don't tell me that the old London, the grim old kernel, far away over the water yonder, has done all this—has simply outgrown herself? It is an invasion, I tell you—stalwart provincials marching upon a devoted metropolis. Brighton, I know, will be bursting into the station at London Bridge very shortly; Greenwich *is* London already; so is Brentford; so are Clapham, Wandsworth, and Brixton; so are Kilburn, Cricklewood, and Crouch End. I am looking out for the arrival of Liverpool daily; and I should not be in the least surprised to meet, at no very distant period, Manchester, all clad in cotton, smoking an enormous chimney, arm-in-arm with Salford, marching gravely along the Great North Road, to make a juncture with London at Highgate.

To have a complete and comprehensive view of the progress of the invaders and the plight of the invaded; to form anything like a just view of the astonishing growth of London since the year '22; to see it as it is, monstrous, magnificent, the largest city in the world, and its capital, you should, properly, be a bird: say an eagle, or at least the gentle lark. Soaring on high, you should pause a moment on the wing, and drink in at a glance the wonders that lie beneath you. You can't be a bird, you say. Professors of metempsychosis are not so plentiful as those of mesmerism, clairvoyance, or the discernment of character from handwriting. Besides, you don't believe in the transmigration of souls. Very well! You believe in balloons? Here is one, just ready to ascend from the Royal Gardens, no matter where. The "aerostat" is inflated; the last bottle of champagne imbibed; the amateur aeronauts try to look easy and unembarrassed, and fail dismally in the attempt; the signal gun is fired; the aeronaut vociferates "Let go!" A cheer! Two cheers! Some ridiculously inappropriate music is played by a brass band. More cheers! fainter and fainter, as the earth, in a most, uncalled-for and inconsistent manner, appears to sink from beneath you. You *do* rise; for anon is silence, stillness, in the calm air, through which the occasional remarks of your companions ring sharp and clear like rifle cracks. There: never mind the neck of the balloon; that is the aëronaut's business, not yours. Take a firm grip of the side of the car, and look down. Look down with wonder, admiration, gratitude.

The City is all burnished gold; for the setting sun of a September day has put it into a warm bath—a "bath of beauty," as pantomime poets say. The river is all silver; save what are spangles and diamonds. It winds, and twists, and writhes, like a beautiful serpent, as it is magnificently beautiful without, and foully poisonous (bless the scarlet kernel!) within. Those black lines crossing the river are the bridges. That fleeting, evanescent darkness, tarnishing the gold on the houses and the silver on the river, is the shadow of a cloud. That transparent blue haze hanging quite over the City, like a gauze drapery to

the golden houses, cut exactly to the shape of the City, thinner, and almost ragged where parks, or squares, or open places are, is the *smoke*—the smoke of London, hanging over it, shrouding it, blackening its edifices, poisoning its inhabitants.

Keep looking down, and look towards where my finger points. That thing, like a golden pine-apple much foreshortened (the sun is strong upon it), is St. Paul's. Those crowds of small black ants toiling through that narrow lane, are men, women, and children, in carriages, on horses, on foot; driving, riding, or walking, eastward or westward. The Monument is a Christmas Candlestick; the Tower is a Doll's House. There is not a man in London as large as Shem, Ham, or Japhet, in the toy Noah's Ark. Where is the roar of London, and the rattle of wheels; the speechifying, the bargain-driving, the laughing and the weeping? Faster and faster we rise into space. And the silence is more intense, and the City below us is no bigger than a man's hand.

Now, if you had ascended with M.M. Garnerin, Blanchard, or Pilatre de Rosier; had you taken a flight with old Mr. Sadler, the aeronaut in 1822, when George the Gentleman was King, you would be sore astonished now, gazing at London, under the auspices of a "gallant and intrepid aeronaut" in 1852. Where all was green before, you would find long lines of compact masses of houses. The crowds of black ants would have increased an hundred-fold; the blue, gauzy, ragged smoke blanket would have stretched marvellously; you would have appreciated and acknowledged the effects of the Bricklayers' Invasion.

On ascending at night (which, by-the-bye, cautious old Mr. Sadler never did), you would be struck with pleasurable astonishment at the aspect of London by night, as compared with London as it was thirty years ago. In the place of a Cimmerian darkness, through which vainly endeavoured to pierce a few blinking, sputtering, feeble-minded lamps—you would have an elaborate and exquisitely beautiful network of gas spangles—a delicate tracery of glow-worm lights, of brilliant pin-holes, sparkling dots, clearly defining the outline of every street, square, and alley of the world City; stretching out less thickly towards where the brick invasion had relaxed its vigour, dotting long lines of suburban roads, where the metropolitan constabulary drops off, and the horse patrol begin to be visible, getting small, by degrees and beautifully less till they end in the blue blackness of the far-off country, twenty or thirty miles away on either side of you.

In no part of London is the invasion of bricks and mortar so perceptible as on the line of railway which, commencing at Camden Town (they are about to extend it to Kilburn, I think), runs through Islington, Hackney, Bow, Stratford, Old Ford, Stepney, and Limehouse to Blackwall. It extends nearly half round the Middlesex side of London. It is an eccentric railway, for I have measured the distance (on the map) from Camden Town to Blackwall, and my friend the railway goes miles out of its road to take you to the last-named locality; though, curiously enough, it rattles you thither in quicker time than the omnibus would do. I have seen irascible old gentlemen clench their umbrellas, muttering fiercely that they didn't understand being taken to Hackney on their way to Fenchurch Street, and middle aged females reduced to a piteous state of mental imbecility by Islington being near Limehouse; afterwards piteously demanding which was Bow (which they were given to understand was in Cheapside), and inextricably confounding Stratford with the birth-place of the Swan of Avon. The last time I patronised this cheerful line, there was no glass to the window of the carriage in which I sat. Complaining mildly to four separate porters at four separate stations, and pleading rheumatism, I received consecutive answers of "Dear me!" "Oh, ah!" "So it is!" and "Can't help it;" which (taking them to be somewhat evasive and unsatisfactory in their construction) prompted me to give vent to vague threats of memorialising the public journals. I should like to become better acquainted with that philosopher (he *must* have been a philosopher) who, seeing me irate, administered cold comfort to me by telling me that the last time he travelled by the line in question, his carriage had no *door*. "And it was night, sir!"

As this iron and not immaculate railroad (it has its good points, notwithstanding) pursues its circuitous route, you may—if you don't mind looking out of the window, and running all the adverse chances of easterly winds, and ashes from the engine—see many curious and edifying things. Anon, the train rushes through mangy, brown-turfed fields, where the invasion has just begun; where rubbish may be shot; where poles, with placards affixed to them, denote the various "lots" which are "To be Sold or Let, on Building Leases." Melancholy-looking cows, misanthropic donkeys, pigs convinced of the hollowness of the world, wander pensively about these fields, gazing at the building-lots, grubbing about the lines of foundation for rows of houses which are to be erected; lamenting, perhaps, in their vaccine, asinine, or porcine hearts, the ruthless march of bricks and mortar. These semi-suburban animals feed strangely. Feeling themselves to be in a state of transition, perhaps, like their pasture-grounds, they accommodate themselves to all kinds of food. I think the cows eat quite as much broken crockery-ware as grass; the donkeys eat anything, from saucepan-lids to pieces of fractured bottles; and there is a pig of my acquaintance—residing in an impromptu pigstye in the

neighbourhood of Hoxton—which, before my eyes, ate a straw-hat of considerable dimensions; and which, being subsequently (by the juvenile and indignant proprietor of the hat) lapidated with a decayed flower-pot, ate that too!

Bricks and mortar invade market-gardens; they elbow green-houses; they jostle conservatories; they thrust summer-houses away. Still looking from the carriage-window, do we see streets upon streets growing up in commons, and what were once shady lanes; filling up ditches; tumbling down hedges everywhere; crushing up the country in its concrete grasp. Here and there a solitary pollard-willow stands among scaffold-poles and wheelbarrows, seeming to wonder very much how it got there, and feeling itself, doubtless, an anachronism. Again, the train rushes over houses—or rather on a viaduct parallel with the tops of the houses. The impertinent locomotive gives "knowing looks" into little, queer, poky attics, where gentlemen are giving the last turn to their whiskers, and ladies the last tug at the laces of their corsets. Curious Asmodeus-like peeps do we get of the internal life of these houses. The knowing locomotives wink at the windows, and the washing hung out in the back garden; and, with an impertinent whistle and a puff of smoke, rushes on.

Diverge at Bow, and you can go through Old London to Fenchurch Street. Keep on towards Blackwall, and the traces of New London, in its invading form, meet you at every step. Factories, dye-houses, bone-boiling establishments, are surrounded by houses, where they were (and ought to be) removed from the contiguity of a metropolis. Chapels, devoted to the service of all imaginable creeds, start up in these invading streets. New Jerusalemites, Mormonites, Johanna Southcotonians, Howlers, Jumpers, and Shakers, join the army of invaders, and are fiercely pious in Meeting-houses, the roofs of which occasionally tumble in, not with age, but for pure want of seasoning—so new they are.

Try to get out of town any way, and the bricks drive you back, the mortar hangs on your skirts, and harasses you fiercely. I remember the time when London finished at Padlock House, and when Kensington was almost in the country. Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green (the "Pack Horse"), is a mere omnibus "public" now!—Brentford—Isleworth almost—what are they now? A line of houses—that is all.

Where is it all to end? When will the invasion cease? Will the whole islands be covered with houses? Or even as the great wheel keeps turning round and round; even as the winter gives place to spring, and so round to winter again and again; even as the new grows old, and then new again; so, perhaps, will the great City grow and grow, and its growth yet resolve itself into insignificance—till the great becomes small, as small as when the boatman ferried St. Peter over the pond to Westminster, or the Danes fought at Holborn Bars, or Eleanor's corse rested at the village of Charing.

NORFOLK ISLAND.

Since residence on Norfolk Island is permitted only to two classes of men;—namely, to those who are engaged there in the public service, and to those who, having done the public some dis-service, are transported thither in the character of convicts; and since it is only on occasions of great emergency that any but a government ship showing the private signals, is permitted to approach its shore, I take it to be a fact that Norfolk Island does not often occupy a chapter in books of travel. Now, I have been to Norfolk Island; I know the place well and the people living there, convicts and all. How I came by my knowledge is a question which I am not obliged to answer; but, for the comfort of the clean-fingered, I may state that I am not legally pitch. My misdeeds have not yet come to be discussed in any court of justice whatever.

The first glimpse of Norfolk Island that one gets from a ship's deck, is made remarkable by a tree—well-known by means of pictures and descriptions—the grand Norfolk Island pine; which clothes the hills to their summit. The island is of volcanic origin. It is about twenty-one miles in girth, and rises abruptly from the sea on every side but one. On that one side, of course, we land. It is a low sandy level—the site of the penal settlement—and not very accessible. The island bids men keep their distance by its physical formation quite as much as by its laws. A coral reef runs round it. Where the coast is inaccessible, the reef lurks under water; but where the coast might otherwise be come at, the reef shows its teeth and foams at an approaching vessel. It is only at certain times—when the surf beats over the bar in a comparatively placid state of wrath—that any hope of landing can be entertained. The union jack hoisted on the flagstaff indicates such a season of relapse, and informs boats that they may attempt to come ashore. The black flag hoisted means: "If you come now, there is an end of you."

A boat having arrived, under favourable circumstances, within the reef; having been dashed over the bar very rudely by the wave that crosses it, and tossed down abreast of the jetty; the visitor, when he has fetched his breath, has leisure to observe a gang of convicts, stripped to the waist, with ropes in their hands, ready to plunge in to the rescue, if the boat should happen to capsize. Perhaps the visitor is not allowed to fetch his breath, or to observe this gang, until he has taken a salt-water bath,

and has been dragged into society by a rope fastened round his middle. These convicts form the Rescue Gang; and any one of them who saves a life enjoys a shortened period of punishment. If it should happen that the boat is not upset, the visitor stands in it for a little time, tossing on the water near the pier. Then, watching his opportunity, when he is on the top of a wave, he leaps out of the boat into the arms of a Rescue man extended to receive him.

Norfolk Island consists of a series of hills and valleys beautifully interfolded, rising in green ridges one above another, till they all culminate in the summit of Mount Pitt, the highest point in the Island, about three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The population of the Island is composed of eight hundred convicts, and the local staff essential for their proper management. The free community consists, therefore, wholly of Government officials and their families, together with a military force of about one hundred and fifty men and four or five officers. The good society or first rank of Norfolk Island is composed of the civil commandant, the officers of the garrison, the engineer and commissariat, the two clergymen,—one Protestant, the other Roman Catholic—and a medical officer or two. Superintendents and overseers of convicts make a second rank. Common soldiers are a third rank; and the convicts are, of course, the least respectable.

The capital of Norfolk Island is the gaol. There is, besides, a spacious quadrangle of buildings for the convict barracks, for schoolrooms, and for places appointed for divine service. There are commodious barracks for the army of occupation of Norfolk Island. There is the mansion of the commandant, on a beautiful green mound; there are handsome houses for the officials; and, in picturesque, convenient nooks, lurk pleasant cottages for overseers. About three miles from the gaol is Longridge, where a number of prisoners are employed in farming operations. There is also an establishment on the opposite side of the Island called the Cascades, the business of which place is now declining.

From the boundary of the settlement there runs a well-trodden pathway to the Cemetery, which is enclosed on three sides by tear-dropping hedges of the manchineel; and, on the fourth side by a restless mourner, the vexed sea. The climate is healthy, but the graves are numerous and new. A sudden end has closed in this Island many a rugged way of vice. Born in a country which professes to be too religious to give education to its masses, left to be reared in infamy till the day comes—which is so long in coming—when sectarian pride is to give place to Christian charity, the men who sleep here in the graves among the manchineels are to be visited with human sorrow. In me the common graveyard reverence was not the less for want of tombstone eulogies. "He was a thankless son, a cruel husband, a hard father, and a pothouse friend. Banished for all his burglaries by an indignant country, he lies buried here. His end was violent: he died, in quarrel, by the knife of an associate." That might be the kind of epitaph which would speak truth among the mounds here, far away in Norfolk Island, about which no foot of wife or sister has been treading.

A large crop of the graves in Norfolk Island has grown out of those attempts at revolt; which formerly were frequent, and could be put down only by brute force. In 1834 a conspiracy was formed; of which the aim was to destroy the military inhabitants by poisoning the wells, and then to put the Island into the possession of the convicts. That was defeated; and thirty-one revolters on that occasion suffered the penalty of death. The last outbreak occurred in 1846. The object on that occasion was to destroy certain overseers who had, by bringing men frequently to punishment, made themselves objects of a wild hate. The leader on this occasion was a certain William Westwood, commonly called Jacky Jacky; that name having been given to him by the natives of New South Wales, when he was leading there a lawless life. By a convict, who was this man's close companion and confederate, I have been favoured with a Newgate calendar of details. Like many of such details, black and repulsive in the mass, they show here and there, through all the mist, a glimmer of that true light of humanity which might have brightened the man's life.

There was indeed some good mixed even with the evil deed that had brought Jacky Jacky into Norfolk Island. Bent upon plunder, he with his associates had visited a settler's house, during the absence of the master. They confined the servants, and proceeded to the best room, in which the lady of the house, with a young lady, her friend, were preparing the children for bed, and perhaps teaching them their prayers. Jacky Jacky stated briefly the object of his visit; and, having left an unaccustomed confederate in charge of the affrighted women, went up-stairs. The report of a gun, followed by screams, called him down again. The lady of the house lay on the floor, surrounded by the children, bleeding profusely from a gunshot wound, which had divided the femoral artery. Jacky Jacky promptly called the whole house to his aid, bound the wound round with sheets as tightly as he could, ordered the settler's horse to be put to the gig; and, as soon as the lady had recovered consciousness, had her placed carefully on cushions at the bottom of the vehicle. Then taking the reins, himself, he quitted his plunder, drove with utmost speed twelve miles to the nearest station; and, knocking up the doctor, committed the wounded lady to his care. Then

returning to his followers, he called them off, bidding them not remove an atom from the premises. Upon the information of the man who had fired the gun, according to his own statement, Jacky Jacky and his friends were soon afterwards taken in the Bush. Many crimes having been laid to their charge, they were condemned to death; but by the earnest representations of the lady, who remembered gratefully the considerate distinction he had made in practice between burglary and murder, the sentence was commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island. But he was not born to die in his bed. He headed, as I before said, the conspiracy of July, 1846.

Obnoxious constables were to be destroyed and the island to be seized. One morning, immediately after inspection, as the various gangs were being marched to their work, the revolt was opened by a simultaneous rush, and convicts scattered themselves over the settlement in search of their victims;—certain constables who lived in detached cottages near the beach. Those who had been on duty the preceding night, were in one cottage barbarously murdered in their sleep. The soldiery, after much exertion, got the greater number of the convicts back within the gaol; but some were scattered still among the hills, and three or four had seized a boat upon the beach, and made their escape to Philip Island. Philip Island is a lonely rock, lying about six miles from the settlement, inhabited by goats and rabbits, by the sea-birds, and by a peculiar kind of green parrot. It is a place occasionally visited by officers of the convict garrison, for a day's shooting. On Philip Island, these three or four men were able for a long time to elude the vigilance of those sent in pursuit; at length, however, all but one were taken, or had thought it prudent to surrender. For eighteen months that one man, hunted by his fellows, lived on in his desolation, and escaped from every one of the many searching parties sent out to capture him; who were to be heard shouting about the rock from time to time—the only human voices that disturbed his solitude. At length his lair was discovered. The desperate man then climbed swiftly to the highest pinnacle of rock in the small island. There he quietly awaited his pursuers. With much toil they had nearly scaled the height on which he stood: he gave them a wild look of hatred and defiance, covered his head with his jacket, and leapt down, rebounding from rock to rock, and falling a shattered mass into the sea. What was his mother doing then in England?

For this outbreak, seventy convicts were put on their trial; and of the seventy, thirteen, including Jacky Jacky, were condemned to death. They lie together in one grave, upon unconsecrated ground outside the cemetery, close to the rocky shore where the waves beat upon the coral reef. They had been tried by a commission sent from Sydney. Until then, all persons charged with capital offences had been shipped to Sydney for trial; but that practice was dropped, in order that there might no longer exist a motive which had been a strange and frequent source of crime. The old hardened convicts had amused themselves by urging the new-comers into conflict with each other; and inciting them to murder their companions, in order that they—the instigators—might have evidence to give, and thus get the relief of a voyage to Sydney in the character of witnesses.

My talk has wandered from the cemetery; but I must come back to it and read one tombstone, sacred to the memory of Thomas Salisbury Wright, who was transported from Sydney at the age of one hundred and three for the term of his natural life. So here he died, having completed his one hundred and fifth year. To be sure he was a young man when he committed the forgery for which he was transported. That occurred when he was only eighty-three years old.

Through a cutting in the ledge of rock which overhangs the sea, I come now upon an amphitheatre of hills. These hills are all richly dressed in a thick clothing of wild shrubs, flowers, and grapery. On one side is a mount covered to the top with the gigantic Norfolk Island pine; on another side down goes a ravine that seems to offer a short cut to the interior of the earth: a short and a most pleasant cut; for intricate dark foliage is lighted up by lemon groves, where, here and there, the sun is playing on their golden fruit. I descend by the path into the ravine. Foliage shuts me out from the sun; magnificent creepers (for in nature, as in society, there are creepers which take rank as the magnificent) twist and twirl themselves about my path. The birds that perch upon them glitter like their flowers: lories, parrots, parroquets, beautiful wood-pigeons. But the forest is dark, and I ascend again, and get among such quaint aspects of vegetative life as are made by clusters of large fern trees, rising with a lean—some to this quarter and some to that—trees sadly wanting in uprightness of character, but carrying their crests fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. These look like grass among the Norfolk Island pines, which pile one dark feather-crown upon another—crown above crown, to a height of some two hundred feet above the soil.

From the summit of Mount Pitt, which I have now reached, I have Norfolk Island in complete subjection to one of my senses. I can see it all. Rock, forest, valley, cornfields, islets, sunshine on sea, sunshine on birds, no sun in gloomy glades, rays darting into darkness, and revealing parasites and creepers exquisitely coloured, and the bright green fans of the palmetto rising out of a froth of white convolvulus; guava and lemon,

a delicious air, clear sky, and the sharp outline of every light feather of the foliage picked out against it.

There used to be oranges; but, once upon a time, there lived in Norfolk Island a wise commandant, who voted oranges too great a luxury for convicts, and caused the trees that grew them to be extirpated. They are now, however, being reintroduced. In a garden belonging to the commandant, called Orange Vale, sight, taste, and smell enjoy a paradise. Delicate cinnamon grows by the rough stout old English oak. Tea, coffee, tobacco, sugarcane, banana, figs, arrowroot and lemon grow in company with English fruits and vegetables that have been forced by the climate into an ecstatic, transcendental state The spirituality of a carrot gets to be developed when it grows up in such good company as that of sweet bucks and bananas Sweet bucks are sweet potatoes, which are very kisses to the palate; and are served out daily as rations to the evil and the good, the convicts and the officers.

But truly there is need of a fine climate to make compensation for the other details of a residence in Norfolk Island—I do not mean to the convicts who are cut off here from all the rest of mankind, and whose case is deplorable; but to those who guard and govern them. The members of the local staff form but a limited field of social intercourse for one another. The "Lady Franklin" is the only regular trader to their little coast from Hobart Town (one thousand three hundred miles away); she makes but four trips in the year. A convict ship is not often sent on from England. When a ship does arrive on lawful business at Norfolk Island, great is the sensation The coming in of a ship on business causes, apparently, all business to be at an end. Letters from home bless the temporary exiles; for they have to be enjoyed and answered. All in the ship who are entertainable are hospitably to be entertained In private and in public life, who is alive and who is dead in England; who is up and who is down; what bubbles have burst, and what new bubbles have been blown, have to be learned over the dinner-table. The highest virtue of a visitor, is untiring loquacity.

The dark scenes of convict life, of which I have already given some examples, do not now fill Norfolk Island with their ancient horrours. Here also the good old times have given way to better new times. Captain Maconochie, under all the difficulties against which he had to contend when he was governor, utterly broke down the old ferocious system. Under the temperate, strict, and judicious control of Mr. Price, the present commandant, a system of discipline has been established; which, while it does not make the probation of the convicts other than a term of punishment, accords to them such wholesome management, and such fair treatment, as has humanised their conduct among one another, and towards those set in authority over them Formerly, in the blaze of noonday, it was dangerous for any one to walk alone beyond the precincts of the settlement. Violent crimes and murders were common among the gangs while at their work—convict quarrelling with convict The resident was clouded with a daily sense of insecurity, a dread for the safety of his wife or children when they left his sight. For then the incessant lash made hard hearts harder; and wretches made to grovel in dark cells, chained by ring-bolts to the floor, and wearing sixty pounds of iron on their arms, were degraded even lower than they had been forced at home below the feelings of humanity. Then convicts were driven at night-fall, besmeared and dirty with the day's toil, into the barrack, and were locked up till morning in neglected rooms, to prey upon each other. No officer who ventured there among them would come out alive; but, in front of the open grated windows sentries paced, whose orders were to fire promptly into any room from which the sound of tumult or the cry of murder should proceed, if the disturbance did not cease at his command Whether the shot went into the body of the right offender, was a lottery which rendered it the interest of all, if possible—but among men so brutalised, how was it possible?—to check the violent

Now, this is all changed for the better. Still the discipline is very strict, and so works, that it is to the most hardened the most severe in punishment. The sleeping-rooms are now well lighted and well ventilated. The two hours between supper and rest have been spent in the school, and the day has been closed with prayers. The two clergymen, Messrs. Bitchelor and Ryan—one Protestant, one Roman Catholic—each in his sphere work without intermission. The schools are well conducted, and, where they awaken, as they do in most, a desire for knowledge, they beget a mutual confidence between the well-conducted, who now form by far the chief proportion of the convicts. Locks and bolts are falling out of use upon the doors of the residents; and, because there are few female servants, pretty children—children thrive and look unusually pretty in a climate such as this—may be seen carried on the arms of housebreakers, or drawn in their small carts through the lemon groves and gardens, by the brown, rugged hands that had grown hard in deeds of violence.

"It is no miracle that has been here performed; men bred to crime in England by the ignorance and filth we cherish, are bred out of crime again in Norfolk Island, by a little teaching and a little human care. Almost all the men who return to Hobart Town after fulfilling their term of probation here, are in demand as servants, and are

preferred to fresh arrivers from the mother-country. Stepmother-country she is to an immense proportion of her children!

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

At the most active corner of the most active lung of the great metropolis, stands a large building of the pseudo-classical style. Its vast monotonous white flank, exposed to the full roar of Piccadilly, gives no sign of life or animation; and if it were not for the inscription on its frieze, "supported by voluntary contributions," it might be taken for a workhouse, or for one of Nash's palaces. Will the reader be conducted through the labyrinths of Saint George's Hospital, and see something of the eternal fight that every day beholds between the good Saint George and the undying Dragon of Disease?

But let him not enter with the idea that there is anything repulsive in the contemplation of this congregation of human sufferers; but rather with a sense of the beneficence of an institution, which snatches poor helpless creatures from the depressing influences of noisome alleys, or the fever-jungles of pestilential courts, and opens to them here—in the free air, where a palace might be proud to plant itself—a home, with benevolence and charity as their friends and servitors. Neither must he look with a half-averted glance upon the scenes we have to show him; for their aim is to render the anguish of one sufferer subservient to the future case of some succeeding sufferer; to make great Death himself pay tribute to the living.

As we enter and proceed into the fine vestibule, a crowd of students are seen hanging about the Board-room door. It is one o'clock, and "High Change" at the Hospital. Dotted about, among the living mass, are some who carry little wooden trays filled with lint and surgical instruments. These are "dressers," waiting for the surgeons to make their daily round of the wards. Others have long green books tucked under their arms: these are the clerks of the physicians, whose duty it is to post up, day by day, the progress of the patients, until "dead" or "recovered" closes the account. They are all looking into the Board-room, and expecting the advent of the big Medicine-men. The younger men regard this room with awe; for, to them, it is a sealed book; and they wonder if the time will ever come when they will lounge carelessly in and out of it, or have their portraits hung upon the walls, or their busts placed upon brackets.

Now, the Board-room door opens: a surgeon comes out, wheels to the right, strides down the passage, and off goes one of the trays and a broil of students. A physician follows, and turns to the left: with him flies a green book and another ring of satellites. Surgeons and physicians follow, one after another, each taking up his little crowd of followers, green books and trays; and the noisy vestibule is at once deserted. Let us follow the last batch up the stairs.

This is a physician's ward. At this hour all the patients are in bed to await their doctor's visit. The cluster of students follow the physician, and settle for a few minutes here and there upon particular beds, as they proceed down the long vista of sufferers. The patients are quiet enough whilst the physicians are present; but we will just look in half-an-hour hence and see what a change there will be. At the end of each ward is a room for the nurse. See how she has contrived to make it look like home; the bit of carpet, the canary, the pictures round the walls, all express an individuality strongly in contrast with the bare monotonous aspect of the open ward. Meanwhile the swarm of black bees is pitching upon a distant bed; before we can reach it, however, a little bell rings, and all the patients' eyes turn towards a particular part of the wall. There we see a large dial, like that of a barometer, with a hand in the centre. Round it are the names of the medical officers, nurses, and the words accident, operation, chapel, &c. There is one of these dials in every ward, and all are worked by a series of iron rods which communicate with each other, the impulse being given by the porter below in the hall. By this means anything that is going on in the Hospital is known simultaneously at every part of it. The bell that has just rung is part of the apparatus, and draws attention to the movements of the hand. It stops at "operation;" and in a minute afterwards a long line of students are seen winding up the stairs, the surgeon at their head. He looks calm; but depend upon it, he bears an anxious mind, for life and reputation wait upon his skill. Let us follow the crowd; a new spirit has come over the students;—the jolliest and most careless walk up steadily and silently. It is to be a tremendous operation—one of the great arteries, deep down in the pelvis, has to be tied, and no one knows how it may terminate.

Steadily and quietly the Operating Theatre is overflowed from the top benches, and the spectator looks down upon a hollow cone of human heads. The focus of this living mass is the operating table, on which, covered with a sheet, lies the anxious patient; and every now and then he sweeps with an anxious glance the sea of heads which surrounds him. Close to him is the surgeon; his white cuffs lightly turned up, examining carelessly a gleaming knife, and talking in whispers to his colleagues and assistants.

Slowly the bewildered countenance of the patient relaxes,—his eyes close,—he breathes peacefully,—he sleeps, under the beneficent influence of chloroform, like a two-years' old child. The sheet is removed, and there lies a motionless, helpless, nerve-numbed life;

an assistant pushes back the eyelid, and the fixed eye stares vacantly at the roof.

The student below us clutches the bars in front of him. It is his first operation; and he wishes he were far away; and wonders how the nurses can stand so calmly, waiting with the warm sponges.

There is a sudden movement forward of every head; and then a dead silence. The surgeon has broken into the house of life, and every eye converges towards his hands,—those hands that manipulate so calmly—those fingers that *see*, as it were, where vision cannot penetrate, and which single out unerringly, amid the tangled network of the frame, the life-duct that they want. For a moment there is a painful pause; an instrument has to be changed, and the operator whispers to his assistant. "Something is going wrong," flashes in a moment through every mind. No!—the fingers proceed with a precision that reassures; the artery is tied; and the life that trembled upon the verge of eternity is called back, and secured by a loop of whipcord!

There is a buzz, and a general movement in the Theatre; the huge hollow cone of heads turns round, and becomes a cloud of white faces—no longer anxious. Some students vault over the backs of the seats; others swing up by the force of their arms; the whole human cone boils over the top benches, and pours out at the doors. Brown pulls Jones's hair playfully; whereupon Jones "bonnets" Robinson; and there is a universal "scrimmage" on the stairs. Can these be the same silent, grave-looking students we saw half-an-hour since? Yes! Who expects medical students to keep grave more than half-an-hour?

As we pass down stairs towards the basement, we see the wards opening out on either hand. These are the surgeons' wards; and you look upon long vistas of "fractures," and of convalescent operation cases. The "dressers" are at work, and trays now come into full play.

A stranger's preconceived ideas of the suffering in an hospital are not at all borne out by the appearance of the patients generally. Many of them are quietly reading the better-class cheap literature of the day; others are conversing round the ample fire. The little child, with its leg in a splint, is as merry as possible, with its bed covered with playthings. Everything that humanity can dictate, or to which art can minister, is supplied. The most eminent medical men—whose attendance sometimes the rich cannot purchase—watch the patient with all due art and skill; whilst carefully-trained nurses are at hand, day and night, to ease his tired limb, or to soothe his racking pain.

Below, again, is the floor devoted to the medical cases; which we have already passed through: but it does not look like the same ward. See how that Rheumatism case has struck up an acquaintance with the Chronic Bronchitis; and how confidentially the Dropsy is whispering to the St. Vitus's Dance. The fair-haired girl, with the large lustrous eyes, is making up a bonnet for the coming spring—poor girl! before that time comes, the dark screen will, in all probability, be drawn round her bed, and then all the ward will know what has happened.

Anything to get rid of *ennui* in the hospital. As we pass the men's ward, that rough navigator washes up his own tea-things; that convalescent cabman smooths the little child's pillow; and, farther on, the poor shattered tailor helps his fellow in misfortune to walk, with the inverted sweeping-brush as a crutch! The tenderness and sympathy you see rough fellows show in hospitals is very touching.

The basement floor is mostly given up to the purposes of the Medical School and the students. The library is there; its windows look out upon a sickly garden (why should hospitals have sickly gardens, when covered glass conservatories, affording an equable temperature, might be so easily and cheaply constructed?). Where books do not prevail, the walls are covered with full-length plates of the human form, dressed in light suits of blue and red piping. In the corner sits a young anchorite mournfully contemplating a skull;—he is only a first-year's man having a "grind at the bones." Two or three more are in close consultation with that "rough sketch of man," suspended by a cord from the ceiling; they are articulating his joints, and rubbing up their own brains for an examination. Another group by the fire-place is holding a black inquest upon some proceeding of the big Medicine-men up-stairs: young students are so very critical. In a few years these seemingly thoughtless young fellows will be spread the wide world over; some, in the golden East; some, skirting the pestilential shores of Africa; some, in the new Australian world; some, in remote hamlets; some in the fever-stricken depths of cities—all bent upon the mission of warring with the grim Dragon—disease.

But we must pass on, as we have yet much to see. This is the lecture-room. How well the students know that hideous cast over the glass case, with the notch and swelling in its neck; their chief point of view in many a long lecture. Through the lecture-room is the Pathological Museum, surrounded by armies of cold shiny bottles. These contain contributions from the dead to the living—of disease to health. It seems wonderful how the poor human frame manages to rub on at all; subject as we here see it is, to such innumerable maladies. But it does contrive; and many of these "specimens" are the triumphs of the surgeon's skill over the destroyer. Scores of men walk about well and hearty who could recognise their own peculiar property among these bottles, and who remember with gratitude the successful

burglary committed upon their own bodies, when mortal pain was stolen from them as they sweetly slept.

There is the representation of a woman who seems to have been devoted from her youth up to the nourishment of that huge, pale pumpkin growing from her neck; there are casts of hands sprouting with supernumerary fingers. Here are models of fearful faces in wax, which call to mind Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Next comes a skeleton almost tied up into a knot by disease; above our head is a shelf devoted to a whole infant population, not constituted exactly according to pattern. "But what is all this boiled tripe for?" says the visitor. Boiled tripe, my visitor! These are the real valuables of the Museum, and each bottle has its separate and absorbing history posted on that great blood-red ledger

The mere curiosities of the place are to be found in this glass case. There you see the half-sovereign that stuck in Mr. Brunel's windpipe: a present from its late proprietor, who was doubtless as glad to get rid of it as we, the public, were to learn that he had done so; for Mr. Brunel is not a man whom we can, on any terms, afford to lose. There is a long tube filled with the very best Japan ink (for so it seems), taken out of a tumour. Pence that have lain *perdu* for months in the stomach, and knives that have made the grand tour without inconvenience, lie side by side; and here is a packet of needles that came out simultaneously all over a young lady's body. Do you see that hide? Take off your hat, for you owe it some reverence; the pretty girl you love, but for the late occupant of that skin, might have been a loathsome fright. That is the hide of the sacred cow from which Jenner took the first vaccine matter.

But what are they doing in that little room beyond; opening Goldner's Canisters? No, no; there sit the curator and his assistant putting up "preparations." Why is he interested so much about that bit of cartilage? Why does he so carefully put away that piece of fractured bone? What mystery lies in that little soft grey mass, that he should scrutinise it so narrowly with the microscope, adjusting and re-adjusting the screws with such nervous eagerness? These are the hieroglyphics which must be deciphered ere the great hidden language of disease can be discovered; these are the painstaking labours by which science creeps on from point to point.

The next door leads to the Blue Beard's chamber of the establishment, which we will not explore.. Another step takes us into the Post Mortem Theatre. There, upon that cold slab underneath the sheet, you trace that dread mysterious outline, which appals more than the uncovered truth. It has been brought from the ward above to answer some enigma, which has baffled the questioning of the physician for months; and here, in the face of his class, his judgment and skill will speedily be tested, and the knife will show us what has brought to a stand still the curious and delicate machinery of life. Think not, however, that nature yields up her secrets without, sometimes, exacting a terrible retribution upon those who would pry into her innermost workings. The faintest puncture upon the surgeon's hand, the least abrasion of the cuticle with the knife that has drunk the venom of the body, has been known to kill as surely as the most subtly concocted poison ever administered by Italian revenge.

But let us return to the ground-floor wards. These wards, right and left, are consigned to the surgeons: you see, as you pass, the long perspective of "accidents," to which the ground-floor is mainly devoted, on account of its proximity to the street.

But that room filled with such decent-looking persons—what are they doing there, ranged round the wall? These are the out-patients; the sickly troop that flocks day by day for relief. Do you wish to know how terrible the sufferings, how fearful the struggles, of "respectable poverty?" Go, then, and listen to the questions the physician puts to them one by one, and you will come out saddened and astonished. There is one disease which haunts that room to which he cannot minister, one quiver from which issue unseen the arrows of death, which he cannot avert. Listen whilst he questions that neatly dressed young woman: "How have you been living?" She hangs her head, fences with the query, and is silent; pressed kindly, she confesses, a little tea and bread have been her only nourishment for months. Wait a few minutes until the men are called in, and you shall hear that wasted giant, in the adjoining room, make still the same reply; "tea and bread for months" have dragged his herculean frame to the ground. They do not complain; they take it as a matter of course.

As we leave the Hospital the clock strikes three, the "seeing hour" of the poor patients in the wards; the crowd of visitors who have been waiting outside the doors press in, and throng up the vestibule. The burly porter however, posts himself in front, and dodges about like a boy who heads a flock of bolting sheep. Now he pounces upon an old fish-woman who tries to rush past him. What is he about? Flat pick-pocketing, by all that is sacred! Is he going to rob the woman of her seed-cake? Scarcely is she past, than he dives into the capacious pocket of the second, and comes up with half a-dozen oranges; a third is eased of a two-ounce bottle of gin; a fourth, in evident trepidation, gives up a pound of sugar, a fifth—to her he gives a low bow, and she passes on in "maiden meditation, fancy free" She, be sure, is one of the "Governors." This momentary suspension of his powers, makes him a very tiger after "trash and messes;" a fresh onslaught is commenced, and scarce a person but is

mulcted of some article; and his eye rests upon the table covered with the spoils with the complacency of a man who has done his duty. This stern janitor is the percolator of the establishment, through whom the visitors are strained of the deleterious ingredients they would smuggle to their friends.

Let us take one more peep into the wards before we go. Who would think he was in an hospital, and that he was surrounded by disease? Each bed is a divan, and each patient gives audience to a host of friends. A thousand kind greetings are heard on every hand, and the lines that pain has long been graving in the countenance, joy and affection for a moment efface. Did we say each bed was thronged with friends? Ah, no! not all! Here and there we see a gap in the chain of human sympathy—a poor sufferer, by whose lonely bed no friend waits.

Let us come out once more into the air.

The fresh breeze of the Park seems sweet after the close atmosphere of St. George's; yet sweeter seem the actions of the merciful. As we pass the corner of the hospital, the eye catches an inscription upon a porcelain slab let into the wall. The words are simple:—

"In aid of those patients who leave this Hospital homeless and in need."

Below, is an opening for the reception of gifts, so that the poorest and most friendless go not uncared for. This little arrangement is "the corner-stone of faith" of one of the benevolent physicians. He imagined that a constantly open hand—for the wounded—held out at this thronged corner, might not be without its effect, and his confidence in the good side of human nature was not ill-placed. As much as twelve pounds have been taken from the box in one week—glittering gold and silver mixed with pence and farthings, attesting that human sympathy is not of class or degree. In the full light of day, whilst the tide of life has been swiftly flowing past, many a rough hand has dropped its contribution; and in the silent night, when the bright stars above have been the only witnesses, many a rich gift has been deposited; together with the good wishes of compassionate and sympathising human hearts.

AN EMIGRANT'S GLANCE HOMEWARD.

Far, far from those whose tender watchings bred me;
Far from the hedge-row haunts that pleased my youth;
Far from the friends whose gentle teachings led me
In the blest ways of innocence and truth;
E'en from my own peculiar Northern Star,
From every childish memory, I am far!

Perchance no more may meet my foreign ear
The chastened kindness of a brother's tone;
A mother's voice no more may call me dear,
In the fond language only mothers own;
And she, whose name is never named by me,
The loved, the unforgotten—where is she?

Yet I am happy in my distant home;
A sunny sky smiles ever over me;
And let what will from God's good pleasure come,
My friend, my husband, I have always *thee*:
And gaily round, our laughing treasure plays
In all the winning grace of childhood's ways.

I never can be lonely. Where I go
With these, is home; but yearnings fond and bland
For those departed days, where all things glow
With a bright glory, from that far-off land,
Wind round my heart, as with a magic chain,
Which I must kiss ere I unwind again.

Oh! days for ever gone—for ever fair!
Fair, because gone—oh, sunbright, youthful days!
Are ye not worth one earnest thought, one care,
One heartfelt lay, devoted to your praise?
But not the lays of an immortal tongue
Could give me back the days when I was young.

The kindly hands which mine with love would press,
The beaming eyes that with affection shone,
The loving lips, whose sweet and pure caress
Still marked how dear that young beloved one
England again my hopeful eyes may see,
But these can never be the same to me.

Far, far from those whose tender watchings bred me;
Far from the hedge-row haunts that pleased my youth;
Far from the friends whose gentle teachings led me
In the blest ways of innocence and truth;
E'en from my own peculiar Northern Star,
From every childish memory, I am far!

OLD HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CERTAIN persons can hardly believe, although they live in the middle of the nineteenth century, and to whom the wonders of steam and electricity are familiar, that we have distanced our respectable ancestors in scientific knowledge. We purpose offering a few illustrations of the way in which that knowledge was applied to medical uses—to quote, in short, a few genuine Old Household Words.

The science of judicial astrology has few votaries now; natural philosophy is based on rather surer principles than of yore, and the healing art depends upon something more positive than spells. But exceptions may yet be found; there are still a select few—the country readers of Zadkiel, we will suppose—who prefer the charms of Ashmole, and the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby, to the operations of Lawrence or the advice of Bright; and what these lovers of the *temporis acti* believe in, or, at all events, what our ancestors pinned their faiths to, we shall here expose.

The idea was suggested to us, while turning over some of the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum; in which are preserved some very striking specimens of the pharmaceutical wisdom of our forefathers. We thought it a pity that knowledge so valuable should be concealed any longer; and although

the handwriting bore no slight resemblance to that which puzzled Tony Lumpkin, we patiently set to work to transcribe some of the most remarkable "remedies" contained in the precious volume.

Oliver Goldsmith has said, in the "Citizen of the World," that the epidemic of England is the fear of mad dogs. The apprehension appears to be of old date, for the receipt-books of our ancestors are filled with remedies against their bite. The Ayscough MS. gives us various examples, two of which we select—one simply medicinal, the other purely occult:—"A cataplasm made of nutts, with an onion, salt, and honey, helpeth the biting of a madd dogg." We should value this receipt more than we do, if we could feel quite certain who it is intended to benefit; for as the sentence stands, it appears doubtful, whether the object be to assist dogs in biting, or patients in recovering.

The charm receipt is not a very difficult one to remember:—"For the bite of a madd dogg, say 'Lemus, Lamus, Remus, Ramus, Oxiologe!'" It is to be presumed that this formula must be uttered before you are bitten: few dogs, we conceive, would be mad enough to bite the person who repeated it.

This view of the case is confirmed by what you are advised to do after the bite has actually been perpetrated. "Charme for those who are madd, man or beast. The haire being cutt off, lay betony to the mould of the head. Then wright theis words *on a peece of cheese*, 'Antanbragon, Tetragrammaton,' and give the party so diseased." The art of writing on cheese is one of the secrets which, unfortunately, our ancestors have not handed down to us. If they had but left a receipt for that also, we would at once have made a large investment—say in "single Gloucester"—and sent in a tender to the Governors of St. Luke's.

Having made our patient sane, let us see what the Ayscough MS. recommends to keep him so: "At such time as menne sow beanes, take a beane, and put it into the harte of a black catt, being reddy rosted. Then bury it in a dunghill; and, when they be ripe, carry one about thee, and thou shalt never goe madd."

We regret to remark, that in all these simple and easy remedies, there is always some obscurity as to the manner of reducing them to practice. What we want to know here is, which is to be roasted—the bean, or the cat's heart? Roasting beans is a very familiar process, as all coffee-dealers know; cats, too, have been roasted, as Spanish novelists assure us—so there is no difficulty about the cookery; but the question remains—which? We pass over the pleasant notion of carrying about one's person an article that had been so agreeably inhumed, and merely observe, that we think it impossible anybody could *go* mad who adopted this remedy.

Our ancestors stood greatly in fear of being poisoned; and perhaps, in the days when a pair of perfumed gloves could quietly accomplish the poisoner's purpose, they were not so far wrong. Here is a remedy for a poisoned wound: "Take a toad and put it into a glass, and stopp it very close; inclose this glass in some earthen vessel filled full with sand, thereby the better to prevent it breaking; so sett it over the fire till it be consumed to ashes, and apply them to the place wounded, and it is a present remedy." Slightly cruel, as far as the toad is concerned; but that is a trifle.

Let us try another, for the bite of a scorpion; it is worthy of King Midas: "Saye to an asse, secretly, and as it were whispering in his eare, 'I am bitten with a scorpion.'" A remedy which gives rise to such natural good-fellowship deserves to be a successful one.

The following receipt is recommended to young officers going out to join their regiments in the West Indies: "If onions be eaten raw" (though this would scarcely be allowed, if the regiment was at all "crack"), "and strong wine be drunk frequently after them, they are good against the biting of serpents; and are good for them that are infected with poison, and for such as have cold passions."

Amongst the most annoying disorders of the olden time, the colic was pre-eminent. That universal specific "punch" had not then been discovered, and our ancestors were limited to colder prescriptions. The Ayscough MS. says: "Olde decrepit cockes have softer flesh than those which are younger; and a pottage thereof is held good for the colic passion." Nobody would greatly object to cock-a-leekie, but the next cure for the same complaint is not quite so pleasant; it suggests the remark, that the remedy is worse than the disease: "Horse dung, drunk in wine, will prevent the colick." Few persons, afflicted with the ailment, would, we fancy, be inclined to try the antidote; but our ancestors were not the nicest in their tastes. Many of their receipts, though simple, were comprehensive.

"The juice of pomegranates dropped in the eyes is a remedy for the yellow jaundice." "If the feet of those that have the gout be washed with the broth of turnips, it will mitigate the pain." Here is a quaint intimation: "Asparagus doth mollify the belly gently." We should imagine the next remedy to be of doubtful efficacy: "To heare *well*. Stop up the eares with good dry sewet."

Let us turn from these plain specifics to those which owed their value to an occult influence. Here is one for the headache, only available, however, we apprehend, for the lady of Mr. Calcraft: "A charme for the headache. Tie a halter about your head wherewith one hath been hanged." Tied a little lower, it would cure not only the headache, but all "the natural ills that flesh is heir to." The next

is . luable for nurses, especially if they be Irish ones · "A charme for the chincough. Take three sips of a chalice when the priest has said masse, and swallow it down with good devotion." We should like to know what is in the chalice?

Agues are cured in various ways. The following is one of them. "Take a crust of bread, and write these three words following, and, after they be writ, eate them; 'Calinda, calindan, calindant.'" Here the only difficulty that strikes us is the old calligraphic one. How do you write on bread? With a toasting fork.

We commend the following to practitioners who are fond of experiments: "To release a woman in travell. Throwe over the top of the house where a woman in travell lieth, a stone, or any other thing, that hath killed three living creatures—namely, a man, a wild-boare, and a shee beare." It would be so easy to get a stone, or "any other thing," that had performed these three successive feats.

It may be doubted whether any of the swell-mob of the present day would manifest the proper degree of emotion caused by the application of the charmed herb, vervain. "For theft, touch all the suspected with this herb, and *the theefe shall weepe*." Vervain was a very cunning simple. In one particular it superseded the art of old Izaak Walton. "To catch fish. Carry vervaine about thee, and say '*Venite*,' and all fishes shall come about thee." Perhaps, vervain might help one to a glimpse of the real sea-serpent.

Vervain was also found a very useful ally in affairs of love; but, on this subject, the receipt books of the middle ages are eloquent. Listen to the Ayscough MS, though it is almost dangerous to society to communicate such facts as the following. However, we will venture. "To see one's mistress. Take foure haires of her hedd, and a thred spunne upon a Friday, of a puer virgin, and make a candle therewith of virgin wax, four square, and *wright with the bloud of a cocle-sparrowe* the name of the woman, and light the candle, whereas it may not dropp upon the earth. And she will come to the candle." Like a moth, no doubt. But there were devices more potent still: "Take the tonge of a sparrowe, and close it in virgin wax under thy upward clothes the space of four Fridays, and keepe it in thy mouth, *sub linguâ tuâ*; then kisse thy love, *et ipsa te amabit*." Or another, more practicable: "Say unto a woman in her left eare, 'Veneto, melchy, mobelchy—follow me. Fiat.'" We should think so. The next receipt is quaint and pleasing: "Take a redd frog and bury him in a hillock. Then take the bones and lay them on a tile stone redd hot, till he lift over himself on the other side. So let it lie till she is so likewise. Then make powder thereof, and strew them on her clothes whom thou lovest, and she shall love thee." There is a little confusion of genders in the preceding, but we must not be too particular. Here is another of the same class: "Take a batt" (no easy matter); "let him bloud with a glass or flint, and with the bloud wright this letter, D, and touch a man or woman, and they will follow thee. For triall touch a dogg and he will follow thee."

We are travelling a little out of the record, but the transition from the material to the marvellous, is so unsuspiciously set forth in the Ayscough MS. that we cannot resist a few more illustrations of ancestral wisdom. The following ought to be worth something, especially if one could name the winner of the Derby by means of it:

"A perfume made of hempseede, and of the plea-wort and violette roots, and parslie and smallage, maketh to see things to come, and is available for prophesie."

A policeman or a thief, we beg pardon of the former for the juxtaposition, would find this useful:

"To goe invisible. Take a peece of deal and wright thereon, 'Athatos, Stirios, Theon, Pantocraton,' and put it under your left foote." In your boot, of course.

The usual receipt for seeing sights is to put a shilling in your pocket, but the Ayscough MS. recommends other methods. "To see strange sights. Make an oyntment of the galle of a bulle and the fat of a henne, and anoynt your eyes." Again. "Take ants' eggs and the bloud of a whyte henne, and anoynt your face therewith, and you shall see wonders". Another: "Take the fatt of a black catt and the fatt of a white henne, and anoynt your eyes, and you shall see marvellous things. If you would have any other to see them, let him set his foot upon yours and he shall see them"

Cornelius Agrippa, a name held in great veneration by our ancestors, has written a great deal to the same purpose as the above. One or two extracts from his "Occult Philosophy" will show what sort of wisdom he encouraged:—

"The stringes of an instrument made of the gutts of a wolfe, and being strained upon a harp or lute, with the stringes made of a sheep's gutts, will make no harmony." Whoever sang to the instrument, we should think, would naturally howl. Cornelius Agrippa must have been fond of discord. Here is a receipt for producing it; we recommend it to the Protectionists, at the approaching general election: "A stone that is bit by a mad dog, if it be put in drinke, hath power to cause discord."

But the next is, perhaps, the pleasantest receipt we ever met with: "A cup of liquor being made with the brains of a bear, and drunke out of the scull, shall make him that drinks it be as fierce and as raging as a bear, and thinke himself to be changed into a bear, and judge all things to be bears; and so continue in that madness, until the force of the draught shall be dissolved, *no other* distemper

being all this while perceived in him." The urso-mania appears to us to be distemper enough for the time. We believe in this receipt; for we have seen people who have taken "a cup of liquor" too much, behave themselves exactly like bears!

We wish we had as much faith in the last extract we shall make from the Ayscough MS., which involves a secret that we understand many people have been anxious to discover for some time—namely:

"To make money spent, to return. Make a purse of mole's skinne and wright in it; 'Belzebub, Zetus, Caiaphas,' with the bloud of a batt. And lay a good pennie in the high waie, for the space of three days and three nights; and after put it in the purse. And when you will give it, say 'Vade et vine.'"

THE GHOST-RAISER.

Mr Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, *will* tell stories. Among them, he tells his Single Ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton. There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which everyone seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbour was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, he said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognised him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbour, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"*I* draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit

but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedlar amongst us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines —

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then, raising his voice solemnly, he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground, and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered, in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted, in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures, the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid, *now!*" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

"And how is it, Uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my Uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

We have a good deal of sympathy with persons—and they are many—who look with regret on the women employed in factories. It is, undeniably, a sad sight to see women, young and middle-aged, come pouring out of workrooms into the street, at meal-times—some dirty, some fine, some in an anxious hurry to get home to their children, some disposed rather to romp and talk and to laugh loud in the hearing of the citizens. It is a dreary thought—how few of them can make bread or boil a potato properly; how few can make a shirt, or mend a gown; how few can carry an intelligent and informed mind to their own firesides, and amuse their children with knowledge, and satisfy their husbands with sympathy.

Again, we agree largely with another set of observers, who point out that many processes of manufacture seem to demand the handiwork of women, and that it is fair and right that employments should be opened to them, in an age when the position of women is rapidly altering. There are more people, in proportion to employments, than there used to be; and there is less marriage. Very large numbers of women must, in our day, earn their own main-

tenance: and, this being the case, it is clearly fair and right—even necessary—that whatever women can do well, they should be encouraged to do. Accordingly, we are sorry when we find the men in a rather small manufacturing town tyrannising over the women, so as to prevent their undertaking work that can be pursued at home, while the baby is asleep in the cradle, and the stew is simmering on the fire: and we find it a pleasant thing to see, in a very large manufacturing town, lofty and well-lighted rooms filled with women, busy at their work of burnishing, stamping, and punching, painting, or varnishing, or making up packets of goods. It is pleasant to think that of these some may be supporting aged parents; others earning an education for their children, or maintenance for a sick husband; and all, probably, an honourable subsistence for themselves. We see that much may be said on both sides of the question of female factory work. And the more we see this, the stronger is our sympathy with certain other observers—as yet sadly few—who, accepting female factory labour as an established fact, are hastening to remedy as much as they can of the evils which hang about it.

Four years and a half since the first Evening School for Women was opened at Birmingham. It was planned and opened and has been conducted by ladies, who did not lose time in arguing whether it was a good or a bad thing that women should be employed in manufactures, but offered means of improvement in mind and in ways to such as were so employed. They offered at once to teach reading, writing, arithmetic; sewing—including the cutting out and mending of clothes; and to give instruction in the contents of the Bible, and of the other great book—the world we live in—as far as means would allow. They hoped, and still hope and intend, to teach the most important of the domestic arts of life—and first, Cookery. In time, vocal music, and other softening and sweetening arts, may be attempted. Time will show that. Meanwhile, time has shown that good has been done, which ought to be made known for other reasons than the pleasure of it; that such things may be done elsewhere.

It may not be seen, at a glance, what an undertaking this was. Everybody may not know what factory women—some factory women, at least—are. They are women, and not children, in the first place. The class contemplated had grown up in ignorance; they had not lived among home influences, but in the rough independence of factory life. Their prejudices were in proportion to their ignorance; and their pride was in proportion to their ignorance, prejudices, age, habits, and class jealousy, all together. Some who knew of the scheme prophesied that no woman would come: others, that they would be too disreputable to be kept in order, but by policemen; others, again, that it would be impossible to teach them, if they did come, and that there would be an incessant change of scholars. These prophecies were so many warnings to the ladies what to anticipate, and how to act. They would ask no questions about character, nor look to see who had wedding-rings, and who had none. What they offered was knowledge; and every woman who came for knowledge should be welcome to it, as long as she pursued her object decently and quietly. They would admit no policeman—no man whatever, happen what might. They would stand or fall by their object of making this a woman's affair altogether. They would be careful, above everything, to treat every person within the walls with the respect due to womanhood, under any provocation whatever. They reminded each other of the vast difference—now to be first practically experienced—between the manners in which they had been reared, and those which were habitual with their pupils; that offensive things would be said and done which must pass unnoticed, while there was a possibility of no offence being meant. It would be hard to understand and remember this sometimes; but it must be understood and remembered. As to whether the women would come for instruction, that was a thing to be ascertained by experiment,—and not otherwise. The experiment was tried.

The history of the beginning of this enterprise reminds one of the excellent Wilderspin's account of the opening of the first Infant School. He and his wife, supported by the promoters of the scheme, agreed, after much hesitation, to try what they could do with a schoolful of infants. They dreaded the day; and they found it truly dreadful. When the mothers were gone, it was arduous work to keep the little things entertained and beguiled at all. At last, one child cried aloud; two or three more caught up the lamentation, which spread, by infection, till every infant of the whole crowd (we forget how many there were) was roaring as loud as it could roar. After vain attempts to pacify them, in utter despair about the children, and horror at the effect upon the whole neighbourhood, the worthy couple rushed from the school-room into the next chamber, when the wife sank in tears upon the bed. Her husband was no less wretched: this din of woe was maddening; something must be done—but what? In the freakishness of despair, he seized a pole, and put on the top of it a cap of his wife's which was drying from the wash-tub. He rushed back into the school-room, waving his new apparatus of instruction—giving, as he found, his first lesson on Objects. The effect which ensued was *his* lesson. In a minute not a child was crying. All eyes were fixed upon the cap; all tears stood still and dried up on all cheeks. The wife now joined him; and they kept the children amused, and

the neighbours from storming the doors, till the clock struck twelve. A momentary joy entered the hearts of the Wilderspins at the sound; but it died away as they sank down exhausted, and asked each other, with faces of dismay, whether they were to go through this again in the afternoon, and every day.

For something as bad as this, though of a different kind, did the little band of Birmingham ladies prepare themselves. Almost without means, they began one evening in September, 1847. A room was kindly lent them by a merchant. The counter was their table, and for seats they had packing-cases covered with meal-sacks. Much time must be lost at the beginning and end of each evening, from the necessity of putting away everything, and leaving the room as they found it, for the daily use of the workmen. But to have any room at all was something. Thirty-six women appeared the first night, all unused to be taught, and the teachers were no more familiar with the sort of teaching they had undertaken to give. The first thing done was writing down their names, and their reasons for wishing to learn this and that. The eagerness to learn to write was the most remarkable indication that night; as, perhaps, it has remained since. One young woman undertook to give reasons for another's wish to learn. "Hur wants to write to hur chap." The "chap" was gone "to Australia;" how and why there was no occasion to inquire. There were plenty of reasons for others having the same wish; and there is something strange and very impressive, to this day, in the patience with which these women sit at their pot hook making—sometimes in the knowledge of what they are undertaking, and sometimes in simple faith that they are going through a necessary process. One woman made *O*s in her copy-book for weeks; and then being set to join on an *l*, was delighted to find that she had made a *d*, and could write the first letter of her own name. Some are less humble; and there is more conceit about the reading than about writing. One woman complained that she was treated like a child, in having to learn *o*, *æ*, *ox*, and in being asked what it meant; "as if," said she, "everybody didn't know that a hox is a cow!" Owing to a curious local circumstance, writing is remarkably difficult to one class of the scholars—those who polish papier-mâché articles by hand. The palm must be kept perfectly smooth; and, in the act of constantly preserving it from contact with whatever would roughen it, the fingers become stiff, and of an unusual form, which, though favourable to the use of the needle, is much otherwise to that of the pen. Yet the learners stick to their writing, as if nothing could discourage them.

Of the thirty-six who first presented themselves, many were married and had families; yet there were only three—and they were dress-makers—who could cut out or fix any one article of their own clothing. About three-fifths did not know how to hem or seam, when the prepared work was put into their hands. It must be understood, too, that many declare and believe themselves able to sew who cannot do it passably. One woman was surprised at being asked to hem a sleeve; a thing which she made very light of. The sleeve was presented in five minutes—finished. At a single pull, the thread came out from end to end, and she was shown how to do it properly; when she was more surprised than ever to find that her work was unfinished when school was over. It is still difficult to induce them to learn what is most important in the sewing way. They will not bring clothes to mend; and they prefer making gowns to all humbler work. A variety of work is provided through the help of a benevolent draper, who gives his contribution to the school in the form of whole pieces, at the lowest cost price, of calico, flannel, prints, &c. The garments cut out and made, for instruction, at the school, are bought by the women at the cost of the material; and this may tend to strengthen the disinclination to bring mending work from home. There can be no question of the good done by the sewing lessons; of the pride and comfort introduced at home by somebody there being dressed in clothes of the wife's or sister's "own making;" and it may be hoped that the same happy consequences may follow from the instruction in cookery, whenever the kitchen is opened; though the women are as certain that they can cook as they ever were that they could sew.

Poor things! Penalties do visit them, from their ignorance of household business, which might open their eyes to their own position, one would think. What a story we heard, the other day, of a first matrimonial quarrel! A young couple married on a Tuesday, all love and gaiety. On the next Sunday, the bridegroom was to be introduced to his wife's family. The bride was so anxious that he should look his best, that she spent all Friday and Saturday (to the neglect of her own finery) in making ready his one white shirt (his weekly wear being check). She learned that starched cambric fronts were "all the go," so she starched and starched away, and finished late on Saturday night—tired and happy. On Sunday morning, her husband found his shirt starched all over, stiff enough to stand alone; and, of course, unwearable. He cursed her for a good-for-nothing slattern; terrified her with oaths; and so was broken up, thus early, their matrimonial peace. Neither of them knew how to get the starch out again; and this did not mend the matter. This is but one case in a million. Young men see girls—very respectable, steady workers—with coral necklaces, neat hair, well braided, and with some pretty net or tie upon it, gowns well made, and, on-

Sundays, a handsome shawl. They marry these girls; find that the shawl is at the pawnbroker's all the week, and redeemed every Saturday night; that the gown is made by the dress-maker; that the head-dress is bought; that all the other clothes are mean and slatternly; that the wife cannot make bread; that the broth she attempts to make is bits of hard meat and vegetables floating in warm water, probably smoked; and that her idea of comfort is warm new bread, and an expensive dish of ham from the huckster's; and that she cannot keep accounts.

These are terrible discoveries; and, as children come into the world, the chances of family peace are not improved. It is surely worth some trouble, and some exercise of courage, to improve these chances; and this is why a few ladies—some of them governesses, who toil all day and every day with other pupils—brave dark nights, and pelting rain, and frost and thaw, to make some hundred women and girls somewhat more fit to be wives and mothers than they have hitherto been.

It has required no little courage. Prepared as they were for rude manners, the ladies did not know what accidents might happen; and certainly they did not dream of being left in the dark, with a set of noisy women. This happened, however, one evening, early in the experiment. The men outside put out the gas, leaving only the glimmer of the fire within; and the scholars responded to the joke with loud and coarse mirth. The teachers kept their nerve. One went out to keep off the police; candles were procured; and soon, by firmness, good-humour, and patience, quietness was restored. On one occasion, the young minister's wife who chiefly originated this school, climbed the counter, as the only way of making herself seen; clapped her hands to make herself heard; and gave a lesson on order and quietness. No such appeals are necessary now. It was found that the workmen left their work half an hour earlier, that they might fall in with the women as they left school. By arrangement, the men were kept to their work till the proper time, that the women might get home. These things are remembered as difficulties long past; but, for the sake of future enterprises, they should not be forgotten. It is difficult now to believe that such things could have been; so earnestly as the scholars knit their brows over their sums, and gaze at their teacher, as she expounds their Bible lesson. For the most part, the individuals are not the same; but some are. For the first two months there were many changes. Those who were too proud to spell *o*, *x*, *ox*, went away; and so did some who disliked the order and quietness. The husband of one of the ladies feared that the change was greater than it was. On one occasion (not the regular school evening, when none but ladies attend) he told his wife that what he feared was happening; that the class most in need of help were falling away, and a higher one coming in. She asked him to point out some of this higher order. The first he indicated had been one of the attendants on the opening night, and ever since. It was the improved respectability that had misled him.

In half-a-year, there was more convenience, and a saving of time, by the kindness of the Messrs. Osler, who lent a room, furnished with benches and desks; and here the work went on till the room was wanted for the Crystal Fountain. The school-rooms belonging to a neighbouring Chapel are now the place of meeting for the original school, three evenings in the week; while another is opened elsewhere. More are to follow. There is a paid superintendent, and one paid teacher besides; and it would be well if there were more. As the experienced observe, "voluntary teaching is a broken staff to lean upon." The paid teachers will, of course, be persons who can undertake to be always present,—which is more than most ladies, however well-disposed, can answer for. It is of the utmost consequence to the scholars to know that at least one person in authority will be regularly at her post. The irregularity of the voluntary visitors (from circumstances of domestic engagements, health, weather, &c, if there were no unsteadiness of purpose,) is a serious evil at best; and it would be fatal if the attendance of one, two, or more teachers were not absolutely secured. It has happened that the superintendent, when prepared to meet her own class, has found herself charged with the management of thirty, or even forty, women, whose teachers have not appeared. Considering that the most irregular of the visitors are those who come, at times, the most smartly dressed,—thus doing mischief by their mere appearance when they do come, it is much to be wished that, in all such schools, there may be funds to afford the engagement of educated ladies,—governesses, whose hearts are in their work,—who understand the peculiarities of the case, and can make the best use of them.

As to the matter of dress. There can be nothing but good in telling the plain fact, that the most earnest and devoted of the ladies have found it their duty to wear no stays, in order to add the force of example to their efforts to save the young women who are killing themselves with tight-lacing. One poor scholar died, almost suddenly, from tight-lacing alone. Another was, presently after, so ill, from the same abuse, that she could do nothing. A third could not stoop to her desk, and had to sit at a higher one, which suited the requirements of her self-imposed pillory. In overlooking those who were writing, we were struck by the short-breathing of several of them. We asked what their employments were, supposing them to be of some pernicious nature. It was not so: all were cases of evident tight-lacing. The ugly walling-up of the figure is a painful contrast

to the supple grace of some of the teachers. The girls see this grace, but will not believe, till convinced by the feel, that there are no stays to account for it.

"And what *have* you got on?" said one of the ladies, feeling in like manner. "Why, you are perfectly walled up. How can you bear it?"

"Why," answered the girl, "I have got only six-and-twenty whalebones."

The lady obtained some anatomical plates, and formed a class of the older women, apart from the rest, to whom she displayed the consequences, in full, of this fatal practice. At the moment, they appear to disbelieve the facts; but a little time shows that they have taken the alarm:—to what extent, the dress of their daughters, as they grow up, will probably indicate.

The number on the books of this school is about one hundred; the average attendance is about fifty. The eagerness to attend is remarkable; and the dread of losing their place through non-attendance is testified in the strongest ways. Many are detained late at their work on Friday evenings; but they come, if only for a quarter of an hour; or if prevented, perhaps send a supplicating note that their place may not be filled up. Some few, who work in over-heated rooms all day, really cannot give their minds to study at night. These may be expected to go off to parties and balls at the public houses; and the younger ones, perhaps, to take dancing lessons at such houses, at half-a-crown a-quarter, instead of what they can get at these schools for thirteen-pence, and a penny for the copybook. But there is one woman who, too weary to learn much, comes for the solace of seeing cheerful faces in a warm, bright room. She toils to support a sick husband, whom she is always nursing, when not earning his bread. She is welcome here; and she must hear many things interesting and amusing to her mind. The eagerness to learn is beyond description—not only the preliminaries of reading and writing, but the facts of the world. "What is this?" "What is that?" "Tell us this;" "Tell us that," is for ever the cry, on the discovery that they are ignorant of the commonest things that are before their eyes;—on the belief, too, that their teachers know everything. What a change from the days when they were saucy and rude, in their inability to conceive of their being treated with respect and politeness by ladies, whom they had supposed to be, somehow, "against" them! While one class is fixed in attention to the superintendent, their eyes moving only from their Bibles to her face, and from her face to their Bibles; while there is a strange sight to be seen (of which more presently) in the arithmetic class; while a dozen more are writing at the desks with an earnestness perfectly desperate,—who are those two—the pair sitting with their backs to the rest, and holding a book between them? They are sisters; workers at the steel-pen manufactory. The younger, herself not young, is teaching the elder to read,—the one patient, the other humble, over the syllables they have arrived at;—both much too earnest to be ashamed. It is a pretty sight.

The oddity about the arithmetic is, that the scholars have to admit two sorts, or to unlearn one. They have a good deal of reckoning to do every day,—most of them. They reckon their work by "grosses;" and they are quick in calculating their wages: but all the slower are they for this in doing sums on the slate. That beautiful girl, who makes a perpetual tat-tat on her slate, has to multiply four figures by nine. By the long rows of little strokes, we imagine that she has made nine marks many times over, and that she proposes to count them. She will thus learn, at all events, the convenience of the multiplication table. And so will that other,—untidy but absorbed,—who is counting her fingers, from one five minutes to another, with many a knitting of the brows, and many a sigh the while. They do learn arithmetic to some purpose: and they learn something else by means of it:—nothing less than that it answers better to some of them to stay at home and keep house, than to earn wages in the manufactory. Some of the hucksters, from whom household articles are bought, are themselves very ill-educated; and it may often happen that, without any evil intention, they may set down a penny in the shilling column of their books, and so on. With great satisfaction, a wife here and there now finds herself able to check such mistakes. When, added to this, she has become a reasonable thinker and planner, can understand her business,—can make and mend, and buy and economise, and suit her ways to her means; she may easily find that it answers better, as regards mere money, to stay at home, than to work at the factory. The great truth will be more evident still when the kitchen is opened, and the world of economy and comfort belonging to that department is revealed to minds at present wholly dark in regard to it. The women think they can cook, as before they thought they could reckon and could sew. They will soon see.

Here, then, we find ourselves brought round, through our sympathy with one order of observers, into sympathy with the other two. We see what the demand for female workers is, and how it has sprung up; and, when we learn that, owing to this demand, women's wages have risen of late twenty per cent., we are not disposed to try to counteract the natural tendencies of things by declamation. Again, we share the recoil with which others see young girls trooping through the streets to the factories, and wives locking their doors,—every morning turning their backs upon their homes. And now, we have a

right to claim the sympathy of both, in regard to this new movement, by which, without the slightest interference with the rights of labour, or with the liberty of a single individual, women are led back to their own homes, and the good old-fashioned seat by their own firesides. After sympathy, or with it, comes help. Those who think well of what has been done, should, and will, go and do the same thing. There should, and will, be more evening schools for women employed in manufactures.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

KING Edward the Second, the first Prince of Wales, was twenty-three years old when his father died. There was a certain favorite of his, a young man from Gascony, named PIERS GAVESTON, of whom his father had so much disapproved that he had ordered him out of England, and had made his son swear by the side of his sick-bed, never to bring him back. But, the Prince no sooner found himself King, than he broke his oath, as so many other Princes and Kings did (they were far too ready to take oaths), and sent for his dear friend immediately.

Now, this same Gaveston was handsome enough, but was a reckless, insolent, audacious fellow. He was detested by the proud English Lords: not only because he had such power over the King, and made the Court such a dissipated place, but, also, because he could ride better than they at tournaments, and was used, in his impudence, to cut very bad jokes on them; calling one, the old hog; another, the stage-player; another, the Jew; another, the black dog of Ardenne. This was as poor wit as need be, but it made those Lords very wroth; and the surly Earl of Warwick, who was the black dog, swore that the time should come when Piers Gaveston should feel the black dog's teeth.

It was not come yet, however, nor did it seem to be coming. The King made him Earl of Cornwall, and gave him vast riches; and, when the King went over to France to marry the French Princess ISABELLA, daughter of PHILIP LE BEL: who was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world: he made Gaveston, Regent of the Kingdom. His splendid marriage-ceremony in the Church of Our Lady at Boulogne, where there were four Kings and three Queens present (quite a pack of Court Cards, for I dare say the Knaves were not wanting), being over, he seemed to care little or nothing for his beautiful wife; but was wild with impatience to meet Gaveston again.

When he landed at home, he paid no attention to anybody else, but ran into the favorite's arms before a great concourse of people, and hugged him, and kissed him, and called him his brother. At the coronation, which soon followed, Gaveston was the richest and brightest of all the glittering company there, and had the honor of carrying the crown. This made the proud Lords fiercer than ever; the people, too, despised the favorite, and would never call him Earl of Cornwall, however much he complained to the King and asked him to punish them for not doing so, but persisted in styling him plain Piers Gaveston.

The Barons were so unceremonious with the King in giving him to understand that they would not bear this favorite, that the King was obliged to send him out of the country. The favorite himself was made to take an oath (more oaths!) that he would never come back, and the Barons supposed him to be banished in disgrace, until they heard that he was appointed Governor of Ireland. Even this was not enough for the besotted King, who brought him home again in a year's time, and not only disgusted the Court and the people by his doting folly, but offended his beautiful wife too, who never liked him afterwards.

He had now the old Royal want—of money—and the Barons had the new power of positively refusing to let him raise any. He summoned a Parliament at York; the Barons declined to make one, while the favorite was near him. He summoned another Parliament at Westminster, and sent Gaveston away. Then, the Barons came, completely armed, and appointed a committee of themselves, to correct abuses in the state and in the King's household. He got some money on these conditions, and directly set off with Gaveston to the Border-country, where they spent it in idling away the time, and feasting, while Bruce made ready to drive the English out of Scotland. For, though the old King had even made this poor weak son of his swear (as some say) that he would not bury his bones, but would have them boiled clean in a caldron, and carried before the English army until Scotland was entirely subdued, the second Edward was so unlike the first that Bruce gained strength and power every day.

The committee of Nobles, after some months of deliberation, ordained that the King should henceforth call a Parliament together, once every year, and even twice if necessary, instead of summoning it only when he chose. Further, that Gaveston should once more be banished, and, this time, on pain of death if he ever came back. The King's tears were of no avail; he was obliged to send his favorite to Flanders. As soon as he had done so, however, he dissolved the Parliament, with the low cunning of a mere fool, and set off to the North of England, thinking to get an army about him to oppose the Nobles. And once again he brought Gaveston home, and heaped upon him all the riches and titles of which the Barons had deprived him.

The Lords saw, now, that there was nothing for it but to put the favorite to death.

They could have done so, legally, according to the terms of his banishment; but they did so, I am sorry to say, in a shabby and unworthy manner. Led by the Earl of Lancaster, the King's cousin, they first of all attacked the King and Gaveston at Newcastle. They had time to escape by sea, and the mean King, having his precious Gaveston with him, was quite content to leave his lovely wife behind. When they were comparatively safe, they separated; the King went to York to collect a force of soldiers; and the favorite shut himself up, in the meantime, in Scarborough Castle over-looking the sea. This was what the Barons wanted They knew that the Castle could not hold out; they attacked it; and made Gaveston surrender. He delivered himself up to the Earl of Pembroke—that Lord whom he had called the Jew—on the Earl's pledging his faith and knightly word, that no harm should happen to him and no violence be done him.

Now, it was agreed with Gaveston that he should be taken to the Castle of Wallingford, and there kept in honorable custody. They travelled as far as Dedington, near Banbury, where, in the Castle of that place, they stopped for a night to rest. Whether the Earl of Pembroke left his prisoner there, knowing what would happen, or really left him thinking no harm, and only going (as he pretended) to visit his wife, the Countess, who was in the neighbourhood, is no great matter now; in any case, he was bound as an honorable gentleman to protect his prisoner, and he did not do it. In the morning, while the favorite was yet in bed, he was required to dress himself and come down into the court-yard. He did so without any mistrust, but started and turned pale when he found it full of strange armed men. "I think you know me?" said their leader, also armed from head to foot. "I am the black dog of Ardenne!"

The time was come when Piers Gaveston was to feel the black dog's teeth indeed. They set him on a mule, and carried him, in mock state and with military music, to the black dog's kennel—Warwick Castle—where a hasty council, composed of some great noblemen, considered what should be done with him. Some were for sparing him, but one loud voice—it was the black dog's bark, I dare say—sounded through the Castle Hall, uttering these words: "You have the fox in your power. Let him go now, and you must hunt him again." They sentenced him to death. He threw himself at the feet of the Earl of Lancaster—the old hog—but the old hog was as savage as the dog. He was taken out upon the pleasant road, leading from Warwick to Coventry, where the beautiful river Avon, by which, long afterwards, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born and now lies buried, sparkled in the bright landscape of the beautiful May-day; and there they struck off his wretched head, and stained the dust with his blood.

When the King heard of this black deed, in his grief and rage he denounced relentless war against his Barons, and both sides were in arms for half-a-year. But, it then became necessary for them to join their forces against Bruce, who had used the time well while they were divided, and had now a great power in Scotland.

Intelligence was brought that Bruce was then besieging Stirling Castle, and that the Governor had been obliged to pledge himself to surrender it, unless he should be relieved before a certain day. Hereupon, the King ordered the nobles and their fighting-men to meet him at Berwick; but, the nobles cared so little for the King, and so neglected the summons, and lost time, that only on the day before that appointed for the surrender, did the King find himself at Stirling, and even then with a smaller force than he had expected. However, he had, altogether, a hundred thousand men, and Bruce had not more than forty thousand; but, Bruce's army was strongly posted in three square columns, on the ground lying between the Burn or Brook of Bannock and the walls of Stirling Castle. On the very evening, when the King came up, Bruce did a brave act that encouraged his men. He was seen by a certain HENRY DE BOHUN, an English Knight, riding about before his army on a little horse, with a light battle-axe in his hand, and a crown of gold on his head. This English Knight, who was mounted on a strong war-horse, cased in steel, strongly armed, and able (as he thought) to overthrow Bruce by crushing him with his mere weight, set spurs to his great charger, rode on him, and made a thrust at him with his heavy spear. Bruce parried the thrust, and with one blow of his battle-axe split his skull.

The Scottish men did not forget this, next day when the battle raged. RANDOLPH, Bruce's valiant Nephew, rode, with the small body of men he commanded, into such a host of the English, all shining in polished armour in the sunlight, that they seemed to be swallowed up and lost, as if they had plunged into the sea. But, they fought so well, and did such dreadful execution, that the English staggered. Then, came Bruce himself upon them, with all the rest of his army. While they were thus hard pressed and amazed, there appeared upon the hills what they supposed to be a new Scottish army, but what were really only the camp followers, in number fifteen thousand: whom Bruce had taught to shew themselves at that place and time. The Earl of Gloucester, commanding the English horse, made a last rush to change the fortune of the day; but, Bruce (like Jack the Giant-killer in the story) had had pits dug in the ground, and covered over with turfs and stakes. Into these, as they gave way beneath the weight of the horses, riders and horses rolled by hundreds. The English were completely routed; all their treasure, stores, and engines,

were taken by the Scottish men; so many waggons and other wheeled vehicles were seized, that it is related that they would have reached, if they had been drawn out in a line, one hundred and eighty miles. The fortunes of Scotland were, for the time, completely changed; and never was a battle won, more famous upon Scottish ground, than this great battle of Bannockburn.

Plague and famine succeeded in England; and still the powerless King and his disdainful Lords were always in contention. Some of the turbulent chiefs of Ireland made proposals to Bruce, to accept the rule of that country. He sent his brother Edward to them, who was crowned King of Ireland. He afterwards went himself to help his brother in his Irish wars, but his brother was defeated in the end and killed. Robert Bruce, returning to Scotland, still increased his strength there.

As the King's ruin had begun in a favorite, so it seemed likely to end in one. He was too poor a creature to rely at all upon himself; and his new favorite was one HUGH LE DESPENSER, the son of a gentleman of an ancient family. Hugh was handsome and brave, but he was the favorite of a weak King, whom no man cared a rush for, and that was a dangerous place to hold. The Nobles leagued against him, because the King liked him; and they lay in wait, both for his ruin and his father's. Now, the King had married him to the daughter of the late Earl of Gloucester, and had given both him and his father great possessions in Wales. In their endeavours to extend these, they gave violent offence to an angry Welsh gentleman, named JOHN DE MOWBRAY, and to divers other angry Welsh gentlemen, who resorted to arms, took their castles, and seized their estates. The Earl of Lancaster had first placed the favorite (who was a poor relation of his own) at Court, and he considered his own dignity offended by the preference he received and the honors he acquired; so he, and the Barons who were his friends, joined the Welshmen, marched on London, and sent a message to the King demanding to have the favorite and his father banished. At first, the King unaccountably took it into his head to be spirited, and to send them a bold reply; but, when they quartered themselves around Holborn and Clerkenwell, and went down, armed, to the Parliament at Westminster, he gave way, and complied with their demands.

His turn of triumph came sooner than he expected. It arose out of an accidental circumstance. The beautiful Queen happening to be travelling, came one night to one of the royal castles, and demanded to be lodged and entertained there until morning. The governor of this castle, who was one of the enraged lords, was away, and, in his absence, his wife refused admission to the Queen; a scuffle took place among the common men on either side, and some of the royal attendants were killed. The people, who cared nothing for the King, were very angry that their beautiful Queen should be thus rudely treated in her own dominions; and the King, taking advantage of this feeling, besieged the castle, took it, and then recalled the two Despensers home. Upon this, the confederate lords and the Welshmen went over to Bruce. The King encountered them at Boroughbridge, gained the victory, and took a number of distinguished prisoners; among them, the Earl of Lancaster, now an old man, upon whose destruction he was resolved. This Earl was taken to his own castle of Pontefract, and there tried and found guilty by an unfair court appointed for the purpose; he was not even allowed to speak in his own defence. He was insulted, pelted, mounted on a starved pony without saddle or bridle, carried out, and beheaded. Eight-and-twenty knights were hanged, drawn, and quartered. When the King had despatched this bloody work, and had made a fresh and a long truce with Bruce, he took the Despensers into greater favor than ever, and made the father Earl of Winchester.

But one prisoner, and an important one, who was taken at Boroughbridge, made his escape, and turned the tide against the King. This was ROGER MORTIMER, always resolutely opposed to him, who was sentenced to death, and placed for safe-custody in the Tower of London. He treated his guards to a quantity of wine into which he had put a sleeping potion; and, when they were insensible, broke out of his dungeon, got into a kitchen, climbed up the chimney, let himself down from the roof of the building with a rope-ladder, passed the sentries, got down to the river, and made away in a boat to where servants and horses were waiting for him. He finally escaped to France, where CHARLES LE BEL, the brother of the beautiful Queen, was King. Charles sought to quarrel with the King of England, on pretence of his not having come to do him homage at his coronation. It was proposed that the beautiful Queen should go over to arrange the dispute; she went, and wrote home to the King, that as he was sick and could not come to France himself, perhaps it would be better to send over the young Prince, their son, who was only twelve years old, who could do homage to her brother in his stead, and in whose company she would immediately return. The King sent him: but, both he and the Queen remained at the French court, and Roger Mortimer became the Queen's lover.

When the King wrote, again and again, to the Queen to come home, she did not reply that she despised him too much to live with him any more (which was the truth), but said she was afraid of the two Despensers. In short, her design was to overthrow the favorite's power, and the King's power, such as it was, and invade England. Having obtained a French force of two thousand men, and being

joined by all the English exiles then in France, she landed, within a year, at Orewell, in Suffolk, where she was immediately joined by the Earls of Kent and Norfolk, the King's two brothers; by other powerful noblemen; and lastly, by the first English general who was despatched to check her: who went over to her with all his men. The people of London, receiving these tidings, would do nothing for the King, but broke open the Tower, let out all his prisoners, and threw up their caps and hurrahed for the beautiful Queen.

The King, with his two favorites, fled to Bristol, where he left old Despenser in charge of the town and castle, while he went on with the son to Wales. The Bristol men being opposed to the King, and it being impossible to hold the town with enemies everywhere within the walls, Despenser yielded it up on the third day, and was instantly brought to trial for having traitorously influenced what was called "the King's mind"—though I doubt if the King ever had any. He was a venerable old man, upwards of ninety years of age, but his age gained no respect or mercy. He was hanged, torn open while he was yet alive, cut up into pieces, and thrown to the dogs. His son was soon taken, tried at Hereford before the same judge on a long series of foolish charges, found guilty, and hanged upon a gallows fifty feet high, with a chaplet of nettles round his head. His poor old father and he were innocent enough of any worse crimes than the crime of having been the friends of a King, on whom, as a mere man, they would never have deigned to cast a favorable look. It is a bad crime, I know, and leads to worse; but, many lords and gentlemen—I even think some ladies, too, if I recollect right—have committed it in England, who have neither been given to the dogs, nor hanged up fifty feet high.

The wretched King was running here and there, all this time, and never getting anywhere in particular, until he gave himself up, and was taken off to Kenilworth Castle. When he was safely lodged there, the Queen went to London and met the Parliament. And the Bishop of Hereford, who was the most skilful of her friends, said, What was to be done now? Here was an imbecile, indolent, miserable King upon the throne; wouldn't it be better to take him off, and put his son there instead? I don't know whether the Queen really pitied him at this pass, but she began to cry; so, the Bishop said, Well, my Lords and Gentlemen, what do you think, upon the whole, of sending down to Kenilworth, and seeing if His Majesty (God bless him, and forbid we should depose him!) won't resign?

My Lords and Gentlemen thought it a good notion, so a deputation of them went down to Kenilworth; and there the King came into the great hall of the Castle, commonly dressed in a poor black gown; and when he saw a certain bishop among them, fell down, poor feeble-headed man, and made a wretched spectacle of himself. Somebody lifted him up, and then Sir William Trussel, the Speaker of the House of Commons, almost frightened him to death by making him a tremendous speech, to the effect that he was no longer a King, and that everybody renounced allegiance to him. After which, Sir Thomas Blount, the Steward of the Household, nearly finished him, by coming forward and breaking his white wand—which was a ceremony only performed at a King's death. Being asked in this pressing manner what he thought of resigning, the King said he thought it was the best thing he could do. So, he did it, and they proclaimed his son next day.

I wish I could close his history by saying that he lived a harmless life in the Castle and the Castle gardens at Kenilworth, many years—that he had a favorite, and plenty to eat and drink—and, having that, wanted nothing. But he was shamefully humiliated. He was outraged, and slighted, and had dirty water from ditches given him to shave with, and wept and said he would have clean warm water, and was altogether very miserable. He was moved from this castle to that castle, and from that castle to the other castle, because this lord or that lord, or the other lord, was too kind to him: until at last he came to Berkeley Castle, near the River Severn, where (the Lord Berkeley being then ill and absent) he fell into the hands of two black ruffians called Thomas Gournay, and William Ogle. One night—it was the night of September the twenty-first, one thousand three hundred and twenty-seven—dreadful screams were heard, by the startled people in the neighbouring town, ringing through the thick walls of the Castle, and the dark deep night, and they said, as they were thus horribly awakened from their sleep, "May Heaven be merciful to the King; for those cries forbode that no good is being done to him in his dismal prison!" Next morning he was dead—not bruised, or stabbed, or marked upon the body, but much distorted in the face; and it was whispered afterwards, that those two villains, Gournay and Ogle, had burnt up his inside with a red hot iron.

If you ever come near Gloucester, and see the centre tower of its beautiful Cathedral, with its four rich pinnacles, rising lightly in the air; you may remember that the wretched Edward the Second was buried in the old abbey of that ancient city, at forty-three years old, after being for nineteen years and a half a perfectly incapable King.

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OLD CLOTHES!

A STERN legislature has laid its red, or rather blue, right hand, in the shape of police enactments, upon many of the Cries of London. No more may the portly dustman toll his bell, and with lusty lungs make quiet streets re-echo to his cry of "Dust-ho!" The young sweep's shrill announcement of his avocation is against the law; and the sweep himself—first mute, perforce—has now ceded his place to the Ramoneur voluntarily, and has vanished altogether. Of the Cries which the New Police Act has not included in its ban, many have come to disuse, and must be numbered now with old fashions and old-fashioned people. The Cries are dead, and the criers, too. The "small-coal-man," and the vender of saloop; the merchant who so loudly declared in our boyhood, that if he had as much money as he could tell, he would not cry young lambs to sell; the dealer in sweet-stuff, who sang in so fine a barytone voice, and with so unctuous an emphasis, the one unvarying refrain, "My brandy-balls! my brandy-balls! My slap-up, slap-up brandy-balls!" the seller of rotten-stone and emery, who, by-way of rider to the announcement of his wares, added strong adjurations; the reduced gentlewoman, who cried "cats'-meat!" in so subdued a tone (*she* flourished before my time, and I only regard her in a traditional light);—all these are gone. There was a work published towards the close of the last century, full of copperplate pictures of the various London criers, with notices of their "Cries." Look through the book now, and you will find few not obsolete. We have grown luxurious, and cry, "Pine apples, a penny a slice!"—moral, and have superseded the tossing pieman, who cried, "Toss or buy! up and win 'em!" by a gaudy "hot-pie depôt," with plate-glass windows and mahogany fixtures. We have grown fastidious, and have deserted "'Taters, all hot!" for the "Irish fruit warehouse;" the voice of him who cried, "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns!" is hushed. Lord help us! where are we going to? The cry of "kearots" and "sparrowgrass" will go next, I suppose; "cats'-meat" will no longer be allowed to be cried; "milk ho!" is doomed; the cries of "butcher!" and "baker!" will be rendered illegal, and contrary to the statute in those cases made and provided.

But as I write, floats on the ambient air, adown the quiet street in which I live, softly through the open window, gently to my pleased ears, a very familiar and welcome cry. I have always heard *that* cry, and always shall, I hope. It was cried in London streets years before I was born, and will be cried years after I am dead. It never varies, never diminishes in volume or sonorous melody, this cry; for, as the world wags, and they that dwell in it live and die, they must be clothed—and, amidst the wear and tear of life, their clothes are worn and torn, too;—so we shall always have old clothes to buy or sell; and for many a year, down many a quiet street, through many an open window, shall float that old familiar cry—"Old Clo'!"

My first recollections of Old Clo' are entwined with the remembrance of a threat, very awful and terrifying to me then, of being imprisoned in the bag of an old clothesman, and forthwith conveyed away. My threatener was a nurse-maid, who, if I remember right, left our service in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of a new silk dress, which she solemnly averred my mother to "have worn clean out;" and the clothesman was a dreadful old man, with a long, tangled, grey-reddish beard, a hawk nose, which, like the rebuke of the nautical damsel at Wapping Old Stairs, was never without a tear, and a bag of alarming size. I am not ashamed of saying, now, that I perfectly believed this clothesman (a harmless Israelite, no doubt,) to be capable of effecting my capture and abduction on the commission of any juvenile indiscretion whatsoever; and that he, and "the sweep," a mysterious bogey I was often menaced with, but never saw; a black dog, addicted to sitting on the shoulders of naughty children; and a "big, black man," supposed to be resident in the back kitchen, whence he made periodical irruptions for the purpose of devouring insubordinate juveniles, formed in their glomerate natures the incarnation, to my youthful and confused mind, of a certain personage who shall be nameless, but who has been likened to a roaring lion.

Strangely enough, this old clothesman of mine (he was dreadfully old when I first

knew him) doesn't seem to get any older, and cries "Clo'!" to this day with undiminished voice and bag. I am not afraid of him now, and have even held conversations with him touching the statistics and profits of his trade. But I dream about him sometimes, and never look at that very large bag of his without a certain sort of awed and hushed curiosity. Very curious are early impressions in their ineffaceability. We can remember the father or the sister who died when we were babes almost, with minute distinctness; and yet forget what happened the day before yesterday. How well we can remember the history of Jack Horner, and the adventures of the other Jack, who rose in life through the instrumentality of a bean-stalk; and yet, how often we forget the matter of the first leader in the Morning Bellower, before we have got half through the second one!

The subject of left-off garments has always been an interesting one to me, for it is fertile in the vagabond-picturesque, a quality I much affect. Yet are there many mysteries connected with the old clothes question; which, though I have studied it somewhat profoundly, I am as yet unable to fathom. To what I *do* know, however, the reader is perfectly welcome.

The statistics of ancient habiliments have already been fully and admirably touched upon, in "another place," as honourable Members say. The aspect of Rag Fair, Cloth Fair, Petticoat Lane, and Holywell Street, have, moreover, been described over and over again; so that my lay will be, perhaps, only an old song to a questionably new tune, after all. But there is nothing new under the sun to speak of, and to be entirely original would be, too, as out of the fashion, as it is out of my power to be so.

Imprimis, of old clothesmen. Why should the Hebrew race appear to possess a monopoly in the purchase and sale of dilapidated costume? Why should their voices, and theirs alone, be employed in the constant iteration of the talismanic monosyllables "Old Clo'?" Is it because Judas carried the bag that all the children of Israel are to trudge through London streets from morn till eve with sack on shoulder? In Glasgow, they say, the Irish have commenced the clothes trade, and have absolutely pushed the Jew clothesmen from their stools. I can scarcely believe so astounding an assertion. I could as soon imagine an Israelitish life-guardsman as a Hibernian old clothesman. I can't—can you—can anybody—imagine the strident, guttural "Ogh Clo'" of the Hebrew, the *mot d'ordre*, the shibboleth, the password of his race, transposed into the mellifluous buttermilky notes of the sister isle?

My old clothesmen are all of the "people." Numerous are they, persevering, all-observant, astute, sagacious, voluble yet discreet, prudent yet speculative. They avoid crowded main streets, and prefer shadier and quieter thoroughfares. These do they perambulate indefatigably at all seasons, in all weathers. Lives there the man who ever saw an old clothesman with an umbrella? I mean using it for the purpose an umbrella is generally put to. He may have, and very probably has, half-a-dozen in his bag, or somewhere about him, but never was he known to elevate one above his head.

I am sorry to gird at an established idea, but duty compels me to do so. Artists generally represent the old clothesman with three, and sometimes four, hats superposed one above the other. Now, though I have seen him with many hats in his hands or elsewhere, I never yet saw him with more than one hat on his head; and I have been assured by a respectable member of the fraternity, with whom I lately transacted business, that the three-hat tradition has no foundation whatever; in fact, that it is a mere device of the enemy, as shallow a libel as the ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln," or the assertion that Jews cannot expectorate, but must, *nolens volens*, slobber. The three-hatted clothesman, if he ever existed, is obsolete; but I incline to consider him a myth, an æsthetic pre-Raphaelite abstraction, like the Sphinx, or the woman caressing her Chimæra.

The *old* old clothesman is, I am sorry to say, becoming every day a swan of blacker hue. Young Israel has taken the field, and Old Jewry—old, bearded, gabardined, bent-backed Jewry is nearly extinct. It may be, perhaps, that after a certain age he abandons the bag, and laying in a large stock of crockery-ware, and vouchers for enormous sums, retires to the East, where he awaits the goods which the gods of diplomacy provide him.

Very rarely now is the gabardine—that long, loose, shapeless garment, the same on which Antonio spat—to be seen in London streets. I recollect the time when nearly all the old clothesmen wore it, and I am certain *my* clothesman—the bogey of my childhood—was wont to be habited therein. Young Israel wears cut-away coats, and chains, and rings; has eschewed the beard for the curl known as aggravator, the chin tuft, and the luxuriant fringe of whisker; carries the bag jauntily, not wearily and cumbrously, as Old Jewry did. But the *inside* is the same, the sagacity, the perseverance, the bargaining—oh! the keen bargaining is as keen as ever.

Then there is the bagless clothesman—the apparently bagless one at least—the *marchand sans sac*. You may be in the street, and meet a gentleman attired in the first style of fashion, walking easily along, twirling his cane, and thinking, it would seem, of nothing at all. Passing him, you catch his eye; you find out that he has not got that piercing black eye and that acutely aquiline nose for nothing. He sidles up to you, and in an insinuating *sotto voce*, something between a stage "aside" and an invitation to "buy a little dawg" from a Regent-street fancier, asks you the momen-

tous question, "Have you anything to shell, sir?"

The interrogatory may have been put in Kensington, and you may live at Mile-end; but the bagless clothesman will not be deterred by any question of distance from accompanying you. He would walk by your side from Indus to the Pole, with that peculiar sidling, shuffling gait of his, on the bare chance of the reversion of a single pair of pantaloons. And, should you so far yield to his seductive entreaties as to summon him to your domicile, he will produce, with magical rapidity, from some unknown receptacle, a BAG—when, or where, or whence, or how obtained, it is not within the compass of human ken to know.

A marvellous article is that bag. It will hold everything and anything: always stuffed to repletion, it will hold more. The last straw, it has been aphoristically observed, breaks the camel's back; but trusses of trousers, stacks of paletôts, ricks of waistcoats, thrust into this much-enduring bag, seem not to tax its powers of endurance to anything above a moderate degree. As to breaking the bag's back, it is far more likely that it would dislocate the dorsal vertebræ of any novice bold enough to carry it than its own.

A friend of mine met with a bagless clothesman on the Queen's highway, and in his habit as he lived. Being about to leave London, he acknowledged the soft impeachment of having a few old clothes to dispose of, and of which he thought he might as well make a few shillings. Trousers, waistcoats, and coats were produced, and passed in review, and then my friend yielded to a Machiavelic suggestion of the clothesman relative to old boots. Remembering the existence of a dilapidated pair of Wellingtons under the parlour sofa, he descended to fetch them, leaving—*infelix puer!*—the clothesman alone. He reascended: the usual chaffering, bickering, and eventual bargain-driving took place. The money agreed on was paid, and the clothesman departed. But—oh duplicity of clothesmankind!—the nefarious Israelite had stuffed into his bag the only pair of evening dress continuations my friend possessed. There was likewise a blue satin handkerchief with a white spot—what is popularly, I believe, known as a bird's-eye fogle—which was missing; and though, of course, *I* would not insinuate anything to the disadvantage of the carriers of the bag, the disappearance will be allowed to be strange. Mrs. Gumm, however, my friend's landlady, (who has sheltered so many medical students beneath her roof that she may almost be considered a member of the profession, and who reads the "Lancet" on Sunday afternoons with quite a relish), Mrs. Gumm now stoutly avers that he *did* annex them; declaring, in addition, her firm belief that he appropriated at the same time, and stowed away in his bag, a feather-bed of considerable size, and a miniature portrait of the Otaheitan chief who was supposed to have eaten a portion of Captain Cook: which portrait was presented to her by the Rev. Fugue Trumpetstop, an earnest man, and now minister of finance to King Kamehameha XXXIII. of the Sandwich Islands. I think that if there had been a chest of drawers or a four-post bed missing, the dealer in decayed apparel would have been suspected as the spoliator.

Carrying the bag, and crying "oghclo!" seems a sort of novitiate, or apprenticeship, which all Hebrews are subjected to. They can flesh their maiden swords in the streets, without its being at all considered derogatory. I please myself with the theory, sometimes, that of the millionnaires I see rolling by in carriages; read of as giving magnificent balls and suppers; hear of as the pillars of commerce and the girders of public credit; many have in their youth passed through the dusky probation of the bag. Keen chaffering about ragged paletôts and threadbare trousers prepared them, finished them, gave them a sharper edge for the negotiation of the little bill and the sale of the undoubted specimens of the old masters. And from these to millions there were but few steps. There is a dear old dirty, frowsy, picturesque, muddy, ill-paved, worse-lighted, immensely rich old street in Frankfort, called the "Judenstrasse," a sort of compound of the worst parts of Duke's Place and St. Mary Axe, and the best parts of Petticoat Lane, and Church Lane, St. Giles's. Here dwell the Jews of Frankfort—as dirty, as frowsy, and as wealthy as their abiding-place. Departing at morn, and returning at eve, with the never-failing bag, you may see the young Israelites; sitting at the doors, smoking their pipes in tranquillity, are the patriarchs; gossiping at the windows are the daughters of Judah, in robes of rainbow-hued silks or satins, but with under-garments of equivocal whiteness; sprawling in the gutters amidst old clothes, pots, pans, household furniture, and offal, are the bright-eyed little children. I like much to walk in the Judenstrasse (after a good dinner at the Hôtel de Russie), smoking the pipe of peace and Hungarian tobacco; glancing now at the old clothes, now at the clothesmen; now at the little babies in the kennel—peeping cunningly at the heavy iron-stanchioned doors and the windows, protected at night (and for reasons, the rogues!) with iron-bound shutters. I conjecture how many colossal fortunes have been made out of that shabby, grubby, ill-smelling old street. How many latent Rothschilds there may be in its back attics: how many Sampayos yet to come are sprawling in its kennels! The discipline of the bag is well observed in the Judenstrasse, and prospers as it does everywhere else.

And this only brings me back to my starting point, and makes me perplexed, confused, bothered. Why should the Jews deal in old clothes? Not only in London or Frankfort: who has not heard the nasal chant of the

Marchand d'habits in Paris, crying "*Vieux habits, vieux galons!*" Who has not seen him bartering with the grisette for the sale of her last Carnival's Debardeur dress? Who has not seen him slouching along, with a portion of the said Debardeur dress, in the shape of a pair of black velvet trousers, hanging over his arm; a pair of gold epaulettes sticking out of his coat-pocket; a cavalry sabre tucked under his arm, and an advocate's robe protruding from his as usual crammed bag? Who have not heard of the Gibraltar old clothesmen, or of the fights on board the Levant steamers between the Greeks and the Jews, on disputed questions, relative to the value of cast-off caftans and burnouses? I knew a young Turk once at Marseilles, who wore patent-leather boots, and perfumed himself indefatigably, but was not quite civilised for all that; for I remember making him a present of a large bottle of West India pickles, which, desiring him to *taste*, he ate, from the first Capsicum to the last Chilli: from the first to the last drop of the red-hot pickling vinegar, which he drank, all without one morsel of bread or meat; smacking his lips meanwhile, and saying "*Mi piace, questo bastimento!*" his usual expression when pleased. I remember asking him, when we were better acquainted, and he had acquired a more extended knowledge of the European languages, what were the characteristics of the Jews in Constantinople? "They are dogs," he said, simply, "and wear yellow handkerchiefs, and *go about the streets of Stamboul selling old clothes.*" If in Turkey, why not in Persia, in Abyssinia, in Crim Tartary—anywhere? There is something more in it than is dreamt of in my philosophy. For aught I know, though I believe it without knowledge, the Jews of Honan in China, or the black Jews of India, may deal in cast-off wearing apparel. Every Jew, millionnaire as he may become afterwards, seems to begin with the bag. A fabulously rich Israelite of whom I know something, was once solicited for some favour by a poorer member of his tribe. He declined acceding to the applicant's request. "Ah!" said his petitioner, spitefully (he was an ill-favoured old man, in a snuff-coloured coat, and a handkerchief tied round his head under his hat), "you're a very great man, no doubt, now; *but I recollect the time when you used to sell pocket-handkerchiefs in the public-houses!*" And so, no doubt, he had.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step; and from old clothesmen to old clothes there is but half a one. Let us consider old clothes.

Under which head, I beg to be understood, I include old hats, old boots, old linen, old anything, in fact, in which man delighteth to array himself. With the ladies (bless them!) I will not pretend, just now, to meddle; they have their own distinctive old clothes dealers—their *revendeuses à la toilette*, their proprietors of shops where ladies' wardrobes are purchased. There are Eleusinian mysteries connected with this branch of the clothes trade; dark stories of duchesses' white satin dresses, and dowager-countesses' crimson-velvet robes, about which I must have more certain information ere I discourse thereon. To the uninitiated, the "Ladies' Wardrobe" is, as no doubt it is proper it should be, a mystery—a glimmering haze of dusky little shops in back streets, pink silk stockings, white satin shoes, soiled ostrich feathers, ladies' maids, and ladies themselves, shawled and muffled, and with a cab waiting at the corner of the street. Fubsy women in printed gowns and aprons are dimly visible through the haze, sometimes; and the tallyman has something, mysteriously, to do with the matter. I will inquire into it.

But of the old clothes appertaining to the masculine gender. If you want to see old clothes, and old clothesmen in their glory, go to Cloth Fair, or the Clothes Exchange. You will have to pay a small toll on entrance towards the support of the market, but that is nothing. I should not so particularly advise you to take care of your pockets on this occasion; but I should most decidedly caution you to take care of the clothes of which those pockets form a part; for it is by no means improbable that half-a dozen Jews will fall on you at once, and tug fiercely at your garments; not with any bellicose intention, but simply with the understanding that you *must* have something to sell; and that, carrying no bag, and being somewhat eccentric, you are actuated by a desire to sell what you stand upright in.

During the whole of the time the market lasts, one incessant series of pacific fights takes place. Rapidly, in twos and threes, and sometimes by dozens and half-dozens, swarm in the clothesmen who have been perambulating the streets since early morn. In a trice, on these erst buyers, now sellers, fall new buyers. What have they got to shell? For Moses' sake, vat have they got to shell? For all the Prophets' sake, give them the refusal! Oh! versh the bagsh? Oh! vat ish there in it? Oh! vat you vant? Oh! vat you give? The gigantic bag is forcibly removed from the shoulders of the resisting clothesman; it and he are tugged, hauled, hustled, jostled, about. At last, he selects the merchant with whom he is desirous of doing business, and on that merchant's shopboard the multifarious contents of the wondrous bag will be vomited forth. Lord help us! will it never have done disgorging garments? More coats, more waistcoats, more continuations; a shower of hats; any quantities of pairs of boots, silk handkerchiefs, umbrellas, boys' caps, pattens; and, sir, I am not exaggerating when I state, that this marvellous sack may, and has been very often known to, contain, and subsequently disgorge, such miscellaneous trifles as a few pounds of dripping, a birdcage, a live poodle, a theodolite, and an or-molu clock. All is fish

that comes to the clothesman's net—all clothes that come to his bag. He would buy your head if it were loose.

On every merchant's shopboard similar heaps of hydra-natured garments are tumbling out of similar sacks. Then ensues frantic yelling, screeching, lung-tearing, ear-piercing bargain-making. They gibber, they howl, they clutch each other fiercely, and grapple over a farthing like wolves. See yonder yellow-visaged old mercator, with salt rheum in his eye, and a beard like the beard of an insolvent goat, grown careless of his personal appearance. He is from Amsterdam, and can speak no English; yet he gibbers, and clutches, and grapples with the keenest of his British brethren. He holds up his fingers to denote how much he will give, and no more. For Moses' sake, another finger! S'help me, you're robbing me! S'help me, it's yoursh! And the mercator has the best of the bargain, for your Jew, when a seller, is as loth to refuse money as he is, when a buyer, to part with it.

Now the air is darkened with legs and arms of garments held up to be inspected as to their condition. The buyer pokes, and peers into, and detects naplessness, and spies out patches, and is aware of rents, and smells out black and blue reviver, and noses darns and discovers torn linings; the seller, meanwhile, watching every movement with lynx-eyed inquietude. A lull takes place—a very temporary lull, while this inspection is going on; but only wait an instant, and you shall hear the howling, screeching, and see the clutching and grappling commence *de novo*. The air feels hot, and there is a fetid, squalid odour of rags. Jew boys stand in the midst of the market calling sweet-stuff and hot cakes for sale. Hark at Mammon and Gammon yelling at each other, browbeating, chaffering in mutilated English and bastard Hebrew. They *do* make a great noise, certainly; but is there not a little buzz, a trifling hum of business in the area of the Royal Exchange just before the bell rings? Does not Capel Court resound sometimes to the swell of human voices? Is not the immaculate Auction Mart itself occasionally anything but taciturn, when the advowson of a comfortable living is to be sold? We can make bargains, and noises about them, too, for other things besides old clothes.

Look at that heap of old clothes—that Pelion upon Ossa of ostracised garments. A reflective mind will find homilies, satires, aphorisms, by the dozen—thought-food by the ton weight, in that pile of dress-offal. There is my lord's coat, bespattered by the golden mud on Fortune's highway; threadbare in the back with much bowing; the embroidery tarnished, the spangles all blackened; a Monmouth Street laced coat. Revivified, coaxed, and tickled into transitory splendour again, it may lend vicarious dignity to some High Chamberlain, or Stick-in-Waiting, at the court of the Emperor Soulouque. There is a scarlet uniform coat, heavily embroidered, which, no doubt, has dazzled many a nursemaid in its day. It will shine at masquerades now; or, perchance, be worn by Mr. Belton, of the Theatres Royal; then emigrate, may be, and be the coat of office of the Commander-in-Chief of King Quashiboo's body-guard; or, with the addition of a cocked hat and straps, form the coronation costume of King Quashiboo himself. And there is John the footman's coat, with ruder embroidery, but very like my lord's coat for all that. There, pell-mell, cheek by jowl, in as strange juxtaposition, and as strange equality, as corpses in a plague-pit, are the groom's gaiters and my Lord Bishop's spatterdashes; with, save the mark! poor Pat's ill-darned, many-holed brogues, his bell-crowned felt hat, his unmistakeable blue coat with the brass buttons, high in the collar, short in the waist, long in the tails, and ragged all over. There is no distinction of ranks; no precedence of rank, and rank alone, here. Patrick's brogues, if they were only sound and whole, instead of holey, would command a better price than my lord's torn black silk small-clothes; yon groom's gaiters are worth double the episcopal spatterdashes; and that rough fustian jacket would fetch more than the tattered dress-coat with only one sleeve, albeit 'twas made by Stultz, and was once worn by Beau Smith.

Where are the people, I wonder, to whom these clothes belonged? Who will wear them next? Will the episcopal spatterdashes grace the calves of a Low Church greengrocer? Will John the footman's coat be transferred to Sambo or Mungo, standing on cucumber-shinned extremities on the foot-board of a chariot belonging to some militia field-marshal or other star of the Upper Ten Thousand of New York? Who was John, and whose footman was he? How many a weary mile the poor Jews have walked to get these sweepings of civilisation together, and make for a moment a muck-heap of fashion in Cloth Fair—a dunghill of vanity for chapmen to huckster over! All the lies and the subterfuges of dress, the padded coats and whale-boned waistcoats, the trousers that were patched in places where the skirts hid them, have come naked to this bankruptcy. The surtout that concealed the raggedness of the body-coat beneath; the body-coat that buttoned over the shirtless chest; the boots which were not Wellingtons, as in their strapped-down hypocrisy they pretended to be, but old Bluchers; all are discovered, exposed, turned inside out, here. If the people who wore them could only be treated in the same manner—what remarkably unpleasant things we should hear about one another, to be sure!

The Nemesis of Cloth Fair is impartial, unyielding, inexorable. She has neither favourites nor partialities: a dress-coat—be

it the choicest work of a Nugee or a Buckmaster—is to her an abomination, unless something can be made of it. She regardeth not a frock-coat, unless there is enough good cloth left in the skirts to make boys' caps of; a military stripe down a pair of trousers have no charms in her eyes; she is deaf to the voice of the embroidered vest, unless that vest be in good condition.

There are three orders of "Old Clothes," as regards the uses to which they may be applied: First class, Clothes good enough to be revivered, tricked, polished, teased, re-napped, and sold, either as superior second-hand garments, in second-hand-shop streets, or pawned for as much as they will fetch, and more than they are worth. Second class, Old Clothes, which are good enough to be exported to Ireland, to Australia, and the Colonies generally. Great quantities are sent to the South American Republics; and a considerably brisk trade in left-off wearing apparel is driven with that Great Northern Republic which asserts itself capable of inflicting corporal punishment on the whole of the universe. Wearing apparel is unconscionably dear in the land of freedom, and the cheap "bucks" of the model republic cannot always afford bran-new broadcloth. Third class, or very Old Clothes, include those that are so miserably dilapidated, so utterly tattered and torn, that they would have been, I am sure, despised and rejected even by the indifferently-dressed man who married "the maiden all forlorn." These tatters—"*haillons*" the French call them—have a glorious destiny before them. Like the phœnix, they rise again from their ashes. Torn to pieces by a machine, aptly called a "devil," in grim, brick factories, northwards, they are ground, pounded, tortured into "devil's dust," or "shoddy;" by a magic process, and the admixture of a little fresh wool, they burst into broadcloth again. I need say no more. When I speak of broadcloth and "devil's dust," my acute readers will know as much about it as I do: plate-glass-shops, middlemen, sweaters, dungs, cheap clothes, and nasty. Who shall say that the Marquis of Camberwell's footmen—those cocked-hatted, bouquetted, silk-stockinged Titans—may not have, in their gorgeous costume, a considerable spice of Patrick the bog-trotter's ragged breeches, and Luke the Labourer's fustian jacket?

We have traditions and superstitions about almost everything in life, from the hogs in the Hampstead sewers to the ghosts in a shut-up house. There are traditions and superstitions about old clothes. Fables of marvellous sums found in the pockets of left-off garments are current, especially among the lower orders. There was the Irish gentleman who found his waistcoat lined throughout with bank-notes; and the youth who discovered that all the buttons on a coat he had bought in Petticoat Lane, were sovereigns covered with cloth. Then there was Mary Jenkins, who, in the words of the Public Advertiser of February 14th, 1756, "deals in old clothes in Rag Fair, and sold a pair of breeches to a poor woman for sevenpence and a pint of beer. While they were drinking it in a public-house, the purchaser, in unripping the breeches, found, quilted in the waistband, eleven guineas in gold—Queen Anne's coin, and a thirty pound bank-note, dated in 1729; which last she did not know the value of, till she had sold it for a gallon of twopenny purl." There are so many stories of this sort about, in old newspapers and in old gossips' mouths, that a man, however credulous, is apt to suspect that a fair majority of them may be apocryphal. There is a tinge of superstition in the connection of money or fortune with clothes. Don't they put sixpence into a little boy's pocket, when he is first indued with *braccæ bifurcatæ*, the *toga virilis* of youthful Britons? Don't we say that a halfpenny with a cross on it will keep the deuce out of our pockets? Don't we throw old shoes after a person for luck? and what is luck but money?

A CLOUDED SKYE.

It is a long way from London to the north of Scotland, and, for many of us, a short sentence would sum up our geographical impression on the subject of our northern district:

Skye—an island in the Hebrides, celebrated for its terriers.

There are many things which it is said are likely to take place "when the sky rains potatoes;" but it is since potatoes have ceased to appear with any regularity up in the northern Skye, that it has become requisite for us to extend our knowledge of the Hebrides. When, in the following remarks, we speak of Skye especially—that Skye which has for so long a time been raining little dogs over the kingdom—what we may have to say applies with nearly equal force to other islands of the Hebrides, excepting one or two which have rather a Scandinavian than a Celtic race of tenants. Of Skye itself, as an island, we have not much to say. It is a hilly, rocky, misty, barren sort of place, with pasture-grounds and potato-fields. You cannot grow wheat in the sky, whether celestial or Scottish. There is no telling whether, with good husbandry, there might not come six grains to the ear of wheat or barley; but, as the case now stands, a grain of wheat sown yields about two or three grains on the top of a stalk. Sometimes it simply reproduces itself, and is worth to the husbandman just a straw in the way of profit. The Gaelic inhabitants, like all good mountaineers, are very fond of their own rocks and mists; they are, by ancestry and predilection, shepherds, prefer rude to civilised agriculture, and no agriculture at all they like the best. It is manly

to fish, manly to keep cattle, or tend flocks of sheep. It is necessary to plant potatoes and some odds and ends for household purposes; but it is slavish work to dig, to carry burdens of manure from place to place, to drive a plough—slavish and troublesome. So they believe, not because they are idle; they enjoy toil that suits better to their taste. Nations have predilections. John Bull prefers porter to *eau sucrée;* the Gael loves flocks better than furrows.

Once upon a time, and it is now a time that has become rather remote, the people of the Hebrides were tolerably prosperous. The land was divided into crofts, each of which was under the joint care of several families. The system of joint occupation having been generally abandoned, these crofts were fairly parcelled out among their occupiers; so that there was left to each family its own little tract of rented land in sole possession. This innovation was necessarily disastrous; but political economy has taught them nothing about division of labour; each crofter builds for himself the house he lives in, and furnishes it after his own heart; for he is his own upholsterer. His mansion is rather spacious than convenient; spacious enough to contain the cow, the few sheep or other creatures, which used to be well-known as members of his family. Now they are rare visitors: they generally, also, come to make a very short stay. We are not talking, however, about the present, but about the past. The crofter was a tolerably comfortable fellow: he built a pretty spacious dwelling, and hospitably entertains one or more beasts under its roof; he had certain tools and implements of some trade—husbandry for one, and fishing for another, we should say, if we were called upon to specify. There was a Skye full of potatoes then. Cholera morbus had not found a partner in its dances among the mealy beauties of the vegetable kingdom. The crofter had abundant right of grazing upon hill-side land; he had a boat by means of which he could get many a row among the herrings, and make sales of what he caught. The crofter was also rascal enough to make whiskey in defiance of revenue laws, and the illicit stills quietly helped to still the cravings of his pocket. Finally, kelp was, what it is not now, a great article of commerce, and the crofters, as a commercial people, made their profit by its manufacture. But the trade and commerce of the Hebrides have been knocked down by a long series of blows.

The crofters used to be so very comfortable that they could sit upon their stools and spread their legs abroad with a luxurious sense of lordly superfluities, giving a benediction upon marriage to their sons or daughters, and a portion of their land as heritage or dowry. The young couple scampered after stones, and helped each other to erect a nest upon the space allotted to them, primitive as doves themselves in fetching sticks and straws to make a place where they might coo together. As long as there was an inch to spare, there was an inch to give away to children wanting it. Children and all clung to the soil. It was very touching, very natural, very demonstrative of the warm feelings of humanity. But the warm feelings of humanity, in common with all virtues, demand in their possessors self-control. The earth cannot afford to let the heavens blaze eternal sunshine. Clouds are dampers, and political economy is a damper. But damp is a handy servant, necessary to the housekeeping of nature. The people of the Hebrides wanted political economy when they were choking one another for the want of room, from motives of unlimited affection.

Crofts, therefore, were subdivided. Standing in one name on the rent-roll, they often were occupied by two, three, or four families. "While I have a potato, I will share it with you," says the warm-hearted Celt. While he has a potato-field, he shares it with his family. Perhaps if he were allowed to go on till he left himself no more than space for one potato, he would make arrangements for the sharing of that when it had ripened, in complete justification of his phrase, "While I have a potato, I will share it with my friend."

More educated people, landlords who had seen a little of the working of this system elsewhere, and knew that wet blankets and cold water cure were necessary remedies, then prohibited the building of an additional house on any croft. "It does not matter, my dear," then said the Highland father to his son; "marry, and take your share of land;—as for the house, why, you shall live with me." Matters were not mended. Then, when attempts here and there were made to check this practice also, it was so revolting to the feelings of all parties to part parent and child, to interfere with home arrangements made under the shelter of the paternal roof, that it became necessary to give up the contest. The evil was submitted to, and still exists.

While as a domestic people they were stabbing one another with love from within; as a commercial people their prosperity, just as unwittingly, was stabbed at from without. The reduction of the duty on foreign alkali, in 1823, gradually put an end to the demand for kelp. It was discovered that a cheaper alkali might be got out of common salt. This was an agreeable fact for the world in general; but a disastrous fact for the poor people who were striving to pick up a living on the Hebrides. Kelp is now only made in order to extract from it its iodine, and for this purpose sea-weeds are used which grow in deep water, and are only to be picked up in the form of drift-weed, after storms. The kelp thus got, will hardly repay, when sold, the cost of manufacture. Fiscal changes, and increased repressive energy, have almost put an

end to the illicit stills. Poverty—a sad cattle-lifter—has driven off a large number of cows and sheep, and has robbed numbers of their boats. The herring fishery has declined. Finally, since 1846, potatoes, the main food grown on the island, have been subject to that general break-up of the constitution, from which effects have followed that will occupy a most important page in the world's history, of which only posterity will duly recognise the true significance. Poverty, therefore, has increased with great rapidity among the people of the Hebrides, many of whom hungrily pick cockles from the shore for a subsistence. Poverty has grown, and population has grown with it. In much less than the last hundred years the population of the poorest islands in the Hebrides has doubled.

Can there be any help for misery like this? Has any been attempted?

Certainly there has. In many islands the great owners have spent more than the whole income of their local property in efforts to relieve the people. All kinds of farm teaching have been tried in sundry places, but the people really seem to have best thriven when left most to their own resources. The poor have a reserve guard of ways and means, which they bring to the rescue as a forlorn hope, and which they leave in ambush when they are receiving external aid; and it is really true that this reserve guard, when they are compelled to use manœuvres, and to bring all forces into play, drives them to plans and labours which produce for them, as a community, far more relief than can be artificially administered upon the most gigantic scheme of charity. True charity enables men to help themselves; unties the knots by which their limbs are bound, but carefully abstains from dictating the movement of the liberated hands. We often err, when we desire to teach the poor to do good to themselves, by labouring to make them act a play of our composing, in the manner of the puppets. Certain absurd rudiments of knowledge, in all civilised society, men have a right to demand that their neighbours should receive. States, that do not profess to be quite savage, have a right to demand—for the preservation of their own health, if not out of any higher motive—that no citizen shall be without that modicum of education by which he is raised above the brute, and made less apt to prey upon his fellows. Without prescribing forms of dress, the law will suffer no man to go absolutely naked; without prescribing forms of opinion, the law should suffer no man to be absolutely ignorant. But when we seek the physical well-being of the poor, we must be careful how we reject their experience of life, and teach them to walk according to our theories.

The experience of life in Skye at present is, as we have said, somewhat bitter. The island contains four thousand three hundred and thirty-five famili[illegible]. Of these, no less than one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight are small crofters, holding rarely enough land for their maintenance. Of the remaining families, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five belong to mere cottars, having no land to support them, and relying for subsistence on their labour. But there is in Skye, itself, no market for labour. When these cottars can procure the necessary seed, they hire potato ground of neighbouring crofters, who next year receive the benefit of the manure put with the potato crop. The people of Skye are all familiar, from their infancy, with sheep and cattle; they can build their own houses, roof and thatch them; they can make nets, cut peats, and wait upon themselves. As emigrants upon a virgin soil, they would require but little help; no men could have been better educated to a system of rude self-dependence. With aid of the herring fishery, the Isle of Skye is able to support its own population for about seven months in the year, If the natives would not live seven months with food and five without—supposing that arrangement possible—they are compelled to go abroad for means of making up the difference. They travel, therefore, in the summer, to the mainland. They busy themselves in the south of Scotland upon railroads, drains, and harvest fields; but when winter returns, they all go back to their dear homes, and take their earnings in among the mists. Upon these earnings, and what store they may possess, they live in idleness during the winter. Often, the earnings of the absentee will suffice only when he returns, to pay for the meal eaten by his family while he was absent. In that case, he looks to God to help him through the winter. He receives parish help, and he has received help from the Highland Destitution Fund, formed after the potato failure. Dependence upon charity has hurt his character, and has applied no relief whatever to his ills. In a recent number of the "Quarterly Review" it is proved, by figures, that every penny of the money taken thus in charity, has gone to increase the consumption of whiskey. The additional quantity of whiskey taken has been equivalent to the additional sum spent in relief. That gin-drinking and whiskey-drinking grow as distress grows, is a very old fact, and depends upon causes which are no reproach whatever to the people. A physician and a moralist would form a right committee to draw up the report explaining them: but the present instance seems to prove that figures are not always facts. The "Quarterly" is not responsible for any error, but the Inland Board of Revenue owns to the commission of a slight mistake. In the Portree division of the Isle of Skye, in the returns alluded to, the consumption of whiskey was inadvertently put down, by some clerk who may have been in love, at four thousand eight hundred and ninety-six gallons, instead of three hundred and ten.

Can this Isle of Skye, so altered since the days of old prosperity, suffer another change, and pass from worldly evil back again to worldly good? Perhaps it can; but if it can, the process, at the best, will be extremely tedious. To many of the natives in our own immediate day, nothing presents a look of hope; for them, an altered sky, a transfer to Australia, is the one alternative of good. Of course, the pastures of Australia offer to these pastoral Highlanders the scene of life to which—we might say to which only—they are accurately fitted. The labour market of Australia can absorb twenty-five thousand a-year of able-bodied men, and give them honest, independent livelihood. There was a time when the poor people of Skye distrusted every hint of emigration, and would rather starve in their own mists than let themselves be shipped away in cold blood, as they would have phrased it. Truth, however, has made a way among them; they begin to find that very warm and generous blood stirs under the advice to all men who are absolutely destitute, which would send them where there are men waiting to pay them for their labours with abundant bread. So there are at this moment in Skye more than four hundred families, representing about two thousand souls, asking for help to get them to Australia.

This help they are asking at the hands of the Skye Emigration Society. That is an association composed of persons resident in Skye, and intimately acquainted with the people; men who have seen them during the last five years of their intense suffering, which has not found an outlet in one case of violence or tumult, and which has occasioned no more thefts than are committed in the most prosperous districts of this country. The object of this society, which seems to be excellently conducted, is "to procure help for those who wish to emigrate, but have not the means of doing so, and to afford information, encouragement, and assistance to all to whom emigration would be a relief from want and misery." It circulates information among the people, and communicates freely with them, chiefly by means of fortnightly colloquial meetings held at Portree. It communicates thus with the people on the one hand, and on the other hand with the Emigration Commissioners. From the latter it has obtained some few judicious modifications of their rules, by which they are more suited to the habits of the peculiar population which it is desired to aid.

The Government Commissioners take charge of emigrants, and provide what is, in fact, almost a free passage to Australia, where they are received by an agent, lodged, fed and assisted in obtaining suitable employment. To obtain this privilege, it is required that emigrants should be of suitable condition, circumstances and character, and that if on these accounts admissible, they pay certain deposits varying in scale from one to eleven pounds, and provide for themselves a specified amount of clothing. Now the object of the Skye Emigration Society, when it has taught some of the people what they should desire, is to assist them in attainment of their object. Of the four hundred families now wishing to emigrate, some have a cow, some sheep or articles of furniture, but none of them are rich enough to pay deposits and to purchase clothing to the due amount. The Society proposes to make up the deficiency in the funds of each, not as a gift, but as a loan. The emigrants, as they repay the money borrowed, are to have a right to name to the Society friends, in aid of whose emigration they would have it to be invested; and so it is desired that each pound having helped one man should come back to help another, and so go and come, dwindling, of course, in the process, on account of losses and expenses, but still helping many before its whole work is done. Thus it may fairly be calculated that each pound added to the funds of the society, carries at least one man from starvation to an altered sky.

The Isle of Skye has no manufactures, very little trade, is a hundred miles distant from its county town, and farther distant still from any other town of note. This island differs from most of its neighbours of the Hebrides in wanting rich proprietors. Nearly the whole of its land is in trust for the behoof of creditors; detaining creditors are not concerned in local efforts of benevolence, and upon impoverished landlords no call for subscriptions can be fairly made. The poor would-be emigrants can get, therefore, in Skye itself only a moderate amount of cash attention. Their friends are now looking abroad, and we trust heartily that they will catch the eye of any individual who may be bringing his philanthropy, or heir, home to England from a residence at Timbuctoo, and may be glad to let it rest and breathe a little by the way upon a distant island of the Hebrides.

TOWN AND GOWN.

THE gowned members of the University of Bulferry love much to make themselves contemptible in showing how much they can despise the Town; the tradesmen of the town of Bulferry spite the thing they love—the Gown. Were the gown-wearers Chloes, and the townsmen Corydons, Corydons could not pursue Chloes with more flattering attention. Chloe is proud, but she would be sorry to miss Corydon, and she can coquet with him prettily. To be sure, they are a pair necessary to each other; only now and then they have their little tiffs, and of these the glorious High Street of Bulferry is commonly the scene. Town and Gown are the black and white chequers on a chess-board; they must differ, but they must abide by one another,

and are necessary to each other, none the less.

Here is the Right Hon. Sporule Fungus, who has not long come up to St. Tommasio His tutor toadies him; he is a hero to his private "coach" and to his whole round of University acquaintance; including Flashington, whose fag he has been at a public school. What does the town say to this grandee in the gown? Ask Bruin, the tobacconist, in St. Tommasio Lane. "For my part, sir," he will tell you, "I asked him to take champagne one evening, and gave myself some trouble to get a lord to meet him, and two gentlemen-commoners. His noble father could not have laid before the distinguished youth a better dessert than I provided." Will Bruin charge the champagne as cigars, and call his desserts Latakia, when after a long interval he shall send in to Fungus his small account? Why does Bruin always call a large account a small one, and leave it so long in his books as a matter of no consequence?—and why is it that when "he has a large bill to make up" he afflicts with his desire for money those who are not rich, and who owe him but trifling sums? He would not send a bill in to Fungus, even if the Right Honourable young man were to request him so to do.

Before the young Marquis of Ballyseedy, tailors, tobacconists, and cooks once lay prostrate. Would he condescend to bless them with his patronage? He would; he did. But never did he bless them with a sixpence. It having suddenly occurred to him that he could smash the Apollo Belvedere in the middle of "quad," he thought he would, and he did. His absence from the college was requested; and when he went he left no keepsakes behind him for the tradesmen written upon cheque-book leaves.

But Town and Gown are more in one another's eyes than debtor and creditor. Don't let us be sordid in our view of things. Town loves Gown for itself; Corydon is not a mercenary lover, though, to be sure, if Chloe has a little property, so much the better. A quiet man in fast society drops his lexicon to look to the St. Leger, and gives up his Paley for pale ale; a quiet town in gown society, desires to put upon its mind, if it may not wear upon its body, the familiar habit.

When Files, the builder, was to be seen patiently restoring the stone steps which had been undermined and re-constructed, as a tropky, by the wits of Deeptide Square, St. Tommasio, all said he was a steady, worthy man, and rejoiced that he had stored two thousand pounds, at which he could draw with the full strength of a capitalist. But Files was an infected man. He got his son into a gown; and William Files, Junior, Esq., with six light-coloured hairs growing from a wart on one cheek, to represent his whiskers, was to be seen following the "drag" upon a thorough-bred, galloping at full speed through a large portion of his father's money. The son of old Phaeton, the watchmaker, lost his balance at a Dangerfield Ball, and from that time went so disgracefully wrong that his works brought shame upon the house he came from.

A fine opening occurs to the son of a respectable townsman, a plump, cheerful, singing-faced boy—he gets a chorister's place. He is sought for his music; he is plunged into University society and University sherry. Honour comes to the father from his child's visits to "Sir Dickinson Cloudsley's rooms." The boy's mind is expanded to life; that is to say, Bell's Life. The child's voice breaks; the singing ceases, the good society is at an end. The chorister, however, has by this time donned a gown and trencher, having picked up a Bible clerkship, or taken the odious title of a servitor; he gets from his old cronies stately nods, or rare and formal invitations to breakfast. Then he forms a new set of his own, chiefly among freshmen, who soon learn to live at twice the rate of their allowances, perfectly forgetful of what mother, or what sister, may tenderly be parting with her little luxuries, that there may be no want felt by the boy, or brother, who has gone "where he has so fine a field for the exercise of his superior abilities."

Other relations yet subsist between the Corydon and Chloe of the Town and Gown. Rose Dapper, the tailor's daughter, looks out of window for the coming of the gentleman commoner; her Bertram Nightingale, who talked to her about his troth, and whose five times renewed and six times dishonoured bill her father keeps locked up quiet in his cash-box, at the intercession of this Rose. The Nightingale don't love the Rose. The Morning Toilet has this week announced the marriage of the Nightingale with the Honourable Lady Thorn, the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Blackberry, as being on the *tapis*. Rose Dapper ought not to be sitting at her window so forlorn. The Town ought never to have listened in such matters to the Gown.

Mary Smith, the surgeon's pretty daughter, has had six Gowns fluttering upon her breath, and would have beatified with a smile any one "man" out of a group of twenty, who sighed over her in twenty rooms. She beatified none of them; like a wise girl she waited for young Vellum, the attorney, and young Vellum duly came, and she is Mrs. Vellum, an extremely comfortable matron. The damsel at the glove-shop, who flirts, and sells to "the men" odd purses and babies' socks, knows what she is about—she is not under a delusion; she has accepted the white hand of a waiter at the Comet. There are, however, worse relations between Town and Gown. Fatal as red coats, are the gowns to servant maids—called, technically," slavies." Beyond the town its influence extends.

Has not the Bishop of Eddyston attributed much of the immorality of neighbouring parishes to the vicinity of the University of Bulferry?

Then again, to go from sad to silly, there are ladies whom the mighty spirit of the University has transformed into Anglican Sisters. These have a mother at their head who never has been married, and is mother only to her sisters; and it would be well if real mothers of the every day sort who enter the firm were children to themselves, and could be their own husbands for a while; so they would soon learn how disagreeable it is to make altar-cloths instead of slippers, and to go to chapel at breakfast time, having, besides, all day long a mission in the world, instead of occupation in their household. Mrs. Lupton went that way; she eschewed silk dresses, and wore a funeral-pall cut into a domino. Lupton took to frequenting "men's rooms," and the language in which he alluded to the establishment of Anglican Sisters was of an extremely sinful character.

In their own way the scouts and bedmakers partake the imitative spirit. I picked up an address-card one day, neatly inscribed with the name of Mr. Stephen Potts, St. Holmes, and scrawled over in due form with the familiar summons, "Come and take a glass of wine this evening at half-past six. —— Puddles, Esq." There was no Potts of St. Holmes, and I much doubted the existence of an esquire in the University named —Puddles. That happened on the first day in a term. Next week, however, when the "men" were "up," I chanced to breakfast with "the crack set" in St. Holmes, and heard the cry of "Potts!"—"Potts!"—"Potts!" from all parts of the staircase. The mystery was solved. Mr. S. Potts, scout, of St. Holmes, had been giving "a wine" in the rooms of his young master, where the display of the said young master's plate had been imposing. Plate-warmer, the cook of Brainmilk Hall, had sung "The Merry Maids of England;" Rocks, violoncello to the town-band, had presided at the piano; the party of the scout had only differed from the parties of the master inasmuch as the people had enjoyed themselves more thoroughly, and had drunk a better quality of wine.

Once when I paid a day's visit to Bulferry in vacation, I met my last grey suit walking with a lady. My scout was inside it. I let the matter—that is, the suit of clothes—pass unnoticed. One would not wish to make even a scout look small before the eyes of his betrothed.

Town courts and apes Gown; but Gown—does that never, on the other hand, court Town with a like want of fitness? I think, yes, it does, when I see Lord Stablewit and the Right Honourable Peony Button talking, as only brethren in soul are apt to talk, to Folliet the livery stable-keeper, or drinking the champagne of Bruin the tobacconist. Yet Lord Stablewit has a stern eye for the "scribs" of his own college, and the Honourable Peony Button ranks a curate lower than an ostler. He thinks better things of his tutor because he hunts, and once did him the honour to borrow a couple of sovereigns, which he repaid the next morning during lecture.

I must acquit the Don-gowns of any accusation of familiarity with the Town party. Only to think of a party—a ball—at which the daughters of a Dean are to appear! A committee of lords and gentlemen commoners is formed. A dreary entertainment is compiled at the Comet. The townspeople who go are uncomfortable; they have bought a ticket for the receipt of supercilious treatment. Miss Theodosia, eldest daughter of the Reverend Canon Venter, vicar of Adeps-on-the-Rib, worth seventeen hundred pounds a year and very little else, is happy. She has got three words out of Lord Stablewit, heir-apparent to the most gorgeous things. Two canons' daughters, both hunting the tuft of one and the same Lord Blank, are looking very Lady Blanks because his lordship takes no notice of them. He is dancing with a rosy-cheeked young lady whom they "do not know," and is assiduously seeking the good graces of that young lady's vulgar mamma. The canons' daughters, however, will both talk to-morrow of the delightful evening they spent, and will mention lords with whom they danced.

The dear, musty old dons! How one likes to get out of their oppressively dry company! Reverting to the scapegraces, I wonder whether they could not now and then be somewhat less oppressively high-spirited; whether they need whistle, or smoke cigars, or imitate the noises of the Surrey gallery, at places to which people of the town of Bulferry resort for entertainment. True, such additions to the public entertainments of the town are volunteered only by a small section of gowned performers; but there are enough of these to make a tolerable bear-garden, and on their account many people have declined to offer good performances or exhibitions in the neighbourhood of the University of Bulferry.

One indisputable fact I am happy to record in conclusion. In works of charity and kindness to the poor, Town and Gown vie with one another. When Sawbench, the poor carpenter, had his house burnt down, collegians and cads pumped with equal vigour to subdue the blaze; and water failing on the house, half-sovereigns were poured upon the man. The readiness with which these flowed out of the pockets of the undergraduates, told plainly enough—what many other things will tell—that the young blood is good blood at Bulferry. But there is a collection of stagnant stuff by which its movement is perverted very much; there is an old standing

collection of matter—centuries old—and the health of Bulferry requires that this should be lanced frequently, and subjected to pressure.

FROM GOLD TO GRAY.

Golden curls, profusely shed
O'er the lovely childish head,—
Sunshine, caught from summer skies,
Surely here entangled lies:
Tossing to the light winds free,
Radiant clusters, what are ye?

Types of Time that ripples now
In bright wavelets o'er the brow,—
Of the hopes and feelings blest
Dancing in the guileless breast,
Beautiful in their unrest:
Sparkling joys and willing faith
Rising to Love's light at breath;—
Of the future, seeming fair,
That may darken with the hair.

What are ye, dark waving bands
That, beneath the maiden's hands,
Sweep around her graceful head?
Fold o'er fold of changeful shade
Touch the cheek's contrasted bloom
With the poetry of gloom.

Offerings for a lover's eye;
Emblems of Love's witchery,
Round her heart that richly lies,—
Shadows, while it beautifies;
Keepsakes Love delights to give.
Did each friend one tress receive,
Every shining tress were lost,
For the maiden hath a host.
Ay! but trouble, stories say,
Locks as rich hath worn away.
What of this? But *friends* grew spare
As the scant and falling hair!

Wherefore send your pallid ray,
Streaks of cold, untimely gray,
Through the locks whose burnish'd hue
Hath but seen of years a few?
Autumn leaves on summer trees
Were less sorrowful than these.

Portions of life's travel-soil;
Footprints left by Grief and Toil;
Relics, too, of watchings late,
When one curl was too much weight
On the hot brows, bending o'er
Some grave book of ancient lore.
'Tis the mourning Nature wears
For the hopes of younger years;
And the scorching breath of care
Thus can fade the brightest hair.

Hail to thee, thou glistening snow!
Full of placid beauty, flow
O'er the furrowed brows that bear
Life's long story, written fair.
'Tis the white foam, cast aside
After Time's receding tide.

Yes, and pleasant types are ye
Of each moonlight memory;
Shining from his far-off prime
To the old man's evening time.
More—ye are reflections shed
From the heaven above his head;
Pale, but still assuring ray,
Of his nearly risen day.
Mortal! may thy hoary hair
E'en such glorious meaning bear,
That its silver threads may be
Messengers of light to thee!

CHIPS.

A GREAT CATCH.

A Cornish correspondent, alluding to the statement, at page 598, of our fourth volume, that last summer, in Mount's Bay, as many pilchards were enclosed at one time, in one net, as fetched twelve thousand pounds, declares, that "The Seine, or Catch, alluded to was 'shot' at St. Ives, and not in Mount's Bay. The number of pilchards supposed to have been enclosed in the net was sixteen million, five hundred thousand; or five thousand, five hundred hogsheads, weighing eleven hundred tons. The probable value was eleven thousand pounds, reckoning them at the usual price of two pounds per hogshead, before deducting expense of curing."

Yet, despite such wonderful resources of the sea (which were detailed more fully in previous articles in this miscellany*), hundreds of persons—according to the last Report of the Registrar-General of Deaths, &c.—die yearly in England and Wales for the want of food; while in Ireland, death from starvation is much more frequent. At the same time, tons of wholesome food is perpetually swimming about, within reach of starving people, and yet they do not catch it.

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

The history of Transylvania is, perhaps, one of the wildest and most romantic that ever told the story of a nation. It describes a people perfectly primitive and pastoral, and living under institutions as patriarchal as those existing at the time of Lot or Abraham. Transylvania, long annexed to the Austrian monarchy, was in old times looked upon as the rightful prize of the strong hand; and was, by turns, seized and plundered by Turks, Austrains, and Hungarians. For a short time it chose its own princes, who aspired to be kings of Hungary. Their presumption met with the penalty of utter annihilation.

To understand these peasants properly, the reader may, perhaps, be allowed to compare them to the Highland clansmen of Scotland at the same period. Far before any authentic records, a people have dwelt in Transylvania, who knew nothing beyond the deep valleys

* Vol. i, p. 217, "A Popular Delusion;" and vol. iii, p. 481, "Fish Dinners."

in which they lived; they held no intercourse with the rest of the world, or even with their neighbours, the other inhabitants of the country; and they formed as many little separate republics as there were valleys. Each clan had, and even still has, its chief, who generally fills, also, the functions of judge and priest. In the morning and the evening they have public prayers; but, although, like their lords, they belong to the reformed religion, they have no one among them specially entrusted with the cure of souls. When they marry their daughters, they make great ceremony and feasting, to which all comers are welcome. On these occasions, too, they sometimes pay a visit to the lord of the valley, that he may share in their simple rejoicing; but, at other times, they are shy of strangers, and few of them wander far beyond their native place. The agent, or the lord himself, usually visits them once a-year; or, perhaps, more frequently the patriarch of the tribe goes to the lord and tells him of the number of his cattle, and of their increase, of what must be sold and what must be kept. Certain of the peasants leave the depths of their valley towards the end of summer, and drive their flocks and herds into Wallachia, along the banks of the mighty Danube. Here are found immense forests; and here, in spite of winter, the sheep may glean fresh and plentiful pasturage. The owners of the woods are paid, in return, a certain sum yearly. In the Spring, merchants and cattle-dealers come down from Constantinople, who buy their sheep and goats; and it is to this sale that the lords of Transylvania look for the greatest part of their incomes.

Immediately after the shepherds have effected a sale, they despatch a messenger to their lord, who, in his turn, sends a trusty servant to receive the money. There are no bankers, no bills, no checks, no first and second of exchange, no post-office orders; the purchases are paid for in solid and very dirty silver, and it is carried through floods, rain, wind, and weather, to the lord, with pastoral honesty and simplicity. All takes place with a good faith and punctuality, and an earnestness of purpose very touching to witness.

Besides this source of revenue, no sooner have the flocks and herds returned to the valley, than the lord sends in waggons to return laden with cheese, the produce of the year. These cheeses are some of them formed like loaves; and some, the most delicate, are pressed into the skins of young lambs, carefully prepared for the purpose by some primitive art. The third, and remaining portion, of a Transylvanian gentleman's income is derived from wool, which is as faithfully and punctually delivered to him as his cheeses, or the cash for his flocks.

There is neither corn nor wine in these valleys, and the dwellers in them live chiefly on a kind of thin paste and a fermented drink, in both of which the milk of sheep forms a very important ingredient. Sometimes they regale themselves with a lamb or a kid; but this is a rare festival. They make their own garments from the wool of their flocks, which they fashion into coarse thick cloths, mighty against snow, and rain, and sun, and wind, but not pretty. Their caps, too, are made of wool; and, with long, shaggy tufts hanging to them, look like weird, uncouth wigs. Their women and children are clothed in the same way, and all live together in caves cut in the mountain side, or formed by nature in the solid rocks.

I paid some of these people a visit, and found, in one of these cavern houses, an Englishman's hat and umbrella. These things interested me, because their possessors had a legend that they had been received from a demon, and I could not help fancying it more likely that they had belonged to some luckless wight, who might have wandered thither and been lost. Into the hat they had forced a cheese; but I fancied I detected a sort of superstitious reverence for the umbrella, and they evidently looked upon its mechanism with great wonder and respect. They asked eagerly for information upon the mysterious subject, and, after I had explained it (which I am now almost sorry I did), I fancy they looked upon me as we, in England, looked upon people who had a tendency for explaining things in the middle ages—as an unbeliever, a student in dark arts, a magician, in league with the Evil One. But I had an object to answer, and I entered into negotiations for getting the cheese out of the hat, and offered, what Mr. Trapbois calls a "con-side-ra-tion," to be allowed to examine both hat and umbrella nearer, to see if I could find any mark, or initials, giving a clue to their former owner. For a long time my efforts were useless; the cheese in the hat was intended for the lord, and they were afraid of offending the umbrella by allowing me to take any liberty with it; but a good-temper, and a cheery way, gets on wonderfully with simple folk, and at length they listened to my wish, but refused my gift. I could not, however, find anything to reward my search.

On returning to Vienna the mystery was cleared up. It appears, that an English traveller, making a tour in those parts on foot, had been overtaken by a gaunt man in a strange costume. The uncouth figure addressed him in an unknown tongue; and all presence of mind, for a moment, deserted him. Without pausing to reflect if the greeting were friendly or hostile, he thought to conciliate his gigantic acquaintance (having no money about him) by offering the only things he could dispose of; so, taking off his hat, and resigning his umbrella with it

into the hands stretched out in wonder to receive them, the English traveller took to his heels.

WHAT THERE IS IN A BUTTON.

It is a serious thing to attempt to learn about buttons at Birmingham. What buttons are we thinking of? we are asked, if we venture an inquiry. Do we want to see gilt, or silvered buttons? or electro-plated? or silk, or Florentine buttons? or mother-of-pearl, or steel, or wood, or bone, or horn buttons? All these are made here. Before we have made up our minds what to see first, we hear somebody say that button-dies are among the highest objects of the die-sinkers, and medallists' art. This not only suddenly raises our estimate of buttons, but decides us to follow the production of the button from the earliest stage,—if Messrs. Allen and Moore will kindly permit us to see what their artists and workmen are doing. This is not the first time that we have had a hankering after this spectacle. When we saw electro-plating—when we saw the making of pencil cases and trinkets—we observed and handled many steel dies, and wondered how they were made. Now we are to learn.

It was not a little surprising to see, in other manufactories, ranges of shelves, or pigeon-holes, covering whole sides of rooms, filled with dies, worth from ten shillings to twenty-four shillings each. It was rather sad, too, to be told that a large proportion of these might never again be of any use—the fashion of a few weeks, or even days, having passed away. Much more surprising is the sight of the dies arranged along the shelves of the makers of this curious article. Messrs. Allen and Moore have made three thousand dies within the last three years: and upon each one, what thought has been spent—what ingenuity—what knowledge—what taste—what skill of eye and hand! A single die will occupy one man a month, with all his faculties in exercise; while another, with more natural aptitude, or courage, or experience, will do the same thing in two or three days. To think of one thousand in a year, produced with this effort and ability, and then to remember that button dies are among the highest productions of the art, cannot but elevate our respect for buttons very remarkably.

First, what is this steel die, which is so much heard of, and so seldom seen, except by those who go to seek it? It is a block of metal, round or square, as may happen, about four or five inches in height, and rather smaller at the top than the bottom. It consists of a piece of soft steel in the centre, surrounded by iron, to prevent its cracking by expansion, under the treatment it is to be subjected to. The bar of iron is wound round the steel when hot, and welded to it; and thus it comes from the forge, rough and dirty. The steel surface at the top is then polished; and if it is intended for a medal, it is turned in the lathe. The artist sketches his subject upon it, from the drawing before him, with a pencil. When he has satisfied himself with his drawing, he begins to engrave. He rests his graver (a sharp point of steel) across another graver, and cuts away—very gently; for it is always easy to cut away more, but impossible to restore the minutest chip when the stroke has gone too deep. He keeps beside him a lump of red clay, which he now and then lays upon his work, knocking it down smartly through a frame, which keeps it in shape; and thus he has presented to him his work in relief, and can judge of its effect so far. Little brushes in frames are also at hand, wherewith to brush away particles of steel, oil, and all dirt. When the engraving is done, the most anxious process of all succeeds. The steel must be hardened. All has been done that could be done to prevent fracture by the original surrounding of the steel with iron; but cracks will happen sometimes, and they spoil the work completely. The block is heated to a crimson heat—not to "a scaly heat," but a more moderate degree; and then a dash of cold water hardens the steel. This dash of cold water is the nervous part of the business. In medals representing heads, there is usually only a narrow line left between the top of the concave head and the edge of the steel; and this is where the fracture is to be first looked for. When the Jenny Lind medal was to be struck at this house, no less than four dies were spoiled in succession. It was vexatious; but the artists went to work again, and succeeded. The Queen's head is less mischievous than Jenny Lind's, as the shallow work about the top of the crown intervenes between the deeper concavity and the rim. If the steel stands the hardening, the die is ready for use, except only that the plain surface must be well polished before the medal or button is struck.

Before we go to the medal press, we must look round this room a little. Ranged on shelves, and suspended from nails, are casts of limbs, of whole figures, of draperies, of foliage,—of everything that is pretty. This art comes next to that of the sculptor; and it requires much of the same training. When partially-draped figures are to be represented, the artist engraves the naked figure first, and the drapery afterwards; and to do this well, he must have the sculptor's knowledge of anatomy. He must be familiar with the best works of art, because something of a classical air is required in such an article as a medal. The personifications of virtues, arts, sciences,—of all abstract conceptions which can thus be presented,—must be of the old classical types, or in close harmony with them. And then, how much else is required! Think of the skill in perspective required to engrave the Crystal Palace in the space of two or three inches! Think of the architectural

drawing that an artist must be capable of who engraves public buildings by the score;—endowed grammar-schools, old castles, noblemen's seats, market houses, and so forth! Think of the skill in animal drawing required for the whole series of sporting buttons—from the red deer to the snipe! Think of the varieties of horses and dogs, besides the game! For crest buttons, the lions and other animals are odd and untrue enough; but, out of the range of heraldry, all must be perfect pictures. And then, the word "pictures" reminds us of the exquisite copies of paintings which the die-sinker makes. Here is the "Christus Consolator" of Scheffer reproduced, with admirable spirit and fidelity, within a space so small, that no justice can be done to the work unless it is viewed through a magnifying glass.

So much for the execution. We have also not a little curiosity about the designing. The greater number of the designs are sent hither to be executed;—coats of arms; livery buttons; club buttons; service buttons;—buttons for this or that hunt; foreign buttons—the Spanish one sort, the French another. Sometimes a suggestion comes, or a rough sketch, which the artist has to work out. But much is originated on the premises. There is a venerable man living at Birmingham, who has seen four generations, and watched their progress in art; and he it is, we are told,—Mr. Lines, now above eighty, who has "furnished" (that is, discovered and trained) more designers than anybody else. It must be pleasant to him to see what Birmingham has arrived at since lamps were made with a leopard's foot at the bottom, expanding into a leaf at the top, and so on, through a narrow circle of grotesque absurdities. Now, one cannot enter a manufactory, or pass along the streets of this wonderful town, without being impressed and gratified by the affluence of beauty, with good sense at the bottom of it, which everywhere abounds: and, to one who has helped on the change, as Mr. Lines has done, the gratification ought to be something enviable.

The variety of dies is amusing enough. Here is a prize medal for the Queen's College at Cork: on one side, the Queen's head, of course; on the other, Science—a kneeling figure, feeding a lamp; very pretty. Next, we see General Tom Thumb;—his mighty self on one side, and his carriage on the other. This medal he bought here at a penny a-piece; and he sold it again, with a kiss into the bargain, to an admiring female world, at the low price of a shilling. Then, we have the Duke of Cambridge, and the Governesses' Institution; and Prince Albert, and the Crystal Palace; and, on the same shelf, the late Archbishop of Paris, on the barricade; and, again, the medal of the Eisteddfod—the eagle among clouds, above which rises the mountain peak: on the other side, Cardiff Castle; and for the border, the leek. But we must not linger among these dies, or we shall fill pages with accounts of whom and what we saw there;—the Peels and the Louis Napoleons; the Schillers and the Tom Thumbs; the private school and public market medals; royal families, free trade, charities, public solemnities, and private vanities, out of number. We will mention only one more fact in this connexion. We saw a broken medal press—a press which was worth one hundred pounds, and which broke under the strain of striking off seventy thousand medals for the school-children who welcomed the Queen to Manchester last autumn. Yes, there is another fact that we must give. Many thousands of "national boxes" are required for exportation, especially to Germany. These boxes contain four counters, intended for the whist table. These counters are little medals, containing the portraits of the Queen, of Prince Albert, of the Prince of Wales, and of the other royal children. The Germans decline all invitations to suggest other subjects. They prefer these, which are interesting to all, and which can cause no jealousy among the various states of Germany. So these medals are struck everlastingly.

The medal-press is partly sunk in the earth, to avoid the shock and vibration which would take place above-ground, and injure the impression from the die. Its weight is three tons; the screw and wheel alone weighing fifteen hundred-weight. The screw is of an extraordinary size, being six inches in diameter. One die is fixed to the block, which rises from the ground; and the other is fastened to the end of the screw, which is to meet it from above. Of course the medal must lie between them. This medal, called a "blank," is (if not of gold, silver, or copper) of pure tin, cut out by one machine, cleaned and polished by another, and now brought here to be stamped by a third, and the greatest. This "blank" is laid on the lower die, and kept in its place, and preserved from expansion, when struck, by the collar, a stout circle of metal which embraces the die and blank. As the heavy horizontal wheel at the top revolves, the screw descends; so two or three men whirl the wheel round, with all their force; down goes the screw, with its die at its lower end, and stamps smartly upon the blank. A second stroke is given, and the impression is made. The edges are rough; but they are trimmed off in a lathe, and then the medal is finished. Button blanks are stamped in a smaller machine; some on these premises, but many in the manufactories of the button-makers. To those manufactories we must now pass on.

When little children are shown old portraits, they are pretty sure to notice the large buttons on the coats of our forefathers. Those buttons were, no doubt, made at Birmingham; for few were, in old days, made anywhere else in the kingdom. Those buttons were covered by women, and by the slow process of the needle. Women and girls sat round tables, in

a cosey way, having no machinery to manage; and there was no clatter, or grinding, or stamping of machinery to prevent their gossiping as much as they liked. Before the workwomen lay moulds of horn or wood, of various shapes, but most commonly round, and always with a hole in the middle. These moulds were covered with gold or silver thread, or with sewing silk, by means of the needle. One would like to know how many women were required to supply, at this rate, the tailors who clothed the gentlemen of England? At last, the tailors made quicker work, by covering the moulds with the material of the dress. So obvious a convenience and saving as this might have been expected to take its place, as a matter of course, among new arrangements; but there were plenty of people who thought they could put down such buttons by applying to Parliament. A doleful petition was sent up, showing how needle-wrought buttons had been again and again protected by Parliament, and requesting the interposition of the Legislature once more against the tailoring practice of covering moulds with the same material as the coat or other dress. What would the petitioners have said, if they had been told that, in a century or so, one establishment would use metal for the manufacture of buttons to the amount of thirty-seven tons, six hundred-weight, two quarters, and one pound weight in one year! Yet this is actually the state of things now in Birmingham. And this is exclusive of the sort of button which, a few years ago, we should have called the commonest—the familiar gilt button, flat and plain.

As for the variety of kinds, William Hutton wrote about it as being great in his day; but it was nothing to what it is now. He says, "We well remember the long coats of our grandfathers, covered with half a gross of high-tops; and the cloaks of our grandmothers, ornamented with a horn button, nearly the size of a crown-piece, a watch, or John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press. Though the common round button keeps in with the pace of the day, yet we sometimes find the oval, the square, the pea, the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this, fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer." We do not see the square at present; but the others, with a long list of new devices, are still familiar to us.

Some grandmother, who reads this, may remember the days when she bought horn button moulds by the string, to be covered at home. Some middle-aged ladies may remember the anxieties of the first attempts to cover such moulds—one of the most important lessons given to the infant needlewoman. How many stitches went to the business of covering one mould! what coaxing to stretch the cover smooth! what danger of ravelling out at one point or another! what ruin if the thread broke! what deep stitches were necessary to make all secure! And now, by two turns of a handle, the covering is done to such perfection, that the button will last twice as long as of old, and dozens can be covered in a minute by one woman. The one house we have mentioned sends out two thousand gross of shirt buttons per week; the gross consisting of twelve dozens.

"But what of metal?" the reader may ask. "Have shirt buttons anything to do with metal? except, indeed, the wire rim of those shirt buttons which are covered with thread and which wear out in no time? When you talk of thirty-seven tons of metal, do you include wire?" No, we do not. We speak of sheet iron, and copper, and brass, used to make shirt-buttons, and silk, and satin, and acorn, and sugar-loaf, and waistcoat buttons, and many more, besides those which show themselves to be metal.

Here are long rooms, large rooms, many rooms, devoted to the making an article so small as to be a very name for nothingness. "I don't care a button," we say: but, little as a button may be worth to us, one single specimen may be worth to the manufacturer long days of toil and nights of care, and the gain or loss of thousands of pounds. We can the better believe it for having gone through those rooms. There we see range beyond range of machines—the punching, drilling, stamping machines, the polishing wheels, and all the bright and compact, and never-tiring apparatus which is so familiar a spectacle in Birmingham work-rooms. We see hundreds of women, scores of children, and a few men; and piles of the most desultory material that can be found anywhere, one would think—metal plates, coarse brown pasteboard, Irish linen, silk fringes, and figured silks of many colours and patterns.

First, rows of women sit, each at her machine, with its handle in her right hand, and a sheet of thin iron, brass, or copper, in the other. Shifting the sheet, she punches out circles many times faster than the cook cuts out shapes from a sheet of pastry. The number cut out and pushed aside in a minute is beyond belief to those who have not seen it done. By the same method, the rough pasteboard is cut; and linen (double, coarse and fine) for shirt buttons; and silk and satin;—in short, all the round parts of all buttons. The remains are sold—to the foundries, and the ragman, and the paper-makers. Very young children gather up the cut circles. Little boys, "just out of the cradle," range the pasteboard circles, and pack them close, on edge, in boxes or trays; and girls, as young, arrange on a table the linen circles, small and larger. Meantime, the machines are busily at work. Some are punching out the middle of the round bits of iron, or copper, or pasteboard, to allow the cloth or linen within to protrude, so as to be

laid hold of by the needle which is to sew on the button. This makes the back or under-part of the button. Another machine wraps the metal top of the button in cloth, turns down the edges, fixes in the pasteboard mould, and the prepared back, and closes all the rims, so as to complete the putting together of the five parts that compose the common Florentine button which may be seen on any gentleman's coat. It is truly a wonderful and beautiful apparatus; but its operation cannot well be described to those who have not seen it. Black satin waistcoat buttons, and flat and conical buttons covered with figured silks, are composed of similar parts, and stuck together, with all edges turned in, by the same curious process. Shirt-buttons are nearly of the same make; but, instead of two pieces of metal, for the back and front, there is only one; and that is a rim, with both edges turned down, so as to leave a hollow for the reception of the edges of all the three pieces of linen which cover the button. A piece of fine linen, lined with a piece very stout and coarse, covers the visible part of the button, and goes over the rim. A piece of middling quality is laid on behind: and, by the machine, all the edges are shut fast into the hollow of the rim—the edges of which are, by the same movement, closed down nicely upon their contents, leaving the button so round, smooth, compact, and complete, that it is as great a mystery where the edges are all put away, as how the apple gets into the dumpling. No one would guess how neat the inside of the button is, that did not see it made. The rims are silvered as carefully as if they were for show. When struck from the brass or copper, and bent, they are carried to the yard, where an earnest elderly man, dressed in an odd suit of green baize, stands at a stone table, with a bucket of stone ware, pierced with holes, in his hand, and troughs before him, containing—the first, diluted aquafortis, and the others, water. The bucket, half full of button rims, is dipped in the aquafortis bath, well shaken there, and then passed through successive waterings, finishing at the pump. The rims, now clean and bright, must be silvered. They are shaken and boulted (as a miller would say), covered with a mysterious silvering powder, the constitution of which we were not to inquire into; and out they come, as white as so many teaspoons. Thus it is, too, with the brace-buttons, on which the machines are at work all this time. Each has to be pierced with four holes; necessary, as we all know, for sewing on buttons which have to bear such a strain as these have. This piercing with four holes can be inflicted, by one woman, on fifteen gross per hour. The forming the little cup in the middle of the button, where the holes are, in order to raise the rim of the button from the surface of the dress, is called counter-sinking; and that process has a machine to itself; one of the long row of little engines which look almost alike, but which discharge various offices in this manufacture, at once so small and so great. These buttons go down to the burnisher's department in company with some which make a prodigious show at a very small cost—the stage ornaments which are professionally called "spangles." Let no novice suppose that these are the little scales of excessively thin metal which are called spangles on doll's dresses and our grandmothers' embroidered shoes. These stage spangles are nearly an inch in diameter, cut out in the middle, and bent into a rim, to reflect light the better. In the Hippodrome they cover the boddices of princesses, and stud the trappings of horses at a tournament; and in stage processions they make up a great part of the glitter. Of these, twenty-five thousand gross in a year are sent out by this house alone; a fact which gives an overwhelming impression of the amount of stage decoration which must always be exhibiting itself in England.

In our opinion, it was prettier to see these "spangles" burnished here than glittering on the stage; and, certainly, the brace-buttons we had been tracing out would never more be so admired as when they were brightening up at the wheel. The burnisher works his lathe with a treadle. The stone he uses is a sort of bloodstone, found in Derbyshire, which lasts a lifetime in use. Each button is picked up and applied: a pleasant twanging, vibrating tune—very like a Jew's harp—comes from the flying wheel; the button is dropped—polished in half a second; and another is in its place, almost before the eye can follow. Six or eight gross can thus be burnished in an hour by one workman. If the brace-buttons are to have rims, or to be milled, or in any way ornamented, now is the time; and here are the lathes in which it is done. The workmen need to have good heads, as well as practised hands; for, even in an article like this, society is full of fancies, and there may be a hundred fashions in a very short time;—a new one almost every week. These harping lathes, in a row, about their clean and rapid work, are perhaps the prettiest part of the whole show. At the further end of the apartment sits a woman with heaps of buttons and spangles, and piles of square pieces of paper before her. With nimble fingers she ranges the finished articles in rows of half-a-dozen or more, folds in each row, and makes up her packets as fast, probably, as human hands can do it. But this is a sort of work which one supposes will be done by machinery some day.

Still, all this while, the long rows of machines on the counters, above and below, and on either hand, are at work, cutting, piercing, stamping, counter-sinking. We must go and see more of their work. Here is one shaping in copper the nut of the acorn: another is shaping the cup. Disks

of various degrees of concavity, sugar-loaves, and many other shapes, are dropping by thousands from the machines into the troughs below. And here is the covering or pressing machine again at work—here covering the nut of the acorn with green satin, and there casing the cup with green Florentine; and finally fitting and fastening them together, so that no ripening and loosening touch of time shall, as in the case of the natural acorn, cause them to drop apart. This exquisite machinery was invented about eleven years ago, and is now patented by the Messrs. Elliott, in whose premises we are becoming acquainted with it.

We have fastened upon the acorn button, because it is the prettiest; and, just now, before everybody's eyes, in shop, street, or drawing-room: but the varieties of dress-button are endless. Some carry a fringe; and the fringes come from Coventry. To ornament others, the best skill of Spitalfields is put forth. In a corner of an up-stairs room there is a pile of rich silks and other fabrics, which seem to be out of place in a button manufactory, till we observe that they are woven expressly for the covering of buttons. They have sprigs or circles, at regular distances. One woman passes the piece under a machine, which chalks out each sprig; and the next machine stamps out the chalked bit. This, again, is women's and children's work; and we find, on inquiry, that of the three or four hundred people employed on these premises, nearly all are women and children. We saw few men employed, except in the silvering and burnishing departments.

The most interesting and beautiful kind of button of all, however, depends upon the skill of men employed elsewhere—the die-sinkers, of whom we have already given some news. There is a series of stamped buttons, gilt or silvered, which one may go and see, as one would so many pictures;—that sort of badge called sporting buttons. Members of a hunt, or of any sporting association, distinguish themselves by wearing these pretty minature pictures; here, a covey of partridges, with almost every feather indicated in the high finish;—there, a hound clearing a hedge;—now, a group of huntsman and pack;—and again, a fishing-net meshing the prey; or the listening stag or bounding fawn. In these small specimens of art, the details are as curious, the composition as skilful, the life of the living as vivid, and the aspect of the dead as faithful, as if the designer were busy on a wine-cup for a king, instead of a button for a sporting jacket. Here there must be a dead ground; there a touch of burnish; here a plain ground; there a plaided or radiating one; but everywhere the most perfect finish that talent and care can give. There is surely something charming in seeing the smallest things done so thoroughly, as if to remind the careless, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. We no longer wonder as we did, that the button branch is one of the most advanced in the business of the die-sinker and medallist.

Pearl buttons have their style of "ornamentation" too; but the die-sinker and professional designer have nothing to do with it. There is something more in the ornamenting of pearl buttons than the delicate work done with the turning tools;—the circles, and stars, and dots, and exquisite milled edges, with which our common pearl buttons are graced. At the manufactory we are shown drawers full of patterns; and among those in favour with working men are some with pearl centres, on which are carved, with curious skill, various devices;—a dog, or a bird, or some such pretty thing. These designs are notions of the workmen's own.

The pearl button manufacture is the prettiest, after all;—the prettiest of that family of production. Perhaps the charm is in the material,—the broad shell, which we know to have been, a while ago, at the bottom of the Indian seas. The rainbow light, which gleams from the surface, seems to show to us the picture of where this shell once was, and what was done about it. This is not from the Gulf of Mexico—this shell. Many come from thence; but this is of too good a quality for those western seas. Nor is it from Manilla, though the Manilla shells are very fine. This comes from Singapore, and is of the best quality. To get it, what toil and pains, what hopes and fears, what enterprises and calculations have been undertaken and undergone! What boatsful of barbarians went out, amidst the muttering and chanting of charms, to the diving for the shells for our handling! How gently were they paddled over those deep clear seas, where the moon shines with a golden light, and sends her rays far down into the green depths which the diver is about to intrude upon! As the land-breeze came from stirring the forest, and breathing over the rice-grounds, to waft the boats out to sea, the divers prepared for their plunge, each slinging his foot on the heavy stone which was to carry him down, nine fathoms deep, to where his prey was reposing below. Then there was the plunge, and the wrenching of the shells from the rocks, and putting them into the pouch at the waist; and the ascent, amidst a vast pressure of water, causing the head to seethe and roar, and the ears to ache, and the imprisoned breath to convulse the frame; and then there was the fear of sharks, and the dread spectacle of wriggling and shooting fishes, and who knows what other sights! And then, the breath hastily snatched; and the fearful plunge to be made again! And then must have followed the sale to the Singapore merchant; and the packing and shipping to England; and the laying up in London, to gather an enormous price—the article being bought up by a few rich merchants—and the journey to Birmingham,

where the finest part of the shell is to be kept for buttons, and the coarser part sent on to Sheffield, to make the handles of knives, paper-cutters, and the like. . . .

Through such adventures has this broad shell gone, which we now hold in our hand. In the middle is the seamed, imperfect part, from which the fish was torn. From that centre, all round to the thin edge, is the fine part which is to be cut into buttons. From that centre back to the joint is the ridgy portion which, with its knots, will serve for knife-handles. There is, perhaps, no harder substance known; and strong must be the machine that will cut it. It is caught and held with an iron grip, while the tubular saw cuts it in circles, a quarter of an inch (or more) thick. Some of the circles are an inch and a half in diameter; others as small as the tiny buttons seen on baby-clothes. They are, one by one, clutched by a sort of pincers, and held against a revolving cylinder, to be polished with sand and oil. Then, each is fixed on a lathe, and turned, and smoothed; adorned with concentric rings, or with stars, or leaves, or dots; and then corded or milled at the edges, with streaks almost too fine to be seen by the naked eye. The figures in the middle are to mask the holes by which the button is to be sewn on. In a small depression, in the centre of the pattern, the holes are drilled by a sharp hard point which pierces the shell. The edges of the holes are sharp, as housewives well know. But for the cutting of the thread, in course of time, by these edges, pearl buttons would wear for ever. Now and then, the thin pierced bit in the middle breaks out; but, much oftener, the button is lost by the cutting of the thread. They last so long, however, as to make us wonder how there can be any need of the vast numbers that are made. Birmingham supplies almost the whole world. A very few are made at Sheffield; and that is all. In the United States, where the merchants can get almost any quantity of the shell, from their great trade with Manilla and Singapore, the buttons are not made. The Americans buy an incredible quantity from Birmingham. Many thousands of persons in this town are employed in the business; and one house alone sends out two thousand gross per week, and very steadily; for fashion has little or nothing to do with pearl buttons. The demand is steady and increasing; and it would increase much faster but for the restriction in the quantity of the material. The profit made by the manufacturer is extremely small—so dear as the shell is. The Singapore shell was sold not many years ago at sixty-five pounds per ton; now, it cannot be had under one hundred and twenty-two pounds, ten shillings, per ton. The manufacturer complains of monopoly. If this be the cause of the dearness, the evil will, in the nature of things, be lessened before long. Time will show whether the shells are becoming exhausted, like the furs of polar countries. We ventured to suggest, while looking round at the pile of shell fragments, and the heaps of white dust that accumulate under the lathes, that it seems a pity to waste all this refuse, seeing how valuable a manure it would make, if mixed with bone-dust or guano. The reply was, that it is impossible to crush a substance so hard; that there is no machine which will reduce these fragments to powder. If so, some solvent will probably be soon found, which will act like diluted sulphuric acid upon bones. While we were discussing this matter, and begging a pint or quart of the powder from under the lathes, to try a small agricultural experiment with, a workman mentioned that when he worked at Sheffield, a neighbouring farmer used to come, at any time, and at any inconvenience to himself, to purchase shell-powder, when allowed to fetch it, declaring it to be inestimable as a manure. In a place like Birmingham, where the sweepings and scrapings of the floors of manufactories are sold for the sake of the metal dust that may have fallen, we venture to predict that such heaps and masses of shell fragments as we saw, will not long be cast away as useless rubbish. If one house alone could sell two hundred and fifty tons of shell-refuse per year, what a quantity of wheat and roots might be produced from under the counters, as it were, of Birmingham workshops! And we were told that such a quantity would certainly be afforded. Such a sale may, in time, become some set-off against the extreme dearness of the imported shell. While the smallest pearl button goes through nine or ten pairs of hands before it is complete, the piece from which it is cut may hereafter be simmering in some dissolving acid; and sinking into the ground, and rising again, soft and green, as the blade of wheat, or swelling into the bulb of the turnip. Will not some one try?

While this dust was bubbling out from under the turning-tools, and flying about before it settled, we had misgivings about the lungs of the workmen. But it seems there was no need. The workman who was exhibiting his art in the dusty place, told us he had worked thus for nine-and-twenty years, and had enjoyed capital health; and truly, he looked stout and comfortable enough; and we saw no signs of ill-health among the whole number employed. The proprietor cares for them—for their health, their understandings, their feelings, and their fortunes; and he seems to be repaid by the spectacle of their welfare.

The white pearl buttons are not the only ones made of shells from the Eastern seas. There is a sort called black, which to our eyes looked quite as pretty, gleaming as it did with green and lilac colours, when moved in the light. This kind of shell comes from the islands of the Pacific. It is plentiful round Tahiti, and Hawaii, (as we now call Otaheite and Owhyhee). It is much worn by

working men, in the larger forms of buttons. We remember to have often seen it; but never to have asked what it was.

The subsidiary concerns of these large manufactories strike us by their importance, when on the spot, though we take no heed to them in our daily life. When the housewife has taken into use the last of a strip of pearl buttons, she probably gives to the children the bit of gay foil on which they were tacked, without ever thinking where it came from, or how it happened to be there. The importation of this foil is a branch of trade with France. We cannot compete with the French in the manufacture of it. When we saw it in bundles—gay with all gaudy hues—we found it was an expensive article, adding notably to the cost of the buttons, though its sole use is to set off their translucent quality, to make them more tempting to the eye.

We saw a woman, in her own home, surrounded by her children, tacking the buttons on their stiff paper, for sale. There was not foil in this case between the stiff paper and the buttons, but a brilliant blue paper, which looked almost as well. This woman sews forty gross in a day. She could formerly, by excessive diligence, sew fifty or sixty gross; but forty is her number now—and a large number it is, considering that each button has to be picked up from the heap before her, ranged in its row, and tacked with two stitches.

Here we had better stop, though we have not told half that might be related on the subject of buttons. It is wonderful, is it not? that on that small pivot turns the fortune of such multitudes of men, women, and children, in so many parts of the world; that such industry, and so many fine faculties, should be brought out and exercised by so small a thing as the Button.

MY AUNT IN PARIS.

During a residence in Paris last year, I found myself taking considerable interest in Mademoiselle Delphine, the only daughter of the dirty little tailor who officiated as my *portier*. Mademoiselle Delphine was not in the literal meaning of the term beautiful; but she compensated, better even than most Frenchwomen, for its absence, by insensible charms, and graces that defy equally criticism or classification. I was sallying forth one morning as usual to *transact*—if I may be allowed the expression—my idleness, when, after several fruitless calls upon the *cordon*, I entered the *Loge du Concierge*. I found Delphine "desolated," as she informed me, and in tears, as I could see for myself. I was not long in eliciting the secret of her sorrow, which was communicated to me in the strictest confidence;—she had a lover—which is not unusual in other countries besides France; and this lover was a soldier, which in France is particularly usual. Like many other gallant young fellows, this soldier had a soul above five sous a-day, and lived as much above that moderate income as kindness and credit would permit. His regiment had been lately ordered into the provinces, and previously to his departure, Delphine, it seems, had administered to some pressing requirement by a timely loan. He was to return on the morrow, and Delphine did not know how to meet him, because—because—she at last said, reluctantly—because she had been compelled to borrow the money in question upon the security of her only valuable possession—a bracelet—the love-gift of the soldier himself. To meet him without wearing his gift, and in silence, would be impossible; to confess that she had parted with it, although it had been devoted to his use, would seem mean and mercenary; or, what was immeasurably less to be endured, commonplace. She had no other means of redeeming the gift or accounting for its loss, and was *desolée* accordingly.

This dismal tale called, of course, for consolation. That the kind of consolation I administered was speedy and effectual, may be gathered from the immediate disappearance of all traces of desolation. Delphine was *enchantée*, and expressed herself in the superlatives which only a Frenchwoman can muster on the shortest notice. I had roused her from desolation to ecstasy. She was enchanted and enraptured. I was noble and generous; my bounty would be forgotten never!

"But," I asked, "where am I to find this bracelet, which is so necessary for the preservation of tranquillity between you and your *fiancé*?"

"It is at my Aunt's," was the reply.

"Your Aunt! Mercenary old lady! Surely she does not take in security when she helps lovers and relations out of their little distresses?"

Delphine smiled, and enlightened my innocence by some explanations, which I will here enlarge upon for the benefit of the reader.

My Aunt, it appears, belongs to a very large family in Paris—a family, in fact, as large as the entire population of that city, and which increases year by year with the census returns. Her relatives are of every grade; from the Montmorencies—who are at the present moment glowing again under ancestral titles of at least six weeks' standing—down to Monsieur Gougon, the chiffonnier, condemned to "pick up a livelihood," with no other title than his prescriptive title—to whatever he can find. It must not be supposed, however, that all of this numerous family are on the same degree of intimacy with the respected lady: the Montmorencies are a little too high, and the Gougons scarcely high enough, to take much notice of her. She is principally cultivated by classes, ranging somewhere between the two extremes—a medium, certainly, but one which can scarcely be described as the golden. To say that they have "expectations" from the old lady, would be saying little enough,

considering the uncertain nature of human hopes; but the fact is, there is no occasion to say anything of the kind. My Aunt, though she has a very large capital at her command, is certainly not generous. She was never known to leave anybody anything in her will, nor to ask them down into the country on a visit, nor out to dinner on a Sunday, nor to behave handsomely at Christmas-time—like the amiable aunts of most persons. All she will do for her relatives is, to lend them money; and then she takes very good care to be the gainer by the transaction, for she lends only on the very best security—the deposit of some article, of four times the value of the sum advanced. In a word, My Aunt in Paris is the very faithful and appropriate spouse of My Uncle in London, with whose characteristics our readers have been already made familiar. Like My Uncle, she is visited by her relatives only when they want money; and, like My Uncle, she contrives to make a very good living by lending it to them. There is this difference, however, in what we may call the "constitution" of this worthy couple. My Uncle, in England, speculates on his own account, and flourishes or fails, as the case may be, without responsibility to anybody but himself. My Aunt, in France, on the other hand, is set up by the Government, who takes upon itself the risk of the speculation.

While noting the fact of My Uncle holding an analogous position to the lady in question, it is as well to state that My Aunt is no fanciful designation, induced by that circumstance. It is not a mere piece of pleasantry on the part of Delphine alone. Ask the student of the Quartier Latin—who has just accomplished the popular feat of spending his month's allowance in ten days—as he marches gaily along towards the Mont de Piété; his watch ticking its *adieux* in his waistcoat pocket—"Where are you going?" "To My Aunt's!" will be the inevitable reply, delivered instinctively, and without any determined intention to be humorous. Cross the path of the *grisette*—who stitches ten hours a-day for a franc, and who every now and then finds herself, like her betters, living beyond her means—as she trips composedly (for no Frenchwoman, under any circumstances, was ever known to be embarrassed), and address her with a similar question: "*Chez Ma Tante!*" she will answer, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, and twinkle of the eye—in recognition of the playful nature of the designation, but with no idea of being understood literally.

Ma Tante, in fact, is the great popular impersonation of this most popular institution. Her origin, as an impersonation, is equally uncertain with that of My Uncle. It is not improbable, to be sure, that the two illustrious personages were the creation of some "mad wag" of the Medici family—some needy cadet whose relations kindly lent him money at fifty per cent. The designations, considered as facetiæ, have decidedly a mediæval look; and, as a joke, My Uncle, at any rate, is most certainly middle-aged.

I had engaged to procure the bracelet for Delphine; and half-an-hour after our conversation found me on my way to our mutual relative. I had been duly supplied with the necessary authorisation—a large official form, printed upon yellow paper—not unlike a passport, but rather more important in appearance, and guaranteed authentic by one of those imposing signatures which none but Frenchmen can execute, and not all, even of Frenchmen, can read. The address indicated upon this portentous document was that of a branch office, where I speedily presented myself. It was not a shop, but strictly an office, having very much the appearance of a bank—that is to say, of a French bank. Behind a screen of wire-work, which separated the public from the private portion of the room, were seated the officials, grave, dignified, military-looking men, writing at their desks, and apparently in no hurry to attend to the wants of several persons who were patiently waiting to transact business with them. These last were principally women, old and young; some with mysterious bundles and anxious looks; others of a better (or perhaps worse) class, selecting rings from their jewelled fingers, carelessly humming snatches from vaudevilles, and quite at their ease.

After taking a brief survey of the group, I, by good chance, caught the eye of one of the clerks, or field-marshals, or whatever they may happen to be, who advanced with a military step across the room. Six words on either side settled the business. Monsieur could have the article he desired on the morrow, by application at the office. The morrow! if Delphine was already *desolée*, the morrow would find her *désespérée!* But why could not the bracelet be reclaimed on the spot? Because every article deposited was sent to the central office, and could not be reclaimed without certain formalities; but if Monsieur liked to go to the central office himself, the business could be arranged in a few hours. In that case, Monsieur would certainly go.

The most important formality required, was the payment of the sum of money originally advanced, in return for which, and my original yellow document, I received another official form, even more imposing and portentous than the last—combining the solemnity of a will with the importance of a passport. This was signed, countersigned, and pushed towards me through the little gate in the wire-work, with an air which impressed me with a terrible sense of responsibility. I had not, indeed, quite recovered my self-possession, when I turned suddenly round, to find a musket, with fixed bayonet, presented at me. I started back. Had I done something wrong? Oh, no! The assailant, innocent of

any sort of attack upon me, was a woman. She marched into the place I had left, and placing her finger on the trigger, demanded of the official, in a gruff, your-money-or-your-life tone of voice—"Ten francs!"

I thought the official decidedly prudent, when he at once acquiesced in the demand. The Amazon instantly surrendered her arms at discretion, and the money was paid over to her, after she had duly satisfied the official that her husband was simply a gunsmith, and was not a soldier pawning the property of the State.

Leaving both sides satisfied with this honourable capitulation, I made the best of my way towards the central office, situated in a cross street somewhere between the Rue de Seine and the Rue du Bac. I had no difficulty in finding it. The first person I addressed, directed me to a conspicuous building guarded by two sentries, surmounted by a tri-colour ensign, and blazoned with the famous inscription—"*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*,"—which has since been shewn to mean so very much. Over the Mont de Piété they had a certain suggestiveness of the benefit of which the philosophic borrower of 1852 is most tyrannically deprived.

French sentries—unlike English ones, *do* know something about the buildings they mount guard over; and are not too sulky to communicate their knowledge. Accordingly, I was not surprised, when, in answer to my inquiry, one of the sentinels directed me across the court-yard, to the left, where a large door stands hospitably open. All who enter here leave, not necessarily hope, but certainly comfort behind. The staircase is of rough timber, inconvenient, precipitous, dirty, and crazy, from constant use. Above stairs there is a slight change for the worse. A suite of rooms all opening into one another, all dirty, all close, and all crowded.

In the first room two men were peering through two pigeon-holes in the wall, like those of the money-takers at the theatres; and to prevent the confusion which would be caused by the rush of the miscellaneous mob, a space is barriered off, just sufficient to allow one person to pass at a time—an arrangement similar to that at the pit of the London Opera on a crowded night, and such as is in use at the entrance to nearly all the French theatres.

Notwithstanding this wise regulation, there is a great deal of confusion, caused by the efforts of everybody (everybody includes, perhaps, a couple of hundred) to be first. Yellow gloves are clutching convulsively, to check the ambition of blouses; rags and tatters, on their turn, are asserting the principles of Equality, which has here—and nowhere anywhere else, except at the Morgue—a real practical existence. But, although there is confusion enough, there is no quarrelling; everybody is good-humoured, and, if he cannot force his way, is contented to bide his time. Many a bloused and bearded operative may be seen pausing, perhaps, in his hot endeavours, and with a courtly bow, worthy of the old Court of Louis the Fifteenth, making way for "a lady." If these fine courtesies are really the "cheap defence of nations," France should be impregnable.

For myself—not having the hardihood, in the first instance, to thrust myself into the mass—I waited patiently, thinking to let the crowd become thinned, and to transact my business at my leisure. But, after half-an-hour's pursuance of this policy, the idea began to dawn upon me—as I watched the new comers, increasing in numbers and diminishing in patience—that, at this rate, I stood a chance of desolating Delphine four-and-twenty hours more. Seized with a sudden impulse, I made a dash for it; dislodged several free and independent citizens, with most determined and exasperating courtesy; and, finally, gained a place inside the barriers. Here I scrutinised those before me, in their negotiations with the officials; saw them stop at the first pigeon-hole, and exchange the grand yellow document for another of smaller dimensions, after the former had undergone a careful examination; then I followed their movements to the second pigeon-hole, where an exchange of the second paper for a piece of card, bearing a number, was effected—each transaction being conducted with military precision, and by a person assuming all the grandeur of a General of Division, and the administrative dignity of a Lord Chief Justice.

Having gone through these formalities—which included the payment of a certain small sum (at the first pigeon-hole), as interest on the loan—I was once more free of the barrier. The number on my ticket was the number of the article which I had to reclaim; but, before presenting it in the room devoted to the jewellery department, I paused to observe the proceedings in that dedicated to habiliments, and miscellaneous articles.

In the latter apartment, behind a counter, stood a person, who called aloud various numbers in rotation, as the corresponding articles were brought up to him from some mysterious place at the back: "*Quarante-cinq!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice. The person representing Forty-five stepped modestly forward. She was a young girl—a *grisette*, wearing a little cap. She approaches the counter; on presenting her ticket, she receives some article tied up in a handkerchief, having all the appearance of a bonnet. The following day was Sunday. She was probably going to some *fête*, or to the theatre, and was about to commit the hazardous impropriety of appearing like a grand lady, in a bonnet—an offence which a grand lady never forgives in a *grisette*; and by which all *grisettes* who cannot get bonnets will become her enemies for life.

"Quarante-six!" cries the official, calling

the next person so suddenly as to cause Forty-five to drop her bundle, with its precious contents. Forty-six comes tottering up; has nearly trodden Forty-five's bonnet into a misshapen pancake; but, though an old man, steps adroitly aside, and blunders against the counter to receive a pair of boots. Poor fellow! will he ever wear them out? As Quarante-six moves off, Quarante-sept takes his place, almost before he is summoned; a lively young gentleman, most probably a student, who does not whistle, as an Englishman would, but hums the *stretta* of Bellini's Chorus of Priests; he receives a paletôt, which he carefully removes from its wrapper, and puts on, amidst the admiring smiles of the spectators. He is followed by a middle-aged woman, who "retires" a warming-pan—the aspect of which domestic utensil draws fresh smiles from the bystanders. More persons follow—men and women, of all ages, of all degrees of poverty and of every scale of pretension; the careworn and the timid, the reckless and the profligate; reclaiming articles of every possible description, of wearing apparel or household use; varying in value from some very minute number of francs up to a hundred; beyond which latter sum My Aunt has no dealings.

Meantime the expectants—careless, eager, anxious, hopeless, according to the respective numbers which they hold, and their consequent chances of satisfaction, speedy or remote—are awaiting their turns; some sitting tranquilly on the benches round the walls of the several rooms, others talking in groups; some few, strangers evidently to the place, and perhaps to the necessities which led them there, shunning observation in shy corners, or moodily pacing the corridors. In the next room, that devoted to jewellery, and that which more particularly concerns myself, there are fewer persons, and those are, for the most part, of a better class.

There is no jostling; no calling aloud of the numbers: the persons present transact their business whenever the opportunity arises, decorously, without haste and without noise. Ladies of elegant carriage and gesture—contrasted with stained and worn apparel—may be seen, closely veiled, as if shrinking from notice or recognition, claiming some trinket of a fashion long since out of date; heirlooms, perhaps, and marriage gifts, and pledges of friendship; records of past scenes and sensations, feelings flown, and of givers dead. There is an old man with white hair. His great-coat has fallen open and revealed the cordon of the Legion of Honour. He has just concluded his negotiation with the official at the counter, and bears away with him a little locket, with a ribbon attached.

A young lady, clad in deep mourning, came next. She stepped hesitatingly up to the counter. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she turned her face from the general gaze. I could scarcely catch a glimpse of her features, and her figure was concealed in heavy and disguising garments. But her motions were full of grace, and even her voice excited at once the respectful attention of the man to whom she addressed herself. I did not hear the few words which were exchanged between them; but I observed that she received a small morocco case, and, as she opened it for an instant, that it contained a cross, set with diamonds, the cross of some foreign order.

How vulgar, compared to the manner of this young lady, was the demeanour of the flippant fashionable who followed her! The ring which she reclaimed, set dazzlingly with diamonds, she placed on her finger with a triumphant air, as so much added to her decorations.

Meantime I am forgetting all about Delphine's desolation, and the bracelet which is to be its cure. Musing and moralising, most unjustifiably, I twisted and tore my ticket. Never mind, it was still legible, and the official was disengaged. I assumed a business air, and stepped up to the counter. Two minutes more, and my mission was accomplished. I pocketed the bracelet, and descended into the street.

Musing on my way home upon things in general, including bracelets, and soldiers, and desolated porters' daughters, I came to the conclusion that I might have passed my morning less profitably than in paying a visit to My Aunt.

My visit, however, had not altogether satisfied my curiosity respecting the old lady. Mademoiselle Delphine had told me something of her characteristics, and I had learned something more on my own account. Mademoiselle Delphine had a general notion that our mutual relative was a very convenient person to borrow money from, and—*voilà tout!* She judged of her simply as an individual, and from personal experience. And Delphine was in the right. She very properly considered that she was not called upon to interest herself in any matter of mere public utility, especially when her so doing involved the comprehension of anything so distressing as statistics;—that her mission upon earth was merely to look pretty and to be amiable.

> "To what good uses can we put
> The wild weed-flower that simply blows;
> And is there any moral shut
> Within the bosom of the rose?"

—except, indeed, as Tennyson goes on to say, such a moral as people may find out for themselves, according to their minds and moods.

For myself, however, not being so anxious as Delphine to preserve my bloom, and to keep off crows-feet, I did not scruple to inform myself as to some facts concerning the working of the system established by My Aunt.

In the first place, I learned what I should certainly have had no chance of learning from Delphine—that the profits arising from the transactions of the Mont de Piété are devoted to the aid of the public hospitals of Paris, which realise no inconsiderable sum from this source. During the financial year of 1850, the amount was four hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred francs; being an increase of nearly sixty two thousand nine hundred francs over the preceding year.

The profits of the two years—1849 and 1850—amounted to eight hundred and seventy-four thousand francs; a sum which constitutes a new fact in the annals of the institution—there being no previous instance of the profits of two *consecutive* years amounting respectively to four hundred thousand francs. Indeed, during a long period this amount has been attained only three times—in 1823, 1829, and 1841. Since the re-organisation of the Mont de Piété, in 1806, the year 1850 has—after making every compensation—yielded the largest amount towards the benevolent objects to which its profits are devoted.

The capital necessary for the maintenance of the institution is raised on debentures, bearing a small rate of interest. It appears that this capital had become considerably reduced in consequence of the death of several of the largest holders, whose heirs were not willing to continue the investment. To repair this deficiency, it was found necessary to raise the rate of interest paid to the holders, successively from three to three-and-a-half, and subsequently to four per cent. This arrangement has been found successful.

Loans from the Mont de Piété may be effected, either directly at the central office, at the *succursale*, a sort of addition to the central office, established to meet the requirements of an overflowing *clientelle*—a "Pawnbrokery of Ease," in fact—or at the auxiliary offices. The business may be negotiated personally—the most prevalent custom—or through the agency of *commissionnaires*. During the period under review, the number of articles deposited were eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty; upon which, sums were advanced exceeding thirteen millions six hundred thousand francs. Including renewals, however, the number of transactions were upwards of one million one hundred, which increased the sum total to twenty millions and a half of francs.

This last amount exceeds by nearly a million and a half of francs the products of the preceding year; and this increase of original transactions is accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the number of renewals. Both of these facts are considered cheering signs by French political economists. From the increase of original transactions, they infer that the great bulk of the population are in possession of a larger amount of personal and available property; and, from the decrease in renewals, that they have better means at their command for the redemption of their pledges. There is, certainly, no reason to argue from an increase in the number of loans an increase in the necessities of the people; for, anybody who knows anything of the habits of the more humble classes of the Parisians, will easily believe that in, perhaps, the majority of cases, the loans are obtained merely for purposes of luxury and amusement; that an *ouvrier* who should find himself without any effects available as pledges, would not, in all probability, be deprived of anything so serious as his dinner; but of his wine, perhaps, his fête, or his theatre. It is fair, therefore, to assume that these classes possess more property than hitherto. With regard to the decrease of renewals, the fact speaks for itself. The average amount of the separate sums lent, taking in the renewals, was seventeen francs thirty-three centimes—a slight increase over the average of the preceding year.

My Aunt's balance sheet exhibits encouraging results, and these are attributed to the favourable terms on which the directors, during the last ten months, have been able to maintain their capital. The rate of interest which they have paid to the holders of their securities during that period has not been more than three per cent.—a fact which they consider signally indicative of the degree of public confidence enjoyed by the institution.

The amount lent upon goods deposited is thus regulated, in proportion to their value—for goods that can be preserved, two-thirds of their estimated value are advanced; on gold and silver articles, four-fifths. In making the estimate, however, in the latter case, workmanship is not taken into consideration; the positive weight of the metal being the sole guide. Articles not redeemed within the year are sold, subject, however, as in England, to a claim for restoration of the surplus, if made within three years.

My Aunt's constitution partakes more of a benevolent nature than that of My Uncle. My Uncle sets up in business for his own benefit. My Aunt is set up for the purpose of benefiting her borrowers; out of whose necessities she, nevertheless, contrives to make no inconsiderable sum, which, we are bound to say, she does not spend upon herself. How far My Uncle would find it practicable or expedient to follow her example, is a question open to discussion. It is certain that in Ireland an institution after the model of that of My Aunt has not been attended with unmixed success.

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A PLATED ARTICLE.

PUTTING up for the night in one of the chiefest towns of Staffordshire, I find it to be by no means a lively town. In fact it is as dull and dead a town as any one could desire not to see. It seems as if its whole population might be imprisoned in its Railway Station. The Refreshment-Room at that Station is a vortex of dissipation compared with the extinct town-inn, the Dodo, in the dull High Street.

Why High Street? Why not rather Low Street, Flat Street, Low-Spirited Street, Used-up Street? Where are the people who belong to the High Street? Can they all be dispersed over the face of the country, seeking the unfortunate Strolling Manager who decamped from the mouldy little Theatre last week, in the beginning of his season (as his play-bills testify), repentantly resolved to bring him back, and feed him, and be entertained? Or, can they all be gathered to their fathers in the two old churchyards near to the High Street—retirement into which churchyards appears to be a mere ceremony, there is so very little life outside their confines, and such small discernible difference between being buried alive in the town, and buried dead in the town tombs? Over the way, opposite to the staring blank bow windows of the Dodo, are a little ironmonger's shop, a little tailor's shop (with a picture of the Fashions in the small window and a bandy-legged baby on the pavement staring at it)—a watchmaker's shop, where all the clocks and watches must be stopped, I am sure, for they could never have the courage to go, with the town in general, and the Dodo in particular, looking at them. Shade of Miss Linwood, erst of Leicester Square, London, thou art welcome here, and thy retreat is fitly chosen! I myself was one of the last visitors to that awful storehouse of thy life's work, where an anchorite old man and woman took my shilling with a solemn wonder, and conducting me to a gloomy sepulchre of needlework dropping to pieces with dust and age and shrouded in twilight at high noon, left me there, chilled, frightened, and alone. And now, in ghostly letters on all the dead walls of this dead town, I read thy honored name, and find that thy Last Supper, worked in Berlin Wool, invites inspection as a powerful excitement!

Where are the people who are bidden with so much cry to this feast of little wool? Where are they? Who are they? They are not the bandy-legged baby studying the fashions in the tailor's window. They are not the two earthy ploughmen lounging outside the saddler's shop, in the stiff square where the Town Hall stands, like a brick and mortar private on parade. They are not the landlady of the Dodo in the empty bar, whose eye had trouble in it and no welcome, when I asked for dinner. They are not the turnkeys of the Town Jail, looking out of the gateway in their uniforms, as if they had locked up all the balance (as my American friends would say) of the inhabitants, and could now rest a little. They are not the two dusty millers in the white mill down by the river, where the great water-wheel goes heavily round and round, like the monotonous days and nights in this forgotten place. Then who are they, for there is no one else? No; this deponent maketh oath and saith that there is no one else, save and except the waiter at the Dodo, now laying the cloth. I have paced the streets, and stared at the houses, and am come back to the blank bow window of the Dodo; and the town clocks strike seven, and the reluctant echoes seem to cry, "Don't wake us!" and the bandy-legged baby has gone home to bed.

If the Dodo were only a gregarious bird—if it had only some confused idea of making a comfortable nest—I could hope to get through the hours between this and bed-time, without being consumed by devouring melancholy. But, the Dodo's habits are all wrong. It provides me with a trackless desert of sitting-room, with a chair for every day in the year, a table for every month, and a waste of sideboard where a lonely China vase pines in a corner for its mate long departed, and will never make a match with the candlestick in the opposite corner if it live till Doomsday. The Dodo has nothing in the larder. Even now, I behold the Boots returning with my sole in a piece of paper; and with that portion of my dinner, the Boots, perceiving me at the blank bow window, slaps his leg as he comes across the road, pretending it is something else. The Dodo

excludes the outer air. When I mount up to my bed-room, a smell of closeness and flue gets lazily up my nose like sleepy snuff. The loose little bits of carpet writhe under my tread, and take wormy shapes. I don't know the ridiculous man in the looking-glass, beyond having met him once or twice in a dish-cover—and I can never shave *him* to-morrow morning! The Dodo is narrow-minded as to towels; expects me to wash on a freemason's apron without the trimming; when I ask for soap, gives me a stony-hearted something white, with no more lather in it than the Elgin marbles. The Dodo has seen better days, and possesses interminable stables at the back—silent, grass-grown, broken-windowed, horseless.

This mournful bird can fry a sole, however, which is much. Can cook a steak, too, which is more. I wonder where it gets its Sherry! If I were to send my pint of wine to some famous chemist to be analysed, what would it turn out to be made of? It tastes of pepper, sugar, bitter almonds, vinegar, warm knives, any flat drink, and a little brandy. Would it unman a Spanish exile by reminding him of his native land at all? I think not. If there really be any townspeople out of the churchyards, and if a caravan of them ever do dine, with a bottle of wine per man, in this desert of the Dodo, it must make good for the doctor next day!

Where was the waiter born? How did he come here? Has he any hope of getting away from here? Does he ever receive a letter, or take a ride upon the railway, or see anything but the Dodo? Perhaps he has seen the Berlin Wool. He appears to have a silent sorrow on him, and it may be that. He clears the table; draws the dingy curtains of the great bow window, which so unwillingly consent to meet, that they must be pinned together; leaves me by the fire with my pint decanter, and a little thin funnel-shaped wine-glass, and a plate of pale biscuits—in themselves engendering desperation.

No book, no newspaper! I left the Arabian Nights in the railway carriage, and have nothing to read but Bradshaw, and "that way madness lies." Remembering what prisoners and shipwrecked mariners have done to exercise their minds in solitude, I repeat the multiplication table, the pence table, and the shilling table: which are all the tables I happen to know. What if I write something? The Dodo keeps no pens but steel pens; and those I always stick through the paper, and can turn to no other account.

What am I to do? Even if I could have the bandy-legged baby knocked up and brought here, I could offer him nothing but sherry, and that would be the death of him. He would never hold up his head again if he touched it. I can't go to bed, because I have conceived a mortal hatred for my bedroom; and I can't go away because there is no train for my place of destination until morning. To burn the biscuits will be but a fleeting joy; still it is a temporary relief, and here they go on the fire! Shall I break the plate? First let me look at the back, and see who made it. COPELAND.

Copeland! Stop a moment. Was it yesterday I visited Copeland's works, and saw them making plates? In the confusion of travelling about, it might be yesterday or it might be yesterday month; but I think it was yesterday. I appeal to the plate. The plate says, decidedly, yesterday. I find the plate, as I look at it, growing into a companion.

Don't you remember (says the plate) how you steamed away, yesterday morning, in the bright sun and the east wind, along the valley of the sparkling Trent? Don't you recollect the many kilns you flew past, looking like the bowls of gigantic tobacco pipes, cut short off from the stem and turned upside down? And the fires—and the smoke—and the roads made with bits of crockery, as if all the plates and dishes in the civilised world had been Macadamized, expressly for the taming of all the horses? Of course I do!

And don't you remember (says the plate) how you alighted at Stoke—a picturesque heap of houses, kilns, smoke, wharfs, canals, and river, lying (as was most appropriate) in a basin—and how, after climbing up the sides of the basin to look at the prospect, you trundled down again at a walking-match pace, and straight proceeded to my father's, Copeland's, where the whole of my family, high and low, rich and poor, are turned out upon the world from our nursery and seminary, covering some fourteen acres of ground? And don't you remember what we spring from:—heaps of lumps of clay, partially prepared and cleaned in Devonshire and Dorsetshire, whence said clay principally comes—and hills of flint, without which we should want our ringing sound, and should never be musical? And as to the flint, don't you recollect that it is first burnt in kilns, and is then laid under the four iron feet of a demon slave, subject to violent stamping fits, who, when they come on, stamps away insanely with his four iron legs, and would crush all the flint in the Isle of Thanet to powder, without leaving off? And as to the clay, don't you recollect how it is put into mills or teazers, and is sliced, and dug, and cut at, by endless knives, clogged and sticky; but persistent—and is pressed out of that machine through a square trough, whose form it takes—and is cut off in square lumps and thrown into a vat, and there mixed with water, and beaten to a pulp by paddle-wheels—and is then run into a rough house, all rugged beams and ladders splashed with white,—superintended by Grindoff the Miller in his working clothes, all splashed with white,—where it passes through no end of machinery moved sieves all splashed with white, arranged in an ascending scale of fineness (some so fine, that three hundred silk threads cross each other in a single square

inch of their surface), and all in a violent state of ague with their teeth for ever chattering, and their bodies for ever shivering? And as to the flint again, isn't it mashed and mollified and troubled and soothed, exactly as rags are in a paper-mill, until it is reduced to a pap so fine that it contains no atom of "grit" perceptible to the nicest taste! And as to the flint and the clay together, are they not, after all this, mixed in the proportion of five of clay to one of flint, and isn't the compound—known as "slip"—run into oblong troughs, where its superfluous moisture may evaporate; and finally, isn't it slapped and banged and beaten and patted and kneaded and wedged and knocked about like butter, until it becomes a beautiful grey dough, ready for the potter's use!

In regard of the potter, popularly so called (says the plate), you don't mean to say you have forgotten that a workman called a Thrower is the man under whose hand this grey dough takes the shapes of the simpler household vessels as quickly as the eye can follow? You don't mean to say you cannot call him up before you, sitting, with his attendant woman, at his potter's wheel—a disc about the size of a dinner plate, revolving on two drums slowly or quickly as he wills—who made you a complete breakfast set for a bachelor, as a good-humoured little off-hand joke? You remember how he took up as much dough as he wanted, and, throwing it on his wheel, in a moment fashioned it into a teacup—caught up more clay and made a saucer—a larger dab and whirled it into a teapot—winked at a smaller dab and converted it into the lid of the teapot, accurately fitting by the measurement of his eye alone—coaxed a middle-sized dab for two seconds, broke it, turned it over at the rim, and made a milkpot—laughed, and turned out a slop-basin—coughed, and provided for the sugar? Neither, I think, are you oblivious of the newer mode of making various articles, but especially basins, according to which improvement a mould revolves instead of a disc? For you *must* remember (says the plate) how you saw the mould of a little basin spinning round and round, and how the workman smoothed and pressed a handful of dough upon it, and how with an instrument called a profile (a piece of wood, representing the profile of a basin's foot) he cleverly scraped and carved the ring which makes the base of any such basin, and then took the basin off the lathe like a doughey skull-cap to be dried, and afterwards (in what is called a green state) to be put into a second lathe, there to be finished and burnished with a steel burnisher? And as to moulding in general (says the plate), it can't be necessary for me to remind you that all ornamental articles, and indeed all articles not quite circular, are made in moulds. For you must remember how you saw the vegetable dishes, for example, being made in moulds; and how the handles of teacups, and the spouts of teapots, and the feet of tureens, and so forth, are all made in little separate moulds, and are each stuck on to the body corporate, of which it is destined to form a part, with a stuff called "slag," as quickly as you can recollect it. Further, you learnt—you know you did—in the same visit, how the beautiful sculptures in the delicate new material called Parian, are all constructed in moulds; how, into that material, animal bones are ground up, because the phosphate of lime contained in bones makes it translucent; how everything is moulded, before going into the fire, one-fourth larger than it is intended to come out of the fire, because it shrinks in that proportion in the intense heat; how, when a figure shrinks unequally, it is spoiled—emerging from the furnace a mis-shapen birth: a big head and a little body, or a little head and a big body, or a Quasimodo with long arms and short legs, or a Miss Biffin with neither legs nor arms worth mentioning!

And as to the Kilns, in which the firing takes place, and in which some of the more precious articles are burnt repeatedly, in various stages of their process towards completion,—as to the Kilns (says the plate, warming with the recollection), if you don't remember THEM with a horrible interest, what did you ever go to Copeland's for? When you stood inside of one of those inverted bowls of a Pre-Adamite tobacco-pipe, looking up at the blue sky through the open top far off, as you might have looked up from a well, sunk under the centre of the pavement of the Pantheon at Rome, had you the least idea where you were? And when you found yourself surrounded, in that dome-shaped cavern, by innumerable columns of an unearthly order of architecture, supporting nothing, and squeezed close together as if a Pre-Adamite Samson had taken a vast Hall in his arms and crushed it into the smallest possible space, had you the least idea what they were? No (says the plate), of course not! And when you found that each of those pillars was a pile of ingeniously made vessels of coarse clay—called Saggers—looking, when separate, like raised pies for the table of the mighty Giant Blunderbore, and now all full of various articles of pottery ranged in them in baking order, the bottom of each vessel serving for the cover of the one below, and the whole Kiln rapidly filling with these, tier upon tier, until the last workman should have barely room to crawl out, before the closing of the jagged aperture in the wall and the kindling of the gradual fire; did you not stand amazed to think that all the year round these dread chambers are heating, white hot—and cooling—and filling—and emptying—and being bricked up—and broken open—humanly speaking, for ever and ever? To be sure you did! And standing in one of these Kilns nearly full, and seeing a free crow shoot across the aperture a-top, and learning how the fire would wax hotter and hotter by slow

degrees, and would cool similarly through a space of from forty to sixty hours, did no remembrance of the days when human clay was burnt, oppress you? Yes, I think so! I suspect that some fancy of a fiery haze and a shortening breath, and a growing heat, and a gasping prayer, and a figure in black interposing between you and the sky (as figures in black are very apt to do), and looking down, before it grew too hot to look and live, upon the Heretic in his edifying agony—I say I suspect (says the Plate) that some such fancy was pretty strong upon you when you went out into the air, and blessed God for the bright spring day and the degenerate times!

After that, I needn't remind you what a relief it was to see the simplest process of ornamenting this "biscuit" (as it is called when baked) with brown circles and blue trees—converting it into the common crockery-ware that is exported to Africa, and used in cottages at home. For (says the Plate) I am well persuaded that you bear in mind how those particular jugs and mugs were once more set upon a lathe and put in motion, and how a man blew the brown color (having a strong natural affinity with the material in that condition) on them from a blow pipe as they twirled, and how his daughter, with a common brush, dropped blotches of blue upon them in the right places, and how, tilting the blotches upside down, she made them run into rude images of trees, and there an end.

And didn't you see (says the plate) planted upon my own brother that astounding blue willow, with knobbed and gnarled trunk, and foliage of blue ostrich feathers, which gives our family the title of "willow pattern?" And didn't you observe, transferred upon him at the same time, that blue bridge which spans nothing, growing out from the roots of the willow, and the three blue Chinese going over it into a blue temple, which has a fine crop of blue bushes sprouting out of the roof, and a blue boat sailing above them, the mast of which is burglariously sticking itself into the foundations of a blue villa, suspended sky-high, surmounted by a lump of blue rock, sky-higher, and a couple of billing blue birds, sky highest—together with the rest of that amusing blue landscape, which has, in deference to our severed ancestors of the Cerulean Empire, and in defiance of every known law of perspective, adorned millions of our family ever since the days of platters? Didn't you inspect the copper-plate on which my pattern was deeply engraved? Didn't you perceive an impression of it taken in cobalt colour at a cylindrical press, upon a leaf of thin paper, streaming from a plunge-bath of soap and water? Wasn't the paper impression daintily spread, by a light-fingered damsel (you *know* you admired her!), over the surface of the plate, and the back of the paper rubbed prodigiously hard—with a long tight roll of flannel, tied up like a pound of hung beef—without so much as rumpling the paper, wet as it was? Then (says the plate), was not the paper washed away with a sponge, and didn't there appear, set off upon the plate, *this* identical piece of Pre-Raphaelite blue distemper which you now behold? Not to be denied! I had seen all this—and more. I had been shown, at Copeland's, patterns of beautiful design, in faultless perspective, which are causing the ugly old willow to wither out of public favour, and which, being quite as cheap, insinuate good wholesome natural art into the humblest households. When Mr and Mrs. Sprat have satisfied their material tastes by that equal division of fat and lean which has made them *ménage* immortal, and have, after the elegant tradition, "licked the platter clean," they can—thanks to modern artists in clay—feast their intellectual tastes upon excellent delineations of natural objects.

This reflection prompts me to transfer my attention from the blue plate to the forlorn but cheerfully painted vase on the sideboard. And surely (says the plate) you have not forgotten how the outlines of such groups of flowers as you see there, are printed, just as I was printed, and are afterwards shaded and filled in with metallic colours by women and girls? As to the aristocracy of our order, made of the finer clay—porcelain peers and peeresses,—the slabs, and panels, and table tops, and tazze, the endless nobility and gentry of dessert, breakfast, and tea services; the gemmed perfume bottles, and scarlet and gold salvers, you saw that they were painted by artists, with metallic colours laid on with camel-hair pencils, and afterwards burnt in.

And talking of burning in (says the plate), didn't you find that every subject, from the willow pattern to the landscape after Turner—having been framed upon clay or porcelain biscuit—has to be glazed? Of course, you saw the glaze—composed of various vitreous materials—laid over every article, and of course you witnessed the close imprisonment of each piece in saggers upon the separate system rigidly enforced by means of fine-pointed earthenware stilts placed between the articles to prevent the slightest communication or contact. We had in my time—and I suppose it is the same now—fourteen hours firing to fix the glaze and to make it "run" all over us equally, so as to put a good shiny and unscratchable surface upon us. Doubtless, you observed that one sort of glaze—called printing-body—is burnt into the better sort of ware *before* it is printed. Upon this you saw some of the finest steel engravings transferred, to be fixed by an after glazing—didn't you? Why, of course you did!

Of course I did. I had seen and enjoyed everything that the plate recalled to me, and had beheld with admiration how the rotatory motion which keeps this ball of ours in its place in the great scheme, with all its busy mites upon it, was necessary throughout the process, and could only be dispensed with in the fire. So, listening to the plate's reminders,

and musing upon them, I got through the evening after all, and went to bed. I made but one sleep of it—for which I have no doubt I am also indebted to the plate—and left the lonely Dodo in the morning, quite at peace with it, before the bandy-legged baby was up.

MARGARET FULLER.

In the year 1810, in the town of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, a child was born to a pair named Fuller, whom they christened Margaret. The father was a lawyer—a shrewd, severe man; "a character," as the daughter says, "quite of the common sort." He was, however, a classical scholar, with a taste for the poets of Queen Anne's time; though, even in literature, a man of business. Margaret, he determined, should be a youthful prodigy. At six years old she could read Latin; and she afterwards became thoroughly proficient in that tongue, as well as in the Greek. Hexameters had neither mystery nor terrors for her; and the oldest "Dux" in the Westminster School would have, probably, found her a match for him with such missiles. Her father, when dealing with her, was all method and precision; but she describes her own character as having been "fervent, and disposed to infatuation and self-forgetfulness." All this, however, failed to give her a distaste for study. At eight years old, she found a copy of Shakspeare, and greedily devoured it; twice incurring her father's anger for being found reading it on a Sunday.

At the age of thirteen, Margaret Fuller was so advanced in mental development, that she took her place in society as a full-grown woman. At fifteen, she gave the following account of her manner of passing the day:—"I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven; when we breakfast. Next, I read French—Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe'—till eight; then two or three lectures in 'Brown's Philosophy.' From half-past nine till twelve I study Greek; when I recite, and practise again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half-an-hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing for half-an-hour or so; and, about eleven, retire, to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics, which I am filling up, according to advice." She was already famous for her conversation. She satirised her own sex, and they kept aloof from her. At nineteen, there was scarcely a book of note, in the Spanish, French, or Italian languages, which she had not read and thoroughly mastered. She soon after studied German, and devoured all its writers in prose, poetry, and metaphysics.

Kant and Novalis were among her favorites; if we may judge from her journal, which contains plentiful records of her "inner life," "spiritual struggles," "self-wrestlings," "appointed tasks," and "other things caviare to the general." The "Boston School," or "Frogpondians" (as they are called in the American dialect), of which Mr. Emerson is the chief, took her to itself; and she acquired the art of making a profound thought look profounder, by only half expressing it.

The person of Margaret Fuller is described as being rather under the middle height, extremely plain, with a trick of opening and shutting her eyelids, and a nasal tone of voice, which repelled. Mr. Emerson was decidedly repelled. He said to himself, "We shall never get far." But she quizzed him, and flattered him, and disputed with him, until he admitted that it was impossible to hold out against such an urgent assault. He was speedily drawn into the circle of her friends; whom, with meek resignation, he says, "she wore like a necklace." Meanwhile, her industry in study was immense.

In 1843, she was editor of the "Dial," an American Quarterly Review. In 1844 she removed to New York, and endeavoured to arouse the ladies of that city with lectures to them, exclusively, on "The Family," "The School," "Society," and "Literature." She afterwards published "Women in the Nineteenth Century," in which she demanded for her sex the fullest recognition of social and political equality. One of her male friends innocently remarks, however, that, while she demanded absolute equality for women, she exacted a deference from men to women, entirely inconsistent with that requirement. Poor, unsuspecting, male friend! As time wore on, he acknowledges himself drawn irresistibly into the general current; or, to use the other gentleman's metaphor, strung upon her necklace.

Heralded by her reputation as a scholar and talker, and continually before the public, as a writer, in New York she became the centre of attraction. All persons were curious to see her; but her admirers state that most seemed repelled, by what looked like conceit, pedantry, and a harsh spirit of criticism; while, on her part, she seemed to regard those around her as frivolous, superficial, and conventional.

In 1846, Margaret Fuller came to England, and quizzed English society and English writers. In Paris, she visited the famous Madame Dudevant, otherwise George Sand, and found her smoking the little cigarette, of which all the world has heard. She states that she never liked a woman better than the female George, and gives some reasons for her affection, which would seem to few people reasons for liking anybody. At Boulogne, she said, "All women should love that city; for there the intelligence of women

had been cherished." Both in France and Italy, she saw most of the noted men, literary and scientific, and discoursed with them, freely, in their own tongue. In Rome, she wrote, with outrageous modesty, "Among the famous women, I find none with so comprehensive a head, or such fine instincts, as I."

We can afford to see the little weaknesses in Margaret Fuller's character As we draw near the end of her brief career, we find them cast into the proper shade by her untiring energy and undoubted genius. Very touching is the account she has written of her youth—her childish reflexions when the shadow of death first darkened their household—and that singularly early application to study, and severe discipline, which contributed to form a character so peculiar. She was in Rome in the midst of the revolutionary scenes of 1848—during the murder of Count Rossi, and expulsion of the Pope, and while cries of "Morte ai Cardinali!" "Morte ai Jesuiti!" were loudest and most earnest. From the window of her loggia she witnessed the famous sortie of Garibaldi, when the French were driven back with the loss of a thousand men. It was on a Sunday. The French threw rockets into the city, one of which burst in the courtyard of the hospital, just as she arrived there, to fulfil her duties as Regolatrice, or attendant upon the wounded, for which office she had volunteered her services She went daily to the hospital, and though she suffered—for she had no idea, before, how terrible were gunshot wounds and wound-fever—she found a pleasure in her task. Many of the sufferers, especially among the Lombards, were among the flower of the Italian youth. As they began to get better, she carried them books and flowers, and they read and talked together.

During the siege of three months, she remained shut up in the city; for she had now other ties to bind her to Rome. An Italian nobleman, the Marquis D'Ossoli, had met her by chance in the Church of St. Peter's, in the spring of 1847: an accident brought them into conversation. Margaret had become separated from her friends in the Church; and the Marquis, seeing her to be a foreigner, volunteered to assist in her search. Her friends were gone, no vehicle was at hand, and she was compelled to walk with her stranger friend a long distance. Their words were few, though enough to create a desire for further acquaintance. They parted at the door, and Margaret related the adventure to her friends. The chance meeting at Vespers in St. Peter's paved the way for many interviews; and, finally, Ossoli offered her his hand; but Margaret refused it, and departed, soon after, for Venice. Upon her return to Rome, however, their acquaintance was renewed. The family of Ossoli were strictly conservative, and the lover had been educated in their principles; but, for Margaret's sake, he espoused the cause of Roman liberty From this time they became the closest friends, often making little excursions out of Rome together Carrying with them some roasted chestnuts, they got bread and wine, and dined, in pastoral fashion, at some rustic inn—coming back sometimes in time to see the sun going down behind the towers of the city. They were soon afterwards married secretly. D'Ossoli became one of the most active defenders of Rome, occupying with his men a dangerous place upon the walls. Margaret continued her consolations to the wounded, attending daily at the hospitals for seven or eight hours—often the entire night—until she herself lay on a bed of sickness, and was thought to be near her death Yet she never flinched. "Though sometimes," she says, "I found myself inferior in courage and fortitude to the occasion. I knew not how to bear the havoc and anguish incident to the struggle for these principles I rejoiced that it lay not with me to cut down the trees, to destroy the Elysian garden, for the defence of the city; I do not know that I could have done it. And the sight of these far nobler growths, the beautiful young men, mown down in their stately prime, became too much for me I forgot the great ideas—to sympathise with the poor mothers You say I have sustained them Often have they sustained my courage: one, kissing the pieces of bone that were so painfully extracted from his arm, hung them round his neck—mementoes that he also has done and borne something for his country and the hopes of humanity One fair young man, who is made a cripple for life, clasped my hand as he saw me crying over the spasms I could not relieve—and faintly cried, '*Viva l'Italia!*'" During the most dangerous times of the bombardment, Margaret was constantly to and fro in the streets of the city, visiting friends, collecting information, and sometimes interposing in quarrels between the people and the soldiery, and calming the most infuriated.

Impoverished by political events, Margaret and her husband fled from Rome, on the entrance of the French, to Rieti, in the Apennines, where their child had been deposited for safety previously to the siege. The winter she spent peacefully in Florence, with her husband and child.

Disheartened by the aspect of political affairs in Europe, Margaret now wished to return to America. Considerations of economy determined them, in spite of misgivings, to take a passage in a merchantman from Leghorn. Many omens seemed to dissuade her from her purpose—for she was anxious for her child's sake; but they set sail. They were swept tranquilly over the smooth waters of the Mediterranean; but, before they reached Gibraltar, the captain of their vessel was taken ill, and died. The authorities at that port refused permission for

any one to land, and directed that the burial should be made at sea. At sunset, the body of the captain, wrapped in the flag of his nation, was let down into the deep water.

The second day after, their child was stricken with the complaint of the captain; but recovered. Margaret gave the last touches to her work on Italy. Slowly, yet peacefully, passed the long summer days, and the mellow, moonlit nights; slowly, and with even flight, their vessel, under gentle airs from the tropics, bears them safely onward. Four thousand miles of ocean lay behind; they were nearly home; but stormy weather came on, and grew into a hurricane. About four o'clock in the morning, the vessel struck on a spot called Fire Island Beach. No human power could save her; the sea swept over the vessel, and she lay at the mercy of the ocean. At daylight the shore was discernible at a distance of only a few hundred yards—a lonely waste of sand-hills, as far as could be seen, through the spray and driving rain. Men had been early observed, gazing at the wreck; later, a wagon was drawn up upon the beach. There was no sign of a life-boat, however, or any attempt at rescue; and it was determined that some one should try to land, by swimming; and, if possible, obtain aid. Although it seemed almost sure death to trust one's self to the surf, a sailor with a life-preserver jumped overboard, and was seen to reach the shore; a second followed in safety; but a passenger who ventured sank, either struck by some piece of the wreck, or unable to combat with the waves. Another hour passed; but though many persons were busy on the shore, gathering into carts whatever spoil was stranded, no life-boat appeared. After much deliberation, it was agreed that the passengers should attempt to land, each seated upon a plank, and grasping handles of rope, while a sailor swam behind. The first passenger—a woman—was brought ashore, half-drowned, by the intrepidity of a sailor.

When Margaret's turn came, she steadily refused to be separated from her husband and child. On a raft with them, she would have boldly encountered the surf; but alone she would not go. While she was yet declining all persuasions, word was given upon the deck that the life-boat had finally appeared. For a moment the news lighted up again a flickering hope. But, to the experienced eyes of the sailors it soon became evident that there was no attempt to launch or to man her. The last chance of aid from shore was then utterly gone. They must rely on their own strength, or perish. But, already the tide had turned, and it was plain that the wreck could not hold together through another flood. In this emergency, the commanding officer, who until now had remained at his post, once more appealed to Margaret to try to escape—urging that the ship would inevitably break up; that it was mere suicide to remain longer; that he did not feel free to sacrifice the lives of the crew; finally, that he would himself take the child, and that sailors should go with herself and her husband. But, as before, she declared that she would not be parted from her husband and child. The order was then given to "save themselves," and the greater part of the crew jumped over, leaving Margaret, her husband, and child behind. Several of the swimmers reached the shore alive; although severely bruised and wounded.

In the afternoon, the gale swelled once more to its former violence, and the remnants of the barque fast yielded to the waves. The cabin was swamped, the after-parts broke up, and the stern settled down out of sight. Soon, too, the forecastle was filled with water, and the helpless little band were driven to the deck, where they clustered round the fore-mast. Presently, even this frail support was loosened from the hull, and rose and fell with every billow. It was plain to all that the final moment drew swiftly near. The three seamen who remained on the wreck, again persuaded the passengers to try the planks, which they held in the lee of the ship. Madame D'Ossoli had at length been induced by the steward to part with her child, with a pledge that he would save him, or die, when a sea struck the forecastle, and the fore-mast fell, carrying with it the deck, and all upon it. Ossoli clutched for a moment the rigging; but the next wave drew him down. Margaret sank at once. When last seen she was seated at the foot of the fore-mast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. That twelve hours' communion, face to face with death, was over. Their bodies were never found. The steward and the child were washed ashore, some twenty minutes after, both dead.

A friend of the unfortunate pair, whom the news of the wreck drew to the shore, says, "The hull lies so near, that it seemed as if a dozen oar-strokes would carry a boat alongside; and as one looks at it, glittering in the sunshine, it is hard to feel reconciled to our loss. Seven resolute men might have saved every soul on board." "The next day," says the same writer, "the body of the child was buried in a chest given by one of the sailors in a hollow, among the sand heaps. As I stood beside the lovely little mound, it seemed that never was seen a more affecting type of orphanage. Around, wiry and stiff, were scanty spires of beach grass; near by dwarf cedars, blown flat by wintry winds, stood, like grim guardians; only at the grave-head a stunted wild rose was struggling for existence. Thoughts came of many a little one in this hard world, and there was joy in the assurance that the child was neither mother-

less nor fatherless, and that Margaret and her husband were not childless in that new world which they had entered together."

MORE DUMB FRIENDS.

An eloquent and very thoughtful passage is quoted by Mr. Harvey, in his pleasing little work called "The Sea-side Book," to the effect that we are surrounded by races of creatures, which we designate as "dumb," of whom we really know very little beyond the outside, and a limited number of ordinary actions, habits, and peculiarities. If we were not used to it by every-day experience, he argues that we should regard the fact as something marvellous; because we may be said to hold intercourse with creatures who are as much strangers to us, and as mysterious, as if they were "fabulous, unearthly beings, which Eastern superstitions have invented." We depend on them in various ways—"we use their labour, and we eat their flesh." But what do we know of their minds? We have written a great many books about instinct and reason; and even now the question is not settled, and does not seem likely to be settled, except by fairly giving up the point at issue, and handsomely making our dumb friends a present of both.

But why do we call them "dumb?" for they are not so. We mean, if we examine the expression, that they do not speak a human language—which it would be most unreasonable to expect they should; yet they have a language of their own. The old story of an English bumpkin—one of our choice specimens—who, going over to France, was astonished to hear, amidst the gabble of a strange dialect, a dog bark quite intelligibly, like ours, always makes us laugh. He had expected the dog to bark French. Well, our laugh being over, let us look closer at this ludicrous notion. There may be more in it than the bumpkin knew, or we had fancied. Certainly the bark of an English mastiff, or bull-dog, is very different from that of a French poodle; as the bark of an English lap-dog is different from that of a French wolf-dog; or an Italian greyhound from that of a Scotch terrier. We may say off-hand, that it is only a difference of loudness and strength, according to the size or strength of the dog; but we cannot be at all sure that there are not national characteristics far more numerous than we know—partly, because we have never paid a careful attention to the distinction; partly, because we happen not to be dogs ourselves, or conversant with all the instincts of the race. The extent of our learning, as to the dog's vocal language, is almost limited to his bark of joy or of anger, his whine of impatience, and his howl of pain; and, as to his sign-language, we flatter ourselves that we understand all the gradations of his tail-wagging, fore-paw-lifting, and ear-cocking—but we are mere tyros and strangers.

Horses understand each other by their neighs, and there is an obvious sign-language in their eyes and ears. As everybody has noticed the natural understanding of sounds between all creatures and their young ones (the parent distinguishing the voice of its offspring among the similar voices of a number of others, when no one else can distinguish them), may we not readily imagine that there are an immense variety of sounds with which we are not at all conversant? The antennæ language of bees—to say nothing of the modulations in their apparently monotonous hum—has been noticed long since by naturalists; but there we are all at fault, and know nothing more about the language than the fact that it exists.

We once saw a large stranger dog trotting through a village, who was assailed by the yelpings of a number of curs, of whom he took no notice, but ran on with perfect good temper, even though some of them almost flew at his hind legs. At length, happening to stop and look around him, one cur, of a most insolent physiognomy, quickly tripped up to him, and appeared to whisper something (though we could hear no sound of it) in his ear. In an instant the large stranger pounced upon him—flung him sprawling on his back—gave him a tremendous shaking—rolled his howling body over and over in the dust—and then drove him yelping away as fast as his legs could carry him. What word or sound of the canine language was uttered is forbidden knowledge to us, but the insult conveyed was obviously of the most gross and intelligible kind to the individual most concerned.

There is every reason to suppose that innumerable sounds, answering the purpose of speech, are exchanged throughout the animal creation, which man does not in the least understand, or which he does not hear. In Mr. Beale's aviary there were three Mandarine ducks, two of whom were drakes. The duck was the wife of the elder Mandarine; and this being perfectly understood by the other drake, the three lived together in the utmost harmony. But these Mandarines are very valuable (as much as fifty pounds were paid not long since for the pair in the Zoological Gardens), and a thief, who had been studying ornithology, broke into the aviary one night, and stole the elder Mandarine. The very next day, the bereaved widow found herself exposed to the polite attentions of the other drake. She was, however, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and resisted all the blandishments and overtures of the indefatigable suitor. But it so happened that the ornithological thief was traced, the elder Mandarine recovered, and restored to the expanded wings of his faithful wife. Their first transports being over, the elder Mandarine instantly turned upon the other drake, smote him with bill and pinion, buffetted him about the head till his sight was destroyed,

and inflicted so many other wounds upon him that he died shortly afterwards. Of course she must have told him.

Whatever we may think of the superior sagacity of the monkey, the dog, the elephant, the horse, and other animals, there are no creatures who can compete with birds in the power of acquiring portions of human language. We do not allude only to the "universal linguist"—the parrot; for the jackdaw, the raven, the magpie, the starling, and the crow, have all been found capable of various degrees of accomplishment in this way. More wonderful than these, or at least it seems so, from being the only known instance on record, was the canary possessed by an English lady some few years since, which she had taught to utter several words and short sentences; and who, at the end of a song, continually added—"Pretty little Dickée, dear"—the accent being laid upon the last syllable, so as to produce the effect of metrical euphony, in accordance with the close of his vocal melody. Lord Brougham among others, went to hear the phenomenon: "It's *not* a bird!" said his lordship—"it is a bit of clock-work." Presently the canary cracked a hemp-seed, then drank a little water; and, it was said, winked an eye at the noble and learned lord; but birds often do this while drinking. Ancient writers tell of the thrush, the nightingale, and even the partridge, being known to utter words; and Pliny relates a story of a hen who articulated some words so clearly that the omen found occupation for the augurs. We suppose this *roopy* hen was held in high and sacred honour till the day of her death.

The acquirement of any fragments of human language by the lower animals—or, to speak more correctly, their power to imitate certain human sounds of speech—is quite a distinct question from that of the natural language they really possess, by which they express themselves, and are understood by their relatives and others of their kind. This is carried to a much finer degree than may be supposed. When two birds of the same species are addressing each other, in song, from a distance, "the responses are continued with distinctness and without distraction, their attention never being diverted by the multiplicity of sounds that strike the ear from birds of another species, which are singing close at hand." It is also worthy of notice, and of memory also, that when two birds are engaged in alternately pouring forth a lyrical effusion to each other, one bird never interrupts another. "A thrush, blackbird, or redbreast," says Mr. Jonathan Couch, to whose extremely interesting and instructive book* we are indebted for these observations, "may be seen to stretch forward the head, and direct the ears to catch the notes which come to it from some distant songster of its own species; nor will any effort be made to return a sound until the competitor is known to have ended his lay." The same thing holds good even in cases of warlike and angry challenge. The antagonists wait as patiently as the heroes in Homer, till each has concluded his sonorous, high-sounding challenge, and the narrative of his birth and education. Mr. Couch once noticed three cocks, "of superior size and majesty," who were engaged in answering each other from distant quarters in regular succession, as understood by the three; but when at last a number of inferior individuals, of no "name and breed," thought fit to join their voices, and interrupt the order and correct usages of Chanticleer-war, the three great heroes immediately ceased crowing, and haughtily withdrew and joined their hens, in disdain of such low interference.

There is evidently a common understanding, among all creatures, of certain primitive sounds. The cry of alarm, of pain, of rage, and the sounds of conciliation and calming, pitying and caressing, are, more or less, understood by nearly the whole living family of the earth. The use and perception of minute and elaborate gradations and inflections can alone constitute a language; and we are in no condition to deny that other creatures possess something of this kind besides ourselves. Certain naturalists think that the humming of the bee, though a confused monotone to our ears, may to the bee's organ of hearing represent an orderly "succession of drummings." These are the real grounds of a belief that the creatures we are in the habit of calling "dumb animals," have an intelligible language suited to their several states; the question of how far they understand such words of human speech as they may contrive to articulate, may be quietly left, with the admission that most probably it is a mere imitation of sounds; and that, of such words as we use to them (the meaning of which it is evident they comprehend) the modulations of the voice, *i.e.*, the sounds, are the chief medium of instructive intelligence or sympathy.

As to the power of imitation, it is very great in some creatures besides those who have the common reputation for it. We once saw a parrot imitate actions. The bird belonged (and is probably still living) to a popular fairy-land dramatist of the present day. On seeing anybody take off his coat, the parrot presently bent forward in precisely the same attitude, and gave an imitation of the act with its wings, the effect of which was extraordinary from the fact of the wings being "fixtures," while the bird seemed to draw its body out of them, as it protruded its shoulders. There is an account, in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History," of a blackbird who imitated the crowing of a cock so well that he continually set all the cocks crowing who were within hearing. He did not, however, invariably complete his crow, but some-

* Illustrations of Instinct, by Jonathan Couch, F.L.S.

times stopped in the middle and finished with a whistle, conveying a curious effect of levity and insult, which must very much have puzzled the listening warriors of the neighbourhood.

Pliny tells us that the younger nightingales study the older, and catch and imitate the song; the scholar listening with the utmost earnestness, and replying to it at intervals, "comprehending the correction of error and every little step in the lesson." (Intelligitur emendatæ correctio, et in docente quædam reprehensio.) All this is in the natural and usual way of imitation, by means of which young birds are taught the song of their species; and yet experiments are recorded by Mr. Couch of a young thrush, and of a goldfinch, being taken so early from the nest that they could have had no opportunity of receiving a lesson, or perhaps hearing a song, from the parent, and that, nevertheless, the caged birds, at four or five years old, sung the song of their species. This is more than can be said of the lingual powers of the human species; and though Sir Thomas Brown avers that if any infant were left on an uninhabited island, and grew up, it would spontaneously speak the primitive language of man in the Garden of Eden—namely, Hebrew—we yet venture to express our conviction that this very interesting young person would speak no human language whatever. A dumb language, however, if we may so term it, of signs, gesticulations, and expressive sounds, would undoubtedly be possessed, and be correspondingly intelligible to all of his own species, and to many of a different species

Mr. Couch relates an amusing story of two swallows, one of whom was returning to his nest, but was incessantly pursued by the other (evidently a gay young bachelor) who wanted to go there also. In all their circles and turns, the married proprietor of the nest invariably kept on the side towards it, both of them the whole time being at "high words" Meanwhile, the hen swallow, who was sitting in the dark at the bottom of her nest, under a roof, heard all the dispute, and comprehended every word of it. Eventually, being quite unable to endure it any longer, she darted out, and pouncing upon the impertinent stranger, who had dared to persist in saying he would come to her nest, aided her husband so efficiently that the gay young bachelor was driven away with a sorely pecked crown.

It is obvious that a kind of language, answering all their purposes of life, is possessed by most of those creatures whom we erroneously designate as dumb. But not only have they different sounds which are intelligible to those of the same species; they have also a still greater variety of actions, or signs, by which to communicate with each other, many of which are visible to us, and very probably they have many more of which we can form no conception. Some of them have the sense of hearing infinitely finer than ours A field is thus open to impressions which are beyond us The same may be said of the sense of smell Each of these senses admits of subtle and distant communications, of which we have good evidence; but how much more remains unknown to us! So of the sight. These interesting questions have been discussed in a new but no less earnest fashion, by Mr R H Horne, in his charming book entitled "The Poor Artist; or Seven Eyesights and One Object;" a work which endeavours in a playful manner to elucidate the wonders and diversities of vision in different organs of sight We borrow a few observations from it:—

"The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homewards by eyesight, *viz*, from point to point, by objects which he has *marked*; but this is only our conjecture The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty His sight, then, both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces." The subtle operations of other senses in different creatures, exceeding the senses of man in these respects, are thus noticed in the same work "What sort of hearing has the shark—if any? The organs of smell, however, in the shark, who discovers, through the great volume of waters, and through the dense timbers, that somebody is dead, ves, or dying, in the cabin, must be wonderful But we know nothing about this beyond the fact. The same creature, whether shark or cat, who has a wonderful sense of smell in some things, seems to have no nose at all for many others. No one ever saw a monkey smell a flower If he did smell it, this would only be to inquire if it were eatable or poisonous Then, as to the sense of touch; what a fine work goes on in the language of the antennæ! and yet it is impossible that the majority of these insects should possess sensations like ours. A wasp flies in at the window, alights on the breakfast table, runs swiftly up the side of the sugar-basin, and displays his grim face in a brazen mask with iron spectacles, just above the rim. The next moment he darts upon the sugar. But an alarmed hand advances a pair of scissors, and suddenly snips off his head The body staggers, and perhaps flies away, while the jaws of the brazen mask with iron spectacles continue for some seconds to work away at the sugar, as though no such event had occurred."

Mr. Horne also speculates on the variations of the organs of taste in different creatures; he is curious to know whether the birds of prey who bolt everything whole, really taste their

prey, or only satisfy a ravenous appetite; and inquires whether the owl, who swallows a mouse whole, tastes him in his stomach. We feel disposed to put a similar query, as to whether the serpent in the Zoological Gardens who recently bolted his bedding, derived any gastric pleasure during, or after, the performance.

A flock of crows have their sentinel, who watches, as an outpost, and gives notice by a watch-cry of the approach of danger; so have linnets, so have blackbirds, so have choughs, so have gulls, so has a herd of deer, so have many other creatures. Whether by the acuteness of their sight, or smell, or hearing, it is quite clear that they know very well what they are about. All things considered, we must admit that our dumb friends and fellow inhabitants of the earth are only dumb in respect to one sort of language, but that they have "a mother-tongue" of their own, which answers all their purposes. The ingenious young gentleman who slits the tongue of a magpie, and says, "Now he can talk!" has a very exaggerated estimate of his own educational powers. Nature did far more for the magpie in the way of language before he left the parental nest.

A SENTIMENT IN STONE.

If Patience ever sits at all upon a monument, the monument of her choice must be, without doubt, the Cathedral of Cologne. When finished—it was begun some half-dozen centuries ago—this building is to be the gem of the world's architecture; it is a gem which takes as much time as the diamond is said to need, before it crystallises finally into its perfect shape.

Everybody knows that the great shrine at Cologne is that of the Three Kings, who, after they had been to Bethlehem, trotted about Europe, and left their bones—patron-saints of voyagers—at Milan. Yes, undoubtedly, I mean that the bones were the saints; and let no sceptic suggest that these bones, which Barbarossa took from Milan to Cologne, might possibly have belonged, when there was life-blood flowing over them, to some Brown, Robinson, and Jones, among the ancients. For being the bones of Albuphar, Balthazar, and Melchior, all Christendom revered the sacred relics in Cologne. The sanctification of the Imperial title, and the unity of Germany, were connected with the possession of those skeletons; and out of this sentiment arose the wish to build over their shrine a great Cathedral, worthy of the Empire which they blessed. People, Prince, Emperor, rivalled each other in the richness of their offerings before the shrine of the Three Kings, in that old time when Angebert, the Bishop of Cologne, first planned the splendid edifice which is not yet complete. It was to be a sign and token of the sentiment of German unity. There is a fitness, therefore, in its incomplete form, and in the despair with which we are looking forward to the very distant time, when the last stone shall be laid upon it, in fulfilment of the first magnificent idea.

Enter the front portal under the famous crane; turn to the left, and you come to an enclosed square, about which are scattered, ready hewn and carved, and numbered in accordance with their places up aloft, the stones which yearly add to the slow growth of the Cathedral. This is the school, to which there have descended few traditions of its by-gone masters and disciples. Those old artists perched themselves on high, and carved the stones *in situ*, and would, perhaps have been indignant at the trouble-saving temper of the present day. The stone now chiselled in the school, is from a quarry near the Drachenfels, the very same quarry which furnished stone for the foundations of the edifice. The lumps of rock are broken off from one spot by the Rhine, and carried down in boats, to be again landed after no long voyage, and pieced together in the new form of the most magnificent of Christian temples. It is curious to observe from the summit of the Drachenfels, how large a piece of mountain has been taken by the quarry-men, and sent to build up the Cathedral of Cologne. The cutting into shape of such a building creates a vast quantity of chips, and costs also a pretty pyramid of gold and silver. In all the Universities—at Bonn, at Breslau, at Tübingen, at Trier, at Braunsberg, at Giessen, at Perplin, at Münster, at Posen, at Paderborn, at Dillingen, at Hildesheim, at Kremsminster, at Rostock, at Brixen, at Freiburg in Brisgau, at Luxemburg—in every state of Germany there exist organised associations (*Dom-bau-Vereine*) to raise funds for the slow continuance towards completion of the building of the great Cathedral. Innumerable small societies in aid of these (*the Hülf-Vereine*) exist and increase through every nook and corner of the land. The revolution of 1848 vastly reduced the resources of these Cathedral-clubs. Though they had produced in the year 1842 fifty thousand thalers (seven thousand five hundred pounds); in the year 1849, while the number of associations had increased, eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty-four thalers was their only produce. The Cathedral, in addition to these sources of support, is aided in its progress by an annual grant of fifty thousand thalers from the King of Prussia, and by presents, among which we may call to mind the splendid painted windows given by the late King of Bavaria.

The efforts made from the beginning to raise funds for the great work—the great symbol of German unity, as it was called only a few years since by the King of Prussia, when he visited Cologne—were not very dissimilar to those made in the present day. Of the building itself the history, in brief, is this.

On the site of the Cathedral there was formerly an older church, built in the style of that at Worms. This old church, an imposing structure, was destroyed by fire, and the first stone of the present Cathedral was laid on the fourteenth day of August, one thousand two hundred and forty-eight. The ceremony was almost a subterranean scene, the foundations having been dug to fifty feet below the present level of the ground. After seventy years, only the high choir was finished Henry of Birnenburg, then Archbishop of Cologne, consecrated it. After that time progress became even less rapid, the most energetic work being expended on the south-west tower. Gradually the workmen dropped away from the great work, till, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the toil began again. Soon, however, the little burst of short-lived energy had lapsed into a long age of listlessness. In the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four the exertions of Boisserée restored that active interest in the Cathedral which has, since that date, been continued, and is now alive. The original plan of the second tower, which had been lost, was found, by good fortune, in the loft of a tavern, at Darmstadt; and so it was supposed, that by the year 1860, at least the body of the church might be complete.

But to come back to the story of the cash. In the most ancient time the Building Fund consisted partly in funded stock, partly in the interest of unappropriated moneys belonging to a prebend, and partly in donations from the pious. This last item was not trifling. Scarcely credible are the amounts of money raised within no wider circle than the walls of Cologne itself, from bequests of rents, houses, or personal estate, to the great shrine. Out of Cologne, in Bonn, Neuss, Düsseldorf, and even Dortmund, testamentary dispositions are found to have been made in the earliest time of its existence, in favour of the new Cathedral at Cologne. Money gifts soon flowed in so freely, that a society was formed for the collection of bequests, and the administration of Cathedral property. This society, commenced in one thousand four hundred and eighty-eight, called the Fraternity of Saint Peter, consisted of (1) collectors, who took contributions on behalf of the building during service; (2) inspectors of alms-boxes at Saint Hubert's altar in the Pesch Kirche; (3) assistants to these; (4) stationary collectors, fixed in whatever towns outside Cologne would yield a harvest to the German shrine; and, lastly, (5) travelling collectors. The travelling collectors paid their receipts in to the collectors stationed in the town. These last remitted their amounts to a distinct class of officials, (6) the overseers of the building in Cologne, who duly supplied funds to (7) the architect, the master of the works.

That is the story of the money. It is now supposed that the body of the Cathedral can be finished at a further cost of two million thalers, and the towers for three million;—that is to say, in all for seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Already the two ends of the transept have been almost completed, and the foundation of the second tower—to be built according to the plan found at Darmstadt—has been laid. Whether any child now in our arms, who, under improved sanitary discipline, shall live to a hundred years, will live to see the great ideas of Cologne Cathedral and of German Unity completely realised, we do not undertake to guess. But we feel half disposed to fear that those two grandeurs will be things of hope, even in one thousand nine hundred and fifty-two.

THE LEGEND OF THE MIRACULOUS ROSE-TREES.

Old travellers say, that, in an Eastern land,
And in a field, with mountains nigh at hand,
Are found two marvellous Rose trees; and they write
That one bears flowers red, the other white—
Red as the fire, and white as snow on wold.
These trees are preternaturally old,
Yet keep their freshness; and from day to day
Wax greener, and more odorous and gay,
As though an angel fed them with his youth:
And the near people tell, for very truth,
An ancient tale, sent down from tongue to tongue,
Of how these trees miraculously spring,
Which I will here, as best I may, rehearse
In added rhyme, and weav'd into a verse.

There was a maiden, in a time gone by,
Who lived secluded from all company,
For the world's battle fill'd her with more dread
Than silence—and her parents both were dead.
And so she dwelt apart, without a friend,
In a still mansion by the city's end,
That look'd upon a garden's shadowy trees.
A voice of murmuring leaves and moaning seas
Haunted for ever that removèd house,
Like an enchantment, rich and marvellous;
And, under clustering boughs, this maiden clear
Walk'd up and down without a thought of fear,
Though by her side was human creature none.
Yet certainly she was not quite alone:
For, in the hush of that deserted place,
She often met with angels face to face,
And felt the wind that blows from out their bowers
Breathe in her hair; and sometimes, when the hours
Were stillest, and the westering sun was low,
The visages of ancient Gods would grow
Out of the pale, blank air, before her eyes,
Heavily calm with piled mysteries.

But who can reckon on a placid life,
Because of guilelessness? The tyrant's knife
Pierces the naked breast before the arm'd.
This gentle maiden, who had never harm'd
A living creature, and whose soul was white
And uncorrupt as elemental light,
Was, by the priests, accused of secret crimes,
And of neglecting to observe the times
Of adoration in their temples, where
They worshipp'd a fierce God with studious prayer.
They said she was a devil with bright looks,
And that she read not in their Sacred Books;

But kept a Fiend within her house, who fill'd
The cursed place, so soon as day was kill'd,
With gleams and fiery aspects; for, at night,
The awe-struck passers-by had seen the light
In which those angels dwelt, that thither came,
Paint the dark casements with a sudden flame.

The priests aloud for instant vengeance call,
And drag the maiden to the Justice Hall.
The people throng, and gaze into her eyes,
And think they see a spirit from the skies,
With visage pale, by golden tresses hemm'd,
Come there to judge, and not to be condemn'd.
A busy murmur passes up and down:
The throned Judges wear an ominous frown,
And hearken to the eager priests, who cry,
"She is accurs'd! To vengeance, instantly!"
Alas! they have determined on the deed.
The sentence has gone forth: it is decreed
That in a fire she shall be burnt to death.

The people for a moment hold their breath;
Then rush from out the Hall, and reach the place
Of execution, in an open space
Beyond the town, and barr'd the other way
By wall-like mountains, old and dusky grey;
And, in the midst, there is an iron stake,
From which a drooping chain hangs heavy and black.
Some one each day, upon a foul pretence,
Dies at that stake; and there, for evidence,
A heap of pallid ashes at the foot,
Mix'd with charr'd wood, and with a fearful soot,
Before the wind goes staggering to and fro.
All round this point, the people in a row
Await, with close lips and with frequent sighs,
The offering of that lurid sacrifice.

The victim comes, by savage priests shut in,
Who rage and trample with a ceaseless din,
And throw their quivering arms about the air,
And dance like drunken men with heads all bare.
And now the brands around the stake are laid,
With straw between. The unoffending maid
Beholds the pile, and sees, with steadfast eye,
The sharp and cruel Murder standing by;
The executioners, with eyes blood-red,
Like half-spent embers glowing in the head;
The flaming torches flashing round about;
The glare and smoke; the stirring of the rout;
The fixed mountains, cold and passionless;
The meadows flaunting in their summer dress;
The conscious-looking heavens, bare and still;
The moveless trees; the running of the rill;
The quick birds, loudly flapping on the wing;
The people round, with white lips murmuring:
All this she sees, and still she does not quake.

Those bloody men have bound her to the stake;
And yet she smiles, and not a word she says.

The heap is fired; the straw and faggots blaze;
The deathsmen farther from the pile have fled;
The flames, up-springing, dash the heavens red;
The swarthy smoke, like metal in a forge,
Grows sanguine all about that fiery surge.

A miracle! a wonder to behold!
The flames are out; the lighted brands are cold!
Another marvel yet! No brands are there,
But only two fresh Rose-trees, budding fair;
The one with flowers red, the other white.
The staring people stagger at the sight.
The maiden still is standing in her place;
And, 'twixt the rosy buds, they see her face.

For very joy the people shout and sing,
The priests upon the ground lie grovelling,
And cast themselves abroad, and idly rave,
And pull the earth about them like a grave;
And in their howling presently they die.
The lovely lady murmurs thankfully;
And by the people homeward she is brought,
With flights of gleaming angels overthwart.

Thus sprang those marvellous trees; and it is said,
That from the burnt brands came the Roses red,
And from the unburnt came the Roses pale.
I say no farther. I have done my tale.

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

The most difficult likeness I ever had to take, not even excepting my first attempt in the art of Portrait-painting, was a likeness of a gentleman named Faulkner. As far as drawing and colouring went, I had no particular fault to find with my picture; it was the *expression* of the sitter which I had failed in rendering—a failure quite as much his fault as mine. Mr. Faulkner, like many other persons by whom I have been employed, took it into his head that he must assume an expression, because he was sitting for his likeness; and, in consequence, contrived to look as unlike himself as possible, while I was painting him. I had tried to divert his attention from his own face, by talking with him on all sorts of topics. We had both travelled a great deal, and felt interested alike in many subjects connected with our wanderings over the same countries. Occasionally, while we were discussing our travelling experiences, the unlucky set-look left his countenance, and I began to work to some purpose; but it was always disastrously sure to return again, before I had made any great progress—or, in other words, just at the very time when I was most anxious that it should not re-appear. The obstacle thus thrown in the way of the satisfactory completion of my portrait, was the more to be deplored, because Mr. Faulkner's natural expression was a very remarkable one. I am not an author, so I cannot describe it. I ultimately succeeded in painting it, however; and this was the way in which I achieved my success:—

On the morning when my sitter was coming to me for the fourth time, I was looking at his portrait in no very agreeable mood—looking at it, in fact, with the disheartening conviction that the picture would be a perfect failure, unless the expression in the face represented were thoroughly altered and improved from nature. The only method of accomplishing this successfully, was to make Mr. Faulkner, somehow, insensibly forget that he was sitting for his picture. What topic could I lead him to talk on, which would entirely engross his attention while I was at work on his likeness?—I was still puzzling my brains to no purpose on this subject when Mr. Faulkner entered my studio; and, shortly afterwards, an accidental circumstance gained

for me the very object which my own ingenuity had proved unequal to compass.

While I was "setting" my palette, my sitter amused himself by turning over some portfolios. He happened to select one for special notice, which contained several sketches that I had made in the streets of Paris. He turned over the first five views rapidly enough; but when he came to the sixth, I saw his face flush directly; and observed that he took the drawing out of the portfolio, carried it to the window, and remained silently absorbed in the contemplation of it for full five minutes. After that, he turned round to me; and asked very anxiously, if I had any objection to part with that sketch.

It was the least interesting drawing of the series—merely a view in one of the streets running by the backs of the houses in the Palais Royal. Some four or five of these houses were comprised in the view, which was of no particular use to me in any way; and which was too valueless, as a work of Art, for me to think of *selling* it to my kind patron. I begged his acceptance of it, at once. He thanked me quite warmly; and then, seeing that I looked a little surprised at the odd selection he had made from my sketches, laughingly asked me if I could guess why he had been so anxious to become possessed of the view which I had given him?

"Probably"—I answered—"there is some remarkable historical association connected with that street at the back of the Palais Royal, of which I am ignorant."

"No"—said Mr. Faulkner—"at least, none that *I* know of. The only association connected with the place in *my* mind, is a purely personal association. Look at this house in your drawing—the house with the water-pipe running down it from top to bottom. I once passed a night there—a night I shall never forget to the day of my death. I have had some awkward travelling adventures in my time; but *that* adventure——! Well, well! suppose we begin the sitting. I make but a bad return for your kindness in giving me the sketch, by thus wasting your time in mere talk."

He had not long occupied the sitter's chair (looking pale and thoughtful), when he returned—involuntarily, as it seemed—to the subject of the house in the back street. Without, I hope, showing any undue curiosity, I contrived to let him see that I felt a deep interest in everything he now said. After two or three preliminary hesitations, he at last, to my great joy, fairly started on the narrative of his adventure. In the interest of his subject he soon completely forgot that he was sitting for his portrait—the very expression that I wanted, came over his face—my picture proceeded towards completion, in the right direction, and to the best purpose. At every fresh touch, I felt more and more certain that I was now getting the better of my grand difficulty; and I enjoyed the additional gratification of having my work lightened by the recital of a true story, which possessed, in my estimation, all the excitement of the most exciting romance.

This, as nearly as I can recollect, is, word for word, how Mr. Faulkner told me the story:—

Shortly before the period when gambling-houses were suppressed by the French Government, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, a very dissipated life, in the very dissipated city of our sojourn. One night, we were idling about the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's, as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, "merely for the fun of the thing," until it was "fun" no longer; and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling-house. "For Heaven's sake"—said I to my friend—"let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no false gingerbread glitter thrown over it at all. Let us get away from fashionable Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged, or otherwise."—"Very well," said my friend, "we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place, just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see." In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house, the back of which you have drawn in your sketch.

When we got up-stairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the doorkeeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling-room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all types—miserable types—of their respective classes. We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism—here, there was nothing but tragedy; mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player, who pricked his piece of pasteboard perseveringly, to register how often black won, and how often red—never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes, and the darned great coat, who had lost his last *sous*, and still looked on desperately, after he could play no longer—never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and

thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh; I felt that if I stood quietly looking on much longer, I should be more likely to weep. So, to excite myself out of the depression of spirits which was fast stealing over me, I unfortunately went to the table, and began to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate, that the regular players at the table crowded round me; and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another, that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the Theory of Chances—that philosopher's stone of all gamblers! And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I never practised it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables—just as I frequented ball-rooms and opera-houses—because they amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But, on this occasion, it was very different—now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I only lost, when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win—to win in the face of every recognised probability in favour of the bank. At first, some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my colour; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another they left off playing, and breathlessly looked on at my game. Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher; and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted, by a deep, muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shovelled across to my side of the table—even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession; and that man was my friend. He came to my side, and whispering in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say, that he repeated his warnings and entreaties several times; and only left me and went away, after I had rejected his advice (I was to all intents and purposes gambling-drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried:—"Permit me, my dear sir!—permit me to restore to their proper place two Napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir!—I pledge you my word of honour as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours!—never! Go on, sir—*Sacré mille bombes!* Go on boldly, and break the bank!"

I turned round and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided surtout. If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him, personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling bloodshot eyes, mangy mustachios, and a broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order, and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw—even in France. These little personal peculiarities exercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to "fraternise" with anybody who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's offered pinch of snuff; clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world; the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy, —"Go on, and win! Break the bank—*Mille tonnerres!* my gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

And I *did* go on—went on at such a rate, that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out: "Gentlemen! the bank has discontinued for to-night." All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets!

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Tie it up, as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army; your winnings are too heavy for any breeches pockets that ever were sewn. There! that's it!—shovel them in, notes and all! *Crediè!* what luck!—Stop! another Napoleon on the floor! *Ah! sacré petit pélisson de Napoleon!* have I found thee at last? Now then, sir—two tight double knots each way with your honourable permission, and the money's safe. Feel it! feel it, fortunate sir! hard and round as a cannon ball—*Ah, bah!* if they had only fired such cannon balls at us, at Austerlitz—*nom d'une pipe!* if they only had! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as

an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask what? Simply this: to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? *Ah, bah!*—the bottle is empty! Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half-a-pound of *bon-bons* with it!"

No, no, ex-brave; never—ancient grenadier! *Your* bottle last time; *my* bottle this. Behold it! Toast away! The French Army!—the great Napoleon!—the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! the Ladies generally! Everybody in the world!

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire—my brain seemed all a-flame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly-excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne particularly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French Army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration. "*I* am on fire! how are *you?* You have set me on fire! Do you hear; my hero of Austerlitz? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!" The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle-eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty forefinger by the side of his broken nose; solemnly ejaculated "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran, seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, had now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went away in a body. When the old soldier returned, and sat down again opposite to me at the table, we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A sudden change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentously solemn look; and when he spoke to me again, his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes, or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones—"listen to an old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of the house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery!) to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits, before you think of going home—you *must*, my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home to-night, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent, by several gentlemen present to-night, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more? Ah, no, no! you understand me! Now, this is what you must do—send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again—draw up all the windows when you get into it—and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this; and you and your money will be safe. Do this; and to-morrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups, with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught. Almost instantly afterwards, I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me, like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiotcy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out, that I felt dreadfully unwell—so unwell, that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier; and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down, as he spoke—"My dear friend, it would be madness to go home, in *your* state. You would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. *I* am going to sleep here: do *you* sleep here, too—they make up capital beds in this house—take one; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings, to-morrow—to-morrow, in broad daylight."

I had no power of thinking, no feeling of any kind, but the feeling that I must lie down somewhere, immediately, and fall off into a cool, refreshing, comfortable sleep. So I agreed eagerly to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arms of the old

soldier and the croupier—the latter having been summoned to show the way. They led me along some passages and up a short flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand; proposed that we should breakfast together the next morning; and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash-hand-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it—then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling-room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas-lights of the "Salon" to the dim, quiet flicker of one bed-room candle; aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this, in the course of my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood ashes: and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt, not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed, and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now, I thrust my arms over the clothes; now, I poked them under the clothes; now, I violently shot my legs straight out, down to the bottom of the bed; now, I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go; now, I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now, I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brains with forebodings of every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments, that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de Ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand-stand, may be made to call forth.

In the nervous unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my proposed inventory, than to make my proposed reflections, and soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track—or, indeed, thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more. There was, first, the bed I was lying in—a four-post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris! —yes, a thorough clumsy British four-poster, with the regular top lined with chintz—the regular fringed valance all round—the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts, without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then, there was the marble-topped wash-hand-stand, from which the water I had spilt, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then, two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then, a large elbow chair covered with dirty-white dimity: with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then, a chest of drawers, with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then, the dressing-table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then, the window—an unusually large window. Then, a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy sinister ruffian, looking upward; shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward—it might be at some tall gallows at which he was going to be hanged. At any rate he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

This picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat; they stood out in relief; three, white; two, green. I

observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favoured by Guido Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat, and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again; three, white; two, green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a pic-nic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the pic nic a thought for years; though, if I had *tried* to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten for ever, which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favourable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bedroom window.

I was still thinking of the pic-nic; of our merriment on the drive home; of the sentimental young lady who *would* quote Childe Harold, because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes and past amusements, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung, snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things, more vividly than ever, and I found myself, I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what? Good God, the man had pulled his hat down on his brows!—No! The hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers; three, white; two, green? Not there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead—his eyes—his shading hand? Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back, and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or, was the top of the bed really moving down—sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth—right down upon Me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still; a deadly, paralysing coldness stole all over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed top was really moving, or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture. The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowsy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily, and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally, anything but timid. I have been, on more than one occasion, in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but, when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up for one awful minute, or more, shuddering, helpless, panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

Then the instinct of self-preservation came, and nerved me to save my life, while there was yet time. I got out of bed very quietly, and quickly dressed myself again in my upper clothing. The candle, fully spent, went out. I sat down in the arm-chair that stood near, and watched the bed-top slowly descending. I was literally spell-bound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me, was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended—the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down—down—close down; so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered that what had appeared to me, from beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick, broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up, and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amid a dead and awful silence I beheld before me—in the nineteenth century, and in the civilised capital of France—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation, as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely Inns among the Hartz

Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move; I could hardly breathe; but I began to recover the power of thinking; and, in a moment, I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me, in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered, by having taking an overdose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever-fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep, by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed; and never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered as I thought of it.

But, erelong, all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed—as nearly as I could guess—about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains, who worked it from above, evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose towards its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen—the bed became, in appearance, an ordinary bed again, the canopy, an ordinary canopy, even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move, to rise from my chair, to consider of how I should escape. If I betrayed, by the smallest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking towards the door. No! no footsteps in the passage outside; no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold, as I thought what its contents *might* be!) without making some disturbance, was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred-up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street, which you have sketched in your view. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a House of Murder—if any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was, perhaps, a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five *hours*, reckoning by suspense—to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a housebreaker: and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me, would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side, ran the thick water-pipe which you have drawn—it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved; my breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

To some men, the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough—to *me*, the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief, filled with money, under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me; but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat. Just as I had made it tight, and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage—I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill—and the next, I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off, at the top of my speed, to a branch "Prefecture" of Police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighbourhood. A "Sub-Prefect" and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder, which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, in a breathless hurry and in very bad French, I could see that the Sub-Prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman, who had robbed somebody, but he soon altered his opinion, as I went on; and before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bare-headed), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping up brick-flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say,

that when the Sub-Prefect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to the Play, he was not half as much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the "Gambling-House!"

Away we went through the streets, the Sub-Prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the gambling-house the moment we got to it; a tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I waited to conceal myself behind the police—then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand, and the moment after, the Sub-Prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter, half-dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place.

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house?"

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; *he* remained. Show us to his bedroom!"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-Prefet, he is not here! he——"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garçon, he is. He slept here—he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to us to complain of it—here he is, among my men—and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Picard! (calling to one of the subordinates, and pointing to the waiter) collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk up stairs!"

Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "Old Soldier," the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above. No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-Prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case, appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled—levers covered with felt—all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below—and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered, and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty, the Sub-Prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-Prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time—the men whose money you won, were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents—every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-Prefect, after taking down my "*procès-verbal*" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother *me*?"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the Sub-Prefect, "in whose pocket-books were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that *you* entered? won as *you* won? took that bed as *you* took it? slept in it? were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from *us*—even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good night, or rather good morning, Monsieur Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in the meantime, *au revoir!*"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined, and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through, from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. *I* discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling-house—*justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villanies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head-myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling-house were considered "suspicious," and placed under "surveillance;" and I became, for one whole week (which is

a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatised by three illustrious playmakers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved. In the first place, it helped to justify the Government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling-houses; in the second place, it cured me of ever again trying "Rouge et Noir" as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be for ever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me, in the silence and darkness of the night."

Just as Mr. Faulkner pronounced the last words, he started in his chair, and assumed a stiff, dignified position, in a great hurry. "Bless my soul!" cried he—with a comic look of astonishment and vexation—"while I have been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me, I have altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour, or more, I must have been the worst model you ever had to paint from!"

"On the contrary, you have been the best," said I. "I have been painting from your expression; and, while telling your story, you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted."

THE THIRSTY BOYS OF BONN.

Duels vary in blood-thirstiness; beer varies in strength. Of the duels and beer-drinkings of German students, many of us have been taught to form an incorrect idea. Having acquired some experience upon these matters among the young gentlemen—now and then rather old gentlemen—subject to the University at Bonn, I desire that justice may be done to that community.

The German student is, on the whole, a person much maligned. You may judge from his duelling pads, and from the bluntness of his cutlasses—sharp only at the points—and from the gay appearance of the principals and seconds, that a duel is not in Germany a mortal contest. The Bonner student is thirsty, but not blood-thirsty. He submits to have his face gashed for a point of honour—that is all. He fights for the honour, not so much of himself, as of his corps. He takes up the sword as a cricketer takes up his bat, for the support of club supremacy. For, be it understood, that students of one corps will only fight with students of another corps. As for the "*Kameel*"—the corps-less, bodiless nonentity—he is as much one of the external accidents of life, which true philosophy is bound to disregard, as a "*philister*" or shopkeeper himself.

The face of the German student is the only part of him uncovered in a duel. Let him but have his cheek cut through, or a wing of his nose sliced off, and he assumes the scar-born honours of a veteran. Let not young ladies marvel at the reckless sacrifice of beauty. There is not much manly beauty to be spoilt in any German University; and, least of all, if it be Prussian. But, pooh!—that is a small consideration. The German student is true-hearted and jovial.

Observe a party of "*Guestphalen*" members of the most noted corps at Bonn, bent on pleasure, by the way of punch, after a morning lecture. They embark upon a boat, something like the gig of a Yorkshire collier, furnished with a sail and a pair of sweeps that would tire any London lighterman. Down the stream they go—easily enough—singing snatches of song from their "*Commersbuch*," relieving each other at the sweeps, until they have reached their destination. If they run the boat aground, two or three of them will jump into the shallow water instantly to shove her off. They land, and light a fire; their punch is brewed; their sausage and etceteras are cooked; and then the evening is spent in drink and song. If, by chance, there should be an English fly-fisher at hand, he brings his trout, and quickly fraternises with the company. Finally, all return into the town to join the festive "*Kneipe*."

They return against the current, and in that respect exceedingly against their inclination. Boating is not popular at Bonn.

Before the town flows the rapid Rhine, its grey and turbid stream inviting oarsmen; and yet boating is rare, and what there is does not deserve the name. The swift Rhine, however, is not quite so safe as Thames water to row upon, and it is hard work, too, to pull against stream home to the festive "*Kneipe*."

The "*Kneipe*" of the Guestphalen is a large square room well filled with tables. At the extreme end of it, is hung over the chimney the scutcheon of the corps—a piece of heraldry which, for more complete identification, is emblazoned with the words "*Guestphalen scis panier*." Two swords are crossed above the emblem. Round the tables are the students, in each stage of cheer. In their dress they all resemble one another. They who can raise them, wear a beard and a moustache. Here, on one side, is a young fellow troubled (O! no, not at all troubled) with a slash that has multiplied his lips by two; he is endeavouring to insert part of a hard-boiled egg into his mouth, with the assistance of a silver tooth-pick. The ligature still binds his wound, and he can open his mouth but slightly. Elsewhere, another, who is drinking, painfully, debilitated beer from a glass twelve inches high, wears the less recent marks of an encounter, in which his nose was very nearly severed from his face. A third has a bloated appear-

ance, and a want of scars. He is a hero as successful in the duel by blood, as in the trial by beer, of which I shall speak presently. Now, for a wager, he is swallowing a quart a minute for twelve minutes in succession—to him apparently an easy task. A fourth is feeding upon that unsatisfactory Rhenish dish entitled "sauer braten." It consists of stewed beef, made sour and putrescent by vinegar and lapse of time.

The appearance of a stranger in the "Kneipe" causes an immediate stir. He is surrounded by men who welcome him, and he has no peace till he has drunk all their healths in beer, in quick succession. This, when the corps is numerous (like that of the Guestphalen) is no small feat, since the polite stranger may not swallow less than one pint at a draught; that is to say, half his measure. Were the beer heady, the result would be intoxication; but a man accustomed to London stout will find no worse affliction in large draughts of Bonner beer than the excessive irrigation of his stomach.

It is in the course of conversation, at these hours of hospitality, that a stranger learns all about these student corps. The hosts tell you all about themselves, about their fights, their rules for stopping and renewing combat, their intense horror of duelling with pistols. If they are asked whether a bout at fisticuffs would not be a better remedy than clumsy swords and pads, they reply that there is not any skill in boxing. (This fact the Guestphalen once began to doubt when a good number of them had been amicably knocked down by an English guest.)

Of their duels with swords, familiar descriptions have been given. The trial by liquids is not known so commonly. The combatants, in an encounter of this kind, are generally men who have grown old in the classes and corps of the Universities. Numbers of men spend their lives there, never rising above a certain level in learning. Their use in life is to be old students, and to be referees on points of student law for fresh-men. To be sure, there are the ancient and authentic books of rules to lay down conditions of combat, and such weighty matters. These venerable manuscripts, with their well-greased covers, are reverently preserved and venerated; but law has always ready commentators, and the student of ten or fifteen years' standing is a Blackstone to all neophytes, and by them solemnly respected.

In the duel by liquid, the combatants are placed on opposite sides of a table, having on their right hand an equal quantity of bottles and phials, containing juices of all kinds, ranged according to their alcoholic strength. The adversaries are then, on a given signal, ordered to commence. Each man is required to drain to the dregs the bottle he takes up, casting at his antagonist after each draught the opprobrious epithet. The first man drains a bottle of Rhenish, and tells his adversary that he is a thief. The second, ascending in the alcoholic scale, retorts with a bottle of Madeira, and the epithet "swindler!" So the duel goes on till one of the combatants shall fall. Very anxious are the seconds for the supremacy of their respective principals. When one is floored, his second has been known to pour the contents of a last bottle down his throat, and then to kick him lustily, out of his great friendship, until the epithet *Fool!* the strongest that can be used in the German language, issues from him, and he is left to repose dead drunk, but victorious, under the table.

But these men are studious. If I wander into the rooms of the student who overnight was the heaviest of drinkers, I find him sitting surrounded by ponderous volumes of the most heavy learning. He is studying abstruse pages. His favourite pipe is hung over the chimney-piece, and the portraits of his friends, all done in black, are formed into a circle round it. Partial to billiards, the German student would think it too much trouble to play, were not the balls double the size that they attain in other countries, and the pockets as large as an ordinary hat. Bowls, too, facetiously called in England "American," are a time-honoured game with him. They enable him to take his exercise in-doors: that, also, is a thing he likes. From the same cause, also, proceeds his pleasure in frequenting the fencing-room, where one may see a dozen youngsters, each with a curved sword, endeavouring to strike into a target. This target is cut starlike, and into its converging rays the blade has to be struck in quick succession.

The German student will lounge out to enjoy the fineness of an evening, listlessly smoking his dear pipe; or he will sit down in suburban gardens to drink beer; but of the hard-working out-door English sports he knows not one. He does not hunt; he does not course. He has no horse-racing; he has no cricket. He never boxes, and it would be sacrilege to say he rows. He is a quiet philosophic youth; he studies immensely through a mist of indolence. He is often wonderfully learned, and he drinks, in Bonn at any rate, remarkably mild beer.

THE SISTER-SHIP.

I SHOULD probably have arrived a little earlier, but for the trivial accident of my having been taken to Fenchurch Street by the railway, instead of to Blackwall; but at last I found myself there—peering out from the banks of the river on the damp shipping—and speedily fixing my eyes on the vessel I wanted, namely, The West India Mail Company's Orinoco—the sister-ship of the unfortunate Amazon—I have always felt a great interest in your large mercantile steamers; perhaps increased, since, in the Bustard, (a jackass frigate by name, and by nature), we—that is, old Bulbous, our commander, one of whose

midshipmen I was—ran into the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Goliath, when she was lying tranquilly off the Ragged Staff, at Gibraltar. I feel that I owe a kind of *amende* to the mercantile navy, in consequence of my participation in that lubberly performance. To be sure, the Admiralty—but let us sink our private grievances, and hail a boat. "A massive hull that of the Orinoco's—taffrail thirty feet above the water, I dare say. What two huge black columns these funnels are! Really, she is as big as a line-of-battle ship," I remark (with a slight professional chagrin); and, indeed, she is a vessel of two thousand two hundred and forty-five tons; her engines are eight hundred horse power; her crew numbers one hundred and ten men; her length is three hundred feet.

Blackwall is not a lively place in winter. The river looks muddy and sullen, and seems, in the distance, to be emptying itself into a sea of mist. The rigging of ships looks flabby and dirty; the smoke clings to everything. The hotels are deserted. If you enter one of them, you find the stairs ghastly and uncarpeted, and a general air of an impending funeral on the first floor. There were no temptations to look about, so I was glad enough to find myself on the main-deck of the Orinoco. The smart noises of hammers, the smell of fresh paint, loose ropes lying about, and bustling mechanics running backwards and forwards, showed the activity with which preparations were going forward. I instinctively remark, in the first place, the height of the deck; that is always the first thing which attracts my attention. I have served in "Symondites," where the loftiness of the deck is always a characteristic, and where you will never break your head, as you do in old-fashioned craft. I note that the Orinoco's main-deck is as high as the Vanguard's, in which remark the chief officer very cordially acquiesces. And now I go aft, to glance at the cabins, and see the arrangements in progress for the comfort of those ladies and gentlemen who are now, in various parts of the country, bidding good-bye to friends and relations, and getting ready for the passage out.

The Orinoco, one learns, to begin with, has sleeping accommodations for about a hundred and fifty-six passengers. You pass a row of them neatly painted white, with gilt mouldings, and fitted with ornamental glass. Each cabin is arranged, as a general principle, to accommodate two; one of the beds being triced up during the day, and lowered down at right angles across the end of the other when wanted. A particularly admirable arrangement prevents gentlemen from having any control over their lights at night; the light is placed in a little triangular nook, in perfect safety, communicating through ground glass all the benefit that the inhabitant can possibly require, and being ready for snug removal from the deck outside. Abaft are the ladies' private cabins, for their own drawing-room purposes. Descending to the saloon-deck, we find ourselves in the dining saloon, where a hundred and twenty persons "dine" (it does not become me, as a nautical man, to grin sardonically here, but I do.) There are sixteen cabins, and here are two fire-places. The mahogany tables are screwed into the deck. Here you observe the steward's cabin, whence (in the hot latitudes) so much consolation may be expected to flow. In this excellent establishment, there are arrangements for the stowage of sixty dozen bottles; and there is a patent filter (a work of great genius); and exquisite conveniences protect the plates. Seeing all this, and being informed how arrangements have been made for the dinner to come aft in the promptest, hottest style, I mentally applaud peace, and reflect on the blessings of commerce. For, indeed, I involuntarily remember our hideous berth in the Bustard, and how we had no filter, and, not unfrequently, scarcely a plate either, and how the tumblers got broken in our execrable buffet.

From the dining saloon let us descend to the orlop-deck, where cabins of interest are to be seen. In these, in the very heart of the vessel, on either side of the narrow passage, through which we go, preceded by a lantern, lie the bullion-cabin, and the mail-rooms. The mail-rooms are lined with zinc, to protect the huge bagfuls of letters, which the steamer carries for all parts of the West. In this region, too, are rooms for the passengers' baggage; and down below is the magazine. For the steamer carries two twenty-four pounders, and small arms for a hundred and twenty men. Meanwhile we see near us racks laden with cheeses; and observe likewise two wine-racks to hold a snug fifty dozen of wine.

Feeling tolerably secure that all will go well in the eating and drinking department, I now descend to visit the engine-room. I find myself in the centre of the massive iron-work of machinery in an engine-room seventy feet long. To supply the mighty life that is to make all this throb gigantically—tolerable provision is made—in five hundred and fifty tons of coal—aft; in five hundred and fifty *ditto*, in the bunkers. There are eight boilers, fore and aft—four for each funnel. And no wonder. The paddle-wheels are forty feet in diameter, with floats ("feathering" floats), eleven feet six inches long, and four feet six broad;—and how these must go!

The Orinoco is fitted with "direct acting" engines; and a peculiarity, called the "valve motion," enables one man to work both engines; the valves are worked by wheels from the "intermediate shafts." The Amazon's engines were "side-lever" engines, and were situated farther forward.

Note, also, a little two-horse engine, which they call the "donkey-engine"—useful as a

fire-engine — for washing decks and other slushy purposes.

In looking at the galleys, we must notice that the Amazon's galley was on the side, while that of the present vessel is amidships. And the arrangement of the Engineer's store-room is different likewise from that of the lost vessel. The Engineer's store-room in the Amazon was over the boilers:—between the boilers and the ship;—that of the Orinoco is alongside the engine, between that and the ship's side; built sound, and air-tight. This difference of position will doubtless receive the attention of professional men in the inquiry concerning the fatal fire.

There is a hollow clanging and hammering resounding for ever in that engine-room. Nevertheless, it must not altogether quash our little experiment with those gutta percha tubes — long flexible tubes dangling down from the deck above, to communicate orders through. The courteous CAPTAIN ALLAN calls out "Ease her," through one of them, and you hear it distinctly. And now we ascend up the neat iron-ladder to the air.

Arrived on the upper deck—"the spar deck" they call it—I had occasion to admire afresh the bulk and symmetry of this fine vessel, from another point of view. She is perfectly rigged, and could spread an immense surface of canvas to a fair wind. Wind being foul—down, of course, come topsail-yards, topmasts, and lower yards, and away she thunders in the teeth of it—giving as little surface aloft to it as she can. Pacing about, fore and aft, you see pens and coops, for flesh and fowl—admirable conveniences to keep pig comfortable till his hour is come, and he is wanted in the saloon. All the paddle-box region is made useful; among other purposes, for baths. Seeing which, I again reflected how much jollier it would be to have the refreshing bath there, than to splash about the sea in a lower studding-sail, with Bulbous roaring for you to come in, and a shark wanting you to come out!—But to resume.

Of course, I turned a very attentive eye to the boats. The Orinoco's boats are nine in number. The two chief "life boats" are before the paddle-boxes, hanging to davits, but resting on "chocks"—the after-part, at least—on the wooden platform there. I must try to make the reader understand the arrangement; these "chocks" are important items; for most people are agreed that the Amazon was unfortunate in having *her* boats resting on "cranks," *i. e.* a kind of iron stanchions projecting from the sides. The "chocks" are made of wood—the lower one is square, the upper shaped like a wedge, and ready to be drawn out. Thus, the wedge drawn—and the davits, which are iron (and made to swing) being swung—the boat glides bodily out from her seat, and hangs clear of the ship, ready to lower, with much facility. Whereas, according to the "crank" arrangement, it would be necessary—and in the Amazon was necessary—to hoist at the tackles, before the lowering could take place. I saw the "chock" system tried, and though at that time there were only "lumpers" on board to go through the manœuvres, its performance seemed to be very satisfactory. Let us hope that these boats would be successfully worked. But you may be sure, reader, that when I came fresh from the huge engine-room, and the decks, and the cabins, and the galley—with all the scenery of the Amazon stamped on my imagination—and thought of the dark stormy night, and the sudden springing fire, and the wild wind, and the terror—I was in no humour to be critical. I was in no humour to say,—why did not they do so and so? Thankfully acknowledging what was good in the arrangements I saw around me, I had far too clear an image of that night to be inclined to talk speculatively of what ought to have been done—according to my notion—or Captain Bigwig's notion, or Admiral Bluster, K.C.B.'s notion, either.

As an instance of the scale on which these Companies arrange the *personnel* of their vessels (of which we shall have more to say in a future article), let us just see how many officers the Orinoco musters. Besides the commander, there are five "officers"—technically so called—answering to the mates in a ship; four midshipmen; three warrant officers; a purser, and purser's clerk; a surgeon; six engineers, and a boiler-master; and four quarter-masters. Of course, the superior rank of these have their cabins; and a large staff of servants is kept up for the saloon. A particularly snug cabin, I was glad to see, is devoted to the lieutenant in charge of the mails; and if I know anything of the profession, the "Admiralty Agent" has a very jolly time of it.

Since my above-recorded visit, the Orinoco has made a voyage to and from the West Indies, with batches of passengers and bullion—besides the eleven hundred tons of coal, and the three hundred tons of cargo, which she stows away in that big hull of hers. She called at St. Thomas's with the mails; thundered away to Carthagena; then to Chagres, where she landed her Pacific mails; and thence on to Grey Town and Nicaragua. She arrived home in capital condition; but she has not *quite* answered the expectations of her owners. Her engines are so tremendously powerful that, enormous as her stowage is, she cannot carry coals enough to keep them at the top of their speed.

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FOR INDIA DIRECT.

HALF-PAST six, on the twentieth of the month. Although, according to the calendar, Spring has commenced, a corroding morning mist rolls in acrimoniously between the crevices of the crazy cab, and bites its way straight to the inner man. The fog is dense and brown; and the horse labours through it; it so shrivels up the driver, that he is careful to occupy the smallest surface possible on his freezing perch: at the South-Western Railway Station, it has huddled together, for the sake of warmth and gossip, a knot of porters; who rapidly disentangle themselves to compete for any active employment that a carpet-bag may afford: it drives the money-taker to the effeminacy of mittens, and he slides the cold change, singly, across the counter with the tips of his fingers: it slanders the countenances of the three ladies on the platform, with a suspicion of jaundice; and, when the eldest (with ringlets) ventures into the waiting-room and stands at the fire, her crisp, hoar-frosted curls thaw and descend—dank, straggling, and unlovely: it freezes the breath of the military officer in his moustaches, which stick out, stark as bristles: it stiffens the Mackintosh of the fox-hunter around his jack-boots and buckskins: it enters the very souls of all the passengers; for they are cross and uncommunicative. The dishevelled lady returns to her friends, gazes silently on a heap of luggage, and weeps. The blazing red labels, marked CALCUTTA, communicate to all beholders but her, a factitious glow.

The bell has rung; the passengers are locked up in their locomotive cells. The fluffy engine blows and pants impatiently; the distressed lady—giving vent to her emotion and straightening her curls at the fire—is dragged across the platform between a porter and a strong-minded sister. She is thrust bodily into the carriage beside me. "Are you right, forward?" shouts the guard. "Yes!" shrieks the engine. We are off.

As this is the early passenger train for the conveyance of travellers for India to the end of their first stage, Southampton, I am curious to know which of my companions are on their way to the far East. The sportsman is evidently not attired for the jungle; neither does the wife of the moustaches seem very well provided—with a knitting-box—for a journey of ten thousand miles. And, surely, the most useful adjuncts for the overland route are not a bundle of swords, umbrellas, fishing-rods, and walking-sticks; all the apparent travelling apparatus belonging to the moustached lieutenant. To judge, also, from the accompaniments of the young Scotch gentleman, he cannot be going to a very great distance—perhaps to Winchester College. He passes, after much admiring scrutiny, the contents of three or four paper parcels into the pockets of his paletôt; his only travelling bags. They consist of a cutty pipe in a morocco case, a canister inscribed "Latakia," a small poetical work entitled the "Stunning Warbler," a comprehensive clasp-knife to serve instead of a chest of tools, a pocket compass, a weighty watch-chain, a tiny spirit-case, a packet of steel-pens, an American revolver, a portable inkstand, and a bran-new prayer-book. The individual opposite to me, whose travelling appointments are complete from top to toe—and whose valise, protruding from under his seat, very much circumscribes the lawful space for my legs—must be our only India-bound companion. I'll ask him.

His reply is, "No, sir; I'm not bound for India, sir. I'm going to Isleworth."

Somebody remarks that he has got into a train which does not pass that village.

"Then, pray, ma'm, where are *you* going?" He addresses the officer's wife. The lady looks up from her crochet, and answers quietly:

"To Hong Kong."

The querist is utterly dumfoundered.

At Kingston, the hunter (bound for a "meet" at Hampton Wick) and my *vis-à-vis* (overshot, with his huge valise, far beyond Isleworth) leave the lieutenant and his wife to continue their journey to China, the loosened curls to be blown by wind and steam to Calcutta, and the young Scotchman from Addiscombe (who is not going to Winchester) to be shot across the globe to Koondooz, at the northern foot of the Hindoo Koosh.

And, really, now that I step on board the P. & O. S. N. Co.'s (technical ellipsis for Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation

Company's) good ship Bentinck, from Southampton dock, with no more ado than I stepped out of the railway carriage; now that I behold the spacious luxuriousness of the saloon, the domestic snugness of the sleeping berths which open into it, the lavish appointments of the steward's pantry; now that I observe the cow which is to deliver the daily milk, and the hencoops crowded with victims for the spit; now that I inspect the kitchen apparatus (in what I ought nautically to call a "galley"), and observe the scientific galley-slaves, in snow-white uniforms, who manufacture dinners that emperors might long for; now that I see, hoisted in and stowed away, innumerable hampers of champagne and soda-water; now that I am introduced to the Captain, whose dress and demeanour, are those of a well-bred country gentleman doing the honours of a distinguished mansion; now that I reflect on all this, I quite understand the composed calmness, the trusting unpreparedness, of the outward bound. Why need travelling disturb the lightest of their every-day habits? Why should the soldier's wife suspend the knitting begun in her boudoir, merely because the easy chair, in which she sits is moving swiftly upon smooth iron rails; or because the sofa on which she reclines is gliding through the British Channel or the Indian Ocean? Do I exaggerate when I say that the Isleworth enterprise required more personal provision? Perhaps the visitor knew that he would have to sleep in a damp villa; and perhaps he took care to stuff his valise with sheets which he could depend upon. Perhaps the maiden sister whose guest he is, not approving of spirits, and not wearing Wellington boots, constrained him to bring his own brandy and his own bootjack. We, on board the Bentinck, need to bring nothing; we find every conceivable requirement that life in its highest state of pampered affluence can desire in every grade of want between the extremes of a spare topmast and a cribbage-peg—from a best-bower to a toothpick.

The passengers, therefore, who have already come on board, are curiously unexcited. They have nothing to think of as to their voyage. Sentiment, indeed, be it ever so overflowing, cannot be conveniently exchanged in words; for the noise of the escaping steam would drown the loudest efforts of the human voice. Nothing of the pathos of a parting can I by the minutest scrutiny discover. The Scotch cadet—his panniers still laden—quaffs the soda and brandy with one of Her Majesty's midshipmen, (a messmate of mine, who has come from Portsmouth to see his friend off), with as few of the tokens of a parting glass as if he were leisurely crossing his native waters from the Granton Hotel to Burntisland. He discourses on the prospects of the London Opera season with as much earnestness as if he had no other prospect than that of reclining in a Haymarket stall a fortnight hence, instead of being jolted on the back of a camel. The lady's maid, who is fitting up the little house in which her mistress and two children are going to live for the next fortnight, does her office as methodically as if she were still in Bryanstone Square. The lieutenant's clever wife seems to have emptied her own and her husband's portmanteaux (which came down by last night's train), and filled the chests of drawers by magic; and see (the door of her berth is open), she is putting studs into the lieutenant's shirt, that it may be ready for him to dress for dinner. Nobody seems to do anything different here to what they do at home. Nobody is agitated; nobody is in a hurry; and, wonderful to add! nobody has left anything behind. The calm completeness of the whole ship, low and aloft, has even dried the tears of the sorrower. the cold east wind, too, has tightened her curls.

One of the ship's officers delivers a short report to the captain:—"High water, sir."

That is the signal for sailing. As I am here merely out of curiosity; being on my way to my own ship in Portsmouth dock (the Copperas, to which I was appointed, the day before yesterday, naval instructor) and have no wish to end my adventure at the mouth of the Nile, I step from the ship upon the wharf, to see the Bentinck get out of dock—an operation which, after scanning the breadth of the vessel, and measuring with my eye the narrow mouth of the harbour, I mentally pronounce to be within a hair's breadth of impossible; the Southampton dock being shaped like a Bohemian decanter, with its neck in the wrong place. When, in walking round its edge, I behold the Bentinck, with engines of five hundred and twenty horse power, and capacity for nearly two thousand tons; when I also notice the Euxine, the Madras, and three of the Royal West India Mail Packet Company's steamers, all of vast dimensions, lying in the dock, I regard them, with the lively curiosity of little boys looking at model mail-coaches inside ounce phials, and wonder (like Peter Pindar's monarch in reference to the apples in the dumplings) how they got there; or, once there, how they are to be got out. Having reached the neck of the broad bottle, I watch the Bentinck sway round; and, obedient to her sluggish paddles, present her handsome bows straight at the narrow outlet. I feel that the problem will be immediately solved. There is great activity in the bows of the ship, and the Captain stands on one of the paddle-boxes, his surtout and eyeglass blown wildly about by the wind. The pilot dances frantically from the bridge to the other paddle-box; now directing the helmsman, now shouting hoarse orders to the engineer. Beside me and other idlers, the P and O. S. N. C.'s admiral, or superintendent

of vessels, directs the shore operations. The monstrous marine locomotive must be warped out by means of a cable or "check," lying coiled up at my feet; one end of which is fastened to a Titanic post. The Bentinck's cut-water is close upon us. The moment is exciting. A row-boat, which is bringing a rope from the ship to the shore, ruffles the admiral-superintendent's serenity. He roars, speaking-trumpet-wise, through his hands, "What are you doing with that hawser? Send a line ashore for the check." The vessel drifts nearer to the harbour wall: excitement increases. "Bear a hand with the line!" The smaller rope is pulled ashore in another boat; is attached to the check, and is returned to the ship. "Send up all hands upon deck; cook, firemen—everybody—to run out the line!" Twenty men seize the rope all in a row, and run a mad race aft with it, until the check is rove in and secured to the vessel. "Go on easy!" The paddles revolve; the ship almost touches the coping-stones upon which I stand. I hold my breath. "Hoist the jib. Keep her head well off. Bear a hand with the fenders!" The ship's bows scrape the wall as they glide past it. "Port your helm—Down with the jib!" The check, tight as a fiddle-string, now holds the ship to the post, and sways her head round into deep waters. "Cast off the check!"

I breathe again. The mail-coach has been driven through the neck of the phial: the Bentinck has found her way out of the wry-necked water-bottle, and is steaming off gallantly through the broad Southampton Water.

As she recedes with the steady power which, in a fortnight, will guide her into the harbour of Alexandria, I reflect on her score of sisters—members of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company family—immediately smile at Invasion, and defy the French. I communicate my sentiments to the superintendent. His responses strengthen my defiant valour. He tells me, that the steam navy belonging to his company alone, consists of twenty-four vessels in active service, and six more in course of construction (including the Himalaya, which will be the largest steam-boat in the world):—total, thirty ships. To which I add, flatteringly, that his single fleet nearly equals the Imperial steam navy of Russia; it is double that of Holland; the State steam squadron of Brother Jonathan numbers only six more vessels; and the entire Danish flotilla, including sailing ships, musters one less, or only twenty-nine. The number of persons employed, continues the P. and O. S. N. C.'s Admiral, afloat and ashore, in the year 1851, was about two thousand three hundred persons. That (I add, telling him that I am a schoolmaster and am "up" in these matters) nearly equals the entire military force of Saxe Altenbourg. The salaries paid to them amounted to ninety-seven thousand pounds (says he). One-third more (says I) than the cost of the Belgian navy for the same year; and four times greater than the entire revenues of the principality of Saxe Coburg. Four hundred colliers (he continues) are employed in transporting English coal to the different coaling stations between Southampton and Hong Kong; some of them having to double the Cape of Good Hope. The average yearly consumption of coal is one hundred and thirty thousand tons; and the average cost per ton being forty-two shillings, two hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds per annum is spent to keep the steam up. Your disbursements (I remark), for fuel and wages, fall not far short of the payments for the Civil List of this country for the year 1851. Yet (I begin to consider) there are other steam-packet companies equally flourishing, and the combined fleets of these powerful associations could show to our enemies, in case of utmost need—how many steam-vessels at one view averaging upwards of one thousand tons burthen? "Let us see," replies the Admiral, "about seventy; besides smaller steamers and swarms of colliers." "With complements of how many thoroughly trained British tars?" I ask. "Quite" (he answers) "eight thousand, not to mention the crews of the coal-vessels; and guns innumerable." A fig for the French!

> "Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
> For Brit"——

"Pray, don't sing here!" remonstrates my excellent informant.

"Here? Where?"

I look round in amazement. Have I been bewitched? or has the good, hearty, earnest Admiral Superintendent so thoroughly interested me, that he has brought me "here" without my knowing it? I see dangling above me, stacked around me, and strewed below me, so thickly that I am obliged to mind where I tread, every sort of article that the daintiest housewife could desire. I hear a steam-engine driving circular saws, grindstones, and paint-mills. I smell (and that loved fragrance restores my scattered senses) tar. I am, it seems, in the P. and O. S. N. C.'s storehouse—a spacious piece of architecture just outside the dock-gate. I am brought here to be plunged from my informant's comprehensive statements, into the actual working of P. and O. S. N. details. He leads me through forests of brushes of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions; lakes of paint; more oil-cans than would have concealed the Forty Thieves; museums of pickles and jellies; stacks of spare spars; mountains of sail-cloth; round towers of coiled rope; piles of carpets, rugs, blankets, counterpanes; show-rooms of glass and crockery; warehouses crammed with cabin stoves, cooking

utensils,* bundles of fire-irons, regiments of coal-scuttles; floors of elegant chairs, tables, and drawers; cabinet-work and upholstery enough to suggest the notion that the P. and O. S. N. C.'s navy are always about to marry; artisans planing, glueing, and inlaying; six women, in deep mourning, sewing bed and table linen ("all widows of men who have died in the service," whispers my cicerone), or folding it into hot-air chambers; "for not a stitch goes aboard, sir"—I quote the head laundress—"without being aired, bone dry."

Once more in the dock, two objects present themselves at the same moment, which would occasion uneasiness to a less superstitious person than a sailor. In the offing I perceive the smoke of the Bentinck, paying itself out in coils of black gossamer: passing across the wharf, in his habit as he lived when I last saw him on the paddle-box, walks the Captain! Has he flown from his own quarter-deck, now at least a couple of miles distant? or has he a twin brother, who wears twin kid-gloves, a twin brown surtout, and a twin eyeglass? I have not time to ask. I am suddenly entangled in a maze of overland tin cases, overland trunks, and overland hat-boxes. I am hustled about by several overland officers, and bilious blacks in white turbans. A distracted overland female, dragging along two overland children, nearly sweeps me into the funnel of a small steamer, moored upon the sinking tide, below the level of the wharf. Everything portable is being poured into that little steamer, in a thick strong stream. I try to get out of the way, and am instantly knocked on one side by one of three enormous horse-boxes, which is being drawn (overland) from the railway station to the bewilderingly busy little steamer.

That is the Overland Mail.

I had long wished to see the Overland Mail. I never had a notion what the Overland Mail could be like;—whether it was a coach, painted red, with a blazing royal arms, attended by a gold-laced guard; or a portable post-office, to be conveyed by rail and ship from the Waterloo station to India and China. But now, the entire broadside of the horse-box being let down, the Overland Mail bursts upon me like a trick in a pantomime. The huge van is suddenly transformed into a prodigious exaggeration of the sign of the Chequers on Portsmouth Hard, or the side wall of Harlequin's private residence; for it is a series of squares in blazing colours, filling up the horse-box from floor to roof. It is received with all befitting ceremony. Two gentlemen—attired in cocked hats (made, I think, of black court-plaster edged with faded lace) and surtout coats, hitched up at the hips, like window curtains, by the pommels of their swords—attended by the Southampton post-master, and a second ubiquitous officer of the Bentinck, solemnly draw forth pencils and printed forms, and order the gaudy squares to be separated. I find them to consist of wooden boxes, about two feet long by one foot deep, each distinguished by a separate colour;—that its destination may at once be seen. Down a slide into the little steamer tumbles a red box. A porter shouts "Hong Kong!" Then comes a blue box—"Calcutta!" Buff—"Madras!" No paint—"Aden!" White—"Bombay!" Black (like coffins for dead letters)—"Ceylon!" At each of the one hundred and ninety announcements thus made, the cocked hats nod gracefully; not so much out of respect to Her Majesty's mail-boxes, as to enable the gentlemen under them to record each colour in its proper column on the printed form. The mails are, in fact, given into their charge. They are called "Admiralty Agents."

Presently—it is "post meridian half-past one"—amidst the tearing, bustle, and frantic confusion, which is now come to a climax, I *am* swept bodily on board the little steamer. She is to take me out, it seems, to witness—positively and for the last time—the final departure of the Bentinck, which has been anchored in the Southampton Water to await the mails and late passengers; amongst whose baggage I had got bewilderingly entangled. Their last links with England are now irrevocably snapped. The Captain cannot again, under some pretence about "his papers," dash back from his Bentinck to his fireside for one more last word. Had the Admiralty Agent left his cocked hat on shore, no power on earth could have restored it to him this voyage. As we dart through the harbour's narrow mouth, blessings are wafted to us, from lines of parted friends, on the outermost edges of the sea-wall. There is hardly time for our "Indians" to return these valedictions. Our little steamer shoots along like an arrow; for the Bentinck must start at two. Every point of the ten thousand four hundred miles which lie between Southampton and Hong Kong, is as rigidly timed as if it were a station upon a short line of railway. The accuracy and punctuality with which each single mile is performed out or home, operates upon the punctual delivery of the mails in China or in London. The Bentinck *must*, therefore, start at two. How else will she be able to reach Gibraltar by the twenty-fifth (it is now the twentieth), Malta on the thirtieth, and Alex-

* Some notion of the play into which cooking apparatus is brought in this Company's steamers, may be formed by the following selection, from a return of the "Average Consumption of Purser's Stores on a voyage from Southampton to Calcutta, *vid Egypt*:"—Fresh beef, mutton, and pork, 5,957 pounds weight, besides 2,192 pounds of salt meat (exclusive of 1,159 pounds of ham and bacon); 668 pounds of preserved meats; 194 live sheep; 16 live pigs; and 2,075 head of poultry; 3,439 pounds of biscuits; 58 barrels of flour; 289 pounds of tea; 326 pounds of coffee; 1,621 pounds of sugar; 22 pounds of pepper. To wash all this down pleasantly, 3,472 bottles of wine, and 1,151 bottles of spirits, are provided. Lovers of arithmetic may multiply each of these sums by thirty (the number of voyages performed per annum), and they will get at the gross quantity of food cooked every year by the Company, for its passengers and crews.

andria on the fourth of the following month? She must not detain the canal boats, which are to take her mails and passengers down to Cairo; or the camels and four-horse-carriages which are to effect their exodus out of Egypt—an hour. Another panting steamer will be waiting at the head of the Red Sea at Suez, and *must* steam off, bag and baggage, on the seventh, to the various ports between Egypt and China.*

Bump! We are alongside the Bentinck. Her port is crowded. Every hand is stretched forth to catch the first clutchable object out of the tiny tender, and to drag it into the ship. Things are hauled over one another, like lumps shot up out of a volcano. A black trunk, a black nurse, a couple of mail boxes, a little boy, a birdcage, two or three more mail boxes, a military officer, a supply of fish, mail boxes again, a dressing-case, a young lady, several baskets of ice, a bundle of hat-boxes, a petty officer—the deck of the small vessel is cleared in no time, and every object, animate and inanimate, is mixed up and jumbled together upon the gangway.† The bustle is intense. Everything, including boxes of specie, seems endowed with locomotive power; and I am the more struck with the calm unconcern of my ringletted friend. I espy her at her cabin window, behind a jar of beautiful flowers, reading, with the settled, unruffled air of having lived there for the last twelvemonth. I am torn from contemplating her longer, by being made into a sandwich (between a huge bread-basket and a bag of biscuits), and gulped into the Bentinck, to be digested at leisure.

Suddenly, every hand in the ship is struck motionless; but every pair of legs runs as fast as it can to the quarter-deck. Two small elegant steamers have been reported within hail; and, above the second, the royal standard is displayed. The Queen is coming! She is on her way from Osborne.

The bright little Fairy trips along over the waves in the dazzling clear sunshine, and alters her course to pass close under us. The starboard bulwark of the Bentinck is beaded with passengers' heads. "Away aloft!" is the word. The ship's company dance into the shrouds, and stick to them;—a swarm of blue-bottles. "Dip the colours!" The bunting makes its bow; for the Fairy is close under us—a charming little moving picture:—Two men, with a Lieutenant in the fullest fig, at the wheel. A Lady in black seated at the cabin-door; two children beside her, looking at us with eager curiosity; the Captain, cocked hat in hand, explaining all about us. Three dips of a parasol is the greeting from the Fairy, and three clear, distinct, hearty English cheers are returned from the Bentinck.

In another minute, hardly without knowing it, I find myself again on the deck of the little tender. Two ladies are weeping beside me. An old man with white hair is waving one hand to a handsome cadet, and covering his eyes with the other. We move away. I am roused by more cheering, as the paddles of the Bentinck revolve. Good speed to her, and three times three!

* The number of miles travelled by the Company's steamers during the year 1851, was 589,812, equal to more than twenty-three times the circumference of the globe, and equal also to 1,616 miles per day. During every minute of that year, an average of one mile and one-eighth of a mile was traversed by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steam power.

† The number of packages—independent of passengers' personal luggage, and the Government mails—shipped to the various ports between Southampton and Hong-Kong, by this Company, in 1850, was twenty-five thousand six hundred. The number of passengers, in the same year, was nearly twenty thousand—thirteen thousand of whom were deck passengers, chiefly going to and fro on the Black Sea, or between the northern and southern ports of Spain—mostly labourers in harvest time.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

It is part of the popular belief in Egypt, that wickedness and wisdom are indigenous in the West—the country of the setting sun. But by the West, or Maghreb, they do not understand any of the European states, confining the signification of the word to the long series of provinces and kingdoms extending from the limits of their own valley along the northern coast of Africa, even to the Sea of Darkness, or the Atlantic Ocean. Whenever, in their fictitious narratives, they wish to introduce a Magician—a character answering to the villain of our dramas and romances—they almost invariably derive him from Tripoli, Fez or Morocco, and having stated his origin, think themselves at liberty to invest him with any amount of power and atrocity required for the development of their plot.

The word Maghrebi, or Man from the West, after some time of residence in the East, became identified, even in my foreign mind, with the idea of peculiar sagacity and unscrupulousness. Whenever I saw a sallow, heavy-featured Western, I felt a mingled sensation of awe and curiosity; and I looked out eagerly for an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of those terrible individuals. Fortune favoured me, for one day that I was sitting enjoying a shisheh in the shop of Hanna, the Levantine mercer, and chatting with some closely-veiled women, who were idly bargaining for muslins and silks, a sonorous salaam attracted my attention, and the tall form of an unmistakeable Maghrebi darkened the door.

Hanna knew his customer at once, and greeted him with profuse salutations. From what he said, indeed, it was evident that he had expected an earlier visit; and he professed, with some affectation, to have been quite uneasy about the safety of his old friend. This meant that the business relations between them had always been satisfactory; in other words, that the said Hanna had been accustomed to make at least five per cent. over and above a fair profit in the sales he effected to the (supposed) terrible Maghrebi.

I looked at the man again, and in features where I had been fully disposed to find the traces of cunning and duplicity, could discover nothing, to my disappointment, but manly frankness, allied with almost child-like simplicity.

He was a fine, handsome fellow, some thirty years of age, with large almond-shaped eyes, straight nose, well-curved lips, and magnificent black beard. A carefully twisted white turban—the noblest head-dress ever invented—a grey embroidered jacket, a light-fitting waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, a red shawl round the loins, loose white trousers, and red slippers, formed his costume. After exchanging a few general compliments, he sat down on a heap of cloth, to wait till the master of the shop was disengaged, and accepted a whiff or two from my shisheh. It was evident at once, from his whole manner, that he was a grave, serious, solid old man; and it was as much, perhaps, on this account, as because of his handsome person, that one of the ladies I have mentioned began to jest with and tease him. At the first word he actually blushed, and became uneasy, replied at first timidly, and then sulkily; and when the fair jester went so far as to lay her small henna-dyed fingers upon the glossy curls of his beard, he could hold out no longer, but abruptly rose and went away. Tagger Hanna was very indignant at this; and as the bargain was concluded, the merchandise cut and packed up, and the money in his hand—nothing remaining to go through but an altercation about five or ten paras of change—he took the liberty, in excellent Arabic, which we cannot afford to translate literally, of telling the offended lady that she was no better than she should be, to which, in delightful vernacular, she responded, that *he* was no better than *he* should be; and the sisters, cousins, aunts, and friends, who had coalesced to idle away a day in spending three shillings, taking up the cry with a vengeance, one old dame seeming disposed to become more practical than pleasant, my worthy friend was compelled to have recourse to his iron measure, with which he threatened to dig out the hearts of all who did not immediately abscond.

The shop being cleared by these means, and the mutterings of the female tempest having died away in the distance, I made some inquiries about the Maghrebi. He was a merchant at Derna, who every year in the spring came to Alexandria, either by land or water, to make purchases. It was now autumn, so that his arrival had been delayed for some reason, at least four months. Tagger Hanna professed to be certain that his customer was lurking about the neighbourhood waiting for the departure of the women; but I could divine from his restlessness that he was not without anxiety on the subject. At length, however, his prediction turned out to be correct; for Hagg Mustafa appeared on the other side of the street, casting sidelong glances in our direction. When he had ascertained that the coast was indeed clear, he crossed over and came in to us, and having murmured two or three sage aphorisms on the impudence of women, proceeded to business.

He bought a good quantity of Syrian and Egyptian silk manufactures, and a parcel of English prints, which one would have thought he could have procured cheaper direct from Malta. Hanna, it seemed to me, was a little unreasonable in his charges; but the worthy Maghrebi did not bargain, simply refusing to take what appeared to him too dear. Accustomed as I was to witness the furious discussions that usually take place in an Arab shop, the lying on both sides, the taking of sacred names in vain, the indignant protestations of the dealer that he is selling under cost price and does not deserve to be beaten down, the solemn oaths of the purchaser that he has been offered a similar article for half the money in the next street, the well-acted quarrel, and the final adjustment, by which both parties tacitly acknowledge themselves to be rogues—in contrast, I say, with these daily occurring scenes, the way in which the Maghrebi went to work quite charmed me, and I waited with interest the conversation over the parting pipe, in hopes that he would reveal some particulars of his history.

My anticipations were more than fulfilled; so that with the addition of a few facts subsequently ascertained, I was enabled to construct a little biography of this Man from the West. The principal features are as follows:—Hagg Mustafa belonged to a family of merchants engaged, from time immemorial, in supplying the eastern provinces of Tripoli with the costly manufactures required for the gaudy costume both of males and females. From a very early age he had accompanied his father in all his expeditions, and having pushed on one occasion as far as Mecca, had acquired the honourable title of Pilgrim. He had now for many years carried on business on his own account, and fortune having smiled upon his industry, had amassed a considerable amount of wealth. His life was one of peril and adventure; for the Eastern merchant of his class is not a sedentary personage. He has no counting-house, no clerks, no distant correspondents. He does all his business himself, buying in one place, accompanying his merchandise from country to country, from market to market, and selling as much as possible without the assistance of brokers or agents of any kind. He is, in fact, a pedlar on a large scale.

About two years before the period of which I speak, Mustafa, on his return from his annual voyage to Egypt, heard a crier proclaiming in the market-place of Derna a beautiful slave for sale. Her qualities were past all enumeration; and her name was Sagara-en-Noor, or The Tree of Light. Now, Mustafa had, until then, lived a single life,

scorning or fearing women; but he desired to see this slave so lauded, and having seen her and admired her, paid the price demanded for her and she became the partner of his bosom.

Like a true Oriental, Mustafa refrained from entering into many particulars of his domestic happiness; but he said enough in general terms to make me feel a great interest in Sagara. She followed him in all his expeditions into the interior; and their mutual attachment increased with knowledge. Next year, likewise, she accompanied him to Egypt, in obedience to the decrees of destiny; for it was necessary that what was written should come to pass.

They left the port of Alexandria on their return voyage in a small vessel, with a crew of five men, bound direct for Derna. A light wind carried them in two days as far as the point of Akabah, about half way to their destination; but a tremendous tempest suddenly fell upon them, and as they were upon a lee shore, they knew at once that their danger was great. After manœuvring for a few hours, they saw the steep white cliffs of the African coast looming through the heavy atmosphere, and endeavoured to save themselves by casting anchor; but the cables snapped, and they were driven on shore, luckily in a shallow bay and upon sand. For some time it was impossible to land on account of the violence of the waves, which rose over the ship and threatened every moment to break her ropes; but at length they succeeded in getting ashore, without being able to take with them anything the ship contained, even provisions. However, it was their hope that the vessel would not go to pieces, and that, when the tempest abated, they could at least save some money and a little food, with which they could set out on foot for Derna.

Whilst they sat wet and miserable on the beach, they suddenly saw some forms moving along on the other side of the bay; and they remembered that the Bedawins of these parts are celebrated for their violence and brutality to strangers, especially such as are wrecked. But there was no escape, and the little party waited patiently, therefore, for what was to come to pass. The Bedawins had perceived the wreck and were coming round for the purposes of plunder. When, however, they saw a group of men awaiting their approach they halted, and seemed to be calculating their strength and the probabilities of resistance. At length, a single individual of their party detached himself and came forward with demonstrations of peaceful intentions; but he had no sooner discovered that the strangers were without arms, than he shouted to his companions to advance. In a few minutes, a band of half-a-dozen truculent-looking Bedawins, armed to the teeth, rushed up and proceeded at once to appropriate the persons of the shipwrecked men, whilst waiting until the sea allowed them to appropriate their property.

Hagg Mustafa fell to the lot of an individual who appeared to be the chief, and who likewise laid claim to Sagara. The Bedawins would not listen to any expostulations, but ordered their prisoners to station themselves at certain distances apart from one another, and to remember the names of their masters. Mustafa and Sagara, placed together, were impressed, by means of awful menaces, with the necessity of saying in answer to all questions:

"I belong to Yunus."

The object of this precaution now became apparent; for other Bedawins came flocking from all sides, so that above two hundred, including women and children, were collected within a few hours. They all seemed to respect the right of property based on original occupation; and did not attempt to dispute with the first-comers for the possession of the prisoners—waiting with patience until they could go aboard the ship and plunder it.

It is customary for the Bedawins of this coast to exact a reward, which may be called a ransom, for conducting persons under the circumstances of our travellers to a civilised country; and Mustafa was not very uneasy about the result of this adventure. He was known to many members of the various Ordanes or tribes along the coast, having performed the journey by land, and expected to be let off for a small sum. Unfortunately, Yunus had beheld and admired the slave-girl Sagara, and had resolved to possess her. When the plunder of the vessel was completed, he took Mustafa aside, and said, "O friend! thou knowest the custom, that strangers who fall into our hands must liberate themselves with money. Now, I will deal handsomely by thee. Take my part of the merchandise from the wreck, and proceed on thy way in peace. I will give thee two young men as an escort. But leave unto me Sagara, to be an ornament of my tent." Mustafa replied that he would rather give all that he possessed, than part with his beloved slave; and begged Yunus to name any ransom that he desired. But the Bedawin was obdurate; and finding he could not prevail by persuasion, smote the unfortunate merchant upon the face, and separated him from Sagara, and ordered her to be taken to his tent.

Mustafa was led towards evening to the encampment over the hills, and saw no more of his companions, who were kept prisoners some time, and then sent back to Egypt without ransom, for they were too poor to pay any. Yunus took possession, as I have said, of Sagara, and sought to render himself agreeable to her; but she answered his advances by tears, and could not find a smile for the man who had torn her from her master whom she loved. But Mustafa was treated with every kind of severity and

indignity, and compelled to tend the camels, and fed like a dog. He submitted to the decrees of fate with resignation, although he was resolved to seize the first opportunity of escape. Once, when he was sent with a troop of camels to some distance, he mounted the fleetest, and started for the West; but Yunus, who suspected his design, followed; overtook and brought him back to the encampment, where he was beaten, until death nearly released him from his troubles.

When he recovered he determined to be more circumspect for the future; and in order to escape suspicion, affected to be resigned to his fate. This procured him a little more liberty; but he still felt that he was watched, and he began to despair of ever escaping from that dreadful situation. Sagara he never saw; but from the children of the village, with whom he would sometimes play, he learned that she remained ever weeping in her new master's tent, refusing to be comforted.

One day there arrived at the encampment a stranger, named Ali, the son of one of the Sheikhs of an inland tribe. He was a tall, handsome young man, who had gained great reputation already for feats of gallantry. Yunus received him with hospitality, and related among other things the adventure of the wreck and the acquisition of the beauteous Sagara. To Ali, the matter appeared perfectly correct, and he congratulated his host, demanding as a favour, to behold this peerless beauty. When she appeared before him, her melancholy countenance told at once her tale of misery, and Ali felt that a great injustice had been committed. With desert cunning, however, he said not a word of condemnation, but praised the loveliness of Sagara, and extolled the happiness of Yunus; so that the poor slave, who had at first conceived hope from the pity that beamed through his eyes, retired in still more profound despair.

Next day, as Mustafa was tending a herd of camels on the slope of a distant hill, he was surprised to behold a horseman he did not know, ride up and salute him.

"I know thy story," said Ali, "and am resolved to assist thee; but the matter requires circumspection and cannot be accomplished in a day. Thy liberty it were easy to bring about; but the flower in the tent must be released likewise. Listen now to me. I am Ali, the son of Saleh; and I have come on a message of vengeance to this place. Know that my tribe has learned, by means ordained of God, that many years ago one of our bravest warriors was basely murdered by Yunus and his brethren. Blood calls out for blood; and thou canst assist us and save thyself. A month from this, an hour after sunset, when the moon is half risen above the summit of Aknbah, take fire, and light up a conflagration in the straw-heap that is near the great tent of Yunus. If thou art discovered, defend thyself, and fear nothing; for I shall be there. If no one suspect thee, hasten to the harem and single out Sagara, and bear her in thy arms, crying 'Ali! Ali!' and no one will harm thee. Art thou a man to do all this, and not fail in one tittle?" Mustafa devoted himself to death if he should swerve from his instructions; and Ali, having pressed his hand, rode slowly away across the desert.

That was an anxious month for Mustafa. He counted the days and minutes, and made every preparation for action. He contrived to secrete a flint and steel beneath the straw-heap, as well as a sword, which he stole from his master, Yunus. In order that he might not mistake the day, he dug two holes, in one of which he put a stone every morning, whilst in the other he put a bean every evening. To lull suspicion, he pretended to be unusually gay, and succeeded in becoming quite a favorite with the young men. Even Yunus condescended to smile upon him; and once even asked him to intercede with Sagara, and persuade her to be less gloomy. But Mustafa snapped his fingers, cursed women, and professed to have no desire for an interview.

The long-expected night came at length. The encampment was situated in a valley surrounded on all sides by arid hills. Mustafa had been out since morning at the place where he had met Ali, and had looked on all sides to discern some signs of his deliverer; but none appeared. He climbed to the summit of a peak, from which a wide view could be obtained, and anxiously, with now well-practised eyes, perused the horizon. Nothing. He returned as evening drew nigh, and reached the crest of the hill that overlooked the valley just as the sun went down. There were lights in some of the tents, and at various points could be seen Bedawins returning home. Mustafa's heart sank within him as he thought that some one of these might have discerned traces of an enemy. But there was no alarm given; and, on reaching the encampment, he found all quiet. Unperceived by any one, he went and concealed himself between the tent and the straw. To his delight a smart wind was sweeping up the valley; and he felt certain that if he could succeed in setting fire to the huge heap, every tent would soon be in flames. He had not many minutes to wait, but the time appeared to him an age. Various emotions tormented him. What, if he should fail in his attempt, or be discovered and slain before help could arrive? What, if Ali should forget his promise, or arrive too late? He was resolved, however, to act, and having drawn out the sword, and placed it by his side as he knelt down, he began to strike a light just as the silver edge of the moon appeared above the ridge of Akabah. Before the orb was half uncovered there was a hiss, a crackle,—and a swift flame swept up along the side of the immense straw heap. Almost at the same

moment a man rushed from a neighbouring tent, and having fired a pistol at the culprit without effect, advanced with a drawn dagger, crying, "'Tis the dog Mustafa has done it!" There was no time to lose; and the hand that had never before wielded a weapon of death, felled the Bedawin to the ground. It was a perilous moment. One man against a whole encampment, should Ali prove untrue. Furious Bedawins were rushing from every tent. Some had seen Mustafa strike the blow, and fired at him as he ran towards the tent where Sagara was confined. Others started out, asking what was the matter; women and children moaned; and the camels and other animals breaking loose, and rushing to and fro, increased the confusion. The fire had spread almost instantaneously from tent to tent, for there were heaps of straw near every one of them; and it was evident that in a very few minutes the whole encampment would be destroyed. Still, there was no sign of an attack, and when Mustafa reached the tent which he had so often beheld, but had never been permitted to approach, he found Yunus already there, shouting to the women to come forth. On seeing Mustafa, the villain divined that he was the cause of the mischief, and his hand glanced towards his dagger hilt; but the blood of the Man from the West was up, and with one blow he laid open the shoulder of his enemy. Yunus bellowed with rage, and threw himself upon the merchant; but at that instant a small body of horsemen rode furiously into the encampment, striking right and left on every living thing they met. Mustafa evaded the grasp of the wounded Bedawin, and sprang towards Sagara, whom he now saw, standing near the blazing tent. Seizing her in his arms, he shouted "Ali, Ali!" and the horsemen answered with the same cry. It was a terrible scene, lighted up by the blazing tents—a massacre, not a fight—and before the red light of the flames had faded, not a living soul remained in the encampment except the horsemen and Mustafa, who stood on an open space grasping his beloved Sagara to his breast, and still shouting, "Ali, Ali!"

Vengeance pushed to this extreme is not common in the desert; but instances from time to time occur. The object of the attacking party had been to destroy the Ordan, root and branch; but some few of the men and several of the women and children escaped. Having ascertained this fact, Ali determined at once upon a retreat, as he knew the whole country would at once be roused against him. In an hour, therefore, after the massacre, his little mounted band, with Mustafa and Sagara, were climbing the steep slope of the hill, leaving all cumbrous booty behind. The site of the encampment was still covered with particles of fire, and a heavy canopy of smoke hung aloft. Mustafa looked back with one shudder of horror; but Sagara was beside him, ready to whisper a tale of outrage and misery which he would not hear; and he soon forgot everything but the joy of reunion.

Ali had formed an able plan of retreat. Instead of making direct for the quarters of his own tribe, situated at a great distance, he had resolved to make a bend to the west as far as the inhabited tracts of Cyrenaica, so as to throw any pursuers off the scent. By the morning the party reached a small valley, where was a reserve of men and camels. After resting awhile, they proceeded about a mile to the south, leaving a wide track on some sandy ground; but when they came to a hard, stony plain, they struck back diagonally, and soon entering the gorge of a mountain, were concealed from pursuit. Well for them, it appeared; for one of their party, who had lingered behind, saw, he said, a cloud of horsemen with glittering spears go sweeping over the plain towards the south. The stratagem of Ali was completely successful; and Mustafa and Sagara had thus an efficient escort until they arrived at a village where they were known. Here they parted from Ali, who cast a very covetous glance at the slave-girl, but who seemed to struggle successfully with his evil passions; and in due time both arrived in safety at Derna. "This," said Mustafa, in conclusion, "happened in the spring. You may be well assured that I shall no more perform my journeys by land! and that I have a great objection to performing them by sea. At present, I have come by way of Malta, in the great English fire-ship; but it is, probably, my last voyage. Peace be with you!" So saying, the Man from the West departed; and I never again saw him. I learn, however, that the force of habit proved too strong; and that, instead of settling down quietly at Derna, he continues his annual voyages. Let us hope that no cousin of Yunus may ever lay hold of him!

YOUNG FRANCE AT THE EASEL.

Tradition and history have preserved to us the manners of the artist schools of Venice and of Rome, the feuds of the famous Zuccati, and the individual habits of Roman painters; but few in England, at this time, know much of the manners or character of a French school of painting. Nor is it likely that any glimpse of the reality can be present to an English mind by comparison with anything here. We have an Academy at Trafalgar Square, it is true; but we have no private schools. Indeed, our great masters seem unaccountably loth to transmit their principles of art—their theories of form and composition, and secrets of colouring, to the ambitious and too often misguided generation of aspirants. They might learn from the example of our continental neighbours that there is no shame, but rather much profit, in teaching.

Let us peep for a moment at one of these *ateliers*, which of old existed in the Rue

Mazarine in Paris. The students there, were a gay and noisy set, as formidable in numbers as in practical wit, and somewhat obnoxious to the neighbourhood. Fancy, for instance, a troop of them issuing from their studio, at a moment of rest, forming in a line across the street, and levying black mail from the by-standers and passengers, for the benefit of an organ, or hurdy-gurdy grinder. Yet so jestingly and pleasantly was the money extracted from the Parisian Cockneys, that none but the most crusty could growl; although they ran risk of being pelted with jokes and with mud. These artists with blouses, when they did growl, were as formidable then as those of the Faubourg St. Antoine are now. But, on other occasions they might be seen enjoying leisure, at other hours, in a quieter or more peaceful way—some, cleaning their brushes in their hands; others, indulging in penny loaves and apples, whilst a group might perchance be gathered round one or two of their number, who indulged in the practice of that amazing dance which prevails at La Chaumière, without the disadvantage of the policeman or gay municipal guard.

The atelier, to which allusion is made, was of old held in the basement of the Institut—a place not so prosy, it may be seen, as it is generally supposed to be. Although dull letters flourished on the first floor, gay fine arts were active in the basement; it must be admitted, however, that doubtless the members of the Institute would have got on better without the artist students. But having, in a fit of generosity, permitted their lower premises to be put to their particular use, it was too late to retract; and the noisy peculiarities of the boy-painters, or Rapins, were fully developed.

When of old, Guillon, Lethière, and other followers of the David school, occupied the same place, they plied the brush in silent activity—and their canvases made as little noise after they were produced, as during production. Their staid diligence was not largely rewarded either by Fortune or Fame. Those halcyon days, however, were past, when a hundred and fifty students congregated daily to indulge in noise and mirth. For, if they gave way to such vagaries as have been described, in the public street, it is but just to admit that in-doors such things would betimes happen as might startle spectators.

The entrance to the atelier was at a postern in the Rue Mazarine—a hole, in a dark ugly wall. The Institute resembles, in this, the Bibliothèque of Mazarine; which is very fine inside, but very ugly outside. The space within, is divided into two vast rooms, in each of which a model sat. The floors, swept but once a-week, were full of holes, from which bold broods of rats emerged, betimes, to feed and to play. The walls were wainscotted, and had once been grey; but the scrapings of dirty palettes had altered their primitive tint; which, dulled with age, and overgrown with excrescences, had acquired a mouldy look of age. Not, indeed, that it was lawful that the students should scrape their palettes, and dash the proceeds on the walls; for that was a desecration punishable by fine; but, as fines were hard to levy, they were seldom imposed.

The walls on every side were hung with canvases in various stages of composition,—or decomposition, so old and rusty did some of them appear. Canvas, paper, kit-cat frames, broken stools, and crooked easels, lay about in great confusion. Cobwebs lined the corners; a stove, whose long black chimneys wandered about the room, as if loth to leave it, communicated a smoky, not ungenial warmth.

In a large frame, that hung on one of the walls, were the portraits of all the celebrities of the atelier—heads only—peering out in grotesque confusion. The deadliest enemies were there depicted side by side,—the stalwart bully beside the meek fag,—the weak beside the strong,—the clever beside the feeble,—all admirable likenesses. That canvas may yet become well-known in future art history.

The roll-call, early on Monday morning, assigned to each the place that he might take. Then, the living model had to be placed; and many were the jokes levelled at the unfortunate individual, as he strove to obey the varied injunctions of the students. He was ordered to place his head—first, on this side; then on that; then his body had to be arranged; his legs and arms to be turned and bent, until at last the position desired was fixed. Poor models; what a hard life they lead for ten sous an hour! They sit four hours to the students; and thus their pay nearly reaches an English pound per week.

The model being placed, the draughtsmen took their seats on low stools; which thus enabled their brother-painters to stand or sit, and to look over them, just as in battle the front rank kneels, to let the rear rank fire. The work would then go on; some drawing, others painting: whilst, in the back-ground, the less advanced might be seen painfully endeavouring to copy the Discobolus, or Fighting Gladiator. One might almost fancy them a quiet set, then; the silence being occasionally broken by a stanza from a song, morsels of a "*complainte*," or a partial chorus. To the poor and struggling artist, indeed, the atelier was a godsend: affording warmth and shelter for at least six hours of the day, the teaching of a first-rate master, and the advantages of living models, for the small sum of twenty-three francs a-month: of which eighteen were for the teaching, and five for the "*masse*," as it was called,—a fund from which to replace broken stools and easels, and to pay the models. The master, indeed, came but thrice a-week; but that sufficed, so well did he exercise command, so anxiously was he obeyed. When, with thin and sinewy form, and sharp and piercing eye, he entered, all would be hushed, and you might hear a pin fall. He

passed from stool to stool, rebuking the idler with scorn; correcting here with the pencil, there with the brush, and taking some defect on the canvas of the ablest, to make a theme on which to speak and descant short words on art. When he left, how pleased would those be who had got praise! how crest-fallen those who had got what was usually called a "*galop!*"

Nothing strange would happen, even in the intermediate minutes allowed for model and student alike to rest, unless the day were marked by the introduction of what was called a *nouveau*—a new pupil. The first question asked of a *nouveau* was the startling one, "When are you to stand a punch?" and then, without waiting for an answer, the unfortunate would be pounced upon, and subjected to a most fiery ordeal:—while a stalwart fellow quickly tied the hands together, a second would pass them over the victim's bent-up knees; a third, thrusting the pole of an easel in the guise of a skewer, would effectually complete the disablement. Then, came a disorderly scene. The victim might be seen, at one moment spinning in a helpless manner on the ground, or carried in triumph round the room, threatened with a poker that had been painted of a fiery colour. His head would then be daubed all over with Prussian blue; and, adorned with a bladder, he would be exposed in the street outside for a quarter-of-an-hour, to the astonishment of the passers-by. If the victim were passive, there was but little sport; but the simulated red-hot poker rarely failed to raise the ire and to excite a struggle, and to give play and amusement to his persecutors. A copious drenching usually followed all these inflictions, and restored the *nouveau* to his self-possession. But what a figure! It was then you might see of what a mercurial temperament the mind of the student was composed. The victim of these persecutions became suddenly the victim of their care and solicitude. While one broke up canvas frames and stools to feed the fire that was to dry his clothes, another warmed water to wash away the paint. Restoratives were freely applied; the patient was made quite comfortable; and the Rapins were ready to commit similar excesses on other new comers, in which the victim of this week might become, not unlikely, the persecutor of the next. So goes the world.

It was strange to see with what awe the approach of the master was regarded. If the tumult were at its height, the wheels of his carriage heard at the door, caused a stillness as by enchantment. The lazy took a fit of diligence, and resumed their seats, and the noisiest of the whole received the sarcastic reproaches of De la Roche with a meekness so great as to change his aspect, and to make one doubt his very identity.

The most curious character in the place, however, was the old man to whom was entrusted the roll-call and management of these turbulent fellows. The persecutions which he endured; the jokes and sarcasms that were made at his expense, and which he bore with an equanimity that only provoked the evil; must have tended to make the poor fellow a complete martyr. The unfortunate man who held this post, technically called *massier*, was twice cursed—he was at once a bad painter and a bad musician. In the first capacity, he might be seen at the Louvre, painting a wretched copy; and in the last, playing the clarionet in a band of National Guards. This duality of accomplishment brought numberless jokes upon him; but what drove him mad at last, was a series of frescoes which adorned the walls of the atelier, all painted in his honour. In one place, he was to be seen learning the rudiments of the clarionet under the tuition of a drum-major; in another, he was studying the art of drawing. Elsewhere, in ludicrous proportions, he figured in the band of his legion. Then, he shone prosperous, in the exalted post of *massier* to the atelier, surrounded by bags of gold. In the principal fresco, he was to be seen driving a carriage and four into Belgium; the roof laden with his bags of money. The execution of frescoes occupied the leisure hours of the atelier, after the model had departed. These quiet studies were now and then diversified, however, by a clamorous rat hunt, or a match at fencing.

Often, when the merry young band of students were in no humour for noisy sport, they would chat together, and pay models to sit in groups, or give what were called "*têtes d'expression.*" At the Institut of the Beaux Arts, a prize was awarded every year for the best head, expressing a certain form of grief, horror, joy, or laughter; hence the desire to study such expressions. A true smile, a true look of horror, or even a genuine expression of repose, cannot, however, be bought in any market. In all studies from a model, there is unavoidable defect. The model may be placed in the attitude of a man walking, or of a foot-racer—and, at the moment of his assuming the position, the muscles have, no doubt, the proper tension; but, leave him for an hour to make-believe, and very soon the muscles all become relaxed. Besides, he *is* making-believe, at the best. Study of nature requires, not only acute observation and sharp correct vision, but memory.

Outside the walls of their common meeting-place, the students were quiet enough, whether they laboured at copies in the Louvre, or played at billiards in the neighbouring *café*. Only they were not quiet when a *nouveau* was induced to give the "punch," concerning which his memory had been so kindly jogged on his arrival. Copious libations then took place, and often ended in quarrels. The most melancholy of these feasts was one—in the remembrance of many an artist still existing—in which an unfortunate fellow, who

played host before he was well out of his childhood, was urged to drink himself into a fever, and died in his mother's arms.

THE TALE UNFINISHED.

In some green quiet grave, brother,
We would thou hadst been laid,
Where gentle flowers wept their dew,
And softened sunshine play'd,
Where solemn trees kept murmuring
Their tremulous good-bye,
And streamlets' silver tongues should sing
Thy death psalm tenderly.

Alas! Death bore thee down, brother,
In his most angry mood,
Commanding, in alliance fierce,
The fire to meet the flood.
Was it some warning gave thee aid
Of fiery wreck to tell?
Ah, brother, Fancy's dream hath had
Fulfilment terrible!

Thine olive-branch was lost, brother,
'Mid that unequal strife,
When furious Death was hand to hand
With strong, despairing Life.
Oh! one cloud riseth from that wreck
That over England lowrs;
Perchance that sea whose pearls we seek
Was covetous of ours.

Perhaps the horn that prayer, brother,
Rose up at home for thee,
The hope of that unconscious love
Was sinking in the sea;
And none can tell how sadly bright,
Through all that stormy blaze,
One far off flame, thine own hearth light,
Was present to thy gaze.

And all thy pleasant books, brother,
How shall we read them now?
That wreck between us and the page
Will drive its burning prow
And we must close the book, and pause
O'er memory's tablet pale,
Inscribed to him whose life tune was
A sad, unfinished tale.

ONE OF THE EVILS OF MATCH-MAKING.

THE existence in the world of a curious form of disease, which had been manifested in the human body since the invention of lucifer matches, and caused by fumes from the phosphorus used in their manufacture, was first made known to the public in 1848, by means of an article in the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review. Before that time it had been observed and written upon in Germany, where the first manufacture of lucifer matches dates some five or ten years earlier than in England. The liability to this disorder of persons engaged in making lucifers, is not extremely great; probably there have not been more than a hundred and fifty cases in the whole time (which we may call roughly twenty years) since lucifer matches have been used. The Germans had fifty-two on record in 1848, and if we had not been startled by a detail of nearly fourteen from one factory at Manchester, we should have estimated the whole number of cases at about a hundred. The phosphorus, it is agreed on all hands, does not act injuriously on the constitution generally. The fumes do not necessarily affect the lungs, as we might have supposed. The German workers affirm that their general health does not suffer in the least, and experience in London goes beyond that, to affirm that it is even improved after attendance at the factory. It is ascertained also, and this is important to remember, that exposure for a day or a month will not produce the phosphorus disease: it rarely breaks out on any person who has been less than four years at the factory; most of those who suffer have worked previously for a longer time.

Most writers have been induced to suppose that the disease begins with aching in a tooth that has previously been more or less imperfect, or in people whose gums are not firmly adherent to the bone. An unsound constitution, especially scrofula, at any rate, favours the development of the disease. The next symptom is a decaying of the jawbone. Pieces of it, probably as large as peas, work themselves out. The disease has destroyed its vitality; for bone also lives and requires its blood-vessels and its other apparatus. When bone is dead, an admirable provision is made by which the healthy parts combine to cast it out. The surgeon generally takes care to extract the disease artificially before it has become so violent as to threaten life. Occasional deaths are the result of this affection, but commonly there is no more than great suffering for a certain time, and then a permanent and grievous disfigurement. Many sufferers, on the other hand, have stated that constitutional ailments with which they were previously afflicted, have abated greatly when the jaw-disease set in. It is also a fact, that the entire loss of the lower jaw in youth does not involve always its permanent disappearance. Bone does not, however, appear to be so readily reproduced after its destruction by phosphorus as when destroyed by other causes.

A writer in the Medical Review, paid, in 1848, an unexpected visit to the Lucifer Manufactory in Princes Square, Finsbury. Fifteen girls, fifty boys, and eleven men were then at work there, some of whom had been engaged upon the factory for eight and even ten years. No case of the disease had occurred among them; all were in good health. They were required to purify themselves from phosphorus by washing their hands, on entering and on leaving the place, in alkaline water (phosphoric vapour is an acid neutralised by alkali). Those who worked at

the dipping had sponges fixed before their mouths; and some have suggested that such sponges might be moistened with an alkaline solution. An expensive system of ventilation had then recently been carried out upon the premises, and all worked well.

Before we pass to a report of our own visit to the factory at Bow, we must add two or three more facts to the previous information by which we had been induced to turn our face in that direction. We must give a summary of the intelligence transmitted for our use from Manchester.

The fourteen cases mentioned by our correspondent have all arisen, he believes, in the same factory. The work of this factory used to be carried on in two small rooms, which have recently, for better ventilation, been thrown into one. No complaint of any kind has been made by sufferers against the proprietor, who has himself mourned for the death of a near relation, in whom the disease contracted in the factory proved fatal. At this factory the matches manufactured are of the common kind, and the preparation for the dipping is contained in iron bowls,—phosphorus, chlorate of potass, and glue.

The narrative supplied to us of one or two of these cases, will assist us to a practical understanding of some of the facts already stated. Names we, of course, falsify.

Annie Brown is twenty years of age, of pale and scrofulous aspect. She went to work at the lucifer-factory, when she was nine years old, and after she had worked for about four years, the complaint began, like a toothache. Her teeth had all been sound before that time (she says; but it was impossible for her to know more than that, at any rate, they had not troubled her by aching). She was occupied in putting the lids on the boxes. She could smell the phosphorus at first, but soon grew used to it. At night, she could see that her clothes were glowing on the chair where she had put them; her hands and arms were glowing also. She used to wash her hands, and to attend to cleanliness. (The water in which such hands are washed, ought to be made alkaline with soda; pure water does not easily remove the phosphorus.) On uncovering her face, we perceived that her lower jaw is almost entirely wanting; at the side of her mouth are two or three large holes. The jaw was removed at the Infirmary seven years ago.

Maggie Black is twenty-three years old; she used to sort the matches when they had been dipped and dried. After two or three years her complaint began like toothache. She had one tooth drawn, but the gum afterwards gathered and discharged outside. The operatives used to work in two rooms, and the place does not smell so badly since they have been both thrown into one. She has undergone five operations. Her under jaw being nearly gone, the oval shape of her face is destroyed. At the same time, her upper features show that she would be by nature a good-looking girl. She is obliged to live upon soft food, and is employed now in making boxes, out of the way of the fumes.

Robert Smith is twenty-one years old, and worked six years before he began to suffer; he was a dipper. He has now no teeth in his lower jaw, of which a great part is destroyed. He mixed the preparation before dipping: the matches were previously dipped in sulphur. He lived near the factory, and could smell the fumes even outside its walls when the wind blew in the right direction. His clothes glowed at night, and the room seemed in parts to contain white smoke. He knows of fourteen who have had the disease; two of them died. He had a good appetite at the factory, and was well in all respects except his mouth. The walls of the factory glow after the gas has been put out.

The correspondent to whom we are indebted for these cases informs us that, after an operation for this disease at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, the students were informed by the operating surgeon, that saucers filled with oil of turpentine—a solvent of phosphorus—placed among the work-people, would absorb the vapour of phosphorous acid, by which the disease is caused. And this precaution is adopted in some London factories.

We have now stated the information which induced us to go out and use our eyes at Bow.

Where is Bow? In the unfashionable East. To go to Bow, you must go down Whitechapel way, and Bow is farther to the eastward than Whitechapel. But then, so is Persia. If a man living in London wishes to go to Bow, let him go past the Whitechapel shambles and the hay-carts, to Whitechapel gate. Then he must walk, under a clear blue sky, like that which favoured us on our own first journey to Bow. The great breadth of the highway, and the picturesque variety of the small houses lining it on either side, tend very much to make one cheerful.

After a great deal of walking, we got to suburban terraces, and villas, and little cottages with large bells, awful in "Kitchen" and "Visitors" gentility. The gardens before the houses rich in blossoming almond-trees; under one railway, and in the next half minute over another; a little bit of genteel suburb, and then suddenly the thoroughly old-fashioned village of Bow.

Bow's pardon must be begged if it be not a village. There is a good old-fashioned church, with a great crumbling square tower and a flag-staff; and there are old shops and houses up one side of the church, and down the other side of the church to Bow Bridge; over the bridge we looked down upon a fine piece of mud, and it took us from Bow to a road lined with unaccountable-looking factories and workers' cottages, not unlike a slip transplanted out of the far suburbs of Manchester. Not many paces brought us at length to the

closed doors of Messrs. Bell and Black, which courteously opened to receive us.

It became clear to us at the first glance that we had got into a place unsuited to the growth of phosphorus disease. Instead of a crowded building in the town, there is attainable, in this far suburb, abundance of ground space, on which detached buildings can be erected. We saw no upper stories; there was a court-yard, with materials lying about a water-tank, buildings here and there with high roofs, doors open, here and there somebody passing from one place to another. It was obvious that here there were to be had space and air. We found upon inquiry, what indeed we pretty well knew, that here there had been no case of phosphorus disease, though about a hundred and fifty months are breathing daily on the premises, besides nearly the same number engaged outside in making match-boxes, &c.

Entering the nearest door, we found an apartment alive with girls and boys; a spacious building, with a roof of high pitch, skylights, windows, and an open door. Notwithstanding the large number of matches there under the fingers of the young population, we could detect only the faintest odour of the phosphorus. Had there been upper rooms, the fumes would rise into them; here, however, they can only pass away into the open air. The dipping-house is placed at a distance of more than a hundred yards from any other building. This precaution has enabled the proprietors to insure against fire the other portion of the works. Other factories having less space for the fulfilment of this condition, this is the only one about London for which an Insurance policy is granted. It is lofty, and admits air abundantly. We were glad to obtain from Messrs. Bell and Black such knowledge as throws light upon the present and the future prospects of the phosphorus disease. We learnt that where it exists in England, it is produced only in factories that make the cheapest form of match. In all the better sort of matches the quantity of phosphorus used, as compared with other ingredients, is very much less than it used formerly to be. Of course there is still phosphorus, and there are phosphorous acid fumes; but the difference is very great between the quantity of phosphorus used in the improved matches of the present day, and the old-fashioned cheap matches. The cheapness of the matches compels also an undue economy of house-room, and so further aggravates the evil.

It is in the drying-house that the evolution of phosphorous fume is greatest. The house is like all the others, lofty, airy, clean; it differs from the others in containing no stationary work-people. The matches fume there by themselves, and are only disturbed when those who are appointed for the purpose come to fetch them. Our sense of smell is acute, but so slight was the trace of the peculiar, garlicky, phosphoric odour in this room, although it contained a very large number of matches, that many might have walked about therein without perceiving it. Most of the matches that we noticed in this room were our polite and familiar friends the Wax Vestas, hung ignominiously head downwards. We next betook ourselves to a large room devoted exclusively to their preparation, just as the first room had been devoted to their humbler cousins.

We feel at once that we have come into polite society, when we have got into the large saloon, used for the assemblies of those delicate white creatures, the Vestas. The room is, like the others, large, lofty, and clean, with incombustible walls and floor. The Christmas holly hangs upon the walls yet; the attendants on the vestas, all young girls, are noticeably clean and neat. The young priests of the temple of the wooden lucifers were boys and girls, some tidy, some untidy, according to their tastes and means. Here no unclean touch is suffered to pollute the pure white of the wax that is to maintain the vestal fire in English houses. The girls in this room all look very cheerful, very healthy.

In this room the same thing is being done with wax that we saw done before with wood. The untipped little tapers are being distributed into the frames. We watch a damsel busy at this work; whereupon she smiles and turns on so much extra steam into her fingers, that each little stick of wax falls into its appointed groove without more apparent trouble on her part than a swift passage of her hand across the frame. To another hand the vestas are much less obedient; they will not go into their places, and require much tedious adjustment. Swift-fingered maidens —aged from about twelve to twenty—can earn nine shillings a-week, or even more; the slowest fingers earning about six. There is in each room one appointed to record, as they are reported, all the respective items of completed work. An incessant snapping, audible in this room, soon arrests attention; —there might be somewhere underground a Lilliputian commonwealth holding grand national rejoicings, and discharging fireworks. To be sure, somebody is always treading on a fallen match; bad as it is to tread upon the fallen, we confess that we ourselves produced two or three vindictive explosions on the part of vestas which our feet unwittingly tormented; this, however, is not the chief source of the snapping. When we come to the girls who are swiftly removing the dried matches from the frames and counting them into boxes, we find that there are in every frame some half-dozen vestas more snappish than the rest, which fire up at the quick touch of the maidens' fingers, and would like to punish them if possible. Of the vestas, however, as of other beings who are too quick in their temper, the maxim of the provoker seems to

be, that it is of no use for them to put themselves into a heat. They are put out and laid aside, and nothing more is thought about them. A little heap, consisting of the corpses of angry vestas, who have thus been brought to confusion and disgrace, lies beside many of the frames from which the girls are picking out the finished matches. No instance seems to be known in which the whole frame of a society of vestas is shaken by a simultaneous explosion. Any outburst of that nature could be easily suppressed, and if it were required to throw cold water upon such a movement, there is a large tank in the yard lying close to the doors of all the buildings No accidents by fire, no ignitions of frocks and aprons, have up to this date taken place; although the factory has been established many years. Those who are very young among us cannot look back to the time when its proprietor first sent forth the notion of wax vestas into an approving world, and he was at that time, as he is now, a Bell of Bow.

The first vestas were larger than those now made, and comparatively dear, on account of the less perfect nature of the machinery at that time employed. The process is very simple; and, that we may understand it, we are introduced to a great font in the middle of the building. Its cover is raised, and it is found to contain a white cake of wax; a sort of bride-cake, which results out of the match-making of yesterday. This wax is a compound of spermaceti, and other cleanly and hard materials, the use of which is necessary, not only to the cleanliness and elegance of the resulting vesta, but to its retention of a firm and upright bearing under the attacks of summer. The "spurious imitations" of which the proprietors complain, are made with a cheaper composition; in which there is much tallow, and these conduct themselves in hot weather after so dissolute a way, as to bring the vestal name into discredit.

A large ball of beautiful white cotton is next produced; we are then shown how threads of this, fastened to the great raised wheel at one end of the room, pass over a ledge depending from the ceiling, and descend into the font or trough. By being drawn under a roller at the bottom of this trough, the threads are made to dip through the whole body of the wax; and, before they emerge, they pass through holes in a metallic plate, like the holes used in wire-drawing. These holes confine, press, and smooth the surface of the finally resulting cord of well-waxed thread which, when cut into lengths and tipped, goes by the name of vesta.

The dipping process produces wick so rapidly, that it requires six days to manufacture into vestas the quantity of wax wick made in four. This part of the business of the factory, therefore, is only in operation on four days in the week. On each of these days twenty-four balls, each containing three pounds of fine white cotton, are prepared for conversion into vestas. Being curious to know how many miles of wax vesta might be issued weekly to the public from this factory, which, though the most important, is not the only one in London, we weighed an ounce of cotton wick, and then, measuring it, found that it contained forty-two yards. Here was a sum: if an ounce of cotton wick contains forty-two yards, and twenty-four three-pound balls are worked up into vestas in one day, there being four days in a vestal week, how many miles are manufactured in a year? The quantity made in summer is greater than we have said; but at the rate given, it will be found that the waxen cord cut up yearly into vestas by this single factory would, if undivided, stretch from England to America—and back again.

The inquiries made concerning the comparative briskness of trade in each department, at different seasons of the year, elicited a reply different to that which was received by us at Wisker's Gardens.* There, the demand for wooden matches doubled in summer; here it falls off one-half. The difference is striking, but easily accounted for. There, the matches made were of a very cheap kind, used almost entirely by the poor. In summer, when there are few fires, these matches are in demand for lighting pipes and candles, and for other uses, to which vestas are commonly applied by those who can afford to be more dainty. The wooden matches made at Bow are of a higher price and quality, and find their way less into the houses of the poor than into the kitchens of the middle and upper classes. Then, since in summer there are fewer fires to light, the demand at the factory for wooden matches is diminished by one-half. The consumption of vestas, however, becomes trebled. The lady who, to seal her letter, lighted a taper at the fire in winter, seals her summer correspondence by the aid of vesta-matches. They are the substitute for the domestic fire in lighting lamps and candles. All those causes which, at Wisker's Gardens, doubled the quantity of lucifers made for the poor, operate, at Bow, in trebling the demand for wax vestas on the part of those who are comparatively rich.

CHIPS.

OFFICIAL EMIGRATION.

In consequence of the misconstruction (for which we are in no degree responsible) of a sentence in the minutes of a conversation which passed, some time ago, between Earl Grey and a Colonial remonstrant against convict transportation to Van Diemen's Land, it was erroneously stated, in Number ninety-seven of this publication, that Earl Grey, the then Minister for the Colonies, had characterised the emigrants sent or assisted out by the Emigration Commissioners as "the refuse

* See vol. i., p. 198.

of the workhouses." We have no doubt of Earl Grey's having been entirely misapprehended in this matter. The reports of the Board for the years referred to (1849 and 1850), which we have since perused, show, that, with certain exceptions, (chiefly orphan girls from the Irish workhouses), emigrants sent away under the auspices of the Emigration Commissioners were not drawn from that class at all. It is certain that the reports from the destinations of Government emigrants are, on the whole, favourable to them personally, and testify to the diligence and judgment with which they have been selected.

So much as to the matter of fact; but, although the "refuse" of workhouses can never be a desirable, or, indeed, practicable source for emigrants; yet, under certain limitations, workhouses are not the worst feeders of the Colonial labour market. Indeed, it is not at all certain whether able-bodied paupers, or even the least venal among convicts, do not turn out better colonists than persons who are able to muster a portion of the expense of voyage and outfit, and who get the rest from the Emigration Commissioners. The steady, hard-working labourer has very little chance of raising the three or four pounds necessary to take him out of the scene of his local privations; but the restless rogue, who is continually giving all sorts of trouble to all sorts of parochial officers and private families, is readily "assisted" to the antipodes by them with subscriptions. A steady, well conducted man seldom requires to emigrate from necessity: he gets well employed at home. Many may and do choose to emigrate, but they seldom have occasion to do so with the assistance of the Board. Again, a large proportion of convicts sentenced to transportation, consist of men not inferior in any respects to the average of the working-classes. They have been led by sudden or temporary temptation into crime; but, after undergoing the system of prison discipline now in force, prove, when removed to another part of the globe, well-conducted and useful settlers.

Of course, it would be a miracle if, out of the million and a half of passengers shipped for the Colonies (either directly by the Commissioners or under their general supervision), during the last six years, the Emigration authorities had not been grossly deceived in some, and had not made mistakes about others. But investigation has proved to us, that the trust reposed in them in the application of the funds for emigration, set aside from Colonial land sales, has been faithful and judicious. That they have been more vigilant than those concerned in voluntary and independent emigration, is clearly proved by a parliamentary return just issued. It appears that from 1847 to 1851 (both years inclusive), seven thousand one hundred and twenty-nine emigrant vessels sailed from the United Kingdom. Of the five thousand nine hundred and sixty-four of these ships which were despatched from ports under the superintendence of the Board, thirty were wrecked; the per-centage of loss being one in every one hundred and ninety-nine ships; but, of the nine hundred and thirteen ships despatched free of their supervision, nearly three times that proportion were wrecked; namely—thirteen, or one in every seventy vessels. Of the two hundred and fifty-two ships sent directly out and chartered by the Commissioners, only one was lost. As to passengers, out of a quarter of a million and a half of souls, no fewer were lost, by shipwreck alone, than one thousand and forty-three; but not a single life was lost by the ships chartered by the Land and Emigration Commissioners.

The misfortune inseparable from Official Emigration is, that it offers fewer facilities and less encouragement to voluntary, well-conditioned, and intelligent emigrants, than to the less estimable classes of the community. It is fortunate for the former, that it is within the range of the new system of Family and Loan Colonisation.

A MELANCHOLY PLACE.

In the list of melancholy offices—not a very numerous list, we are glad to say—which have to be filled by certain individuals, who undertake to perform the corresponding duties—some, from affection; some, as a matter of principle; some, from compulsion; and the rest for a fee or salary—there are few that convey a more sombre impression to our imagination than the very ancient post of the Curfew-Toller. It is of so time-honoured a standing that, as extremes meet, time has since gone such lengths as to forget the date of its origin. Though most historians attribute the establishment of the tyrannical law of the Curfew, to William the Conqueror, there does not appear to be an adequate authority for the statement. That so monotonous, despotic, and dolorous a duty, however, as the duty of ordering all grown-up people off to bed, like children, or creatures in menageries, at the tolling of the bell, would be accepted from any liking for the place, is beyond belief; we are therefore obliged to arrive at the conclusion, that it was on account of the fees or salary attached to it. Well; we may suppose that a similar influence operated throughout the whole course of "the good old times," since we find that the "place" has never been vacant, down to the present day!

In the article entitled A Tower of Strength, published in our one hundred and fourth Number, fifth volume, page fifteen, we were so unfortunate as to omit all mention of the Curfew-Toller. We now beg the reader to pardon the oversight, and to do us the favour to imagine him seated in a snug private apartment beneath his belfry, in the Tower of London, in company with the Gentleman Headsman, over a glass of fine old port:

each with a piece of crape round one arm, and drinking to the memory of the past. "In silence," we should add; because, as no curfew-bell is now rung, and no heads are cut off, it *might* seem, to common and profane minds having no reverence for the customs of our ancestors, that such "places" are not exactly wanted.

But every true lover of his country, and of its glorious constitution, which admits of every form of construction, and furnishes for everything every justification that can be needed, will see that such places ought always to exist. While, therefore, we think that a nice little antiquarian party, composed of the Gentleman Headsman, the Curfew-Toller, the Grand Falconer, and the Keeper of the Royal Buckhounds, might be assembled in the curfew-belfry (a quiet nook in its ruins, or a tent on its ancient site) of the Tower, to celebrate the days when their several salaries were coloured, and sometimes very highly, by corresponding duties, may we, at the same time, seize the opportunity of suggesting that two other places should be restored,—the representatives of whom should be allowed to take their seats at the convivial table; to wit—the Court Fool, and the Gentleman Bear-Keeper of the Tower?

For the revival of the place of Fool, we need offer no justification, as his utility, in conjunction with the others previously named, is obvious; touching the Bear-Keeper, however, a word or two may seem necessary. All we have to do, is to show a "precedent," and then everything will flow in its natural course.

In 1252, we find that the sheriffs of London were commanded by the King to pay fourpence a day—"for our white bear in the Tower of London, and his keeper;" and the writer of Zoological Anecdotes assures us, that in the following year the sheriffs were directed to "provide a muzzle and an iron chain to hold him, when out of the water; and also a long and strong rope to hold him, *when fishing in the Thames.*"

The curfew bell-rope, and the Tower-Bear's fishing rope, each in a graceful coil, might thus be hung up, as trophies and memorials, against the walls of the wassail-room, side by side with the Grand Falconer's gloves, a buck's head and antlers, and the somewhat rusty axe of the Gentleman Headsman.

THE HUNTER AND THE STUDENT.

The authors of books on zoological subjects, which have so frequently issued from the press of late years, and which are continually appearing, may be separated, for the most part, into two classes—those who hunt and slay, and those who observe and study. The passion of the former is the excitement of the chase to destroy; the great pleasure of the latter is in the preservation of the creature, and the accurate noting down of all its characteristics. At the head of the former, by way of instance, we must place Mr. Gordon Cumming and Sir W. Cornwallis Harris; at the head of the latter, no one will hesitate to place White of Selborne, and Professor Owen. If it be objected that White is not an author of very recent date, then we shall name the Reverend Leonard Jenyns, to whose patient and indefatigable study, during many years, we are indebted for his delightful and instructive "Observations on Natural History." Rymer Jones is another name that instantly starts to our pen; we have, however, sufficiently indicated the class we mean. It is not to be understood that either class is of an exclusive kind—that the hunters never observe, and that the observers never kill—since the labour of each is often "a mingled yarn." We define the extremes of these two classes.

Our taste by no means leans to the sanguinary; nor do we think that the great majority, who are not themselves hunters, and who, at least, may be supposed to sit down to read in "cool blood," can feel gratified by stories in which remorselessness is the most prominent characteristic; while the narrator is so blinded by the very memory of his ardour, that he does not in the least perceive he is writing his own condemnation. The compiler of a recently published book, called Zoological Notes and Anecdotes, quotes an account of a giraffe hunt, from the "Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of South Africa," by Sir Cornwallis Harris, and designates it as a "spirit-stirring adventure." What sort of spirit it stirs in us, our readers will not find it difficult to conjecture.

Sir Cornwallis Harris had for weeks sought in vain to get a shot at the tallest quadruped of the earth—a giraffe. One day he saw what he took to be a large branchless stump of some withered tree in the distance; but presently it moved along above the tops of the thicket, and he now distinguished a stately giraffe gliding among the trees, "its graceful head nodding like a lofty pine." He set spurs to his horse, and soon found himself, "half choked with excitement," close upon the heels of the giraffe, who went "sailing before him" with velocity, "like some tall ship upon the ocean's bosom." The half-choked sportsman dismounts to fire, and "the mottled carcase presenting a fair and *inviting* mark," he has "the satisfaction of hearing two balls tell roundly" upon the back of his towering victim. They are not sufficient; so he remounts, and again pursues. He and his horse tumble into a hole, by which his rifle is broken; he scrambles up again, however, and binding his rifle-barrel to the stock with a handkerchief, once more gives chase. Meanwhile the weary and no less innocent giraffe had stood still to allow of his approach. The hunter is now in a state of wild excitement at finding that the lock of his rifle will not act:

in vain he looks around for a stone, and seeks in every pocket for his knife, "with which, either to strike the copper cap, or *hamstring* the colossal *but harmless* animal," who stood waiting for his doom. The reader will rejoice to hear that the giraffe escapes. A few days afterwards, however, Sir Cornwallis Harris suddenly comes upon a herd of thirty giraffes, and his blood "courses like quicksilver through his veins" as he gallops after them. Coming up with the fugitives, he singles out their "lordly chief," and "applying the muzzle of the rifle towards his dappled shoulder, draws both triggers."

The conclusion of the affair is given in these words:—"Mute, dignified, and majestic, stood the *unfortunate* victim, occasionally *stooping his elastic neck towards his persecutor*, the tears trickling from the lashes of his dark humid eye, as broadside after broadside was poured into his brawny front:"

> "His drooping head sinks gradually low,
> And through his side the last drops ebbing slow,
> From the red gash," &c.

Presently a convulsive shivering seized his limbs, his coat stood on end, his lofty frame began to totter, and, at the *seventeenth* discharge from the deadly grooved bore, "like a falling minaret, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust." "Never shall I forget the intoxicating excitement of the moment! At last, then, the summit of my ambition was attained, and the towering giraffe laid low. Tossing my turbanless cap into the air, *alone in the wild wood, I hurraed with bursting exultation*, and unsaddling my steed, sunk, exhausted *with delight, beside* the noble prize I had won."

All this is very pretty and improving,—especially the poetry. Whether the poetry and the bursting exultation go quite well together, is a point the curious reader will consider, perhaps.

Far be it from us to require of those engaged in the excitement of the chase, the inward, or self-governed enthusiasm of the scientific observer and student of nature. We would not say to a man, in a moment of madness, "My friend! you should moderate your transports;" but we would say to every member of the great family of man: Remember, that when we destroy life of any kind, we destroy something which we did not give, cannot restore, do not understand—which has many principles and elements exactly like our own—which demands of us, when we take it without provocation or need of self-preservation, that we should not cast aside our common human feelings.

How very different is the effect upon our minds, where the hunter meets with a wild beast—whom we may regard as an antagonist worthy of his prowess—where there is a doubt as to the result, and who is, moreover, the first assailant! When a hunter lies down before his night-fire, surrounded by his friends, and a lion leaps in among them and carries off his man—the chase of that royal savage, the contest, and the death—constitute an adventure of that legitimate excitement which commands everybody's sympathy. Even the pain we feel at the sufferings and horror, if not the death, of the man carried off, is somewhat tempered in our emotions by the recollection that he was a hunter, and came there to kill the lion; so that if the lion knew that fact (and we cannot tell but instinct may go so far), he would argue that his assault was "all fair," and a thing to be expected by those who intruded on his domains. But, when lions, or any other wild beasts, are wantonly attacked and destroyed for no other purpose than to afford an exciting amusement, we think it is time those delights of a barbarous age were discountenanced among civilised nations.

Of the force of character, however, which some of these scenes display, no doubt can be entertained. The strength and courage of the lion is so great that, although he is seldom four feet in height, he is more than a match for fierce animals of three or four times his size, such as the buffalo. He will even attack a rhinoceros or an elephant, if provoked. He possesses such extraordinary muscular power, that he has been known to kill and carry off a heifer of two years old in his mouth, and, after being pursued by herdsmen on horseback for five hours, it has been found that he has scarcely ever allowed the body of the heifer to touch the ground during the whole distance! But here is an instance of strength in a man—a different sort of strength—which surpasses all we ever heard of a lion:—

Three officers in the East Indies—Captain Woodhouse, Lieutenant Delamain, and Lieutenant Laing—being informed that two lions had made their appearance, in a jungle, at some twenty miles' distance from their cantonment, rode off in that direction to seek an engagement. They soon found the "lordly strangers," or, natives, we should rather say. One of the lions was killed by the first volley they fired; the other retreated across the country. The officers pursued, until the lion, making an abrupt curve, returned to his jungle. They then mounted an elephant, and went in to search for him. They found him standing under a bush, looking directly towards them. He sought no conflict, but, seeing them approach, he at once accepted the first challenge, and sprang at the elephant's head, where he hung on. The officers fired; in the excitement of the onset their aim was defeated, and the lion only wounded. The elephant meanwhile had shaken him off, and, not liking such an antagonist, refused to face him again. The lion did not pursue, but stood waiting. At length the elephant was persuaded to advance once more; seeing

which, the lion became furious, and rushed to the contest. The elephant turned about to retreat, and the lion springing upon him from behind, grappled his flesh with teeth and claws, and again hung on. The officers fired, while the elephant kicked with all his might; but, though the lion was dislodged, he was still without any mortal wound, and retired into the thicket, content with what he had done in return for the assault. The officers had become too excited to desist; and in the fever of the moment, as the elephant, for *his* part, now directly refused to have anything more to do with the business, Captain Woodhouse resolved to dismount, and go on foot into the jungle. Lieutenant Delamain and Lieutenant Laing dismounted with him, and they followed in the direction the lion had taken. They presently got sight of him, and Captain Woodhouse fired, but apparently without any serious injury, as they saw "the mighty lord of the woods" retire deeper into the thicket "with the utmost composure." They pursued, and Lieutenant Delamain got a shot at the lion. This was to be endured no longer, and forth came the lion, dashing right through the bushes that intervened, so that he was close upon them in no time. The two lieutenants were just able to escape out of the jungle to re-load, but Captain Woodhouse stood quietly on one side, hoping the lion would pass him unobserved. This was rather too much to expect after all he had done. The lion darted at him, and in an instant, "as though by a stroke of lightning," the rifle was broken and knocked out of his hand, and he found himself in the grip of the irresistible enemy whom he had challenged to mortal combat. Lieutenant Delamain fired at the lion without killing him, and then again retreated to re-load. Meantime, Captain Woodhouse and the lion were both lying wounded on the ground, and the lion began to craunch his arm. In this dreadful position Captain Woodhouse had the presence of mind, and the fortitude, amidst the horrible pain he endured, to lie perfectly still—knowing that if he made any resistance now, he would be torn to pieces in a minute. Finding all motion had ceased, the lion let the arm drop from his mouth, and quietly crouched down with his paws on the thigh of his prostrate antagonist. Presently Captain Woodhouse, finding his head in a painful position, unthinkingly raised one hand to support it, whereupon the lion again seized his arm, and craunched it higher up. Once more, notwithstanding the intense agony, and yet more intense apprehension of momentary destruction, Captain Woodhouse had the strength of will and self-command to lie perfectly still. He remained thus, until his friends discovering his situation, were hastening up, but upon the wrong side, so that their balls might possibly pass through the lion, and hit him. Without moving, or manifesting any hasty excitement, he was heard to say, in a low voice, "To the other side!—to the other side!" They hurried round. Next moment the magnanimous lion lay dead by the side of a yet stronger nature than his own.

Diedrik Müller, during his hunting time in South Africa, as related in the work previously quoted, came suddenly upon a lion. The lion did not attack him, but stood still—as though he would have said, "Well, what do you want here in my desert?" Müller alighted from his horse, and took deliberate aim at the lion's forehead. Just as he drew the trigger, his horse gave a start of terror, and the hunter missed his aim. The lion sprang forward; but, finding that the man stood still—for he had no time either to remount his horse, or take to his heels—the lion stopped within a few paces, and stood still also, confronting him. The man and the lion stood looking at each other for some minutes; the man never moved; at length the lion slowly turned, and walked away. Müller began hastily to re-load his gun. The lion looked back over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and instantly returned. Could words speak plainer? Müller, of course, held his hand, and remained motionless. The lion again moved off, warily. The hunter began softly to ram down his bullet. Again the lion looked back, and gave a threatening growl. This was repeated between them until the lion had retired to some distance, when he bounded into a thicket.

Impressed in various ways by these exciting scenes of savage life and death, how peculiarly soothing and quieting—we might say, humanising—is the effect produced on the mind and feelings by turning to a work like the "Observations in Natural History," where we find a benevolent and indefatigable country clergyman rising before daybreak, and wandering about the dewy fields, and through the misty woods, and down quiet green lanes, noting all objects, signs, and tokens, by which the nature and habits of living creatures are displayed. "I have occasionally had the curiosity," says Mr. Jenyns, "to note down the exact time at which the different species of birds are first heard on a fine summer's morning." On a certain day he heard the skylark up and singing at two in the morning; next, at twenty minutes after two, he heard the cock crow; at three o'clock the thrush sang; at ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes after each other, came the song and cry of the yellowhammer, the swallow, the blackbird, the duck, ring-dove, rook, &c. On another morning the cock was up first, but the skylark was again the first of the singing birds; then came the rooks (a few) cawing doubtfully, as if not quite awake; the thrush singing, the ring-dove cooing, &c. On another occasion, the cock was up and crowing at fifty-one minutes after one o'clock in the morning; then the skylark rose and sang, the ring-dove cooed at two o'clock, the duck quacked, the blackbird sang, the redbreast, swallow, thrush,

all heard; at half past two "blackbirds everywhere singing," &c.

A very curious question is started by the worthy vicar of Swaffham Bulbec (the author of the above "Observations") on the mortality of birds. The mortality must be enormous every year, yet how seldom in our country rambles do we find a dead bird. One, now and then, in the woods or hedgerows, is the utmost seen by anybody, even if he search for them. Very few, comparatively, are destroyed by mankind. Only a few species are killed by sportsmen; all the rest cannot live long, nor can they all be eaten by other birds. Many must die from natural causes. Immense numbers, especially of the smaller birds, are born each year, yet they do not appear to increase the general stock of the species. Immense numbers, therefore, must die every year; but what becomes of the bodies? Martins, nightingales, and other migratory birds, may be supposed to leave a great number of their dead relations in foreign countries; this, however, cannot apply to our own indigenous stock. Mr. Jenyns partly accounts for this by saying, that no doubt a great many young birds fall a prey to stronger birds soon after leaving the nest, and probably a number of the elder birds also; while the very old are killed by the cold of winter; or, becoming too feeble to obtain food, drop to the earth, and are spared the pain of starvation by being speedily carried off by some hungry creature of the woods and fields. Besides these means for the disposal of the bodies, there are scavenger insects, who devour, and another species who act as sextons, and bury the bodies. During the warm months of summer, some of the burying beetles will accomplish "the humble task allotted them by Providence," in a surprisingly short time. Mr. Jenyns has repeatedly, during a warm spring, placed dead birds upon the ground, in different spots frequented by the *necrophorus vespillo*, and other allied beetles, who have effected the interment so completely in four-and-twenty hours, that there was a difficulty in finding the bodies again.

All this goes a great way to account for our so very seldom seeing any dead birds lying about, notwithstanding the immense mortality that must take place every year; but it certainly is not satisfactory; for, although the birds of prey, and those which are not devoured by others, are, comparatively, small in number, how is it that none of *these* are ever found? Once in a season, perhaps, we may find a dead crow, or a dead owl (generally one that has been shot), but who ever finds hawks, ravens, kites, sparrow-hawks, or any number of crows, out of all the annual mortality that must occur in their colonies? These birds are for the most part too large for the sexton beetle to bury; and, quickly as the foxes, stoats, weasels, and other prowling creatures would nose out the savoury remains, or the newly-fallen bodies, these creatures only inhabit certain localities—and dead birds may be supposed to fall in many places. Still, they are not seen.

A distinction has been made since the time of White of Selborne, between *in-door* and *out-of-door* naturalists. It is not made invidiously, as each class may be said, in general, to depend upon the other; few men unite the two qualifications of indefatigable search and observation out of doors, and laborious and patient examination, comparison, classification, and so forth, in sedentary seclusion. Both are students of Nature, but the out-of-door naturalists may be said to take her at first hand. Of this latter class is the Reverend Mr. Jenyns, a worthy follower of White; and his book furnishes a truthful record of many years of actual out-of-door observations.

Passing over his remarks on the mason wasp, who builds a nest for its eggs, and then leaves in it an imprisoned caterpillar for the young to feed upon as soon as hatched by the warm season; on the bees, who, he found, got drunk with the narcotic juices or odours of dahlias; on his seeing thrushes carry snails to knock their heads upon a stone, and thus crack them for eating; on his being able to distinguish the season by the sounds of animals in the fields, and insect life in the air (Humboldt says he could tell what o'clock it was by the hum of the insects, and the different sensations of their poisonous stings!); and on the stockdove, in whose crop he found seeds which had begun to sprout; we will take the following delightful story about a pair of robins:—

A pair of robins built their nest in the old ivy of a garden wall, and the hen shortly afterwards sat in maternal pride upon four eggs. The gardener came to clip the ivy; and, not knowing of the nest, his shears cut off a part of it, so that the four eggs fell to the ground. Dropping on leaves, they were not broken. Notice being attracted by the plaintive cries of the hen bird, the eggs were restored to the nest, which the gardener repaired. The robins returned, the hen sat upon the eggs, and in a few days they were hatched. Shortly afterwards, the four little ones were all found lying upon the ground beneath, cold, stiff, and lifeless. The gardener's repairs of the nest had not been according to the laws of bird-architecture, and a gap had broken out. The four unfledged little ones were taken into the house, and, efforts being made to revive them by warmth, they presently showed signs of life, recovered, and were again restored to the nest. The gap was filled up by stuffing a small piece of drugget into it. The parent robins, perched in a neighbouring tree, watched all these operations, without displaying any alarm for the result, and, as soon as they were completed, returned to the nest. All went on well for a day or two; but misfortune seemed never

weary of tormenting this little family. A violent shower of rain fell. The nest being exposed, by the close clipping of the ivy leaves, the drugget got sopped, the rain half filled the nest, and the gardener found the four little ones lying motionless in the water. Once more, they were taken away, dried near the fire, and placed in the nest of another bird fixed in a tree opposite the ivy. The parent birds in a few minutes occupied the nest, and never ceased their attentions until the brood were able to fly, and take care of themselves.

The story we have already related of Diedrik Müller's lion, is surpassed by another of a similar kind, which we take to be about the best lion-story that zoological records can furnish.

A hunter, in the wilds of Africa, had seated himself on a bank near a pool, to rest, leaving his gun, set upright against a rock, a few feet behind him. He was alone. Whether he fell asleep, or only into a reverie, he did not know, but suddenly he saw an enormous lion standing near him, attentively observing him. Their eyes met, and thus they remained, motionless, looking at each other. At length the hunter leaned back, and slowly extended his arm towards his gun. The lion instantly uttered a deep growl, and advanced nearer. The hunter paused. After a time, he very gradually repeated the attempt, and again the lion uttered a deep growl, the meaning of which was not to be mistaken. This occurred several times (as in the former case), until the man was obliged to desist altogether. Night approached; the lion never left him the whole night. Day broke; the lion still was there, and remained there the whole day. The hunter had ceased to make any attempt to seize his gun, and saw that his only hope was to weary the lion out by the fortitude of a passive state, however dreadful the situation. All the next night the lion remained. The man, worn out for want of sleep, dared not to close his eyes, lest the lion, believing him to be dead, should devour him. All the provision in his wallet was exhausted. The third night arrived. Being now utterly exhausted, and having dropped off to sleep, several times, and as often come back to consciousness with a start of horror at finding he had been asleep, he finally sunk backward, and lay in a dead slumber. He never awoke till broad day, and then found that the lion was gone.

On the question of "best" stories of animals, there are so many excellent stories of several species that the superlative degree may be hard to determine. Setting down the above, however, as the best lion-story, we will give what we consider to be (up to this time) the best elephant-story. In one of the recent accounts of scenes of Indian warfare (the title of the book has escaped us, and perhaps we met with the narrative in a printed letter), a body of artillery was described as proceeding up a hill, and the great strength of elephants was found highly advantageous in drawing up the guns. On the carriage of one of these guns, a little in front of the wheel, sat an artilleryman, resting himself. An elephant, drawing another gun, was advancing in regular order close behind. Whether from falling asleep, or over-fatigue, the man fell from his seat, and the wheel of the gun-carriage, with its heavy gun, was just rolling over him. The elephant comprehending the danger, and seeing that he could not reach the body of the man with his trunk, seized the wheel by the top, and, lifting it up, passed it carefully over the fallen man, and set it down on the other side.

The best dog-story—though there are a number of best stories of this honest fellow—we fear is an old one; but we cannot forbear telling it, for the benefit of those who may not have met with it before. A surgeon found a poor dog, with his leg broken. He took him home, set it, and in due time gave him his liberty. Off he ran. Some months afterwards the surgeon was awoke in the night by a dog barking loudly at his door. As the barking continued, and the surgeon thought he recognised the voice, he got up, and went down stairs. When he opened the door, there stood his former patient, wagging his tail, and by his side another dog—a friend whom he had brought—who had also had the misfortune to get a leg broken. There is another dog-story of a different kind, told by Mr. Jenyns, which we think very amusing. A poodle, belonging to a gentleman in Cheshire, was in the habit of going to church with his master, and sitting with him in the pew during the whole service. Sometimes his master did not come; but this did not prevent the poodle, who always presented himself in good time, entered the pew, and remained sitting there alone: departing with the rest of the congregation. One Sunday, the dam at the head of a lake in the neighbourhood gave way, and the whole road was inundated. The congregation was therefore reduced to a few individuals, who came from cottages close at hand. Nevertheless, by the time the clergyman had commenced reading the Psalms, he saw his friend the poodle come slowly up the aisle, dripping with water: having been obliged to swim above a quarter of a mile to get to church. He went into his pew, as usual, and remained quietly there to the end of the service. This is told on the authority of the clergyman himself.

A hungry jackdaw once took a fancy to a young chicken which had only recently been hatched. He pounced upon it accordingly, and was carrying it off, when the hen rushed upon him, and beat him with her wings, and held him in her beak, until the cock came up, who immediately attacked the jackdaw, and struck him so repeatedly that he

was scarcely able to effect his escape by flight. But the best hen-story is one in Mr. Jenyns' "Observations." A hen was sitting on a number of eggs to hatch them. An egg was missing every night; yet nobody could conjecture who had stolen it. One morning, after several had been lost in this way, the hen was discovered with ruffled feathers, a bleeding breast, and an inflamed countenance. By the side of the nest was seen the dead body of a large rat, whose skull had been fractured—evidently by blows from the beak of the valiant hen, who could endure the vile act of piracy no longer.

Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl-story. He knew a tame owl, who was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perching on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the pianoforte: holding his head first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly, spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. This pianist's name was *Keevie*. He was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of the Reverend Mr. Jenyns.

Good bear-stories are numerous. One of the best we take from the "Zoological Anecdotes." At a hunt in Sweden, an old soldier was charged by a bear. His musket missed fire, and the animal being close upon him, he made a thrust, in the hope of driving the muzzle of his piece down the bear's throat. But the thrust was parried by one of the huge paws with all the skill of a fencer, and the musket wrested from the soldier's hand, who was forthwith laid prostrate. He lay quiet, and the bear, after smelling, thought he was dead, and then left him to examine the musket. This he seized by the stock, and began to knock about, as though to discover wherein its virtue consisted, when the soldier could not forbear putting forth one hand to recover his weapon. The bear immediately seized him by the back of the head, and tore his scalp over his crown, so that it fell over the soldier's face. Notwithstanding his agony, the poor fellow restrained his cries, and again pretended death. The bear laid himself upon his body, and thus remained, until some hunters coming up relieved him from this frightful situation. As the poor fellow rose, he threw back his scalp with his hand, as though it had been a peruke, and ran frantically towards them, exclaiming—"The bear! the bear!" So intense was his apprehension of his enemy, that it made him oblivious of his bodily anguish. He eventually recovered, and received his discharge in consequence of his loss of hair. There is another bear-story in this work, which savours—just a little—of romance. A powerful bull was attacked by a bear in a forest, when the bull succeeded in striking both horns into his assailant, and pinning him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead—the bear, of his wounds; the bull, (either fearing, or, from obstinate self-will, refusing, to relinquish his position of advantage) of starvation!

The best cat-and-mouse story (designated "Melancholy Accident—a Cat killed by a Mouse") is to be found in "The Poor Artist," the author of which seems to have derived the story from a somewhat questionable source, though we must admit the possibility. "A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn, and let it go again, in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing only one hole possible to escape into—namely, the round red throat of the cat, very visible through her open mouth—took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and into her throat he struggled and stuffed himself; and so the cat was suffocated." It reads plausibly; let us imagine it was true.

The best spider-and-fly story we also take from the last-named book. "A very strong, loud, blustering fellow of a blue-bottle fly bounced accidentally into a spider's web. Down ran the old spider, and threw her long arms round his neck; but he fought, and struggled, and blew his drone, and fuzzed, and sung sharp, and beat, and battered, and tore the web in holes—and so got loose. The spider would not let go her hold round him—and *the fly flew away with the spider!*" This is related on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell, the naturalist, who witnessed the heroic act.

SMITHFIELD RACES.

KEEN lovers of the glories of the turf are not to be dejected by a foggy morning. Friday opened with a cutting north-east wind, a grey sky, and a heavy atmosphere; but our glass stood at fair weather (the works having been removed, as we afterwards ascertained, by a high-spirited boy, then home for the holidays); so we assumed our sporting attire, and sallied forth, light at heart, for the enjoyments of the day. Everybody knows that the road to the races is usually enjoyed more keenly than the contests of the horses upon the course; and on this occasion the journey was not altogether a dull one. Omnibuses, loaded with well-pomatumed clerks, were crawling along the way; a few carriages, filled with "nobs," were here and there hemmed-in by the equipages of our turf friends, and sparkling dialogues of a technical nature, as to the skill and appearance of all parties, were going forward briskly. It was a happy sight, however, to notice the real sporting boys on their way to the races, in turn-outs of various degrees of elegance. In the Blackfriars Road, particularly, the sight was one to

thrill the pulses with delight. Here we noticed many animals that appeared to have undergone a severe training in omnibuses and other hackney vehicles; but some of the donkeys looked fresh, though we were afraid that the choice "spirits" who were mounted upon them were working them a little too fast before reaching the ground. As the day advanced, and we neared Smithfield Racecourse (the scene of so many glories!) the clouds cleared off; and, encouraged, in all probability, by the appearance of the sun, considerable numbers of the fair sex (apples and herrings having been removed from their private trucks for the occasion) made their appearance, seated upon these elegant open vehicles, and advanced rapidly in the direction of the exciting scene. On we went, at a splitting pace—down the Blackfriars Road—to the New Cut we have now come again—we have reached the Bridge—crossed Fleet Street—and then, at a tremendous pace, we pass the varied beauties of Farringdon Street, and enter the spacious and delightful Smithfield—the sacred ground of the City.

The scene that met our enraptured sight was one of the liveliest description. All was gaiety—life! Near the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, a considerable trade in choice delicacies was briskly going forward. The more robust were manifesting a partiality for particularly juicy mutton-pies; and throwing occasional glances of ill-suppressed contempt at the dandies of the scene, who were flirting with the effeminate periwinkle. Gentlemen, very properly bent upon showing due attention to the gentler portion of creation, were observed to reserve a quantity of the drink, of which they had made themselves proprietors, and before handing the bright vessel, out of which their faces had recently emerged, to the nearest lady, to pass the cuff of their coat vigorously round its rim. In and near the drinking-booths, commonly called public-houses, the shouts of happy laughter sounded upon the enraptured ear. Knots of eager turf-men were eagerly balancing the virtues of various horses. As yet, however, we could see only groups of the gay visitors—the imposing length of the course was yet beyond our sight. We advanced rapidly; and in a few minutes we had a noble *coup d'œil* of the entire course. Across the noble field of Smith a line was formed, flanked on either side by specimens of the "noble animal," so handsomely commended by Mavors in his memorable Spelling-book. From the point we had now reached, we could observe upon the character of every animal.

The various virtues of the noble steeds defy particular description; but to show the liberal spirit in which the proceedings are conducted, it is as well to state at once that the races were open to horses of twenty years old and upwards. The loss of an eye did not incapacitate an animal from appearing on the course; broken knees were peculiarities that did not excite close attention; and lameness was only a subject for comment when of a serious nature. All these ills to which horse-flesh is heir were fully and picturesquely developed by the animals entered for Smithfield Races. When we first arrived upon the ground, the gentlemen of the turf were engaged in the examination of the mouths, knees, and hoofs of the heroes of the day. Much money (of a copper currency) appeared to be changing hands, and many horses changed owners. Blind Tom, the property of Mr. Jem Toddles, of Fly Court, Walworth, whose exploits in that gentleman's cart are too well known to need recapitulation, was transferred to Mr. Scrubb, of Cow Lane, for the extraordinary sum of fifty shillings. We have no doubt that we shall shortly hear of Blind Tom again—rumour, indeed, says that he is entered at a suburban pound for a considerable sum already—we always predicted great things of him. He certainly did his work at Smithfield, trotting the entire length of the course with ease—having only one man behind to urge him, and one to his head to pull—in less than a quarter of an hour. In his backing, however, lies his great strength, particularly when in harness. It would be impossible, within reasonable limits, to particularise the exploits of all the animals on this glorious day; we must therefore content ourselves with noting down one or two of the more wonderful feats. Blind Tom had hardly been trotted away by his new owner, when a discussion began among the gentlemen of the course as to the courage of the Camberwell Roarer. It was said by his zealous champion that he had trotted easily from Covent Garden to Rye Lane, with half-a-ton of potatoes at his heels, in less than forty minutes; whereas his opponents obstinately persisted in an assertion that his lame off leg would make such an accomplishment impossible. Hereupon his owner explained that the Roarer was lame in three legs, and that when he first started on a journey the off fore-leg was stiff and made him limp, but that when he got warm this stiffness wore off, and then the two hinder legs began to trouble him; so that the animal must be used to these little inconveniences, and could probably do as much as more showy beasts. We took an unprejudiced view of the Roarer, and observed that he had been well broken—especially about the knees. His most vindictive slanderers could not have said that he was overloaded with flesh. The discussion as to his merits and defects grew hot, and many emphatic compliments were interchanged by the parties at issue. That disagreeable compound known as "wholesome truth" was bandied about without the slightest reserve; and curious legal points, as to how many times each party had transgressed the laws of his country, were graphically and pointedly raised. At last it was decided that the animal should show his quality.

His proud owner laid aside his short pipe, and proceeded to tug at the Roarer's head. Seeing that this single effort was not productive of any astonishing locomotion, an experienced bystander was kind enough to recommend the application of a stick—a recommendation which was promptly and energetically acted upon. This happy combination of incentives induced the Roarer to clear his stall, and display his proportions upon the course. Without more delay than that usually necessary for the conscientious administration of a preliminary cudgelling, the Roarer left the starting-point. He went as easily forward as the lameness in his fore-leg would allow him. Gentlemen betted familiar measures of malt and hops on his chances of surviving the day's proceedings; but, being continually reminded by the repeated threats of his owner that it was the time to display his prowess, the Roarer contrived, at more than one point, to break into a trot; shaking his entire anatomy. Without relenting for a moment, however, the Roarer's owner dogged his heels with an upraised stick, at every jerk of which the hind-quarters of the animal sank. The Roarer fetched no less than sixty shillings, including a stipulated supply of beer to be paid for by the fortunate purchaser, for the consumption of the late owner, supposed to be rendered melancholy by the loss of his noble property.

Considerable excitement was caused, at a late period of the day, by the appearance of Solemn Joe upon the course. This jet-black steed was a particular favourite. His pace was not so remarkable for its speed as for its evenness. He still held his head erect, and preserved all the grace of his fine contour. It was reported by malicious detractors that he was a bay mare that had tried "our infallible hair-dye" only once. He was to be disposed of without reserve; his owner having relinquished the performance of funerals, and entered upon the more cheerful business of pastrycook. Solemn Joe fetched the extraordinary sum of five pounds—a false tail being thrown into the bargain. His sire was a famous trotter in his time (as a sporting "nob" of Smithfield confidentially informed us); and his hoofs were, after his death, carved into snuff-boxes by his grateful owner. Solemn Joe was bought by Mr. Muggins of Clerkenwell (who had the funeral of a highly genteel "party" on hand, and wished to create an impression in the neighbourhood), and left the ground attached to the tail-board of his new master's cart.

Other horses figured prominently in the day's sport; and it would be possible to lengthen out our notice of the scene considerably, but we prefer to enlarge upon the most interesting incidents, and to omit altogether those which could not interest the sporting world generally. The liberal minds that preside over Smithfield Races, seeing, as all enlightened men must see, that the turf is one of the most valuable institutions of this great country, and feeling that its privileges should be extended to all classes of the community, have opened their lists, not only to horses, without regard to their age or to their personal disabilities, but also to the donkey. Hence the owners of horses—as Mr. Jem Toddles—are confronted and compelled to mix with the less fortunate possessors of that animal, libelled in the popular song, which has poetically imagined, for many years, the extreme case that "it wouldn't go."

We made our way to the arena—a remote corner of the ground—set aside for the exhibition of animal prowess. Here we at once recognised many of the ladies whom we had noticed on the road, still seated upon their open vehicles; engaged, in some instances, in the vigorous administration of summary punishment to their offspring, or testing, with an undisguised relish, the excellence of the neighbouring beer taps. The expressions of admiration that burst from the lips of the bystanders when, after severe castigation, and a few suggestive hints from a pointed stick, a donkey attained to a canter; the firmness with which certain of the animals refused to move a leg; the choice vocabulary and the keen faces of the boys who had donkies for disposal; are the prominent points of the donkey scene that occur to us at the present moment.

But the road home claims a short description. Horses of every kind, dejected by every species of ailment, afflicted with the most varied action, and presenting the most melancholy contrasts, moved away at the back of carts—were led slowly by serious purchasers—were mounted by daring urchins, whom we expected to see divided into two equal pieces every time the animals trotted—or were harnessed in the most remarkable vehicles. Pushing their way amid these varieties of horse-flesh, donkeys were seen, urged by the blows of vigorous costermongers or their wives. The general conversation with which the various travellers endeavoured to enliven the journey, was of a technical character, which few sporting men would understand. Amid this din and bustle, we were forced to remain some time, in the course of which we learned that ten pounds is a high price for a horse bought at Smithfield Races. We also learned that the races are held at the risk of many lives and limbs of Her Majesty's liege subjects. We did *not* learn that the Police, co-operating with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, are the vigilant Stewards of the Course; but we should be very happy to receive the information. It is high time that the law of kindness were extended to the Brute creation—more brutally treated, but too often, in England, than is good for an Englishman's heart or an Englishman's pride.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS.

SATURDAY in Holy Week, and Easter Monday, were the days on which I went a-fairing this year.

On the Hampstead road, by London, there is a place called Chalk Farm. There was a farm here, and chalk too, once upon a time, no doubt: probably when the adjacent hill bore primroses instead of a gymnasium; but, both farm and chalk have long since disappeared, leaving us in their stead plenty of dust, a railway bridge with a prospect of the railway, a circular stable for high-mettled locomotives, and a big white chalk-faced tavern. Chalk Farm was a famous place in days of yore. It is on record that Jack Straw baited there on his way to and from the hostelry that bears his name. Many a bold highwayman cocking his stolen laced hat fiercely over his purloined periwig, and with shiny (and purloined) jack-boots bestriding his ill-gotten grey mare with a crop-tail, has here refreshed himself previous to a raid on the bagmen, the post-chaises, or, haply, even the mail-coaches travelling on the Great North Road. Many a "hard-favoured man in a grey roquelaure and netherlings of blue drugget, with a cast in his eye," has here made appointments with wealthy City tradesmen who had been so unfortunate as to lose a portion of their stock-in-trade, and who have here received the "eighty yards of figured lutestring," or the "thirteen cards of gold lace, four guineas the ell," which had so unaccountably disappeared from their warehouses, and for the recovery of which they had advertised in Gazettes, Advertisers, and Ledgers, twenty guineas reward, and "no questions asked." Here, long before there was a Regent or a Regency Park, long before Camden had kindly given his name to a town, long before the London and Birmingham Railway was either born or thought of, many a bloody duel, with rapier or hair-trigger, was fought. Many a gentleman, whose nice sense of honour did not debar him from the cogging, the loading, or the sleeving of dice, or the carrying, at *écarté*, of three queens in his hat, and the fourth in the collar of his coat, has here avenged that honour (injured perhaps by oak or whipcord of opinionated pigeon) by "pinking" or "winging" his antagonist. Many a good tall fellow has driven from a drunken brawl to Chalk Farm, in the early morning, while the birds were singing, and before the smoke blurred the sunshine; and has come home on a shutter, stark, bloody, shot dead.

But there are no Jack Straws, no plundered merchants, no highwaymen, and no duels, now, at Chalk Farm. There is still, however, a Fair there, twice a-year: at Easter and at Whitsuntide. To that fair, last Easter Monday, I went.

It was a very hot (for April) day, to begin with: tempered by a bitter easterly wind, eddying round corners viciously, catching nursemaids cunningly, and drifting them all, drapery, ribbons, parasols, and baby, against old gentlemen of mysogynic appearance; smiting little boys on the hip, and savagely sending their caps into interminable space, and their hoops between the legs of grown-up people. But such a sun! such a genial, blazing, here-I-am-again-after-six-months'-absence, holiday-makers' sun; such a blue sky; such staring white robes the houses have put on, and such apparently endless crowds hurrying to Chalk Farm Fair!

The Fair ground was not extensive, on this Easter Monday. It was an anomalous, irregular-shaped patch of broken ground, resembling a dust-heap on a large scale, somewhat; bounded on the North by Primrose Hill; on the South, by the Railway Bridge; on East and West, and on all intermediate points of the compass, by unfinished houses, and fantastic traceries of scaffold-poles. There were booths where the traditional kings, queens, and cocks in gilt gingerbread were dispensed; and where, in gaily decorated tin canisters, the highly-spiced nuts appealed to the senses of the holiday-makers. There were shabby little pavilions, stuck all over in front with the profiles of gentlemen with very black features and coats, and very white shirt-collars: together with a stock officer in moustaches, a vermilion habit, and epaulettes like knockers; the whole being intended to give you an extensive idea of the resources of the "Royal Chalk Farm Artist's Studio," where you could have your portrait taken by the instantaneous magic process for sixpence—a fact which the artist himself (in a wide-awake hat and a blouse) seemed never weary of reiterating. There were Royal

Pavilion Theatres, and Royal Cobourg Saloons, and Royal Amphitheatres, where the old story of woebegone clowns, dirt, rouge, tarnished spangles, and soiled fleshings, was told for the thousandth time. There were a "giant and a dwarf," some "bounding brothers," a "bottle equilibrist," a "strong man," a "professor of necromancy," and a "sword and ribbon swallower." There were weighing-machines, "sticks" (the speculation of swarthy gipsies), at which you might throw for pincushion prizes and never get any; there were Swiss bell-ringers, Ethiopian Serenaders, juveniles, who turned over three times, or threw "cartwheels" for a penny; sellers of cakes, sweet-stuff, tarts, damaged fruits, slang songs, whistles, catcalls, and penny trumpets. Finally, there were many swings, roundabouts, and turnovers, which, crammed to overflowing with men, children, and women, revolved, oscillated, or performed demi-summersaults incessantly; the motive-power being given by brawny varlets in corduroys and ankle-jacks. Add to all this a little fortune-telling, a little fighting, and a great deal of music, noise, and bellowing, with a great deal of dust to cap all, and you will have a fairish notion of Chalk Farm Fair on Easter Monday.

Well, the astute reader will say, *Cui bono*, this oft-told tale? Are these things new to us? Have they not been since Fairs were? Have *we* never been to Greenwich, to Stepney, to Knott Mill, to Glasgow Fairs? Stop a moment: I have but treated of the scene. A word about the people who were there!

Imagine in this broken, dusty, confined patch of building-ground, a compact, wedged-in, fighting, screeching, yelling, blaspheming crowd. All manner of human rubbish licensed to be shot there. There was more crime, more depravity, more drunkenness and blasphemy; more sweltering, raging, and struggling in the dusty, mangy backyard of a place, than in a whole German principality. There were more wild beasts in it (not Wombwell's) than Mr. Gordon Cumming would light upon in a summer's day, and a South African forest. You could not move, or try to move, ten paces without hearing the Decalogue broken in its entirety—the whole Ten Tables smashed at a blow. By sturdy ruffians, with dirty "kingsman" 'kerchiefs twisted round their bull-necks like halters, with foul pipes stuck in their mouths, and bludgeons in their hands, jostling savagely through the crowd, six and eight abreast, with volleys of oaths and drunken songs. By slatternly, tawdry, bold-faced women, ever and anon falling to fighting with one another; and in a ring formed by a "fancy," composed of pick-pockets, costermongers, and other intense blackguards, clawing, biting, pulling each other's hair, rending each other's garments, giving in at last breathless, almost sightless, all besmeared with blood and dust. By some of the defenders of their country with their side-belts (happily bayonetless) all robbed of pipeclay, and besmirched with beer-stains. By beggars and tramps, shoeless boys and girls, thieves, low prize-fighters, silly "gents," and here and there, perhaps, a decent mechanic, or little tradesman, who had taken his family to the Fair, in sheer ignorance, and expectation of some innocent entertainment out of doors.

Heaven knows, I grudge not the workers their few holidays, nor would I for a moment attempt to interfere with the amusements of the English people—otherwise than to increase them fifty-fold. I love to see the poorer classes enjoy themselves. There is no prettier sight to me than the river (even on a Sunday), crowded with steamers, more crowded still with holiday-makers dressed in their best. I glory in Gravesend "eaten out" on a hot summer evening; in the crowded parks, with the merry voices of children; in Chelsea and Kew, Richmond and Hampton Court; in the snug families of pleasure-seekers—father in a tail-coat that morning intensely blue, but now somewhat dusty, and bearing the exhausted provision-basket—mother in a bright dress, a bright shawl, a brighter bonnet, and a parasol the brightest of all, soothing a stout baby, quite worn-out and flaccid with the unwonted dissipation of the day—children tired, quietly satisfied, or elated with the homœopathic "drinks" of mild porter administered to them: with, may-be, one little misanthrope, who has pinched his sister Eliza, and tried to poke his finger through the tapestry in Hampton Court Great Hall; and who has made faces at waiters, and cried at sentinels, and has been threatened times out of number with "catching it." All these, with the decent young men and women cosily sweet-hearting; the simple-minded youths, so gorgeously apparelled, so careful of their apparel, and so harmless; the sensible mechanics, with their wives; the pleasure-vans, the suburban tea-gardens; aye, and the dry skittle-grounds, and bowling-alleys, and quoits, and field-billiards, I delight to witness! Though the sons of St. Crispin may indulge themselves a little on Saint Monday, and the tailors may object to work on a Tuesday, and the carpenters may "knock off" on a Saturday, am I, who also occasionally indulge and object and knock off, to blame them? Am I to grudge them their amusements? Heaven forbid! but Heaven save us, likewise, from many fairs like that I have mentioned on the road to Hampstead!

Also from Battersea Fields on a Sunday morning and afternoon, all the year round! With the exception of the ground being more extensive, and of shows and theatres being absent; but, with the addition of gambling for halfpence, pigeon-shooting, and the most brutal cruelty to animals, in the shape of dog and cock fighting, and horse and donkey racing, or rather torturing; they are as bad as, even worse than, the fair.

This is in the natural depravity of the common people, of course! It is not at all because real education is wanted, or because the common folk must get their open-air entertainments by stealth and while the law is winking, or because anybody—saint or sinner, pot or kettle—proceeds on the prodigious assumption that the question lies between the worst amusements and none; between the declarations of a pet prisoner gnashing his teeth at sour grapes, and the striving fancy that there is in most of us, which even a lecture or a steam-engine will not always satisfy! No doubt.

And now, good people, for the first fair I saw this holiday time—I have been treating all this time of the second—a fair on the Saturday following Good Friday; a fair at Lewes, some eight or nine miles inland from Brighton.

I was at this last-named place early on the Saturday morning, on business. There was but little wind, and, when the sun shone, which it did almost without cessation throughout the day, it was as hot as though the day were July. My business was over by a little after ten o'clock. I strolled a few minutes on the cliff, admiring the pretty Amazons and the bold riding-masters, so conscious of their proud position. I held mute converse with one of the most melancholy monkeys I have ever beheld, crouching mournfully before an organ on which a child of sunny Italy was grinding dolefully an anatomical preparation (so cadaverous was it) of the Marseillaise. In the midst of the hot, dusty Steyne, with its brown herbage, and waterless fountain, and fareless cabs, and memberless club and princeless palace, it looked (the monkey, I mean) like the ghost of George the Fourth lamenting over the ruins of the Pavilion. He (the monkey) spat on the penny I gave him, for luck, or seemed to do so; and I left him scratching his head with an aspect of the most dreadfully woebegone perplexity. I looked in at the Town Hall, where the Judge of the County Court was giving a dreary decision about a smoky chimney; I looked in at the Police Court, where an agricultural labourer (with at least fourteen pounds of hardened clay on each of his boots) was under examination, charged with breaking another A. L.'s head (he might have been his twin brother, he was so like him, clay and all), with a bench, or a four-legged table, or some light article of that sort, in a beer-shop. But I did not incline to Brighton, that hot Saturday morning. Brill's bath, Wright's library, bathing-machines, shell-picking, beach-wandering, or the Ocean Queen yacht, with its three cruises a-day at a shilling per head, had no charms for me. I determined to walk to the station and go back to London.

The first feat I accomplished, just as the clock struck the half-hour after ten. I found the station crammed with people—men, women, and children—in their holiday clothes. Sussex in general, and Brighton in particular had come out in immense strength. Coventry had done its duty nobly, for the ribbons were prodigious. Manchester had not flinched, and the display of printed cottons was enormous. There were married couples with their families, loving couples, old men and young. "Ha!" I said to myself, "I see—a fair!"

I was confirmed in my impression by the sight of bottles, and baskets, and bundles. "A fair," I said, "certainly! Where are they going?" "To Lewes," said the guard, with a knowing wink. Now, I wanted a little pleasure, a little excitement, for I was dull; hipped, to tell the truth, by the heat, and the dust, the smoky-chimney decision, and the melancholy monkey in the Steyne. I will go to Lewes and see the fair! I thought. I put my London return ticket in my pocket, and bought a return ticket to Lewes. The train was very full, and to Lewes I went—to the FAIR.

The newspapers said there were between three and four thousand persons present, and they know best; to my mind and to my eyes there were ten thousand living souls screaming, fighting, roaring with gipsy jollity in front of LEWES GAOL, where the fair was held. Besides the crowds of holiday-makers who had come with me from Brighton, there were thousands more who had poured in from the whole country-side—from Hove, Chiddingley, Patcham, Allinghurst, Hayward's Heath—even from Chichester on the one side, and Crawley and Reigate on the other. It was a rare sight! Stout yeomen on horseback, with flowers in their coats and in their horses' headstalls; lounging dragoons from the cavalry barracks on the Lewes road; women in crowds, gaily dressed, very merry, holding up their little children to see the show; white-haired old agriculturists in snowy smock frocks, and leaning on sticks; picturesque old dames in scarlet cloaks, that might have been worn by their grandmothers when George the First was king; tribes of brown-faced urchins, farm-labourers, bird-catchers, and bird-scarers; crowds of navvies, rough customers—ugly customers to say the truth—very chalky indeed, striped night-capped, gigantic-shood, and carrying little kegs of beer slung by their sides. Also, gangs of true genuine British scamps, the genuine agricultural vagabonds—incorrigible poachers, irreclaimable drunkards at wakes and feasts, enlisting in foot-regiments and deserting the day afterwards—hawking crockery-ware, or doing dawdling work in Kent—sometimes, in hopping time—brawlers in ale-houses—not averse to a little bit of burglary on the quiet, with crapes over their faces and shirts over their clothes. Also a great many policemen on horseback, and on foot. What could so many of *them* be wanting, now, at a fair?

At a fair, too, where there were hawkers of cakes and fruit; where there were games and

sports going on as at any other fair; where mirth and jollity seemed universally to reign, where they were calling for sale "Apples, oranges, ginger-beer, and bills of the play." Yes! bills of the play! I saw one, printed on play-bill paper, with a rude woodcut at the top; indifferently printed, very indifferently spelt. I read it. "The last dying speech and confession of Sarah Ann French, executed at Lewes for the murder of her husband at Chiddingley." This was the play. This was the sight the people had come to see: had waited from six o'clock in the morning to get a good place at.

All the public-houses and beer-shops (Lewes boasts a fair proportion) were crowded. The taps were continually at work; such business had not been done since the day the railway was opened. Eager conversations were carried on in these hostelries. Had the criminal confessed? "Did her spuk?" the agriculturists asked. Old stagers related their impressions and reminiscences of former murders and hangings. Of Holloway; of Corder, Maria Martin, and the Red Barn; of men hanged for setting fire to hayricks, for smuggling, and for burglary; of criminals who had gone to the gallows singing psalms, or who had been hanged in chains, or brought to life again by the first touch of the surgeon's anatomising knife. Most of the better class of shops in the High Street were closed; their inmates were either afraid of the rough visits of the mob returning from the execution, or they were gone to see it themselves. I wandered to and fro, noting these things; wishing to go away, a hundred times; turning, as many times, my feet towards the station; but, ever finding myself, as twelve o'clock approached, with my back against a wall, and my eyes fixed on the black stones of the prison, the awful scaffold, and the hot sun shining over all.

All this time the shouting, and singing, and cake and fruit vending, were going on with redoubled vigour in the crowd, getting denser every moment. Now, bets begin to be laid whether the prisoner would die game or not, and odds were freely taken; the proceedings being diversified by a fellow screeching out a doggerel ballad on the culprit's life and crimes, to the tune of "Georgy Barnwell," and by a few lively fights.

And all this time, I suppose, they were trying to infuse as much strength into the wretched woman inside the gaol as would be sufficient to enable her to come out and be hanged without assistance. All this time, I suppose, (for I have no certain knowledge on this subject) there was the usual hand-shaking, and the usual worthy governors hoping that everything had been done to make the prisoner "comfortable" (comfortable, God help her!); and the usual ordinaries praiseworthily endeavouring to pour into ears deaf with the surdity of death, tidings of Heaven's mercy and salvation.

I stood with my back against the wall, now completely jammed and wedged in—very sick, and trying vainly to shut my eyes. There was a dull buzzing singing in my ears, too, in addition to the noise of the crowd.

Which rose to a roar, to a yell, as some one came out upon the scaffold. But it was not the principal performer. It was a *man*, who, shading his eyes with one of his large hands, glanced curiously, though coolly, at the crowd, and stamped on the planking, and cast scrutinising glances at the divers component parts of the apparatus of death. This was the executioner. *He* knew his trade, said his admirers in the crowd, did Calcraft——

Another roar: a howl. Hootings, groans, and screams of fainting women. The crowd swaying to and fro; the glazed hats and batons of the struggling policemen shining in the sun like meteors.

Two men brought, out and up, a bundle of clothes—so it seemed to me, for I am naturally short-sighted, and was, besides, giddy and confused.

It was propped up by some one, while the man with the large hands nimbly moved them about the bundle. Then it, and he, stood side by side; and, on the bundle, was something white—the cap, I suppose—which I have seen hundreds of times since: which I shall see to my dying day: which I can see now, close I my eyes ever so much, as I bend over this paper. There was no roaring, but a dead, immutable silence. One sharp rattling cry there was, of "Hats off!" (whether in reverence and awe, or to see the show the better, I know not); another cry there was, a gasp, rather, from thousands of breasts, as the drop came lumbering down, and the executioner, (you would almost have thought he would have fallen with his victim) who had stepped nimbly on one side, gazed on his work complacently. Then the elements of the crowd, swaying more than ever, made a great rush to the beer-houses, or refreshed themselves from their own private stores—yelling, screaming, and laughing heartily; then, the cake and fruit trades recommenced, and apples, oranges, and bills of the play were cried vigorously.

The moral lesson would be invaluable, no doubt, to the little children, who played at "hanging" for a week afterwards; to the professional gentlemen, who had been picking pockets at the gallows-foot; to the mothers, who promised their children that if they were good they should go and see the next man hung; to the mass of readers of the narrative in the newspapers; to the boys, who would ask at the Circulating Libraries if the Newgate Calendar was in hand; to the hawkers and patterers, then reaping harvest from the sale of last dying speeches and confessions; to the Railway Company, who had not done so badly by their early trains that Saturday morning; to the crowd in general, who saw so brave a show, free, gratis, for nothing. I came back to Brighton again, and

the train was full of enthusiastic sight-seers. Every minute particle of the horrible ceremony was enumerated, discussed, commented upon; but, I can conscientiously declare that I did not hear one word, one sentiment expressed, which could lead me to believe that any single object for which this fair had been professedly made public, had been accomplished.

This, of course, is, likewise, in the natural depravity of the people. Verily, they are a bad people these English! And, touching the great open-air entertainment provided for them by their rulers, this last-mentioned Fair, they are the great phenomenon of the world; being an effect entirely without a cause! Mr. Grote is evidently mistaken in supposing that the Athenian Government never presented what is in itself so moral and improving a spectacle, but always inflicted capital punishment in private. To believe that it was found necessary, because of their corrupting influences, to make executions private in New South Wales, not long ago, would be to attain the height of credulity. Shall we talk of any want of real education, or of recognised open-air entertainments, and decry these great moral lessons, in a breath?

MY LITTLE FRENCH FRIEND.

Mademoiselle Honorine is a teacher of her own language in a cathedral town south of the Loire, celebrated for the finest church and the longest street in France; at least, so say the inhabitants, who have seen no others. The purest French is supposed to be spoken hereabouts, and the reputation thus given has for many years attracted hosts of foreigners anxious to attain the true accent formerly in vogue at the court of the refined Catherine de Medici. It is true that this extreme grace of diction and tone is not acknowleged by Parisians; who, when they had a court, imagined the best French was spoken in the capital where that court resided; and they have been long in the habit of sneering at the pretensions of their rivals; who, however, amongst foreigners, still keep their middle-age fame.

Mademoiselle Honorine is not a native of this remarkable town; and the French she teaches is of a different sort, for she comes from a far-off province, by no means so remarkable for purity of accent. She is an Alsatian, and her natal town is no other than Vancouleurs, where the tree under which Joan of Arc saw angels and became inspired, once existed.

As may be imagined, Mademoiselle Honorine is proud of this accident of birth, and tells with much exultation of having, at the age of fifteen, some thirty-five years ago, borne the part of La Pucelle in the grand procession to Domremy, formerly an annual festival. She relates that she attracted universal attention on that occasion, chiefly from the circumstance of her hair, which is now of silvery whiteness, having been equally so then, much to the admiration of all who beheld her.

"I was always," she remarks, with satisfied vanity, "celebrated for my hair, and I had at all times a high colour and bright eyes; so that, though some people preferred the beauty of my sisters, I always got more partners than they at all our *fêtes*. It is true they all married, and no one proposed to me, except old Monsieur de Monzon, who suffered from the gout and a very bad temper; but I had no respect for his character, and though he was rich, and I might have been a *châtelaine*, instead of such a poor woman as I am, still I refused him, for I preferred my liberty; and that, also, was the reason I left my uncle's domain, because I like independence. We used, my aunt, my uncle, and I, to spend most of our time at his country place, going out every day lark-catching, which we did with looking-glasses: they held the glasses and lured the birds, while I was ready with the net to throw over them. My uncle, however, was always scolding me for talking and frightening the birds away; so I got tired of this amusement and of the dependence in which I lived."

The independence preferred by Mademoiselle Honorine to lark-catching and snubbing, consists in giving lessons to the English. As, of late, we islanders have been as hard to catch as the victims of the looking-glasses, her occupation is not lucrative; and although she sometimes devotes her energies to the arts, in the form of twisted-coloured paper tortured into the semblance of weeping willows and nondescript flowers, yet these specimens of ingenuity do not bring in a very large revenue. In fact, her income, when I knew her, could not be considered enormous; for, to pay house-rent, board, washing, and sundry little expenses, she possessed twelve francs a-month: yet with these resources, nevertheless, she contrived to do more benevolent and charitable acts than any person I ever met with. She has always halfpence for the poor's bag at church—always farthings for certain regular pensioners, who expect her donation as she passes them, at their begging stations, on her way to her pupils. Moreover, on New-year's day, she has always the means of making the prettiest presents to a friend who for years has shown her countenance, and put little gains in her way.

She obtains six francs per month from a couple of pupils, whose merit is as great in receiving, as hers in giving, lessons. These are two young workwomen who desire to improve their education, and daily devote to study the only unoccupied hour they possess. From six o'clock till seven, Mademoiselle Honorine, therefore, on her return from the five o'clock mass—which she never misses—calls at the garret of these devotees, and

imparts her instruction in reading and writing to the zealous aspirants for knowledge.

"I would not," she says, "miss their lessons for the world; because, you see, I have thus always an eye upon their conduct, and have an opportunity of throwing in a little good advice, and making them read good books."

As these young damsels go out to their work directly after the lesson is over—taking breakfast at a late hour in the day—Mademoiselle Honorine provides herself, before starting to the five o'clock mass, with a bit of dry bread, which she puts in her pocket, ready to eat when the moment of hunger arrives. She never allows herself any other breakfast; and, as she drinks only cold water, no expenditure of fuel is necessary for this in her establishment. Except it occurs to any of her pupils—few of whom are much richer than her earliest-served—to offer her some refreshment to lighten her labours, Mademoiselle Honorine contrives to walk, and talk, and laugh, and be amusing on an empty stomach, till dinner-time, when she is careful to provide herself with an apple and another slice of bread, which she enjoys in haste, and betakes herself to other occupations, chiefly unremunerative — such as visiting a sick neighbour, reading to a blind friend, or taking a walk on the fashionable promenade with an infirm invalid, who requires the support of an arm.

Fire in France is an expensive luxury which she economises—not that she indulges, when forced to allow herself in comfort, in much besides turf or pine-cones, with perhaps a sprinkling of faggot-wood if a friend calls in. She is able, however, to keep a little canary in a cage, who is her valued companion; and she nourishes, besides, several little productive plants in pots, such as violets and réseda; chiefly, it must be owned, with a view of having the means of making floral offerings, on birthdays and christenings, to her very numerous acquaintances.

She is never seen out of spirits, and is welcomed as an object of interest whenever she flits along with her round, rosy, smiling face, shrined in braids of white hair, and set off with a smart fashionable-shaped bonnet; for she likes being in the fashion, and is proud of the slightness of her waist, which her polka shows to advantage. The strings of her bonnet, and the ribbons and buttons of her dress, are sometimes very fresh, and her mittens are sometimes very uncommon: this she is particular about, as she shows her hands a good deal in accompanying herself on the guitar, which she does with much taste, for her ear is very good and her voice has been musical. There are few things Mademoiselle Honorine cannot do to be useful. She can play at draughts and dominos, can knit or net, knowing all the last new patterns; her satin stitch is neat—as itself. It is suspected that she turns some of these talents to advantage; but that is a secret, as she considers it more dignified to be known only as a teacher.

She had a curious set of pupils when I became acquainted with her. Those whom I knew were English; who were, rather late in their career, endeavouring to become proficients in a tongue positively necessary for economical, useful, or sentimental purposes, as the case might be, but which in more early days they had not calculated on requiring.

They were of those who encourage late ambition—

> "And from the dregs of life think to receive
> What the first sprightly running could not give."

The first of these was a bachelor of some fifty-five, formerly a medical practitioner, now retired, and living in a lively lodging, in a *premier* that overlooked the Loire; which reflected back so much sun from its broad surface on a bright winter's day, that the circumstance greatly diminished his expenses in the dreaded article of fuel—a consideration with both natives and foreigners. Economy was strictly practised by Dr. Drowler. Nevertheless, as he was very gallant, and loved to pay compliments to his fair young French friends, whom he did not suspect of laughing at him, he became desirous of acquiring greater facility in the lighter part of a language which served him indifferently well in the ordinary concerns of his bachelor house-keeping. He therefore resolved to take advantage of the low terms and obliging disposition of Mademoiselle Honorine, and placed himself on her form. There was much good-will on both sides, and his instructress declared that she should have felt little fear of his ultimate success, but for his defective hearing; which considerably interfered with his appreciation of those shades of pronunciation which might be necessary to render him capable of charming the attentive ears of the young ladies, who were on the tiptoe of expectation to hear what progress he had made in the language of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Another of Mademoiselle Honorine's charges was Mrs. Mumble, a widow of uncertain age, whose early education had been a good deal left to nature; and who—her income being small—had sought the banks of the poetical Loire, (in, she told her Somersetshire friends, the south of France) to make, as she expressed it, "both ends meet." "One lesson a week at a *franc*," she reflected, "won't ruin me, and I shall soon get to speak their language as well as the best of 'em." Mademoiselle Honorine herself would not have despaired of her pupil arriving at something approaching to this result, could she have got the better of a certain indistinctness of utterance caused by the loss of several teeth.

Miss Dogherty was a third pupil; a young lady of fifty, with very youthful manners, and a slight figure. She had laboured long to acquire the true "Porris twang," as she

termed it; but, finding her efforts unavailing, she had resolved during her winter in Touraine, to devote herself to the language, drawing it pure from the source; and agreed to sacrifice ten francs per month, in order, by daily hours of devotion, to reach the goal. An inveterate Tipperary accent interfered slightly with her views, but she hit on an ingenious expedient for concealing the defect; this was, never to open her mouth to more than half its size in speaking; and always to utter her English in a broken manner, which might convey to the stranger the idea of her being a foreigner. She had her cards printed as Mademoiselle Durté, which made the illusion complete.

But these pupils were not to be entirely relied on for producing an income—Mademoiselle Honorine could scarcely reckon on the advantages they presented for a continuance, sanguine as she was. In fact, she may be said to have, as a certainty, only one permanent pupil, whom she looks upon as her chief stay, and her gratitude for this source of emolument is such, that she is always ready to evince her sense of its importance by adopting the character of nursemaid, classical teacher—although her knowledge of the dead languages is not extensive—or general governess, approaching the maternal character the nearer from the compassion she feels for the pretty little orphan English boy, who lives under the care of an infirm old grandmother. With this little gentleman, whose domicile is situated about two miles from her own, at the top of a steep hill, she walks, and talks, and laughs, and teaches, and enjoys herself so much, that she considers it but right to reward him for the pleasure he gives her by expending a few sous everyday in sweetmeats for his delectation; this sum making a considerable gap in the monthly salary his grandmother is able to afford. However, her disinterestedness is not thrown away here, and I learn with singular satisfaction that Mademoiselle Honorine having been detected in the act of devouring her dry crust, by way of breakfast, and her pupil having won from her the confession that she never had any other, a cup of hot chocolate was always afterwards prepared and offered to her by the little student as soon as she entered his study. When I had an opportunity of judging—a fact which more than once occurred to me—of the capabilities of Mademoiselle Honorine's appetite, I was gratified, though surprised, to find that nothing came amiss to her; that she could enjoy anything in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, and drank a good glass of Bordeaux, or even Champagne, with singular glee.

It happened, not long since, that the friend who had revealed to me the secret of her manner of life, was suddenly called upon to pay a sum of money on some railway shares she possessed; and, being unprepared, was lamenting in the presence of Mademoiselle Honorine, the inconvenience she was put to.

The next day, the lively little dame appeared with a canvas bag in her hand, containing no less a sum than five hundred francs. "Here," she said, smiling, "is the exact sum you want. It is most lucky I should happen to have as much. I have been collecting it for years; for, you know, in case of sickness, one likes to avoid being a burden to one's friends. It is at your service for as long a time as you like, and you will relieve me from anxiety in taking it into your hands." It was impossible to refuse the offer; and the good little woman was thus enabled to repay the many kindnesses she had received, and to add greatly to her own dignity; of which she is very tenacious.

"Ah!" said a Parisian lady to her one day, after hearing of her thousand occupations and privations, "how do you contrive to live; and what can you care about life? I should have had recourse to charcoal long ago, if I had been in your situation. Yet you are always laughing and gay, as if you dined on foiegras and truffles every day of your existence!"

"So I do," replied the little heroine—"at least on what is quite as good—for I have all I want, all I care about, never owing a sous, and being a charge to no one. Besides, I have a secret happiness which nothing can take away; and, when I go into the church of a morning to mass, I thank God with all my heart for all the blessings he gives me, and, above all, for the extreme content which makes all the world seem a paradise of enjoyment. I never know what it is to be dull, and as for charcoal, I have no objection to it in a foot-warmer, but that is all the acquaintance I am likely to make with it."

"Poor soul!" returned the Parisienne, "how I pity you!"

THE CITY OF SUDDEN DEATH.

We are at Naples; and, before us, is a stand of Neapolitan cabs. We make a bargain with the driver of one of these vehicles to be taken to Pompeii, are cheated, and get in. The animals in front, shaking themselves under their tawdry, jingling harness, start off at a pace which I should have deemed incredible in anything but a Hansom. One dirty street follows another dirty street; one noxious smell succeeds another noxious smell; and we find ourselves fast hurrying through the city of the living in the direction of the City of the Dead.

The first circumstance to which I wish to call attention is, that we are sitting in an open carriage on the eighth of January, without a great-coat, in light summer clothing, and yet we perspire. Can this be the same world as that which we have left behind us? Is it possible that, at the distance of a few days' journey, our relatives are shivering and shaking over a fire; that the letters which

we write at the open window will be read over the hob; that the silent toast that we drink in iced Capri is returned to us in scalding punch? While the sun is shining upon us in this unaccountable manner, and reminding us of Hyde Park in the middle of June, we are not easily persuaded that the tip of the beloved Amelia's nose is at this moment slightly tinged with blue; or that dear George is standing before the mantelpiece with uplifted coat-tails, and keeping the fire from his shivering wife.

Here we are on the Santa Lucia, skirting the blue sea. Not that it looks quite so vividly blue as in the pictures, though; but how incomparably beautiful, as it glides towards us, calm and untroubled, past the American frigate lying in the bay! There is none of that marine smell peculiar to sea-side places; but, on the other hand, from the side of the land, one's olfactory nerves are regaled to an unusual extent. The fact is, that the expression "bella Napoli" must be taken with some slight limitation. Look up at the houses, and down at the pavement, and round at the people, and you will see at once what I mean. The sky, the sea, Vesuvius, the islands in the bay, are the only objects which do not at once recall soap and water to the mind as refreshing images. To the patriotic painter who would wish to represent his native city under an emblematical form, I would venture to suggest a perfect Venus with a dirty—a *very* dirty face.

At what a rate the rascal is whirling us on! His whip sounds like a detonating ball. Past the King's palace, with its swarthy sentinels pacing in the sun; past the magnificent theatre of San Carlos; past the Ministry of State; past the Castel Nuovo, with its frowning battlements; down to the sea again, and right through the crowds of lazy *lazzaroni* and fishermen. We are among the habitations of the lower orders; and what a motley group is this which passes and repasses before us! Marvellously constructed little chaises, slung high up in the air, full to overflowing inside, and with half-a-dozen ragged fellows clinging on behind, the whole apparatus drawn along by a solitary lean horse; the carts of the peasantry, with an ox and an ass, or an ox and a mule, or an ox and a horse yoked together; the carriages of the rich, with the *chasseur* in full uniform, and with his sword by his side, twirling his mustachios on the box; the dusty diligence crawling along like a mail of the reign of Queen Anne. On the pavement beggars of every degree of misery and raggedness, eyeless, noseless, armless, without legs, some absolutely without faces, whining piteously for *grani*. Priests of every order, military priests with their jack-boots, priests in lilac, priests in white, priests in brown, priests with crosses on their breasts; friars, with bare feet and waist encircled by a rope; portly nuns, with rosary and crucifix. Sellers of fruit, sellers of maccaroni, sellers of fish. A clacking of whips, a rolling of wheels, a shrieking of voices, a Pandemonium of strange oaths, interspersed with snatches of street music. Thank Heavens! we are getting out of the town, and into the suburb of Portici.

See, our driver stops, and takes off his hat. What is this procession advancing towards us? What are these torch-bearing figures clad in white, with round holes for their eyes, reminding us of the pictures of an auto-da-fé? It is a funeral. Borne with uncovered face on a magnificent gilt bier is the corpse of a woman. So calm, so placid are her features, one would think she is asleep. Behind is carried the modest wooden coffin in which her remains will be committed to the earth. There are no relatives following; only a couple of priests, looking staid and solemn under their three-cornered hats. I don't think I quite like the figures of those auto-da-fé fellows, but I know that I like the undertakers' men still less; and, perhaps, it is not the custom of the mourners here to drink at the public-houses on their way back, or to sit unsteadily on the hearse, with their legs dangling in the air. More dirty villages, more swarthy faces, and into the open country. Now we are driving between two high walls, ornamented every here and there with a crucifix, or a rude daub of the Virgin. Now we are clattering along the open road, looking at the broad undivided fields on each side of us. No smiling garden, no neat villa, no well-trimmed lawn: no Hampstead, no Highgate, no Camberwell. Everything looking as if it were about to tumble down; nothing beautiful but nature; no one at work but the glorious sun above us. I am a cockney, and I begin to feel proud of it. We are at the gates of Pompeii. Who is this ragged fellow, with holes in every part of his attire, advancing to greet us? I should have taken him for a beggar, if he had not announced himself as the guide: he conducts us up a lane, and through the archway of a building that we see before us. What is it, I wonder? There is no need of an answer, when we have cast a glance around us—the Amphitheatre!

The Amphitheatre! Look about you, and own that it is a spectacle worth coming all this distance to behold. From this oval arena, and perhaps [illegible] meet." "Here we now stand, the gladiators [illegible] for the amusement of an audience, [illegible] no more ceremony than a man will now-a-days skip on a tight-rope. The enclosed benches nearest to us are the seats of the privileged classes. What a capital view they had of the fun! Only think, if you were a [illegible] great man, you might almost be sprinkled with the blood of the victim! Higher up sat the bulk of the audience, or that portion of the spectators who may be said to have corresponded to our modern pit; and, at the top of all, are the covered boxes, not for the "gods," but I

suppose we must say, for the "goddesses," —goddesses, who, alas! were not averse to the sight of human agony. In a word, this was the part of the house expressly set apart for the ladies. "What!" I suppose you will exclaim, "did the ladies of Pompeii look on without flinching while a wild beast was munching the bones of a man, or two hired wretches were inflicting desperate wounds on each other?" Recollect, that these poor people had not the advantages of our civilisation. As for the flinching, I don't quite know what to say, for I think it probable that a Roman matron, to render herself interesting, might every now and then raise her pocket-handkerchief to her face, or that a young lady, on recounting the incidents of the spectacle on a future day, might suddenly be unable to stand without the support of her lover; but, depend upon it, they all liked it very much. Depend upon it, from those covered boxes up yonder, they smiled upon the eligible young Pompeians in the body of the house, and looked straight down at the lions and tigers when their glance had lighted upon a briefless barrister, or a captain in a marching legion. Depend upon it, they did all this with as much composure as a British matron of the nineteenth century holding up her child to witness the struggles of a dying malefactor, or the wife of a Spanish grandee flirting her fan at a bull-fight.

Here is the gate through which the audience poured in, and there is the entrance for the gladiators and wild beasts, or "stage-door," as I suppose we must call it. Into yonder narrow cell were borne the mangled carcases of the dead and dying, and further on is the den for the principal performer of the day—the lion. One can imagine the breathless suspense of the audience, as the bolts were being drawn, and the cordial welcome with which they received the preliminary roar, or "Here we are," of the liberated animal. Stay, what is that inscription carved on yonder seat? Probably it is the name of the Decemvir or Decurion who sat there. One must confess that they do not carve with so much neatness now-a-days. Give us his name, and the date when he flourished. "J. Wilkinson, 1847." By all that is hallowed! the British penknife has not spared even these stones of Pompeii; and like Belshazzar at his feast, turn in what direction we will, we are always troubled by a mysterious hand-writing on the walls.

We are handed into the custody of another guide, and led triumphantly through a kind of orchard in the direction of the "Soldiers' quarter" or barracks. What a silent, musty quadrangle, with its broken columns of stucco, once glaring in the magnificence of red and yellow paint—the plot of ground in the centre once actually a garden, and even now, I believe, supposed to represent one—the two stories of apartments, the upper one being for the officers, the lower for the common men—the Centurion's apartment at the bottom, now fitted up into a dormitory for some kind of modern guardian, or sentinel, or guide, whose shirt hangs out tastefully to dry in the mid-day sun. When this place was excavated, before the door of this chamber was found the skeleton of its occupier, and the more humble bones of forty common soldiers; trophies of victories whose very names are now, perhaps, forgotten; instruments of military punishment; lamps whose last ray was thrown on features ghastly with suffering and death; rings, possibly the gift of distant fair ones, pressed convulsively to the whitening lip; the half-unsheathed sword, a token of the useless fury of him who grasped it; the broken spear. But who is there who will not construct for himself, out of the various objects found strewn about, some picture of what that awful moment must have been, when Vesuvius poured her boiling ashes through every pore and fibre of the city and its citizens! Who? certainly, not those two young men, beloved compatriots, who I warrant me will do no such thing. One smokes a cigar, the other wields an immense sandwich; they are laughing and poking each other about with sticks, and "chaffing" their guide through the ruins. I regret to say that this kind of traveller is almost exclusively a product of the British Isles. Dodging each other round the gay columns of the Alhambra —ornamenting one another with pigtails at Mount Vernon, watching intently some good-looking *grisette* in the galleries of the Louvre —dashing frantically out of St. Peter's for some newly-invented pipe-light; what account can some of our young Oxford students, and ensigns on sick leave, give of the lions they have visited? "By-the-bye, Green, you were at Mount Vernon last year, weren't you?" "Yes, and, by George, we had such fun! There was an elderly gentleman with a cocked hat and a young wife," &c., &c., &c. "Jones, you visited the Louvre when you were at Paris, did you not?" "Yes, and, by Heavens, I saw such a stunning gal," &c., &c.

All this is not Pompeii. Let us get back again. How rapidly one object succeeds to another! Here we are in a temple. Where we now stand, stood the devout crowd believing that it was the voice of the oracle that they heard, and the philosopher making believe that he believed it. From yonder elevation the lying priest, concealed from view, counterfeited the voice of the god, and on this altar the augur consulted the entrails of the victim. How pleasant it is to see all those things realised which we were wont to look upon as a creation of Adams, or a pleasant dream of Lempriere! How is it with you? There is hardly an object here which does not recall to my mind a flogging, or a caning, or an afternoon spent up in a corner, or under a clock, or on a table. What is that comfortable apartment at the end? The priest's dining-room! I remark that that is

a never-failing appendage to these temples. I think it was in this one that they excavated the skeleton of a reverend *bon-vivant*, who grasped in his lifeless fingers the thigh-bone of a fowl. Imagination conjures up before us some of our old acquaintance, the fellows of Cambridge and Oxford. In the case of an eruption from the Gog Magog hills, or an overflow of the Isis, would any of them be found, I wonder, in a similar situation? But how striking the lesson to be derived from the discovery of some of these remains! The mother with her child in her arms; the noble maiden in the act of bearing off her jewels; the soldier at his post; the priest at the dining-table! Everywhere the ruling passion strong in death. Who does not recall the last exclamation of a late Chief Justice, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you are discharged," or the "*Tête d'armée*" of the dying Napoleon!

Let us pause for a moment to contemplate another illustration of the same kind. Here, within this narrow cell, you may yet trace in the wall a small uneven hole, seemingly formed by the stroke of some heavy instrument. Beneath it was found the skeleton of a man, holding an axe; and at his side were a bunch of keys and some bags of money which he was apparently in the act of carrying off. It is this man whom Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii" has revived for our entertainment under the name of Calenus the priest. What scene of horror can the imagination of the novelist conjure up, which nature has not already exhibited—and when a modern writer drew the death of Chowles in the vaults of Old St. Paul's, was he aware that the counterpart of his fancy was to be found in an actual event of two thousand years ago?

But while I have been moralising, we have passed into a street. It has been styled the street of Abundance, from the fact that a horn of plenty or Cornucopia figures as the emblem on one of the fountains. What a magic scene unfolds itself to our view as we walk along! Here are the marks of wheels yet distinctly to be traced on the pavement; and the large square stones in the middle of the way which enabled the pedestrian to cross from one side of the street to the other without dirtying his sandals. On either side of us are the shops, now stripped of their contents, which decorate the Museo Borbonico at Naples; shops of surgeons filled with all sorts of implements, some of which had been believed by the moderns to be of their own invention; shops of bakers, with the mills for making bread, moulds of various forms and sizes, and loaves of bread now petrified into an adamantine substance, but still showing the name of the maker clearly marked upon them; shops of oil-sellers; shops for the sale of wines and hot drinks; shops of barbers, not the frizzled and perfumed attendants of modern streets and arcades, but resembling rather the barbers of the middle ages, who wielded the pincers, clumsily wrenched out teeth, and ignorantly prescribed drugs; shops of dealers in lamps; shops or studios of artists, in some of which were found the models from which they worked; and cauponæ or inns—a cross between the British chop-house and gin-palace. How dark and dingy these shops must have been, and how easy to have been cheated in them! They were, indeed, nothing but dark closets, unfurnished with windows, and deriving what little light struggled into them from the open doors. You may observe the very fellows to them in the streets of modern Naples; as you may observe a pretty good imitation of the Roman houses in some of the abodes of the poorer classes of Neapolitans round the city. The identical *capotes* or hoods worn by the sailors and fishermen of the present day are to be found in drawings of the same classes discovered at Pompeii; and if you and I were great antiquaries, and had time or leisure to rummage about, I think we should discover that the modern Italians are indebted for more of their customs and usages than is commonly supposed to their predecessors of Rome.

I do not know how the sight of all these objects acts upon you, but to me it is bewildering. I know not which way to turn, nor where to begin. A collection of wonders on a large scale almost always defeats its end; there is so much to see, that we end by seeing nothing, and pass our time in moving feverishly from one object to another. Half-a-dozen Roman lamps dug up in a gentleman's garden or half-a-dozen coins laid out on his library table, would keep us in a state of comfortable ecstasy for a whole afternoon; whereas I have never entered the British Museum without a feeling of despair, nor left it without a sense of disappointment. For Heaven's sake, let us leave the street, and strive to confine our attention to some one object—a house, for example. See, here is one just adapted to our purpose, the abode apparently of wealth, the house of some rich Pompeian who gave parties, who was fêted and caressed, who was envied and toadied, just two thousand years ago!

The external aspect of the house is very different from that of a modern residence. There appear to have been no windows looking out on the street, and only one story. A long expanse of dead wall is broken by the gate or door. Passing through it, we find ourselves in the entrance-hall, an enclosed space about six feet wide and thirty long. Here it was that the porter kept his watch, not softly snoozing on a well-stuffed seat, but frequently in chains, and with a dog, also chained, at his feet. An inscription, "Beware of the dog," generally gave the visitor an opportunity of withdrawing from the caresses of the animal—an opportunity not always accorded in the entrance-halls of the moderns.

Passing through this hall, we find ourselves in a sort of square courtyard, open at the top,

with a reservoir in the centre for receiving the rain. A boy, expressly appointed for the purpose, rushes forward with a kind of broom, and brushing aside what I had conceived to be merely the dust beneath our feet, shows us a richly tessellated pavement below. This courtyard was indeed the principal apartment of the house, and the one in which the master was accustomed to receive his inferior visitors. On three sides of it, is a covered-in walk or colonnade, and opening into this colonnade are several rooms, generally used as the sleeping-apartments of the guests. I conceive these sleeping-apartments, and, indeed, the bed-chambers of the Romans generally, to be among the most curious evidences of their civilisation. Fancy being tucked up in a narrow, stifling closet on the ground-floor, with no window in it, and, indeed, no light of any sort save what was derived from a door opening upon a colonnade! A hundred questions rise to the mind in connection with these gloomy dens. Why were the walls painted of so glaring a red colour, and ornamented with devices, in an obscurity which makes them all assume the appearance of a sea-piece by Turner? How did the Roman ladies see to make use of their looking-glasses? *Did* any one, after all, sleep in these places? And, if so, was there not to be found a large body of sensible and straightforward Romans, who, wrapping themselves round in their *togas*, after selecting some nice dry spot at the foot of Vesuvius, passed the night in the open air, in preference to being imprisoned in the best bed-room of the best house in Pompeii?

Yonder small apartment at the end of the courtyard which we have just been traversing may be said to have corresponded with the modern library or "study." Here were kept the books, cabinets of gems, family records, and such like articles. Small as it may appear, it was, in truth, quite large enough for the purpose to which it was destined. A few rolls of manuscript would have furnished a library over which a Roman Robins might have exhausted his powers of literary description; and as for the family documents, you might have searched among them in vain for the voluminous Releases to Trustees, Transfers of Mortgages, Assignments of Equitable Interests, and other light legal compositions of a more civilised age.

We are in a second courtyard similar to the first—the Peristyle—with a small patch of ground, dignified by the name of "garden," in the centre, and rooms opening into it on either side. The apartment at the bottom is the dining-room. How diminutive, how contemptible it appears to the modern eye; what a chill its proportions would strike into the breast of a diner-out from Brooks's or Boodle's! You could hardly have squeezed more than nine people into it! Precisely so—more than nine people seldom *were* squeezed into it. Amongst the foolish barbarians, whose relics we are now contemplating, there was a kind of ridiculous idea prevalent that, for a comfortable dinner party, that number was quite sufficient.

There remains but the kitchen, and our survey of the house is concluded. It is situated at the end of the peristyle, at the extreme rear of the house, and is of a size corresponding with the dining-room to which it is subservient. There is nothing for us to see in it now but the four bare walls, as all the objects it contained have been transported, in common with all the other objects of value found in the town, to the Museum of Naples. You can see, however, that the walls have been painted, apparently with the figures of the Lares, or domestic gods, under whose divine protection all matters of a culinary nature were placed.

As we wend our way back through these empty and silent halls—empty as the men of fashion who once disported here, and a great deal more silent—can we help reflecting upon the singular changes brought about by Time? Two thousand years ago, how many people would have sacrificed the ten best years of their lives to be admitted into this very mansion! how many were bowing and cringing for an invitation to supper within the envied portals of Glaucus, or Sallust, or Diomed! Could these proud owners and their guests but have foreseen to what snobs those portals would one day be opened, I wonder whether they would have taken such pains to decorate them with paintings and statuary? And in those future ages, when Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander is to contemplate the ruins of London (including, as we may suppose, the remains of the still unfinished Houses of Parliament), will our descendant, in like manner, stalk uninvited through those tall and mysterious mansions, which you and I pass by with fear and trembling, or only read of in the "Morning Post?" The splendid galleries which we enter by means of tickets our posterity may perhaps comfortably spit over, like the American gentleman whom we have left behind us; they may pursue each other round the colossal fragments of the Marble Arch, armed with flasks of the liquid then in use, like the two Oxford students.

They have taken us to the place where the excavations are going on. Considering the length of time which has elapsed since the finding of this city (the discovery was accidentally made by some peasants working in a vineyard), and the importance of the subject generally, the progress which has been made is not so great as might have been expected. It is considered that about two-thirds of Pompeii still remain covered up; and this notwithstanding that the material in which it is embedded is composed of dust and ashes, which, of course, do not present the same difficulties as lava, in which the neighbouring town of Herculaneum is

encrusted. You see how it is: a few men and boys are lazily pursuing their work, in the true Neapolitan style. When any very distinguished foreigner—such as a Prince or Grand Duke—comes on a visit to his august and most clement Majesty, the Ferdinand for the time being, this great fragment of antiquity is paraded and marshalled in what may be termed a grand field-day. In honour of the illustrious visitor, and in his presence, the excavation of a fresh house is set about. Should the name of its former proprietor be discovered, this name is, of course, retained; should none such appear, that of the illustrious visitor himself is affixed: the ruins are thenceforth called "The House of Prince A," or "The House of the Grand Duchess Z," as the case may be. As neither "The House of Smith," nor "The House of Brown," figure in the list, I should imagine that we are not persons of sufficient importance to warrant the assumption of our names for such a purpose. Accordingly the workmen only testify their sense of our presence by suspending operations for awhile, and sending to us one of their body, as a deputation, for wine to drink.

But, stay—our watches point to four o'clock; the workmen disperse to their homes, and our guide warns us that the time for departure has arrived. As we return through the ruins of the stately Forum, let me call your attention to these fragments of columns lying on the ground—or rather masses of stone, half-worked into the shape of columns—the final catastrophe having come on at a time when the Forum itself was under repair. Do you see that last mark of the chisel? Do you notice where the fluting has been abruptly left off? Look at these blocks of stone at the door of the edifice, found in the very position in which they had been placed there two thousand years ago, together with (if our guide does not deceive us) the skeleton of the horse and the remains of the cart that were used to convey them. They were unloading the materials for the reconstruction of the building at the very moment when the building itself was to be destroyed, never to rise from its ashes; and in that long line of roofless houses, that lie outstretched like a panorama before us, people were eating, and drinking, and marrying, perhaps, and being given in marriage, like our forefathers at the Deluge, like our descendants at the last great day!

We are at the gate, where the skeleton of the sentinel was found in his sentry-box. Faithful to his duty to the last, the poor fellow merited a better fate for his bones than that they should be one day enclosed in a glass-case, and exhibited in a museum. Passing through this gate, we find ourselves in the Street of Tombs—a narrow way, lined on both sides with sepulchral monuments. At the end of this street I see our carriage awaiting us. An abortive attempt at cheating, and much violent gesticulation on the part of our guide; the same on the part of our driver; of the man who gave the horses hay to eat; of the boy who furnished them with water to drink; of somebody from the inn where they were put up who did nothing; many unscriptural, and happily unintelligible expressions on all sides; a final shout from the beggars; a crack of the whip, and a rattling of the wheels—and soon Pompeii is but a little mound at the base of Vesuvius, seen across the quiet and moonlit waters of the bay.

A RECOLLECTION OF SIR MARTIN SHEE.

ON THE LAST OCCASION OF HIS PRESIDING AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ART.

If in the fluttering magic of that tongue
Some trace of years, in which its accents grew
Sweetest amidst the beautiful, renew
A fond regret that spirits ever young
Should, as they verge on regions whence they sprung,
Pay, in expression's weaken'd force, their due
To that mortality through which alone
They speak to earth, our hearts attend its tone
With eagerness more rapt than when it flung
Abroad the vigorous thought with fancy's hue
Imbued; for, as from drooping flower, ripe seed is
Laden with loveliness for spring are blown,
The words that tremble as for Art it pleads
Shall glow in shapes another age shall own.

STONE PICTURES.

Once upon a time there was a Saint (still flourishing in the Calendar), called Aloysius; a Latinized connexion, I am induced to think, of our old friend, St. Eloi, so famous for his rebuke to the good king Dagobert, touching the slovenliness of his toilette. After this saint, was christened, towards the close of the last century, the child of poor parents, in the good old catholic, art-loving, beer-bibbing Munich. This little Aloysius, growing up to manhood, was known among his fellows as Aloys Senefelder; and some of my readers may have heard of him as the inventor of Lithography.

Aloys Senefelder had the misfortune to be one of the garret school of inventors. His life was a struggle; and, although he lived to see his invention spread over all the world almost, he never achieved world-wide fame; and died anything but a millionnaire. Inventors are wiser now. They take care to associate their names with their discoveries. We cannot wear waterproof coats without calling to mind Mr. Macintosh. We must think of M. Daguerre a little, while sitting to the urbane M. Claudet for our portrait; and, down in a coal-mine, the sight of a safety-lamp must surely call up some thoughts of Sir Humphry Davy. Had poor Aloys Senefelder (dead in Munich yonder, without statue or testimonial) called his invention Senefeldography, or the Aloysotype, he might possibly have snatched some little modicum

of posthumous fame; whereas now, the present generation know and hear a great deal less about him than of Joseph Ady, or Professor Blenkinsop.

I like the quaint legends—the little anecdotical *ana*, attached to the inventions whose origin we cannot always understand. I like the story of the apple that fell on good Sir Isaac Newton's hose; of Doctor Franklin and his kite; of little Benjamin West inventing the camera obscura, in his darkened bedroom, when getting well of a fever, and little dreaming—mild young Quaker—that somebody else had invented it. two years before, on the other side of the Atlantic, four thousand miles away! Most of all do I affect the traditional anecdotes relative to painting and engraving. Touching the last, it is curious that nearly all the legends concerning it should be connected with that very humble adjunct to domestic economy, the wash-tub. A bundle of wet linen, thrown on a steel cuirass, which had been engraved in *aniello*, and on which a faint impression of the pattern came off, was the germ of plate engraving; the little *radiculum*, from which the works of Woollet, and Landseer, and Cousins were to spring. A hard day's wash, souring the always somewhat acrid temper of Dame Alice, wife of Master Albert Durer, drove him for refuge to his wood-blocks, and goaded him to the devising of that marvellous art of cross-hatching, in wood engraving, as lost and ignored, for centuries afterwards, as the cunning trick of staining ruby glass, or tempering poignard blades. And, lastly, comes the legend of Aloys Senefelder's invention of Lithography, which I will narrate presently.

Senefelder was what some people call an universal genius, and others, less respectfully, a jack-of-all-trades. He could do a little of everything, but not much of anything. He could paint a little, and engrave a little, and play the fiddle a little, and copy music, and compose, and write poetry. He was not lucky. He burned to publish; but publishers would have none of his works: managers refused his operas, connoisseurs looked coldly on his pictures, singers declined to sing his songs, or to listen to his fiddle-playing. Moreover, the poor fellow found out that copperplates were very expensive, that credit was difficult to be obtained, that printing costs money, and that paper was not to be had gratis. When he found that he could not get printers to bestow type-metal on his manuscripts, he essayed to engrave them on copper, and to have them struck off by a new species of surface-printing. Reversing the process of etching, where the design is eaten or corroded into the plate; he proposed to write on the copper with a peculiar composition of wax and resin, which should withstand the action of acid; then to corrode away the blank portions of copper left untouched, and so leave the letters written in relief. But he found that it was exceedingly difficult to write backwards, and more difficult still to correct any errors; he burnt his fingers with aquafortis, which persisted in biting the plate in little pools or holes, instead of lowering it equally; and, worst of all, the mercenary coppersmith refused to let him have any more plates, and poor Aloysius was in despair. I have no doubt, moreover, that Frau Senefelder, his mother, did not lead him a very quiet life, but objected strongly against "poking, and messing, and pottering with nasty plates and things," and was frequently moved to wrath by the holes burnt in her blankets by aquafortis, and the spoiling of her clean floors with melted wax and rosin, and the lamp blacking of her tablecloth, and the abduction of her best worsted stockings for plate-rubbers.

Now Aloys, not being able to procure any new plates, bethought himself of the expediency of rubbing the engraving off some of the old ones, and polishing them up for fresh use. He found, however, that most of the rotten stones and emery he used for polishing were not subtle enough; they were so coarse that they made more scratches on the plate than they removed. In this dilemma he called to mind that there were stones found on the banks of the river Iser, very soft, and very calcareous, and thus suited to his purpose. He procured some of these stones—first small pieces, then larger ones; but found still that as his stock of stone increased, his provision of copper decreased in most lamentable disproportion. It was all very well to have plenty of stone powder to polish his plates with; but, without plates to polish, the powder was about as useful to him as the ruffles to the man who had no shirt, or a gridiron to the beefsteakless. He tried to etch subjects on the stone itself, but aquafortis made the stone effervesce, and refused to be bitten to a sufficient depth to hold printing-ink. Aloys was in despair. For awhile he meditated the abandonment of his darling printing theories, and of resuming the study of jurisprudence; to which his father had, previous to his death, devoted him. But there were college fees to be paid at the University of Ingoldstadt, whither he was desirous of returning; and that "perpetual want of pence, that vexeth public men," again stood in his way. In his extremity he became positively desperate—infatuated, insane enough to contemplate the possibility of earning money by writing for the stage! A comedy was the result of this madness. A few weeks' dancing attendance, and airing of his teudon Achillis about the Munich theatres; a few insults from stage-door-keepers, and rebuffs from candle-snuffers, brought him to his senses, and convinced him that the career of a dramatic author was one leading to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. So he went home to his mother, and lived for some time, how I know not—

he had not much knowledge on the subject, I dare say, himself—but still he lived. There are thousands of men in London who live in a similar manner. Employment, income, have they none: they cannot dig—to beg they are ashamed; they do not steal—yet they must eat, and drink, and sleep.

Brt Aloys' hope, though bent, was not broken, and desire came, bringing with it a tree of life, when his heart was very sick indeed. Let the simple-hearted inventor tell the story his own way:—

"I had just succeeded," he writes in 1819, "in polishing a stone plate, which I intended to cover with etching ground, in order to continue my exercises in writing backwards, when my mother entered the room, and desired me to write her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. I happened not to have even the smallest slip of paper at hand, as my little stock of paper had been entirely exhausted by taking proof impressions from the stones; nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and we had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my ink prepared with wax, soap, and lamp-black, on the stone which I had just polished, and from which I could copy it at leisure. Some time after this, I was just going to wipe this writing from the stone, when the idea all at once struck me to try what would be the effect of such a writing with my prepared ink, if I were to bite in the stone with aquafortis; and, having bitten away to about the hundredth part of an inch, I found that I could charge the lines with printing-ink, and take successive impressions. Thus the new art was invented."

In the course of Senefelder's experiments, he found it was not necessary that the letters, or drawing, should be raised above the surface of the stone, and that the chemical principles, by which grease and water are kept from uniting, were alone sufficient for his purpose. In fact, the grammar of lithography has its basis on this principle: grease loathes water; has for it a regular Johnsonian, Corsican, inextinguishable hatred. Water, on its side, hates grease. Now, the granular calcareous limestone used in lithography loves both water and grease; receiving the latter, indeed, with astonishing avidity, and demanding fresh oleaginous supplies with a rapacity only equalled by the female members of the horse-leeches family. A drawing being made upon the stone with an ink or crayon of a greasy composition, is washed over with water, which sinks into all the parts of the stone not defended by the drawing. A cylindrical roller, charged with printing-ink, is then passed all over the stone, and the drawing receives the ink, whilst the water defends the other part of the stone from it on account of its greasy nature. In this we have the whole A, B, C,—the accidence of lithography. Grease and water abhor each other; but stone agrees with both. As the scene-painter boasted that, with a lump of whitening, an ounce of red-lead, a pot of glue, and a pennyworth of blue-verditer, he could paint a view of the bay of Naples; so, and with not so much exaggeration, could an artist declare his competence to execute a rude work in lithography on a paving-stone, with a tallow candle, a pail of water, and a pot of lamp-black.

With astonishing perseverance the stout-hearted Senefelder overcame all difficulties. His failures were innumerable. But he went on trying again, and trying back, until he had successively invented the ink, chalk, etching, transfer, and woodcut processes. He experimented likewise in tinted and coloured lithography,—what is now called the polychromatic manner. He discovered the art of printing in gold and silver, and moreover essayed lithography on "stone paper" in the sprinkled manner, and in imitation of India-ink drawings. All this he called the high art of lithography. Touching the engraved process of the same art, he took off impressions in imitation of line engravings, pen-and-ink drawings, aquatints, mezzotints, soft ground etchings, stipple or chalk engravings, and outline plates. All this was done before 1819; and, in that year, with characteristic candour and simplicity of heart, he gave to the world a detailed account of every one of his discoveries; divulged every one of his secrets; laid bare, with childlike simplicity, minute descriptions of all his recipes and prescriptions; took the whole world into his confidence, unreservedly. He had been abused, vilified, misrepresented both at home and abroad; but, in the whole of his voluminous work, we find no passage more acrimonious than one in which he asserts that, if "Mr. Rapp, of Stuttgardt, thinks he invented lithography, he is mistaken." He ends his labours with a suggestion for the application of lithography to cotton-printing, and with these simple words: "I now close my instructions, and wish from the bottom of my heart that my work may find many friends, and produce many excellent lithographers. May God grant my wish!"

Peace be with thee, Aloys Senefelder!

The first lithographic prints published were pieces of music, executed in 1796. The art was introduced into England in the year 1800, under the name of polyautography. It was vehemently abused, vilified, and opposed; principally by artists and engravers, and fell almost immediately into disuse; being patronised only by amateurs. But, in 1819, the late Mr. Rudolph Ackermann, who had done good service to Art and Science in other ways (his shop formed part of the first *house* in London lighted with gas, and people used to walk on the other side of the street not to be too near the dangerous combustible,) took up lithography, published a

translation of Senefelder's work, established printing-presses, purchased a stone quarry in Germany, and devoted himself heart and soul to the encouragement and improvement of the art. Plate engravers, painters, stanch old Tories, and objectors on principle, abused it in a frantic manner. It was heretical, abominable, destructive. The solemn, awful, inexorable, literary Rhadamanthus, the dread "Quarterly Review," itself, sitting imposingly on its curule chair, in ambrosial big-wig and high-heeled shoes, promulgated edicts against the new-fangled invention; and, in a review of Captain Franklin's Narrative of his Polar Expedition, solemnly warned the public against the "greasy daubs of lithography." "It 's all very well in its way; but it must be kept within its proper limits." Proper limits! Lithography, after all, only shared condemnation with railroads; and both have so far kept within their proper limits as to spread from London to Seringapatam, from Paris to New Zealand, from Dublin to Sydney. As to the British Government, it condescended to notice lithography and to patronise it, in the second year of its introduction to this country. The condescension and the patronage were, however, confined to the imposition of an *almost prohibitory duty* on the importation of the very material without which there could be no lithography;—the stones! To equalise the burden after a very Hibernian fashion, it immediately took off the protective duty on foreign prints; and thus threw into the hands of foreigners what before had given bread to thousands throughout the British empire. This was, it must be remembered, at the same time that the French, Austrian, and Russian Governments were sending agents to Munich to examine into and report upon the merits of lithography.

If I have been prolix on the subject of the discovery and early struggles of lithography, it is not because I have not anything to say on the actual processes as now carried on. Let us step into Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and have a peep at a large lithographic establishment.

Up a court, shady and secluded—at the corner of which stands a pensive goat, browsing on the fragments of a dilapidated hearth-rug—is the door leading to the workrooms of the establishment we want. Staggering before us in the sunshine, is an individual of Herculean build, bearing on his back a ponderous stone, the weight of which is sufficient to crush three ordinary men, but which only makes him bend and sway a little as he turns the corners. A swing-door admits us into a large vestibule, cumbered throughout with stones of all sorts and sizes. These are the raw material for stone pictures, just arrived from the banks of the Danube, from Turkey, and from India, where, in the Deccan, lithographic stones are plentiful. The Atlas, bearing the big stone on his back, brings us to the grinding-room. Here, over large troughs of water, the stones are ground, grained, and polished for the different styles of lithography in which the drawings they are to bear on their surface are to be executed. They have been sawn to a proper size and thickness abroad, and are now tested with a straight-edge, to secure their being unerringly level. For graining and polishing, two stones are placed face to face, and water, mixed with silver-sand, being sprinkled between them, are rubbed together—the upper stone being moved in a circular direction—till a proper grain is given. The quality of the sand is carefully attended to, for a grain coarser than usual would cover the stone with scratches, and give the stalwart German workman who is "graining" the labour of commencing his work from the beginning over again. For ink-drawings, the stones, after being rubbed together with water and sand, are washed with water to get rid of the sand, and zealously polished with Water-of-Ayr stone or fine pumice. In this case it is requisite that they should serve, on demand, as a substitute for that boot of Hessian build, which the nobleman or gentleman whom Mr. Warren knew (but whom I never was enabled to recognise) was wont to use as a shaving-glass. In other words, holding your eye close to the stone, you should be able to see your face clearly reflected. Stones from which impressions have already been taken, and from which no further are required, are prepared for fresh use, by being rubbed with another stone and water, until all traces of the former drawing have disappeared. They are then regrained or repolished. Great care, the grainer tells me, is requisite to avoid any particle of the grease-imbued portions of the former drawing remaining. The stone is so attached to adipose matter, and retains it with such tenacity, that chalk or ink marks will yet hold, long after the colour has disappeared. There was an instance, the Teuton tells me, a short time since, where a stone—apparently a virgin one, but which had been used before, and rubbed down, was wanted for a view of the Licensed Victuallers' *fête*, crowded with figures on a very small scale. The first dozen prints were worked off to the satisfaction of everybody; but suddenly, to the horror and astonishment of the pressmen, above the Lilliputian Licensed Victuallers appeared a Brobdignagian spectre of Mademoiselle Taglioni, in the saltatory ecstasies of the *Bayadère*. The stone had previously held a portrait on a large scale of the *danseuse*, and the printing-roller had insidiously rolled his old acquaintance into life again.

Leaving the grainer vigorously employed in effacing an effigy of Field-Marshal Blucher, we ascend, through room after room, where busy presses are at work. We are struck by the prodigious number of stones, not only being printed from, but which are piled in every corner, and ranged on shelves and in

racks from flooring up to ceiling. The quantity of limestone accumulated seems enough to smash any ordinary attic and to swallow up the basement forthwith; yet the foreman tells us that the house is as firm on its foundations as could reasonably be desired, and that no instances have been as yet known of the stone-crammed garrets tumbling into the stone-crammed cellars. Although, he says, quietly, some danger might be anticipated were all the stones in the house to be removed simultaneously; for then it is not improbable that the walls might feel the loss of their equipoising weight so strongly as to topple over from sheer light-headedness. Thus is he, and the district surveyor to boot, of opinion; so, keep the stones in the house, I say; or, being removed, send me, if in the neighbourhood at the time, a good deliverance.

The studio is a large lofty room, with plenty of windows; for you want no concentrated rays of light here, as is required for painting pictures, but plenty of light everywhere. All round the walls are ranged stout wooden tables, on which, generally supported in slanting positions, are the stones. Here are a score of artists occupied in the production of almost every variety of stone picture. The beautiful studies, heads and figures in chalk, first brought to such perfection by Julhen in Paris; gorgeously tinted landscapes from sketches by Stanfield and Roberts, Haghe, Leitch, and Harding; transcripts from photographs of the most remarkable objects in the Great Exhibition; caricatures, political and social; plans and sections of bridges and machinery; charts of railways; maps of towns and countries; botanical specimens; anatomical plates; song titles glowing in gold and colours; bill heads, address cards, "show cards," setting forth the resplendent merits of pale ales and Monongahela whiskey; illustrations for books, transfers from copper and steel plates; imitations of etchings, and woodcuts; county bank notes, passports, statistical tables; fac-similes of autograph letters; imitations of middle-age missals and black-letter printing; reproductions of Oriental manuscripts and Chinese drawings.

Here is one gentleman, in a blouse and a Turkish cap, preparing for the commencement of a portrait in chalk of, whom shall we say? Doctor Cruck, shall it be, Regius professor of Syriac to the University of Saint Alfred the Great? The artist has the professor's portrait painted in oil, before him; and before that, at a convenient angle, a looking-glass. It is his intention to copy the reflection, and not the reality of the Cruck portrait; so that when the drawing is printed, the cut orange held in the right hand of the professor shall still be seen held between his dexter fingers. The first proceeding of the operator, is to slant his stone to an angle of forty-five degrees, and examine it minutely with a magnifying glass, to assure himself that the grain is evenly laid, and that there are neither scratches nor holes on the surface. Then he brushes it sedulously with a large soft brush of badger's hair, lest any stray crumbs or grains of dust should be lingering on it. He then transfers upon it, with an ivory burnisher, an accurately reduced outline of the Cruck physiognomy. The stone is now ready for the commencement of the chalk drawing; and, with sundry lithographic crayons before him, cut to various thicknesses and fineness of point, according to the depth of tint they are intended to produce, he sets to his work. It is calculated that every chalk-draughtsman loses at least one-third of his time in cutting his sticks of chalk; and that he devotes another third to the painful and uninteresting work of laying *flat* tints, so that the great masters, the big-wigs of lithography, have, as Rubens had, apprentices and assistants to cut points to their chalk, and lay their tints (skies, distances, water, and so on), only putting in the details and finishing-strokes themselves. But the artist of the Cruck portrait must do all himself, cutting, tinting, and finishing. How he does his work, it is no more my province than it is possible here to describe. Every artist has, or should have, his distinct and peculiar manner; and to describe, or lay down line and rule for execution in lithography, would be as futile as to tell a painter what colours he should use for faces and what for draperies, or to instruct an author how to describe a storm. He must not sneeze, nor talk vehemently while he works. He must not even breathe hard on the stone, for he breathes a mucilaginous aqueous vapour, which, condensed upon the stone, acts as gum water; nor must he press his finger on the stone, or touch it with his hand in hot, or, indeed, in any weather, for both finger and hand are greasy, and the marks made by them would print. He who sins against these canons will never be a successful lithographer.

When the chalk-drawing is quite finished, the stone is placed in the cradle of a "lift," and sent down stairs to a room on the level with the grinding and graining department to be etched. It is laid in an oblong trough; and nitric acid, very much diluted, is poured over it. The drawing is then carefully washed with rain-water, and is now ready for "gumming in" and "rolling up;" and is, for that purpose, carried to the press-room.

Three stories of the establishment I have endeavoured to describe are devoted to press-work, and may hold, perhaps, twenty presses each. The presses differ from ordinary printing-presses; insomuch as a scraper, a thin piece of hard wood, bevelled off at the edges, scrapes over the whole surface of the stone plate as it passes beneath the lever; thus giving a double pressure.

A press being disengaged, the workman to

whom it is entrusted "to pull a proof" of the chalk-drawing in question, proceeds first deliberately to fill a sponge with as much clean water as it will conveniently hold, and to wash out the whole drawing—the stone presenting exactly the same appearance as it did before it knew chalk or pencil. Professor Cruck's effigy is, to the sight, annihilated beyond all hope. The printer, after covering the stone with a coat of gum (which fills up, where there are no markings, the pores of the stone), takes a printing-roller, charged with ink; and, rolling it in various directions over the surface of the drawing, the latter gradually becomes manifest in all its desired intensity. The colouring-matter in the ink or chalk, I need scarcely say, is merely added for the convenience of the draughtsman, in order that he may watch the progress of his work; otherwise colourless chalks would answer the purposes of lithography just as well.

A chalk-drawing will yield from two thousand to five thousand impressions, according to the care bestowed upon it, both in drawing and printing. After a heavy impression, however, the light tints in the best executed lithographs will sometimes break up, and the whole drawing print grey and cloudy. The darker parts can be mended with ink, but no more chalk can ever be added. When the required number of prints has been taken from a stone; but when it is, at the same time, probable that a further impression may be wanted, it is customary to "roll in" the stone with a "preserving ink," the principal ingredient in which is wax, as the ink ordinarily used in printing would, if left on the drawing, harden, choke up the tints, and irretrievably spoil it.

There are two or three more processes employed in the production of stone-pictures. Our readers may have seen—the fairer portion of them are sure to have admired—in the music-sellers' windows, the beautiful Music Albums, so gorgeously executed in gold and colours. These are entirely executed in "chromo-lithography," or by means of "tint-stones;" and for each colour or tint a separate stone is required, and a separate printing. Great care is requisite to prevent the prints shifting, when many tints are used. When this happens, the gay cavalier's eyes are transposed to the centre of his throat; or a Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's ankles disport themselves in the centre of her gaily decorated drum.

Chromo-lithography, like every other process of the art, was suggested by Aloys Senefelder; but since his time it has been wonderfully improved and elaborated; principally by Messrs. Day and Haghe, Messrs. Hanhart, and the late Mr. Hullmandel. Mr. Louis Haghe, indeed, has been quite a stepfather to lithography; and his magnificent chromo-lithograph of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus goes far to show of what printing in colours is capable.

Such are a few of the methods by which "Stone Pictures" are brought forth—pictures which, though they may serve no very severely utilitarian purposes, yet encourage a love of art among the people; and, with the sister craft of wood-cutting, give pleasure and instruction to thousands all over the world.

BOMBAY.

We left Aden on the 28th of July last, and for the greater part of the passage, up to the 4th of July, we had favourable weather, the monsoon accompanying us and driving us along under reefed fore-sail, and half steam, at the rate of about eight knots an hour, a tremendous sea following us.

Our ship was long and low, and rolled heavily, having in our voyage from Suez consumed the greater part of her fuel, which the stores at Aden were not in a condition to replenish. The south-west monsoon renders the whole western coast of India a dangerous lee-shore, and to be caught on it, in thick weather, in a steamer, without plenty of coal, is to find one's-self in a very serious predicament. That our Captain thought so was very evident. At two o'clock in the afternoon we had struck soundings in fifty fathoms; at four we were shoaling our water fast, with wind increasing, sea running high, and the atmosphere so thick that standing near the binnacle one could hardly see the funnel. As the evening closed in, the captain became nervous. By seven we had shoaled to sixteen fathoms. "I wish we could get a glimpse of the lights," said he, forgetting that if we did—so thick was the haze—they must have been under the gib-boom end. The rain poured in torrents, accompanied by tremendous squalls from the south-south west. "You had better ease the steam, Mr. Jones," said he to the first lieutenant, "and round her to for the night."—"Aye, aye!" down went the helm, and instead of wearing; which would have been the more prudent course, the vessel was thus brought head to wind. During this operation, a heavy sea struck the starboard paddle-box and swept the deck, rushing in formidable cascades down the main hatch into the engine-room, and very nearly extinguishing the fires. The steam generated by so much water coming in contact with the blazing furnaces, rolled up the hatchway in volumes of white vapour, which, in the darkness of the night, made us all fancy that some terrible explosion had taken place below; the same sea inundated the cabin, and fairly drove all its inmates on deck. A general impression prevailed that the ship was going down; which was not a little aided by a succession of heavy seas, into which she plunged, and dipped, and rolled in a very alarming manner. The change, from going before the gale to breasting it, was most extraordinary: the force and fury of the wind—although in reality no greater than

before—seemed increased tenfold, and it was nearly half an hour before we got our head off shore. We then cast the lead; and, finding only eight fathoms, the captain decided on deepening our water, and for this purpose it was necessary to get up our full steam. This, after the thorough drenching of the engine-room, was no easy matter. However, in about half an hour, she was got under the most steam we could raise; and we then began to breast the opposing billows at the rate of about two knots an hour.

For the previous three days we had had no observation, and we were therefore doubtful of our latitude. It was impossible for us to say whether we were to the northward or southward of our port. In this uncertainty we passed the night, the gale increasing, and the sea high in proportion. Our ship being light, rolled gunwale under, and occasionally shipped green seas "over all"—as the sailors term it—which gave all us landsmen no trifling alarm. As the day broke, a change took place for the better; and, ere the sun had risen, a range of hills was seen on our port-beam, showing their rugged outline clear and distinct against the gleam of the dawn. On making the land out, we ran towards it, in order to identify the locality, and soon discovered that we were about thirty miles to the southward of Bombay, off a place called Chowl. We therefore shaped our course for the harbour, and ere long caught a glimpse of the Floating Lights, and stationary Lighthouse, situated at the entrance of Bombay Harbour. By seven o'clock we were at anchor off the dockyard of Bombay.

Few people in England are aware of the beauty of Bombay harbour. I know of no port that equals it except Rio Janeiro, which is not only more extensive and more picturesque, but more landlocked. In heavy gales from the south-south east, Bombay harbour is entirely unprotected; and, in 1837, several large ships were stranded and lost in a hurricane from that quarter. Fortunately, such occurrences are rare; and, up to the present year, no similar event has taken place.

Let us now step ashore, at the steps of the Apollo bunder, amongst a throng of native boats and a crowd of native boatmen, whose discordant cries and yells recall vividly the chaotic confusion of Babel. From natives of every country, and every isle of the countless archipelagos, these unintelligible sounds proceeded. They were vociferated in tones that put to shame the garrulous noisiness of Billingsgate, Naples, or Lisbon, probably the three most noisy stairs in Europe. Once on the bunder, or pier—a roomy, commodious landing-place, armed with half-a-dozen long fifty-six pounders—I jumped into a friend's Brougham; and, in twenty minutes find myself on the top of Malabar Hill, in a villa, or bungalow, abounding with every comfort compatible with the climate of this latitude. The view from this spot—which is one hundred and twenty feet above the bay below—is extensive and picturesque, and presents a faint resemblance to that of Naples from Posilipo. At this time of the year the heat is great, but much modified by the strong south-west wind, which, however, bears so much moisture on its wings, as to make the whole island one vast vapour-bath.

A drive through the ill-constructed streets of the fort and native town is one of the most interesting that can be conceived. The houses are slenderly built, but from their gay and bright colouring, and their great irregularity, offer many tempting bits for an artist. Nearly all the shops are without windows; and here may be seen in unlimited profusion, not only the piece goods, hardware, woollens, and crockery of Europe, but all the countless productions of the gorgeous East, in endless variety. In one are exposed the vivid and tasteful tapestries of Persia, with the gilded bottles, inlaid hubble-bubbles, amber mouth-pieces, and silver-mounted hookahs of that country: in another, the rich silks, the splendid toys, and cool mats of China; in another, the carpets of Cabool and Herat, the gold-mounted sabres of Beloochistan, and the embroidered shawls of Delhi and Cashmere; in another, the gorgeous Kincaubs, brocades, and tissues of Surat; here, a keen-eyed shroff, or native banker, sits cross legged, enthroned on bags of gold, silver, and copper coin; there, a lusty Banian, is enveloped in half-open sacks, and dishes of every sort of grain. In one quarter are piled ponderous bales of Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds manufactures; in another, the warehouses groan with wooden chests of opium, camphor, spices, and other odoriferous commodities; among which, the odious assafœtida fails not to assert its disagreeable superiority.

The population is as varied as the articles exposed for sale, and a crowded street presents to the eye as florid and brilliant a whole as a bed of tulips. Were another Paul Veronese to arise to delight the world with his many-hued productions, what a field would Bombay present to his pencil! It was said of him, with truth, that he painted not with ordinary colours, but with tints derived from the diamond, the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire; and in painting the costumes of Bombay, those vivid colours would be indispensable. The Oriental, with few exceptions, dresses with taste and elegance; the Lundoo, in his spotless vest of the purest white, with his turban of crimson, scarlet, or yellow; the Mussulman, with equally clean vestments, but with turban of a soberer dye; the Parsee, in his crimson cap, which, without being picturesque, is striking; the Affghan, with his flowing ringlets, sable beard, and fair complexion; the Persian, in his robe of striped silk and Astracan lambskin cap; the swarthy Arab,

in his head-dress of flowing silk, with long and pendant fringe; the Scindian, in his becoming cap, that gives every peasant the air of a prince; the diminutive Malay, in his national costume; the quaint Chinese, in his broad-brimmed straw hat;—all throng the thoroughfares in perfect independence of the tyrant fashion; which in European cities clips the wings of exuberant taste, and reduces whole populations to one sombre and monotonous hue. The brilliant rays of a midday sun show all those iridescent tints to great advantage, and no collection of butterflies surpasses the denizens of Bombay in variegated splendour. A few squalid half-naked figures are, of course, to be seen among this motley crowd; but the general effect is hardly marred by their intrusion. However various in race and appearance, one sole and single object animates this moving mass; one sole and single idea occupies their thoughts: the acquisition and retention of money. They are all traders. No Oriental, having once amassed money, sits down to enjoy it quietly. No such thing as retiring from business is known or thought of. Enormous fortunes have been accumulated in Bombay by trade, and so keen is the commercial ardour, that it generally devours all the other passions of existence. The opium trade with China has been one fruitful source of wealth to the Bombay merchant, and the immense riches attributed to the Parsee knight, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, are entirely derived from it. He has made a noble use of his money; and the public establishments suggested by his philanthropy, erected by his bounty, and endowed by his munificence, proclaim loudly to the world, not only his unbounded command of money, but his splendid application of it. He is reported to have given away, within the last ten years, upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling to works of permanent utility. I know no recorded example of similar generosity, during life, in any individual in Europe.

The Parsees are perhaps the most energetic, enterprising, and speculating people in the East. Generally connected with some European mercantile house as brokers, in the first instance, they accumulate considerable sums, which subsequently have, in many instances, been applied to save their employers from ruin. The Parsee community may consist of about fifty thousand, almost all of whom are engaged in trade or manufactures. A few go out to service as coachmen and butlers, but not one is to be met with either in the army or the police force. Next in intelligence to the Parsees come the Hindoos, who outnumber them sixfold. Education is making great strides amongst this class, and the literature of the West is fast superseding the fables of the East. The Brahmins in Bombay are falling rapidly into disrepute, and the true theories of material philosophy are taking the place of the senseless doctrines of their ancestors. As their minds become enlightened, the Hindoos naturally and necessarily abandon the faith of their fathers; for which, however, they decline to substitute the mysteries of Christianity. Next in number to the Hindoos stand the followers of Mahomet, who, however, are anything but unanimous in their doctrines. The Sheeah, the Soornee, the Khojah, the Mehmon, the Borah, the Mussulman from the Deccan, and he from the Konkan, have all some distinctive Shibboleth, but agree in the two great points of Mahometanism—the unity of God, and the truth of Mahomet's mission as his prophet.

The Portuguese or native Christians form a considerable portion of the population of Bombay; thousands of temporary sojourners add variety even to this variegated mass. Armenians, Jews, Persians, Scindians, Affghans, Beloochees, Cashmerians, Bengalese, Madrassees, Chinese, Malays, Arabs, are to be met with at every turn. The rich Parsees, Hindoos, and Mussulmans drive about in very elegant equipages, chiefly procured from London or Liverpool; for the art of carriage-building is not, as in Calcutta, one of those brought to perfection in Bombay. The English settled here are a mere handful in point of numbers; although they are the motive and regulating power of the whole of the other machinery. They consist exclusively of temporary residents, members of the two services, civil and military, of the law, or of the mercantile profession. No settler or colonist is to be found here. All hope to lay their bones in England, and, with this feeling predominant in every English breast, it is clear that not much permanent interest for India can be entertained by this class.

The mode of life among the English gentry is very pleasant. An early ride before the sun has risen high enough to be annoying; the indispensable cold bath; a substantial breakfast at nine; tiffin or luncheon at two, for those who like it; and dinner at half past seven, before which a ride or drive for a couple of hours serves to dissipate the vapours of office work—form the usual routine of existence. Where no one is idle, there is, of course, small time left for literary pursuits, and the lassitude induced by the climate renders it next to impossible to read or write after dinner. Reading is consequently much limited to the ephemeral productions of the daily press. This, for India, is on rather an extensive scale, since there are no fewer than three morning journals, conducted with much spirit and vigour.

Parell, the Governor's residence, is a spacious and handsome edifice, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, but imposing from its magnitude. It contains excellent private apartments, besides a magnificent suite of reception rooms. A ball here in January or February, when everybody is at

the Presidency, is like a costume ball. Ladies dressed in the height of fashion, men in uniforms of every gradation of splendour, a superb military band, rooms illuminated in a manner that shames the feeble efforts of a London wax-chandler, the finest flowers (such as are only to be procured in England from hot-houses) in the most luxuriant profusion, constitute the leading features of these very agreeable parties. Such scenes are not, however, confined to Government House. The Byculla Club occasionally lends its magnificent saloon to this sort of reunion; and the other day the Bachelors gave a sumptuous *soirée* in the grand and classic saloon of the Town Hall; besides which the leading members of society here are continually giving agreeable dances. Thus, here, as elsewhere, we try to cheat existence of its sombre hue, and to give it a varnish of hilarity not quite consistent with its natural tones. The rooms here are, in general, large and lofty, and the profusion of wax lights is, on these occasions, quite dazzling. Nothing can exceed the tedium of a formal Bombay dinner. Tables groaning with Brummagem imitations of splendour, and dishes redolent of the strong and greasy compositions of Portuguese cooks; guests thrown together, in numerous confusion, without reference to acquaintanceship or similarity of tastes or habits; fifty or sixty people seated at an immense table resembling a table-d'hôte in all except the goodness of its dishes, with a servant behind every chair. This is a picture of a Bombay dinner.

The Fine Arts are unknown in Bombay. A gaudy-coloured lithograph would be here as much esteemed as a Titian or a Raphael; and, I fear, the want of taste is not confined to the native inhabitants. Europeans come out so young, so partially educated, and with their ideas on the subject of Art so little developed, that they remain for the rest of their lives as much children in this respect as when they first arrived. I remember once accompanying two Indian friends through the gallery of the Pitti Palace. Their admiration was wholly given to the worst pictures and the worst statues. An artist here would starve; and although the Hindoos have a taste for sculpture, their efforts are confined to the grotesque. This is extraordinary, when we reflect that the human figure in its most beautiful proportions is constantly displayed to them. Some of the men from Hindoostan—who go by the name of Purdasees, or foreigners—are the most superb models for a sculptor that can be conceived. The women, too, throw their drapery about them in the most elegant folds, and a group of Hindoo girls at a well is perhaps the most artistic combination that could be desired. Yet these pass unnoticed and unadmired, except, perhaps, by an occasional amateur, whose other avocations leave him little time to note or perpetuate the graceful scene. We are apt to imagine that the Greeks derived their superiority in the Fine Arts from their constant familiarity with the finest forms, in baths and wrestling places, in the forum, the agora, or the hippodrome. Yet these could only have been occasional opportunities compared with those offered daily in the streets of Bombay. The genius of Mahometanism is opposed to the imitation of the human figure, either in painting or sculpture; but Hindoo temples abound with examples of both. How is it, then, that Art should be here at a lower ebb in the nineteenth century than it ever was in Egypt? Even in architecture the taste of the Hindoos is vicious and trivial to a great extent; great labour and expense are frittered away in the most tasteless attempts at ornament, and not a single Hindoo monument of architectural science is to be seen in or near Bombay. The same may be said of the Parsees, none of whom, even the richest, possesses a painting worth five shillings, although their rooms are crowded with chandeliers, lustres, mirrors, and gilding, of the most expensive character, and all procured from London, which, if desired, could furnish their magnificent saloons with exquisite pictures, bronzes, and statues, at a very moderate expense. Taste may perhaps arise after another half-century of education, but at present it finds no resting-place to the eastward of the Cape. One only good picture is to be seen here, a large whole-length portrait of Queen Victoria, by Wilkie. This is in the possession of the Parsee Knight, and was made a present to him by the late Sir Charles Forbes.

The Town Hall, which contains the library of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, is rich in three magnificent works of Chantrey. These are colossal statues of Mount Stewart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Charles Forbes; the two former in his best manner. This building is, perhaps, the finest specimen of English taste in India. It is in the Doric style, vast and well-proportioned, though a little ponderous.

The trade of Bombay is extensive and important, the imports and exports each reaching on an average nearly ten millions sterling. By far the greater part of this traffic is conducted on commission, the majority of the houses here being merely commission agents. A large proportion of the trade with China and other Eastern countries is in the hands of natives; that with England and Europe chiefly, if not entirely, in English and German firms. There is not a single French house of agency here. Taking the profits on these twenty millions at eight per cent., which I fancy every house of agency expects as its share, we have here one million, eight hundred thousand pounds to be distributed amongst the mercantile community, some of the leading members of which must be annually realising very large sums. There is not, however, much appearance or show of

wealth amongst the cotton lords here, who, generally speaking, live in a very modest quiet way. The great staple of export is raw cotton—the great staple of import the same cotton manufactured.

It is singular that so few indigenous Indian horses should exist. Those employed in our regular cavalry and horse artillery are invariably either Arab or Persian; the former small, active, and of perfect symmetry; the latter, larger and more powerful, but with less activity, and far less beauty. A well-bred Arab has small ears, wide and square forehead, jowl and cheekbones wide apart; eye bright and large; nostril open, angular, and transparent; nether lip pendulous; skin of a smooth and silky texture; fore-hand fine; shoulder not very high, but very oblique; joints large, angular, and well-knit. The back sinew of the fore-leg remarkably large, and standing out well from the leg-bone, pastern rather long, hoof hard, and crust rather high; barrel, round; hips wide, tail set on high; buttocks square, thigh muscular, hock large and free from flesh; tail fine at the extremity like that of a greyhound; temper mild and equable; height seldom exceeding fourteen feet two inches. This is the Arab horse of good blood, and of such about two thousand are imported annually into Bombay, chiefly from Bussorah. Of course, all do not answer this description, which comprises almost every desirable quality of shape and make to be found in this quadruped. Their speed is good, but not equal to our English blood; a mile in one hundred and twelve seconds being about the utmost they can come up to. In England the same distance has often been performed in eighty seconds by our best blood. The average speed of an Arab is, however, much greater than that of the ordinary run of English horses, not thorough-bred. The price of an Arab here is high; young, sound, and of good blood, with power to carry twelve or thirteen stone. Such a horse cannot be bought at the stables for less than one thousand or twelve hundred rupees. The trade is in the hands of Parsee brokers, four or five of whom keep stables, capable of containing from three to four hundred horses each. On each sale they realise thirty-two rupees, seventeen from the buyer and fifteen from the seller, irrespective of the value of the horse. It follows, therefore, that as these brokers generally dispose of five or six hundred horses each annually, they must realise large profits, besides that which they derive from the horses standing at livery.

Another article of commerce consists of pearls, also from the Persian Gulf. The Arabs bring these down in December or January, and return before the monsoon sets in, carrying home in exchange large quantities of Manchester and Yorkshire goods.

Of these orient gems a large proportion is unsuited to the European markets, being of a yellowish golden lustre, and not of that pure white so much desiderated at home. The natives do not despise them for this; and in my eye—which ever delighted in the rich Venetian tone of colour, in preference to the cold tints of Rome or Florence—I must say they lose nothing by this golden hue. The opulent here of every caste possess vast hoards of these treasures of the deep; with which, on gala days, they delight to deck their children and wives. A considerable portion of each wealthy native's riches consists in jewellery, but for the most part the stones are badly set and badly cut. Size, irrespective of symmetry or water, is much coveted, and the consequence is that nowhere are so many indifferent jewels treasured up as here.

Magnitude and profusion are the rules of native taste in the precious stones on this side of India, which possesses none of the skill or science evinced by the jewellers and lapidaries of Agra and Delhi, or even by those in the Madras Presidency. Ornaments of pure and massive gold distinguish the less opulent, many of whom carry about their persons their whole wealth. An immense quantity of the precious metals is lost to circulation by this propensity, which probably may trace its origin to habits engendered by long years of turbulence and warfare, when no safe investment of capital existed. Even now it is difficult to persuade a native of the advantage held out by a Government savings bank in preference to a gold chain or bangle, the ready and ever-available resources of which are, to his mind, more easily realisable than those offered by the signature of a bank secretary. A well-informed native has assured me that he has reason to believe that not less than five crores of rupees, or five millions sterling, is invested in gold and silver ornaments in Bombay. Certain it is, that nowhere have I seen so universal a diffusion of these ornaments as here. The commonest cooley has his gold ear-ring; the meanest artisan his amulet of gold, or his waist-belt of silver—probably both. Should Bombay ever be laid under contribution by a French line-of-battle ship (and one such would be sufficient for the purpose), the bushels of golden ornaments that might be collected in a couple of hours would exceed tenfold the knightly spoils of the field of Cannæ.

No place in the world is more open to a marauding enemy than Bombay. The defences towards the sea are contemptible, and half-an-hour's bombardment would destroy the Fort, the crowded houses of which are built up to within a few feet of the ramparts, where, in case of conflagration, no men could stand to their guns. Without the aid of some heavy men-of-war, Bombay might be sacked and burnt in an hour, and no vestige left of its pristine prosperity. I don't know whether our rulers are aware of its insecurity; but there is certainly, at present, nothing to prevent the approach of a hostile line-of-

battle ship, and, when arrived, nothing to prevent her from laying the place in ashes, or under contribution, as might best suit her views. The great importance of Bombay, as the key of communication between the upper provinces of India and England, as the emporium of the cotton trade, as the great entrepôt of our Manchester, Glasgow, and Yorkshire goods, as the seat of a most extensive and efficient naval dockyard, and as the capital of Western India, ought to direct attention to this state of things; for the place at present is as defenceless as Southampton, and still more accessible; for the heaviest line-of-battle ship could lie within two hundred yards of the Custom House, the Treasury, and the Mint. So large a population, such extensive wealth, and so important interests, ought to demand the most serious attention of the authorities to their insecure state; for a blow once struck home would be irreparable.

A sketch of Bombay would be imperfect without a notice of the railroad now in progress, and which is fondly thought by many will be the forerunner of a host of others, that are to bring the most distant cities of India within a few hours of each other. It is very nearly completed as far as Tannah, the northernmost point of Salsette; and it is progressing thence towards Callian, in the Northern Konkan. Thence, it is hoped that eventually it will be carried farther into the interior, and that the Ghauts will be surmounted, so as to bring the traffic of the Deccan and Khandeish within its grasp; and thus, in a great measure, remedy the crying evil of India—the want of internal communications. The projectors, on calculations which are understood to have been well considered, anticipate large profits. The East India Company has acted wisely in so far complying with the exigencies of the times as to yield gracefully to the clamour for a railroad. Its real importance or value will never be understood in England; and it is a good tub to throw to the whale on the approaching discussions on the Charter.

NOT FOUND YET!

We will cross the peninsula to the Gurnard's Head, and beat a portion of the northern coast, in search of those same Cornish Choughs I sought on a former occasion, and have not found yet. Midway, we shall have a prospect of the two seas—the Bristol and the English Channels—which you may imagine (if the reality is insufficiently satisfactory) to be the Atlantic and the Pacific, separated by the Isthmus of Darien. Turning our backs on the lovely crescent of Mount's Bay, up we go; up—up—up. It is worth while looking round now and then, to see how affectionately the bluff promontories of the Lizard and St. Paul stretch out their weather-beaten arms to shelter and protect their bosom friends, their snugly-nursed darlings, Penzance and Marazion. If, after searching and peering and sweeping our vision over these expanses, we do not get sight of a Chough or two, it will be very remarkable.

We shall observe, in the course of the present jaunt, that, to compensate for the undue proportion of saintly titles which adorn so many of the parishes and little towns, others—whose names are a combination of merely profane syllables — are remarkable for the agreeable sound and measured accent with which they fall upon the ear. Mara-zion, Trevescan, Rosevarnen, Tregony, and a host of others, which, if I were meditating an epic, should pass before you in Indian file: these harmonious scraps of geography would be useful to the most elegant novelist that ever wrote for a fastidious public. Some of the scenery, too, is of a very sentimental description, and reads as well upon paper as it is delightful to the traveller. We are now about half-way; we are crossing an extensive grove of pinasters, with an underwood of gigantic rhododendrons—now meeting overhead in thickets, now dispersed as independent evergreens.

Your eye has been attracted by that strange object to the right, not far from the road, which you might take to be a rude, clumsy, three-legged stool, made up with pieces of unhewn stone. It is called here the Ludgvan (pronounced *Ludjan*) quoit. You are too well read not to know that it is a *cromlech*, and engravings will have given you an imperfect idea of its appearance; but did you ever in your life see anything with such a mysteriously *old* look? It is this characteristic which artists cannot easily express: most of their cromlechs might have been sent the other day from the Penryn quarries, along with the granite for Waterloo Bridge. *All* the (what are called) Druidical remains have the same fearful stamp of unimaginable antiquity. It is that—not the magnitude, not the singular arrangement, but the age, defying investigation—which gives to Stonehenge its power over the imagination. Roman ruins, Cyclopæan walls, are nothing to them. Fossil remains—even trilobites, in tolerable preservation—have, in comparison, all the freshness of new-laid eggs.

Although you have now some acquaintance with Cornish gales, you would hardly credit that, one extra-stormy night, the upper stone was blown from off its three supports. There are many fools in the world, who value themselves, like butchers' meat, by the stone, and whose sole strength lies in their shoulders, and in the calves of their legs. However, the quoit was displaced, either by the wind, or by the rogue Nobody. Happily it has returned to its original points of suspension.

And, pray, what was the purpose of these monstrous three-legged stools and circles of huge stones? Ah! what, indeed? Some will tell you one thing, some another—temples,

altars for human sacrifice, immovable orreries, and so on. A French shrug of the shoulders is the best answer. Read good Dr. Borlase his History of Cornwall; read Mr. Duke's learned Essay on Stonehenge, and you will be just as satisfied with them as with by-gone systems of astronomy, "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb." You will in the end arrive at the true conclusion, that these—are stones!

My imagination cannot utterly discard a dream I once had, that Stonehenge and the Ludgvan quoit are not remains of human workmanship. That they were originally arranged by some mechanical agency, and did not tumble together by mere chance, can hardly be doubted by any one who has seen the things as they now stand. But remember, my philosophic friend, man is not the only animal endowed with the bump of constructiveness. Other creatures build beside himself; ant-hills have been taken, at first sight, for the dwellings of negroes; a cockney, coming suddenly on a beaver village—supposing one resuscitated—asked his way to the inn there: many birds' nests show, at least, as much attention to comfort as an Irish cabin. Now we know that there have existed in former ages gigantic beavers, besides crowds of other monsters, of whose architectural accomplishments we are in ignorance; knowing only that they had the power, if they only had the instinct to build something extraordinary. Might not a race of *Œotheriums* be just as likely as the Druids, equally extinct, to make to themselves a shelter and a family residence, of which we here see the ruins? What says our friend, the Professor, to this?

The Professor smiles wickedly, and asks, "Do you not think it more probable that Stonehenge was the submarine nest of the sea-serpent, and that Ludgvan quoit served him as a pillow for an afternoon nap, when out upon his rambles? They would, of course, rise with the rest of the granite, and remain where we see them now?"

"Hum!" say I; "when I have caught my Daws and taught them to speak, I will ask them if their family retains any tradition on the subject."

We are sure to find our black game at the Gurnard's Head; so on we roll pleasantly. A fine, open, down-y country, where one can breathe; a little stony, perhaps. But what a luxury it is to get away from the imprisonment of interminable hedge-rows, turnpikes, and thriving young plantations, wherein you must not set foot under pain of action for trespass! Some of the stones are got a little out of the way by being heaped together to serve as fences. Now and then, the troublesome granite, resolved upon an outbreak, pops up its head in the middle of a field, like a Jack-in-the-box. This, to an unaccustomed eye, gives the picture a sort of ruinous air. We might be overlooking the crumbling walls of a vast priory, or city of priories, of the olden time. Mr. Mechi would find fault with one agricultural detail. In Cornish fields, it is common to see here and there, at regular intervals, large mounds planted thickly with drumhead-cabbages, or "flat-polls" in the language of the country. These flat-polls are great favourites with the farmers and the cottagers, who use them as green "meat," both for man and beast—crude, for cows and sheep; cooked, as a table vegetable, and as an ingredient in soup. Now, the cabbage-bearing mounds are composed of weeds, rubbish, earth, and manure, all laid up to rot together, and to be spread over the land for the succeeding crop, as soon as the cabbages are consumed out of the way. A better plan for the propagation of noxious weeds and insects could not be devised. They are thus carefully treasured during the inclement season, and sown broadcast as the fine one approaches; while the finer the cabbages, the nearer does the mound itself approach the condition of an exhausted non-fertilising compost.

If you please, it is now requisite to walk a little way. The fence opens, and you have to step across five or six granite bars (the spaces between them being trenches in the earth), like a large stone gridiron laid upon the ground. Whatever you may say, it is *not* intended as a trap for sprained ankles on dark nights, but is a Cornish style, horizontal, instead of being vertical, as your wooden ones are. It is effectual in stopping the passage of animals, though you might not think so, to look at it.

And this is the Gurnard's Head;—a stern, square-built mass of grey granite jutting into the sea;—one of those headlands, whose living portrait Stanfield would produce for you—forming, with some more modestly retired cliffs, a little cove, wherein the water is so purple and so deep, that if you were to throw a stone therein, you would believe that it went on sinking and sinking for half the day. Our Gurnard's Head is a surviving portion of nature's first-built fortifications and bulwarks, shattered and splintered, but still impregnable. The waves will have to fret and fume a long while yet before they undermine it, and cause it to fall in a heap of ruins. An inaccessible, inhospitable, uninviting piece of stuff, without a bit of verdure to tempt even the rabbit or the goat; just the fitting stronghold for our sable friends to fix on as head quarters. But here they are not, unless invisibly, in some chink or cranny where it would not be easy to bring them to light. Like the little birds which ply in and out at the crocodile's mouth, for the friendly purpose of picking his teeth, our Choughs may have found some secret entrance to the Gurnard's gills, and may now be diverting themselves in his cavernous interior, if he has one. But, this being the Gurnard's Head, where is his tail to be found? According to the usual proportions of that excellent but inadequately appreciated fish, it must be

five hundred fathoms deep, not far from a perpendicular dropped from Ludgvan quoit, quite beyond the reach of our diving apparatus.

Alas!—No Daws!

To make up for this continued ornithological disappointment, some sandwiches and a bottle of pale ale make their appearance, through the agency of a benevolent fairy. The time occupied in attentions to them, may also be devoted to a little sober reflection.

With all its wildness, its retirement, and its semi-insular position, this is a particularly enjoyable part of the world to those who like it. And to some constitutions, mental and bodily, the sea, sea air, sea views, sea-side walks, sea-grown diet—THE SEA is a matter almost of necessity. Without it, such folks barely exist; with it, they flourish vigorously.

What a nuisance for such people to find themselves fixed for life in the Midland Counties of England, where they cannot get a glimpse of a lovely, straight, blue horizon without a journey! Still worse, to be transplanted to Central Europe, to some Canton, Grand Duchy, or Kingdom, of which the whole navy may consist of a couple of four-oared boats, and a barge! An utterly hopeless case would be banishment to the heart of either of the American Continents, where the natives have as clear a notion of the ocean, as we have of the features of the North Pole. To live and die without ever having seen the sea; what an incomplete life! Geographers complain of the vast disproportion of water on the terraqueous globe; but we have now more land than we can occupy properly, and turn to good account. The seas prevent us from being a nuisance to each other, at the same time that they admit of a reasonable amount, both of visiting, and marketing.

The sea here does not produce exactly the same impression on the mind as in most other parts of the English coast. There, it is a successful aggressor; here, it is a baffled bully. These cliffs are of granite and other most hard materials, yielding, apparently, not an inch to the fury of Atlantic waves; they seem rather to defy them, planting firm outposts of rock in their domain. They are magnificent and sublime; but they affect us in quite a different way, and are less touching to the feelings, less startling to the imagination, than the falling and melting masses of the Norfolk and many other cliffs. In these we behold a smiling, liberal, and prosperous victim, who can ill be spared, mercilessly laid low, destroyed, and made to disappear, by an unrelenting enemy, who is none the richer for his triumph, and who, we plainly see, will never cease from his work of destruction, so long as anything remains to be destroyed. But the cold, gray, hoary cliffs of Cornwall, are also ..n, hard-hearted, and churlish. They give nothing; what little they do yield is violently extorted from them. They defy the storms, the frosts, the floods, and the breakers. Time only, and slow invisible agencies, can touch them. They are not eternal; but of a duration extending much farther than we can conceive, both back into the past, and on towards the future. Their tenant, the Cornish chough, on whose head naturalists have now set a price, may belong to but one of a series of Faunas which, in their respective generations, have haunted these immovable, outlandish hiding-places, and then have followed the course of all things earthly.

"Do not look so down-hearted, though the ale and sandwiches are finished. The air here sharpens the appetite, but you will find something on the dinner-table, and then—"

"It was not merely that; it seems to me that your Daws are a myth, a mocking mirage. The species is a plausible invention of Pennant's, adopted, without sufficient evidence, by Mr. Yarrel. Our friend's specimens, at Penzance, are factitious things, made up of false feathers and paint. Here am I, day after day, out on a fool's errand, bent on a wild-goose chase; and I'm beginning to be tired of it."

"For shame; to let such thoughts escape your lips! Even if our Daws were a myth, and an unattainable ideality,—that you, with your eyes open, should not perceive its significance! Is not life itself a wild-goose chase, during which, though we are sure to lose many a bird that we set our hearts on bagging, we also pick up many a prize that we had not hoped to meet with by the way? Look at the history of all human knowledge. Have we not grasped at a philosopher's stone, and a golden draught of unfading youth; and do we not hold a Chemistry in our hands? And, in the wildest wild-goose chase are there no refined pleasures to be tasted, no deep wisdom to be learned, along the road? Are we not taught, while travelling forward, to despise, to reject, to believe, and to dare; all during the course of our continued disappointments? Is it nothing simply to be here;—to view these glorious sights, and to feel, in beholding them, the thrill of admiration, reverence, and wonder?

"Enough. I am rebuked. Henceforth, Onward shall be our hunting shout. What unexpected godsend may be found, who can tell beforehand? The Daws invite me, and I follow them.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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FIRST FRUITS.

Of primary causes or primary colours, we are neither philosophers nor opticians enough to be enabled profitably to discourse. Yet there are primaries—first things—in all our lives very curious and wonderful, replete with matter for speculation, interesting because they come home to and can be understood by us all.

That it is "*le premier pas qui coûte*"—that the first step is the great point—is as much a household word to us, and is as familiar to our mouths as that the descent of Avernus is unaccompanied by difficulty, or that one member of the feathered creation held in the hand is worth two of the same species in the bush. And, if we might be permitted to add to the first quoted morsel of proverbial philosophy a humble little rider of our own, we would say that we *never* forget the first step, the first ascent, the first stumble, the first fall. Time skins over the wound of later years, and, looking at the cicatrice (if, indeed, a scar should remain), we even wonder who inflicted the wound, where, or how, or when it was inflicted, and when and where healed. But the first-born of our wounds are yet green; and we can see the glittering of the glaive, and feel the touch of the steel, now that our hair is grizzled, and our friends and enemies are dead, and we have other allies and foes who were babies in the old time when we got that hurt.

Many men have as many minds; but we are all alike in this respect. The camera may be of costly rosewood or plain deal, the lens of rare pebble or simple bottle-glass; but the first impressions come equally through the focus, and are daguerreotyped with equal force on the silver tablet of memory. The duke and the dustman, the countess and the costermonger, the schoolboy and the white-headed old patriarch—for all the dreary seas that flow between the to-day they live in and the yesterday wherein they began life—still, like the cliffs of the Ancient Mariner, bear the "marks of that which once hath been."

Many of the primaries are locked up in secret cabinets of the mind, of which we have mislaid (and think we have lost) the keys; but we have not; and, from time to time, finding them in bunches in old coat-pockets, or on disregarded split-rings, we open them. From the old desk of the mind, we take the first love-letter, of which the ink is so yellow now, and was so brilliant once, but whose characters are as distinct as ever. From the old wardrobe of the mind, we draw the first tail-coat—threadbare, musty, and worm-eaten, now; but the first tail-coat for all that. For all that we may have been twice bankrupt and once insolvent; for all that Jack may have been transported, or Ned consigned to his coffin years ago, or Tom barbecued in Typee or Omoo regions; for all that we may be riding in gold coaches, and denying that we ever trotted in the mud; for all that we may have changed our names, or tacked titles to them, or given the hand that was once horny and labour-stained, a neat coat of blood-red crimson, and nailed it on a shield like a bat on a barn-door; for all that we eat turtle instead of tripe, and drink Moselle in lieu of "max;"—the primaries shall never be forgotten—the moment when our foot pressed the first step shall never vanish. Cast the stone as far into the river of Lethe as you will, the sluggish tide shall wash it back again, and after playing dully with it on the sand, ever land it high and dry upon the beach.

Male primaries and female primaries there be, and we are of the ruder sex; but there are many, common to both sexes.

Not this one, though; the first—well, there is no harm in it!—the first pair of trousers. Who does not remember, who can ever forget, those much-desiderated, much-prized, much-feared, much-admired articles of dress? How stiff, angular, hard, wooden, they seemed to our youthful limbs! How readily, but for the proper pride and manliness we felt in them—the utter majority and independence of seven years of age—we would have cast them off fifty times, the very first day we wore them, and, resuming the kilt, have once more roamed our little world, a young Highlander. How (all is vanity!) we mounted on surreptitious chairs, viewed ourselves in mirrors, and were discovered in the act by cousins, and blushed dreadfully, and were brought thereby to great shame and grief. What inexpressible delight in that first plunge of the hand (and half the arm) into the trousers-pockets,—in

the first fingering of the silver sixpence deposited five fathom deep, for luck! What bitter pain and humiliation we felt, when first strutting forth abroad in them, rude, contumelious boys mocked us, likened us to a pair of tongs, aimed at our legs with peg-tops. What agonies we suffered from that wicked youth (he must have been hanged, or transported for life in after years), who with a nail—a rusty nail—tore the left leg of those trousers into a hideous rent, and then ran away laughing; what tortures during our return home, at the thought of what our parents and guardians would say! Those premier pantaloons were snuff-coloured, buttoning over the jacket, and forming, with an extensive shirt-frill, what was then called a "skeleton suit." They shone very much, and had a queer smell of the snuff-coloured dye. They gave the wearer something of a trussed appearance, like a young fowl ready for the spit. It was a dreadful fashion, as offering irresistible temptations to the schoolmaster to use his cane. You were got up ready for him, and abstinence was more than he could bear. We confess to a horrid relish in this wise ourself at the present time. When we see (rare spectacle now-a-days) a small boy in a skeleton suit, and his hands in his pockets, our fingers itch to be at him!

The first picture-book! We date from the time of the Prince Regent, and remember picture-books about dandies—satires upon that eminent personage himself, possibly—but *we* never knew it. In those times there was a certain bright, smooth cover for picture-books, like a glorified surgical plaster. It has gone out this long, long time. The picture-book that seems to have been our first, was about one Mr. Pillblister (in the medical profession, we presume, from the name), who gave a party. As the legend is impressed on our remembrance, it opened thus:

> Mr. Pillblister and Betsy his sister,
> Determined on giving a treat;
> Gay dandies they call
> To a supper and ball
> At their house in Great Camomile Street.

The pictures represented male dandies in every stage of preparation for this festival; holding on to bed-posts to have their stays laced; embellishing themselves with artificial personal graces of many kinds; and enduring various humiliations in remote garrets. One gentleman found a hole in his stocking at the last moment.

> A hole in my stocking,
> O how very shocking!
> Says poor Mr. (Some one) enraged.
> It's always my fate
> To be so very late,
> When at Mr. Pillblister's engaged!

If we recollect right, they all got there at last, and enjoyed a delightful evening. When we first came to London (not the least of our primaries), we rejected the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's, and the Monument, and entreated to be immediately taken to Great Camomile Street.

About the same period we tasted our first oyster. A remarkable sensation! We feel it slipping down our throat now, like a sort of maritime castor-oil, and are again bewildered by an unsatisfactory doubt whether it really *was* the oyster which made that mysterious disappearance, or whether we are going to begin to taste it presently.

The first play! The promise; the hope deferred; the saving-clause of "no fine weather, no play;" the more than Murphian, or H. P. of Bermondsey Square, scrutiny of the weather during the day! Willingly did we submit, at five o'clock that evening, to the otherwise, and at any other time, detestable ordeal of washing, and combing, and being made straight. We did not complain when the soap got into our eyes; we bore the scraping of the comb, and the rasping of the brush without a murmur: we were going to the play, and we were happy. Dressed, of course, an hour too soon; drinking tea as a mere form and ceremony—for the tea might have been hay and hot water (not impossible), and the bread and butter might have been sawdust, for anything we could taste of it; sitting with fretful impatience in the parlour, trying on the first pair of white kid gloves, making sure that the theatre would be burnt down, or that papa would never come home from the office, or mamma prevented, by some special interference of malignant demons, from having her dress fastened; or that (to a positive certainty) a tremendous storm of hail, rain, sleet, and thunder would burst out as we stepped into the cab, and send us, theatreless, to bed. We went to the play, and were happy. The sweet, dingy, shabby little country theatre, we declared, and believed, to be much larger than either Drury Lane or Covent Garden, of which little Master Checsewright—whose father was a tailor, and always had orders—was wont to brag! Dear, narrow, uncomfortable, faded-cushioned, flea-haunted, single tier of boxes! The green curtain, with a hole in it, through which a bright eye peeped; the magnificent officers, in red and gold coats (it was a garrison town), in the stage-box, who volunteered, during the acts, the popular catch of—

> "Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
> Your lover, and of hope bereave?"

—for our special amusement and delectation, as we thought then, but, as we are inclined to fear now, under the influence of wine! The pit, with so few people in it; with the lady, who sold apples and oranges, sitting in a remote corner, like Pomona in the sulks. And the play when it did begin—stupid, badly acted, badly got up as it very

likely was. Our intense, fear-stricken admiration of the heroine, when she let her back hair down, and went mad, in blue. The buff-boots of Digby the manager. The funny man (there never was such a funny man) in a red scratch wig, who, when imprisoned in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, sang a comic song about a leg of mutton. The sorry quadrille band in the orchestra, to our ears as scientifically melodious as though Costa had been conductor; Sivori, first fiddle; Richardson, flute; or Bottesini, double bass. The refreshment, administered to us by kind hands during the intervals of performance, never to be forgotten—oranges, immemorial sponge-cakes. The admonitions to "sit up," the warnings not to "talk loud," in defiance of which (seeing condonatory smiles on the faces of those we loved) we screamed outright with laughter, when the funny man, in the after-piece, essaying to scale a first floor front by means of a rope ladder, fell, ladder and all, to the ground. The final fall of the green curtain, followed by an aromatic perfume of orange-peel and lamp-oil, and the mysterious appearance of ghostly brown Holland draperies from the private boxes. Shawling, cloaking, home, and more primaries—for then it was when we for the first time "sat up late," and for the first time ever tasted sandwiches after midnight, or imbibed a sip, a very small sip, of hot something and water.

Who can lay his hand upon his waistcoat pocket, and say he has forgotten his first watch? Ours was a dumpy silver one, maker's name Snoole, of Chichester, number seventeen thousand three hundred and ten. Happy Snoole, to have made so many watches; yet we were happy—oh, how happy! to possess even one of them. We looked at that watch continually; we set it at every clock, and consulted it every five minutes; we opened and shut it, we wound it up, we regulated it, we made it do the most amazing things, and suddenly run a little chain off a wheel in a tearing manner—after which it stopped. How obliging we were to everybody who wished to know what o'clock it was! Did we ever go to bed without that watch snug under the pillow? Did not a lock of our sweetheart's hair have a sweet lurking place between the inner and outer cases? Where is that dumpy silver watch—where the more ambitious pinchbeck (there are no pinchbeck watches now) that followed? Where is the gold Geneva, the silver lever? How many watches have we bought, sold, swopped and bartered since then; and which of them do we remember half so well as the dumpy silver, maker's name Snoole, Chichester, seventeen thousand three hundred and ten!

And the first lock of a sweetheart's hair brings me to the primary of primaries,—First love. We don't believe, we can't believe, the man who tells us he has never been in love, and can't remember with delicious, and yet melancholy distinctness, all about it. We don't care whether it was the little girl with plaited tails, in frilled trousers, and a pinafore; (though we never truly loved another) or your schoolmaster's daughter, or the lady who attended to the linen department, whom we thought a Houri, but who was, probably, some forty years of age. You may have loved Fanny, Maria, Louisa, Sarah, Martha, Harriet, or Charlotte, or fancied that you loved them since then; but in your heart of hearts you still keep the portrait of your first love, bright.

By first love, we mean what is commonly known as "calf love." Our reminiscences of real first love are indissolubly connected with a disrelish for our victuals, and a wild desire to dress, regardless of expense; of dismal wailings in secret; of a demoniacal hatred of all fathers, cousins, and brothers; of hot summer days passed in green fields, staring at the birds on the boughs, and wishing—oh how devoutly wishing!—that we were twenty-one years of age.

The first baby! The doctor, the imperious nurse, the nervous walking up and down the parlour, the creaking stairs, the nurse again, imperious still, but now triumphant. The little stranger sparring like an infant Tom Cribb in long clothes. That baby's acts and deeds for months! His extraordinary shrewdness, his unexampled beauty, his superhuman capacity for "taking notice," his admirable Crichtonian qualities. He *was* a baby! Another and another little stranger have dropped in since then. Each was *a* baby, but not *the* baby!

We hope and trust you may never have had this primary we are about to speak of? But there *are* some persons of the male sex who may remember with sufficient minuteness the first time they ever got—elevated. If *you* do, the impression will never be eradicated from your mind. Competent persons have declared you, on several subsequent occasions, to have been incapable of seeing a hole in a ladder. The earth seemed to spin round in an inconsistent manner; the pavement was soft—very soft—and felt, you said, as though you were walking on clouds; until suddenly, without the slightest provocation, it came up and smote you on the forehead. Of course, you didn't fall down—that would have been ridiculous. Slanderers declared that you attempted to climb up the gutter, under the impression that it was a lamp-post; and, being dissuaded therefrom, vehemently endeavoured to play the harp upon the area-railings. How distinctly you remember to this day how completely you forgot everything; how you dreamt you were a water-jug with no water in it—Tantalus, Prometheus, Ixion, all rolled into one; how you awoke the next morning without the slightest idea of how you got into bed; how sick, sorry, and repentant you were!

Being in genteel society, we would not, or

course, hint that any one of our readers can remember so very low and humiliating a thing as the first visit to "My Uncle"—the first pawnbroker. We have been assured though, by those whose necessities have sometimes compelled them to resort, for assistance, to their avuncular relation, that the first visit—the primary pawning—can never be forgotten. The timorous, irresolute glance at the three golden balls; the transparent hypocrisy of looking at the silver forks, watches jewelled in an indefinite number of holes, china vases, and Doyley and Mant's Family Bible ("to be sold, a bargain"), in the window; the furtive, skulking slide round the corner, to the door in the court where the golden balls are emblazoned again, with announcements of "Office," and "Money Lent:" the mental perplexity as to which of the little cell doors looks the most benevolent; and the timorous horror of finding the selected one occupied by an embarrassed shoemaker raising money, by debentures, on soleless Wellingtons and Bluchers. All these, we have been told, are memorable things.

Another primary—the first death. The tap before the door; its odour in the house; the first burst of grief when all was over; the strange instinctive way in which those who seemed to know nothing of Death went about its grim requirements. The one appalling, never-to-be-forgotten undertaker's knock at nine in the evening. The steps on the stairs; the horrible agility and ghostly quietness. Then, the gentle melancholy that succeeded to the first bitterness of sorrow.

But, here have we been running over all these primaries, and forgetting the first time we were ever treated as a man! O memorable occasion! It was after dinner somewhere (we had gone there with our sister; only a year older than ourself, but universally admitted to be a woman, while we unjustly laboured under the tremendous reproach of boyhood) and were left alone, with an aged Being—fifty, perhaps—who was our host, and another patriarch of forty or so. We were simpering behind the decanters, extremely doubtful of our having any business there, when the host uttered these remarkable expressions:

"Mr. Bud, will you help yourself, and pass the wine!"

We did it, and felt that we had passed the Rubicon too. We helped ourself feebly, awkwardly, consciously. We felt that they were thinking "Will he take more than is good for him? Will his eyes roll in his head? Will he disappear beneath the table?" But we did it, and bashfully sipped our wine, and even made impotent attempts to close our left eye critically, and look at it against the light. We have been promoted twice or thrice since, and have even sat in high places, and received honor; but our host has never said, with the same deep significance—

"Mr. Bud, will you help yourself, and pass the wine?"

TUBAL-CAIN.

That is a curious old question—puzzling to others than children—"Where did the first brewer get the first yeast?" We should like to know how some other useful things were first made, without any pattern or precedent;—brass, for instance. We may easily fancy how the wandering men of the East might light upon lumps of copper, as some Australian shepherds have lately struck their feet against masses of gold, or found that a great stone, on which they had often sat down to rest, was composed of the precious metal. There is more copper in the world than any other metal—than even iron, we are told; or, at any rate, it appears so to men now. It peeps up, and lies about, and draws attention by its colours, when mixed with other matters, in all quarters of the globe; and there is no reason why the roving tribes of old Asia should not have found it, and observed how easily it can be hammered, as naturally as the Red Indians in North America have done. But it is less easy to imagine how it came into their heads to melt and mix it with other metal, to make brass. One would like to know where the first fire was that made the first brass; and also what was the metal mixed with copper by Tubal-cain, when he taught artificers to make utensils of brass. It is mentioned that he worked in iron, too; but it is so difficult to make iron and copper unite, that no extensive manufacture of brass could have gone on in that way in any age or part of the world. The old Greeks used to make their brass with tin. Perhaps the Patriarchs did the same. Or they might light upon some ores of zinc, though they had not the zinc itself, which is a very modern affair. One might just fancy how the ancient men might make a huge fire in some of the limestone caverns which abound in their part of Asia; those caverns, where all operations were carried on, which required a better shelter than a goat's-hair tent; and how the metal-workers might be heating some copper, to work it more easily; and how a bit of calamine, or other ore of zinc, might be accidentally thrown on among the copper; and how a wonderful and beautiful light—one of the most beautiful lights in the world—might bubble up, and blaze, and suddenly reveal every crevice and projection of the cavern; and alarm the people yet more by its horrid smell; and how they might find, when the fire was out, some pieces or streaks of brass among their copper. They would naturally examine these, and find out that this mixture was harder than mere copper, and would bear a better edge. Such a discovery made, they would easily get on in the preparation and use of it, till they had master-workmen, like Tubal-cain. In old Egypt, the artificers

were the lowest order in society but that of the shepherds, poulterers, and fishermen; but that they were skilful in brass-working, among other arts, we know by Moses having so much brass about the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, which, no doubt, the Egyptians who went with him helped to make, after having taught their art to the Hebrew bondsmen. The fastenings of the curtains were of brass; and so were the sockets of the pillars;—as we read in the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth chapters of Exodus; and the great laver or reservoir was also of brass. Considering all this, and the use the Greeks made of brass, and after them the Romans, who actually got the tin for the mixture from our own island; it does appear strange that no brass should have been made in England till two hundred years ago. In Germany, it had been made for centuries; and we must suppose that we got from thence what we wanted; for there was none made here till 1649, when a German came over, and settled at Esher in Surrey, and there began to show us how to melt copper and zinc (or spelter, as the merchants call it) together, to produce that beautiful, yellow, glittering metal, with which we make our chandeliers and door-plates, and bed-castors, and statues, and cast our bells, and mount our telescopes. Ah! none but those who have seen it wrought can tell how beautiful it is, before it is spoiled with the varnish we are obliged to put on, to prevent its tarnishing! If its virgin tint could be preserved, it would be the most beautiful, perhaps, of all metals!

From the time of that German, who settled at Esher, to our own, our artificers have been prevented from making our brass work so good or so cheap, as it might naturally have been. The good man and his successors got from abroad most of the copper they wanted; this led to our searching out what we had at home. It was found that we had plenty; so much, that we could send a great deal abroad. Heavy duties were laid on foreign copper, and we were thus compelled to use our own. It is very good; but it is made very much better by being mixed with other kinds from abroad. By free trade, we now have this advantage. We get copper from Australia and from South America; and zinc, or spelter, from Siberia; and mix in our own copper, and make an article so good as to command a great foreign sale. The cost of producing it is, as far as the metal is concerned, equalised with that of foreign countries; and thus we have at once a better and a cheaper article, and an extending trade abroad.

There are few of our manufactures prettier to the eye of a visitor than brass-founding. The name does not promise much; and the greater, therefore, is the pleasure. There is so much variety in it, that little notion of it can be given in the space of half-a-dozen pages; but what we can tell in that space we will. As we like having the best of everything, when it can be fairly had, we were thankful to be permitted to go over the establishment of the present Mayor of Birmingham, with the honour of having the Mayor himself for our guide—the hardest-worked man in Birmingham just now, probably, but as patient in explaining and informing as if he had nothing else to do.

The mixing of the metals tells itself, for the most part. The mould for the ingots stands at our feet, in a shed where the copper is melted in the furnace, in pots of Stourbridge clay. As there is no night-work here, no keeping up the heat continuously, as is done in glass-houses, these pots do not last as their larger and more important brethren do. They are creatures of a day; to-morrow but a heap of sherds, to help to make a new generation. The spelter does not need to be melted in pots: it melts, like sugar in tea, by being merely stirred in the hot liquid. This is because a lower degree of heat will melt zinc than is required by copper. Here comes the flaming hot jar of copper, carried by a man well armed with the necessary tongs; another man stands ready with the piece of spelter. He puts it in, stirs it round to mix it thoroughly, and is not, as we are surprised to see, suffocated on the spot by the fumes. There is the beautiful flame! and we have more of it, flickering and sparkling as the mixture flows, red hot, into the moulds, whence it will come out as ingots. Those light grey flakes in the air are the sublimated zinc. After a whirl or two towards the rafters, out they go at window and door! We ask, what are the proportions of the two metals? and we find that the mixture is varied, according to its destination. The particular ingots at our feet are two parts of copper to one of zinc, because the brass is intended for common articles. If for finer purposes, there would be more copper. If particular hardness or toughness is required, or if the metal must be sonorous, or of a specified colour, tin, lead, iron, or other metals, must be mixed with the copper. For hinges, drawer-handles, brass-nails, and, we suppose, warming-pans, and kitchen-candlesticks, this mixture of two to one is the right thing. We must remember that the brass we see made here is only for castings. The tubing for chandeliers, &c., and the plates for stamping and pressing, are prepared elsewhere, by those who make metal-tubing, and have an establishment of rolling-mills. We see here plenty of sheets of brass, and abundance of tubing; and there are stamping, and punching, and drilling machines, and very pretty work turned out by them; but these things have been described before, and we now, therefore, apply ourselves to the study of the castings.

For ornamental works, the process begins in a very different place from a raftered shed, among furnaces and clay pots. It may be in

a country churchyard, under an ivied porch; or in the church itself; or under a tree in a park, where deer are browsing within sight; or on a mossy and fern-clad wall; or lying on the grass, or even in bed; or in the British Museum; or in a quiet study, where the light is taken great care of. The design is the first step; and the designer may have derived ideas from altar railings, or from great men's tombs, or from beasts, birds, and flowers; or from antique sculpture; or from his own memory and imagination. Young artists seek money, and give a chance to their ambition, by offering designs to eminent brass-founders; designs for chandeliers, and other articles of ornamental furniture; and for railings, gates, &c. Specific pieces of work, such as monumental railings, statuettes, and brass-plates for particular purposes, are done from designs forwarded with the order.

Next to the design comes the model. An account has been given elsewhere of modelling in wax, in preparation for stamping, pressing, and chasing. Therefore we will not tell what pretty things of that kind may be seen here, but mention only the wooden model made from the drawing, for instance, of a tomb. The wood is pear. It is carved after the design, and in the same separate pieces, fitting into each other, that will be required by the casting process. Here we have in wood the knobs, sockets, fluting, angles, that are to be reproduced in brass. From this wooden model a cast is taken in lead, which must be, of course, its reverse, as the cast is to produce a brass copy of the wooden model. The leaden cast is chased a little; then it is cast in brass, and well finished by chasing. Here is the pattern complete, ready to take its place with—how many others, does the reader think? In this establishment there are ten tons of patterns. They are numbered, and the number reaches one hundred thousand. Those whose business it is, are so familiar with this multitude of details, that they can almost instantly lay their hand on the one wanted, or direct their eyes to the pigeon-hole in the warehouse where it is deposited. At a counter in that warehouse stands a woman whose life is passed in sorting the patterns as they come in from the casting. Hinges, screws, knobs, bolts, buttons, nails, hooks, in vast variety, lie before her in trays, and she puts them by in their proper places. The walls are studded with them; drawers are filled with them; shelves are piled with them; pigeon-holes are stuffed with them. In short, one hundred thousand of them have to be stowed away in such a manner, as that they may be immediately found when wanted.

With these models is laid by a great wealth of steel dies. These are a large investment, and a very uncertain property. An ordinary-looking die may prove to be worth its weight in gold; while a pair which has cost fifty guineas may not be required to give out as many copies. And while there may be a dead loss on such an article, a batch of the commonest brass-headed nails, requiring the labour of thirteen pairs of hands, may sell at Calcutta with a profit of eighteen-pence to each person.

Next comes the casting. For the material required, we must look to the cemetery. It is a beautiful cemetery, with dark ivy spreading over the face of red sandstone rock, in which below are vaults hewn out, dry, dim, and solemn, with niches in which ranges of coffins are deposited, while the outer face presents Egyptian forms and symbols. Below, where there was once this rock, there are green nooks and platforms, where shrubs and flowers enclose flat gravestones, and monuments of many forms and devices. On either side there is undulating ground, with pleasant walks, well kept, and adorned with more shrubs and flowers, which again enclose green spaces, set apart by families for their dead. Amidst all the clearance required for the interment of such a population as is brought here for its rest, there are no unsightly *débris*, no heaps of rubbish. As the red rock retires, there is no difficulty in disposing of the fragments scooped out or hewn down. They go to help the convenience and luxury of the living: to help to make the chandeliers under which the young and gay will dance, and the fire-grates at which the aged will warm their old blood, and the household articles which will spread the conveniences of home through cities and mountain retreats in another hemisphere. The cost of this cemetery is largely defrayed by the sale of its red sand to the metal-founders of the town. It is a very fine sand, remarkably free from impurities. When wetted and flattened, it looks as smooth as can well be; but for facings, and when a very fine surface is required, it is mixed with coal-dust and flour, and its bed is smoked with a torch.

The mould consists of two boxes, which, when filled, are bolted together, the sand on their faces meeting, except in the hollow made by the pattern, and the channel through which the metal is to flow. The moist sand is firmly rammed down in each, round the pattern. Wherever there are recesses in the pattern, they are filled in with sand. If the article is to be hollow, it is "cored" by the pattern being filled with sand. There are, in fact, four methods of casting. Common articles, like drawer-handles, bolts, knobs, and hinges, are cast solid. In such a case, we see the face of the mould stuck all over with patterns, as close as they will properly lie, which are to leave their hollow impression to be filled up by the molten metal. This is "common casting." The next is called "common-face casting;" and that is when flat ornamented pieces are required, as for door-plates. The third is "cored" casting, as for gas-fittings, or other articles required to be hollow. In these a mould is taken from the inside of the pattern, as well as the

outside, and carefully inserted in the great mould, so as to leave a hollow of the right thickness, to be filled up with the metal. The fourth is the "false-cored" casting. This is used for irregular figures which must be cast in one piece. If, for instance, a wreath of leaves is to be cast, the ins and outs are carefully taken off the pattern in masses of pressed sand, which are cautiously transferred to the mould, and pinned down in their right places. "False coring" is practised also in the casting of figures of men and animals, as it is on a larger scale in the case of bronze statues. Of course, much metal is saved by this, and the inconvenience of excessive weight is avoided. It may be added, that duty is charged by weight, on such articles as these, in foreign countries, and the utmost reduction of their weight is therefore desirable. The cores of sand are built up, like bricks, before the casting, and are removed afterwards by pushing out the sand through holes left for the purpose.

When the pattern has made its complete impression, and is removed, a channel is scooped in the sand, from the impression to the marginal hole in the mould; and the one box, containing one side of the impression, is screwed down upon the other, containing the other half. When eight moulds are thus prepared,—one containing, perhaps, a single figure, and another as many as a hundred,—there is enough for "a heat." Men bring the molten metal from the furnace in ladles, and pour it into the holes in the mould, till there is a brimming over of the red stream at the mouth of each channel. Before we turn our backs on the casting process, we must observe how the brass hook of a screw is fastened on; for this is an article in such extensive use that any saving of time and labour in the production of it is of importance. Formerly, the joining was done by hand,—each screw being heated and hammered, and attended to individually, as nails once were. Now, the only thing necessary is to lay the screw, prepared with a "nick," to dovetail, as it were, the brass to itself, in a running stream of molten brass. The figure of the hook is impressed in the sand, and the screw is laid so as to join it: then, when the metal enters, the article makes itself, to the great saving of time, and convenience of the manufacturer.

When the articles are cool, there is easy work for the boys; breaking off the cast articles from the metal in the channels, and then poking out the sand from the "cored" articles. They poke away, as if they liked the business. The sand requires more removing than this, however. There is a churn in the yard, in which the articles are whirled round, till all the sand is shaken out of them.

Here we have articles, and parts of articles, rough, dull, and so dark that one would hardly know them to be brass. The ornamental brasses have their edges smoothed by the file; and the commoner articles are delivered over altogether to the file and the turning-lathe, to be smoothed and made neat and clean. The higher order of productions are to be more respectfully treated; they are to be pickled and dipped. This is one of the prettiest processes of all. Heads of animals, wreaths of flowers, statuettes, figured plates of various sorts and sizes, may be beautiful in form and device; but all are dark, with oxidation, as well as oil and dirt. They are put into a bath of acids and water. The acids are nitric and sulphuric, which, mixed, are aquafortis. In this diluted aquafortis they lie, till the outer surface, with all impurities, is eaten off. Then they are dipped in a succession of tubs, till, coming at last out of pure aquafortis, they are of the prettiest colour that can be seen. It is a sad pity that they cannot so remain; for, to change their hue is really to half-spoil them. But it cannot be helped. They would tarnish immediately, if not secured against it by a process which we shall see presently.

We must not tell all we witnessed of the turning, and soldering, and polishing, because we have described the same things before: and though one sees the processes with fresh pleasure, when applied to new kinds of articles, that pleasure cannot be communicated in print. For instance, it was like something new to us to see holes drilled in a gas-burner, and understand how the flame of the jet is made twenty per cent. better by these holes being drilled in the burner; but, to the reader, the process is just the same as the drilling of the four holes in a brace-button. Again, if we were to describe the magnum candlesticks which stood about like pillars, it would merely put people in mind of the Electro-plating establishment; as the cutting the links of brass chains would of the gold chain manufactory. But, oh! the beauty of those candlesticks, and of the ornamented parts of the gas-fittings, and of the most massive of the chains! And the ingenuity too!—the cleverness with which the tubing is concealed in gas-furniture, and with which the swinging of chandeliers is provided for, by the rolling of the ball to which the chain is fastened within another ball, so as to allow perfect freedom without permitting the least escape! And again, the endless variety of lamps, and especially of solar lamps, which are in great demand from foreign countries, where oil of various qualities abounds! On these things we must not enlarge, but rather observe the finishing of the articles.

The technical term "finishing" means putting together the parts to make the article complete; but as the word slips from our pen, it means putting the last finish of beauty. The technical "finishing" is done by the soldering with which we are familiar. As for our meaning of the word, it leads us to the counters of the burnishers. The burnishers here are not women, as at some establishments near. This work, of burnishing

brass, is too hard for women. The strongest men look as if it was enough for them. They rub away with their hard steel burnishers, or with bloodstones; they rub away at a veining of a leaf here, at the swelling of an acorn or a grape there, at the niceties of a pattern, of which a part is to be left "dead." Such common things as hinges and door-handles are polished by a brush and rottenstone. While seeing these things, we have been passing from room to room, from counter to counter; moving among scores of machines, till the place appears a labyrinth of unknown extent. The gas-fitting stock, and the preparation of it, seems like a great establishment in itself. But we are coming to the end of the business. We are to see the final process of lacquering.

This is the process which we alluded to as being such a pity, spoiling as it does the beauty of the hue of the metal. But this lacquering is essential to its preservation. If it could be dispensed with, it certainly would, for out of this process come the greatest annoyance and expense of the manufacturer. The coating consists of seed-lac and spirit of wine. Now, the duty on spirit of wine is so high that the cost of the lacquer amounts, in an establishment employing three hundred people, to no less than two-thirds of the rent. In many large establishments, the cost of this raw material, essential to the manufacture, is not less than from ten shillings to twenty shillings per day; while foreigners obtain for four shillings and sixpence articles which we have to pay eighteen shillings or nineteen shillings for. In order to compete with the French and Germans under such a disadvantage as this, the manufacturer has to lower his own profits, and his people's wages; so that the operation of this pernicious duty is truly disastrous on a large working-class. Here, again, we meet, as everywhere, complaints of the paper-duty; and it is proved, to our conviction, that the wrapping-up of some of the commoner articles in this manufacture costs more than the finished article itself. This is very ridiculous and very sad; hard upon the maker at home, and the purchaser abroad. Another thing ridiculous enough, but tending to lessen sadness when discovered, is a mistake made by the statistical calculators, who have been alarming us all about the deadly amount of spirit-drinking in England. Gentlemen sitting at desks, to calculate from Excise and Customs returns, without being familiar with the processes of our manufactures, may easily fall into such mistakes; but it is a great comfort to have them cleared up. Such an enormous error, for instance, as the negligent supposition that all the spirit of wine used in lacquering here, and everywhere else, is the sort of spirit that may go down somebody's throat! If three hundred or four hundred pounds a-year is charged against this establishment, and as much to a dozen or two of other brassfounders in the town, as spirituous liquors, what a libel it is upon the place! and how comforting it is to discover that, instead of our people spending seventy millions per year in intoxicating drinks, some gentlemen in London have something to learn about the application of distilled spirits in the arts of life! We, as a nation, tax ourselves dismally enough for strong drinks; but we are not yet such a nation of sots as to drink all the spirits of wine on which duty is paid.

After talking this over, we almost fear to enter the rooms where the lacquering is going on, lest we should be drunk with the fumes, and so have to take our place among the sots who lie under this spirituous censure. But, though the air is sufficiently loaded, it is not in an intoxicating way. There sit companies of women, looking sober enough. One wonders that they can be healthy, sitting in such a heat, and in such a smell. They earn good wages. The demand for female handiwork, in Birmingham, has so increased, that women's wages have risen lately about twenty per cent. Here, some are earning eleven shillings per week, under the disadvantage, we must remember, of the duty on lacquer. The lacquer is laid on with a brush, while the article is hot; so that the spirit evaporates, leaving a coating of the gum. Sometimes the lacquer is coloured. We saw some green; an imitation of bronze, not very successful, but in some demand, or it would not be there. We need not say that the commonest lacquer gives simply a deeper yellow to the brass.

Next, and lastly (as the farthest way about is the nearest way home), we step into Bohemia. We have only to say we are there, and there is evidence, all about us, of the fact. Rows and layers of exquisite glass fill the chamber, and everybody who enters it is subject to a fever about lamp-stands. We must not go into any raving about them, as our subject is brass; but we may just mention one solid fact, that the dark-red lamp-stands, so splendidly produced in Bohemia are to be eschewed, as they absorb the light.

Now, thought we—as we came away, with some of the beautiful designs we had seen, lodged in certain of the best chambers of our brain—what are we about, that we do not offer our reverence to the spirit of Art in Birmingham, as we do in old Italy, or any other place, that is only far enough off in space or time? Why do we dare to talk of Benvenuto Cellini, and other divine craftsmen, with reverence, while giving no heed to the extraordinary progress of popular Art in our own towns, and our own day? It must be from ignorance, for it is impossible to despise some things that are done among us now; but that ignorance makes our talk about ancient Art, and foreign Art, look very like affectation. We should like to know how many British travellers—who rush into enthusiasms about fountains in Germany and

Italy—will trouble themselves to go and look at the fountain just opened in the Market House, at Birmingham? And, if they go, what will they say? How will they bring in the word "Brummagem?" Will they venture to apply it to the four bronze boys who represent Birmingham? There they are: the one shouldering his musket; and another blowing his bubble of glass—boy-fashion; and the third—thoughtful one—with his sextant in his hand, and a cog-wheel by his side; and the fourth, proud and careful of his charge of an elegant vase! Will no charm be found here, because these symbols are of native conception? Will the bronzes below be slighted, while sure of admiration if fancied to be ancient? the four groups and garlands—the fish, the poultry, the vegetables, and the flowers and fruit? These things will not, at least, be despised by those who see most of them. The Birmingham people seem to enjoy their vocation, more than any townful of people we ever remember to have seen. Their taste, and their scientific faculties, find a constant gratification in the pursuit of their ordinary business. It is on behalf of persons who know little of the place, that one forms the wish that we could all relish beauty, wherever it is to be found, and honour Art, whatever may be the name of its dwelling-place. Tubal-cain has always been an interesting person, from his having begun his hard work so extremely early in human life. It is absurd to despise his later and prettier doings, because the roar of his furnace and the whiz of his tools are among not only the imagery of books, but the common sounds of every day.

A TALE OF MID-AIR.

In a cottage in the valley of Sallanches, near the foot of Mont Blanc, lived old Bernard and his three sons. One morning he lay in bed sick, and, burning with fever, watched anxiously for the return of his son, Jehan, who had gone to fetch a physician. At length a horse's tread was heard, and soon afterwards the doctor entered. He examined the patient closely, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and then said, patting the old man's cheek, "It will be nothing, my friend—nothing!" but he made a sign to the three lads, who, open-mouthed and anxious, stood grouped around the bed. All four withdrew to a distant corner, the doctor shook his head, thrust out his lower lip, and said, "'Tis a serious attack—very serious—of fever. He is now in the height of the fit, and as soon as it abates, he must have sulphate of quinine."

"What is that, doctor?"

"Quinine, my friend, is a very expensive medicine, but which you may procure at Sallanches. Between the two fits your father must take at least three francs worth. I will write the prescription. You can read, Guillaume?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And you will see that he takes it?"

"Certainly."

When the physician was gone, Guillaume, Pierre, and Jehan looked at each other in silent perplexity. Their whole stock of money consisted of a franc and a half, and yet the medicine must be procured immediately.

"Listen," said Pierre, "I know a method of getting from the mountain before night three or four five-franc pieces."

"From the mountain?"

"I have discovered an eagle's nest in a cleft of a frightful precipice. There is a gentleman at Sallanches, who would gladly purchase the eaglets; and nothing made me hesitate but the terrible risk of taking them; but that 's nothing when our father's life is concerned. We may have them now in two hours."

"I will rob the nest," said Guillaume.

"No, no, let me," said Jehan, "I am the youngest and lightest."

"I have the best right to venture," said Pierre, "as it was I who discovered it."

"Come," said Pierre, "let us decide by drawing lots. Write three numbers, Guillaume, put them into my hat, and whoever draws number one will try the venture."

Guillaume blackened the end of a wooden splinter in the fire; tore an old card into three pieces; wrote on them one, two, three, and threw them into the hat.

How the three hearts beat! Old Bernard lay shivering in the cold fit, and each of his sons longed to risk his own life, to save that of his father.

The lot fell on Pierre, who had discovered the nest; he embraced the sick man.

"We shall not be long absent, father," he said, "and it is needful for us to go together."

"What are you going to do?"

"We will tell you as soon as we come back."

Guillaume took down from the wall an old sabre, which had belonged to Bernard when he served as a soldier; Jehan sought a thick cord which the mountaineers use when cutting down trees; and Pierre went towards an old wooden cross, reared near the cottage, and knelt before it for some minutes in fervent prayer.

They set out together, and soon reached the brink of the precipice. The danger consisted not only in the possibility of falling several hundred feet, but still more in the probable aggression of the birds of prey, inhabiting the wild abyss.

Pierre, who was to brave these perils, was a fine athletic young man of twenty-two. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, his brothers fastened the cord around his waist, and began to let him down. Holding the sabre in his hand, he safely reached the nook that contained the nest. In it were four eaglets of a light yellowish-brown colour, and his heart beat with joy at the sight of them. He grasped the nest firmly in his left hand, and shouted joyfully

to his brothers, "I have them! Draw me up!"

Already the first upward pull was given to the cord, when Pierre felt himself attacked by two enormous eagles, whose furious cries proved them to be the parents of the nestlings.

"Courage, brother! defend thyself! don't fear!"

Pierre pressed the nest to his bosom, and with his right hand made the sabre play around his head.

Then began a terrible combat. The eagles shrieked, the little ones cried shrilly, the mountaineer shouted and brandished his sword. He slashed the birds with its blade, which flashed like lightning, and only rendered them still more enraged. He struck the rock, and sent forth a shower of sparks.

Suddenly he felt a jerk given to the cord that sustained him. Looking up he perceived that, in his evolutions, he had cut it with his sabre, and that half the strands were severed!

Pierre's eyes, dilated widely, remained for a moment immovable, and then closed with terror. A cold shudder passed through his veins, and he thought of letting go both the nest and the sabre.

At that moment one of the eagles pounced on his head, and tried to tear his face. The Savoyard made a last effort, and defended himself bravely. He thought of his old father, and took courage.

Upwards, still upwards, mounted the cord: friendly voices eagerly uttered words of encouragement and triumph; but Pierre could not reply to them. When he reached the brink of the precipice, still clasping fast the nest, his hair, which an hour before had been as black as a raven's wing, was become so completely white, that Guillaume and Jehan could scarcely recognise him.

What did that signify? the eaglets were of the rarest and most valuable species. That same afternoon they were carried to the village and sold. Old Bernard had the medicine, and every needful comfort beside, and the doctor in a few days pronounced him convalescent.

THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

I LEAVE Carlisle early this fine morning, in no way matrimonially inclined. I set out to explore the recesses of Gretna Green with perfect confidence. This confidence is the result of two facts. The first, that I am a married man; the second, that bigamy is impossible, since I have no lady with me. Through dark boglands, and past prim fir-plantations, the train whisks me to the station, the name of which an unpoetical station-porter shouts into railway carriages, without a thought of the flutter into which it throws a young lady deeply veiled, who is sitting in the first-class compartment nearest the engine. I, a married m. with a houseful of children, hear the word "Gretna" with no kind of emotion; but two fellow-passengers are ready to bless the only official who announces the arrival of the train at the charmed spot. Yet I do feel a kind of nervous interest in the place. I think of the scenes which have been acted here; of the fathers who have stamped furiously upon this classic ground; of the trembling girls who have hurried hence across the Border, and to the famous Hall, to dream of unclouded happiness shining every step of the way from that spot to their distant grave. I think of the cunning lovers who used to engage all the post-horses of Carlisle, so that their pursuers might not reach them before the marriage ceremony was over; of the impudent impositions of the Carlisle postboys; of the determined lover who shot the horses of his pursuer from the carriage window; and of other memorable matters with which Gretna is associated in the minds of most of us. If there be a touch of poetry in my present reflections, that touch is speedily effaced by the spirit of competition that arises before me. A couple, evidently bent upon matrimony, though they are making painful efforts to appear at their ease, and to regard the place with a placid indifference, are addressed eagerly by one or two men of common appearance. Are these individuals making offers for the conveyance of the couple's luggage? The station-man looks on at the warm conference, with a sardonic grin; and, with a quick twitch of the head, draws the attention of the guard to the interesting group. The train goes forward, and the conference breaks up. One of the men conducts the lady and gentleman to a little red-brick hotel close by; and the others retire discontentedly. I inquire about this rivalry, and am informed that it is a clerical contest. And here I am made party to a curious local secret. This little red-brick hotel is the property of Mr. Murray. Mr. Murray also inhabits the famous toll-bar which is on the Scotch bank of the little stream that marks the borders of the country. Thus this sagacious toll-keeper pounces upon the couples at the station; removes them to his "Gretna Hotel," and then drives them down a narrow lane, and over the bridge to the toll-bar, where he marries them. In this way it appears Murray has contrived to monopolise five-sixths of the trade matrimonial. It should be observed, however, by persons about to marry, that there is a Gretna station, and a Gretna Green station; and that the latter is the point which deposits happy couples opposite Gretna Hall. However, as I am altogether ignorant of the superior convenience of the "Green" station, I may be pardoned the mistake, which makes a walk, in a dense shower of rain, through slippery lanes, a necessity. I advance briskly, however; pass the famous toll-bar, near which a bluff Scotch ploughboy is yoking horses to a waggon, and presently approach the Green. It is a pretty place enough, but

very quiet and very muddy just now. The Green is a triangular patch of ragged turf, in front of the village church. The church is rather dirty and neglected in its appearance than old; and from the roof hangs a stout cord, which is attached to the bell, and is now lazily rocking to and fro in the breeze. Children of various sizes, and in indescribable costumes, stare at me from various cottage-doors. It is evident that I am taken for a young man bent upon marriage. I turn to the left, and through a gateway to the Hall. It is evident that no marriage is going forward to-day. Desolate, and thoroughly soaked with rain, appears the large square house, flanked on one side by a farm-yard. I advance, under cover of some tall trees, to the front door. It is closed and barred. I give a perfectly metropolitan double knock. In a few minutes a man—rather a surly man, I think—begins leisurely to withdraw the bolts. Seeing me alone, he looks a little surprised—perhaps disappointed. I begin to feel that I ought to apologise for coming without a lady. I boldly ask whether I can breakfast at the Hall. The man does not oblige me with a direct answer; but pointing to the right, growls that he will send somebody to me, and disappears.

I advance into a long low room. It is a curious mixture of a village tap-room, with the pretensions of an hotel. At one end a massive sideboard displays a quantity of valuable plate; over the mantel-piece is an engraving after Turner; but, to the left of this production, is one of those compositions which, about a century ago, were admired in all the country villages of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A woman with a crimson lake face is looking, with a blotched expression of affection, upon a child whose head seems to have dropped casually upon shoulders made for some other infant, and the colours of whose frock run into various surrounding objects. This production bears the following touching couplet:—

> "Come, father's hope, and mother's glory,
> Now listen to a pretty story."

I am hardly convinced that I am in the celebrated Gretna Hall till I have read the directions to visitors, which are pasted upon the looking-glass. "Please not to write on the walls, windows, or shutters, &c." Having read this direction I am convinced that I have reached a place where many curious countrymen have been before me. I turn to the windows, and at once recognise the necessity for the request. Every pane is covered with names, sorry jests, and revelations of ages, professions, and other matters. W. Thorborne, of Manchester, has, I find, left his celebrated name, coupled with the inference that he possesses, or did possess, a diamond ring, upon one window, in company with S. Goodacre of Liverpool. But G. Howell, also of Liverpool, has recorded his visit to the Hall in two or three different places, lest the interesting fact should be lost to posterity.

Upon one window I find this instructive sentence:—"John Anderson made a fool of himself in Gretna, 1831." It is information also that "Sally Norton, late Sally Western," has been here, and that the fame of the place has attracted hither "Jane Stordy, of Stanway." A greasy book, in shape like a ledger, marked "Visitors' Book," lies upon the window-sill. Many pages have been torn away; so that the only records it now contains date back only to last October. The entries consist of a series of very melancholy jokes. The first remarkable name I notice is that of Maria Manning, to which name some obliging historian has subsequently added the words "hanged since." "Brick, from London," is the next entry, and he is followed by an "Early Closing Quadrill Party." It strikes me as a pity that before forming a "Quadrill" party, the party did not form a spelling class. I next find that a wit of the North has recorded his visit in these words: "David Rae, thief-catcher, Dumfries;" and that a lady has been carried away by the high spirits of the foregoing, to this extent: "Mrs. Grimalkin (to be Mrs. Gabriel Grub)."—Here I am interrupted by the entrance of a widow, who announces herself as the relict of the late parson of the Hall, Mr. Linton. She offers me a substantial breakfast, and while it is preparing, is not disinclined to answer any questions I may put on the subject of the matrimonial trade. Of course, thinking with the rest of my countrymen that Gretna Green marriages are of rare occurrence now-a-days, I begin by asking how long it is since the last marriage was celebrated at the Hall. The old lady very quietly turns to her maid who is laying the breakfast cloth, and says—"Was it Tuesday or Monday last, that couple came?"

The maid, holding a substantial joint of cold meat in her hand, while she thinks on the subject, replies presently, "Monday."

I am surprised, and inform Mr. Linton's widow that it was my impression Gretna marriages were quite matters of the past. She assures me, in reply, that they have a good sprinkling still throughout the year; but not so many as twenty or thirty years ago, when her husband first began. She disappears for a few minutes. Ha! here she comes, with some heavy substance carefully tied up in an old silk handkerchief. She deposits her load upon the table (having previously brushed the place), deliberately arranges her massive spectacles, and now carefully unties her treasure. Two gaudily-bound books lie before me; I am about to open them eagerly, but the widow of Mr. Linton will not allow the volumes to suffer my desecrating touch. She gently repulses my hand, and carefully opens the thickest. The thin volume is an index to the thick one, which is a formal register of the marriages celebrated at the Hall. The entries,

however, only reach back to 1826; yet the list includes many celebrated names. The widow proudly points to one or two German dukes, to Miss Penelope Smith and her princely betrothed, to the well-known name of Sheridan, to Lady Adela Villiers and her husband. Against all the notable couples, distinguishing marks are placed. Having shown me these signatures, the old lady carefully spreads out the silk handkerchief, upon which I find a rude map of England is printed, re-covers her treasure, and holds it securely in her arms while she continues to talk to me. She tells me that, in times gone by, it was by no means unusual to give the Gretna Green parson as much as one hundred pounds; and that fifty pounds, even lately, was not at all an uncommon marriage-fee. The parson charges according to the ostensible means of the contracting parties. "Old Lang" was the regular village parson before the late Mr. Linton began. Mr. Linton confined his attention entirely to marrying runaway couples. She knows nothing about the blacksmith, and doesn't believe such a man ever married couples. As far as she knows, these kind of marriages began to be celebrated at Gretna about one hundred years ago.

I express a wish to see the room in which the marriages at the Hall are celebrated. The widow of Mr. Linton directs me down a long passage, past two cases of stuffed owls, to a long room, fitted up with some care; and from the bow-windows of which there is a picturesque view of the village. It is a quaint room. Over the doorway stands a huge model of a ship. The pictures exhibit an odd taste. On one side is a painting, in which Cupid and Venus are represented; and opposite are two large pieces of canvas, covered with horsemen in the vigorous pursuit of the fox; upon which scenes, the placid countenance of a Quaker is serenely gazing. The bow-window is marked with the initials of various captains—the captains; I remark, strangely predominate among the visitors. Opening by a door from this room, is the bridal chamber, fitted up luxuriously with yellow satin-damask hangings. Even here, the English habit of scrawling upon furniture is indulged. I open the looking-glass drawer, and even herein find these inscriptions:—"Thomas Parker to Mother Walmsley." "Joseph Lee to Betty Booth."

Strangely interested in the peculiarities of the Hall, I return to the breakfast-table. I find that sentiment has not preyed upon my appetite. I do perfect justice to the fine haddock and the exquisite marmalade provided by the widow of Mr. Linton. I am so interested in this village, that I think I will take a stroll, and return to dine at the Hall. I intimate this intention to the maid, and emerge upon the green, determined to know something more of Gretna and its marriage-trade.

A dirty road, hedged by cottages, leads to the village, which is within the same parish as Gretna, and is called Springfield. This village is larger than its more famous neighbour; the houses are larger, there is more apparent life, and it boasts two or three inns. It appears to me highly probable that at one of these inns I shall hear much quaint gossip about Gretna marriages. I enter the most inviting. The kitchen at once forcibly reminds me of one of Wilkie's village sketches. Even the details of the scene suggest the pencil of the great Scotchman. The solid black chairs placed under the overhanging chimney; the huge black pot suspended by a powerful crane over the fire; the mud floor; the old clock in a rude case; the milk-pails in a row upon a shelf; the limited crockery of the establishment proudly arranged in a cupboard, the door of which is intentionally open. The figures, too, are Wilkie's. Before the window is a cutting-board, upon which sits—her pretty feet dangling in the air—the village dressmaker. As I advance towards the fire, I notice the figure of a young Scot (with his broad bonnet) turning over the leaves of a very greasy song-book—but chiefly occupied casting furtive glances at the young lady upon the cutting-board. These are obviously lovers, and I am obviously no welcome intruder. However, the landlord, a broad, squat man, with much to say about his ale, puts a cheerful face upon matters, and stands ready to furnish anything I may request in the shape of refreshment. I order a glass of whiskey, and hope the landlord will drink one with me. My invitation is accepted. I think I may now fairly open the question of Gretna—or rather Springfield—marriages. I ask, by way of jest, whether mine host has ever married stray couples. The girl behind me titters, and the father fairly laughs at my simplicity. "Married any? Ay, a many of them, in this very room; and fine folk, too!"

Twirling a willow stick in his hand, and kicking his heels against the legs of a table upon which he is sitting, mine host gossips, as nearly as I can follow him, in this wise:—

"Ay! there have been a many marriages in this room. Lord Erskine was married where I am sitting—in woman's clothes; his lady held her children under her cloak the while. The people who come to be married now are mostly poor people—a great many of them being from Edinburgh. They can as easily be married anywhere in Scotland; somehow, they come here: the place is known for it, I suppose. But here comes Lang; he will be able to tell you more than I can."

A spare old man, dressed, not as a simple villager, but with a pretension to gentility and to a clerical simplicity, hobbles into the room, rubbing his left leg vigorously. He is suffering an acute attack of rheumatism; yet this does not prevent him from taking his seat at a little round table, and accepting the tumbler of whiskey which I offer him. He refuses,

I notice, to spoil the spirit by the admixture of water; but continues, even when seated, to rub vigorously the calf of his leg. He apprehends at once that his experience as a parson is to be pumped from him; he gives himself up cheerfully to the operation. He seems to know that he is an object of curiosity to all visitors, and is, therefore, not particularly flattered by the interest I appear to take in him. Of course I ask him, as an opening question, whether there is any truth in the blacksmith legend. To my astonishment, I find that the blacksmith is utterly unknown in these parts. There stands the landlord expressing unfeigned surprise. He who had lived all his life here, has never heard of the blacksmith!

"Ay, to be sure!" continues Parson Lang—vigorously rubbing his leg the while—"Old Colthard, as far as I can tell, was the first regular Gretna Green parson. He flourished somewhere about one hundred and twenty years ago. He was either a regular blacksmith or a nailer—I can't say which. His old house is pulled down, now; it used to stand on the ground where the school now stands, or close there." I show particular interest in the parson's narrative, which amuses the girl upon the cutting-board and her sly lover with his greasy song-book. I ask Lang whether he can trace the parsons—that is to say, the regular parsons—from Colthard down to himself.

Still vehemently rubbing his leg, Parson Lang continues: "To be sure I can. After Colthard—let me see—came Pasley and Elliot, who both flourished together: Pasley was my father's uncle. Then came my father, old Parson Lang, as they called him. He lived at the Hall, and married people in the busy days of Gretna Green. After him, I came:" which advent appears to the parson to constitute the climax of the curious history. "But," he goes on statistically, "weddings continued to increase up to the year 1833, when, I should say, they amounted to three hundred or thereabouts. After that they fell off. They now average about one hundred a-year.

I now make an unfortunate allusion when I inquire whether Parson Lang is in the habit of officiating at the Hall.

"No," the parson replies, rubbing his leg with great vehemence, and indulging in a sarcastic smile; "no, no; I have nothing to do with the Hall; there they seem to think a shoemaker, who lives opposite, can marry as well as anybody else."

I see at once that this is a sore point with the parson. I change the topic by asking whether the villagers of Springfield and Gretna are married at the Hall, or by Parson Lang. This question highly amuses the lovers, who interchange significant glances. "Oh dear, no!" Parson Lang replies; "I have been married twice, but was always asked in church; so are all hereabouts. I hardly know how Gretna first came to be celebrated for marriages; but I have heard some story like—once a queen was returning to England from Scotland with an army. Well, the soldiers were followed by a number of women who were in love with them, to the border hereabouts; and then, when they were to part with them, they all set a-greeting, which means crying; and this, folks say, gave the village the name of Greta or Gretna Green. However, the queen was so touched by the distress of the women, that she made the officers act on the spot as parsons, and marry the women at once to the soldiers; and then they all went to the south together." The parson now begins to philosophise a little about the facilities offered in Scotland to persons about to marry; and intersperses his theories with many illustrative anecdotes. But whenever I touch upon the subject of fees, he is discreetly silent. He seems to admit that they vary considerably; I suspect from a silver coin and a glass of whiskey, to a bank-note of considerable value. He remembers that, only two years ago, a waiter at the chief Carlisle hotel, got married, at short intervals, to three of his fellow-servants; that, to this day, the fellow has been allowed to go unpunished, and that he has returned to his first love. Having gleaned these facts from Parson Lang, I begin to think about my dinner at the Hall. The parson condescends to shake hands with me, the eyes of the lovers sparkle as they see me rise to depart, and the landlord, as I pass into the road, bids me a hearty farewell.

The widow of Mr. Linton has prepared me a very snug dinner. While I am enjoying it, she brings me a copy of the forms filled up by the persons who are married at her establishment. While I proceed with my salmon, the reader may amuse himself with the document. Here is a literal copy of it:—

KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND.
COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,
PARISH OF GRETNA.

THESE are to Certify to all to whom these Presents may come, That , from the parish of , in the county of , and , from the parish of , in the county of , being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day Married, agreeable to the Laws of Scotland, as witness our hands.

Gretna Hall, this day of

Witnesses { , }

I find that excellent cigars are obtainable at the Hall. I attribute this to the fact that captains generally smoke. Provided with many suggestive facts, I take leave of the late parson's establishment, not dissatisfied with the method with which his disconsolate widow carries on her business. Gretna Hall—the ancestral seat of the Maxwells—is still licensed

to sell marriage contracts; and I can assure persons about to marry, will provide an excellent dinner for those prosaic visitors who do not pretend to live upon love altogether.

I hear the railway bell.——

THE GREAT BRITISH GUM SECRET.

In the course of inquiries, by which we were enabled to draw up the article on Queen's Heads (vol. iv., p. 510), we were shown, in the "adhesive" department of Messrs. Perkins and Company's establishment, several large barrels filled with a fine powder, of a dark straw colour. This powder is, we were told, the basis of the adhesive paste with which the backs of postage labels are coated.

"It is composed of ——?" we asked, helping the tip of the tongue with a taste of it.

"That," said our cicerone, "*was* a secret."

We have since learnt the mighty secret.

In journeying from Dublin westward, by the banks of the Liffey, we pass the village of Chapelizod, and hamlet of Palmerstown. The water power of the Liffey has attracted manufacturers at different times, who, with less or greater success, but, unfortunately, with a general ill-success, have established works there. Paper-making, starch-making, cotton-spinning and weaving, bleaching and printing of calicoes, have been attempted. But all have been in turn abandoned, though occasionally renewed by some new firm or private adventurer. Into the supposed causes of failure it is not here necessary to inquire. The manufacture of starch has survived several disasters.

The article British gum, which is now so extensively used by calico-printers, by makers-up of stationery, by the Government in postage-stamp making, and in various industrial arts, was first made at Chapelizod. Its origin and history are somewhat curious.

The use of potatoes in the starch factories excited the vehement opposition of the people, whose chief article of food was thus consumed and enhanced in price. These factories were several times assailed by angry multitudes, and on more than one occasion set on fire by means never discovered. The fires were not believed to have been always accidental.

On the fifth of September, 1821, George the Fourth, on his return to England from visiting Ireland, embarked at Dunleary harbour, near Dublin. On that occasion the ancient Irish name of Dunleary was blotted out, and in honour of the royal visit that of Kingston was substituted. In the evening the citizens of Dublin sat late in taverns and at supper parties. Loyalty and punch abounded. In the midst of their revelry a cry of "fire" was heard. They ran to the streets, and some, following the glare and the cries, found the fire at a starch manufactory near Chapelizod. The stores not being of a nature to burn rapidly, were in great part saved from the fire, but they were so freely deluged with water, that the starch was washed away in streams ankle-deep over the roadways and lanes into the Liffey.

Next morning, one of the journeymen block-printers—whose employment was at the Palmerstown print-works, but who lodged at Chapelizod—woke with a parched throat and headache. He asked himself where he had been. He had been seeing the King away; drinking, with thousands more, Dunleary out of, and Kingston into, the map of Ireland. Presently, his confused memory brought him a vision of a fire: he had a thirsty sense of having been carrying buckets of water; of hearing the hissing of water on hot iron floors; of the clanking of engines, and shouts of people working the pumps; and of himself tumbling about with the rest of the mob, and rolling over one another in streams of liquefied wreck, running from the burning starch stores.

He would rise, dress, go out, inquire about the fire, find his shopmates, and see if it was to be a working day, or once again a drinking day. He tried to dress; but—a—hoo!—his clothes were gummed together. His coat had no entrance for his arms until the sleeves were picked open, bit by bit; what money he had left was glued into his pockets; his waistcoat was tightly buttoned up with—what? Had he been bathing with his clothes on, in a sea of gum-arabic—that costly article used in the print works?

This man was not the only one whose clothes were saturated with gum. He and four of his shopmates held a consultation, and visited the wreck of the starch factory. In the roadway, the starch, which, in a hot, calcined state, had been watered by the fire-engines the night before, was now found by them lying in soft, gummy lumps. They took some of it home; they tested it in their trade; they bought starch at a chandler's shop, put it in a frying-pan, burned it to a lighter or darker brown, added water, and at last discovered themselves masters of an article, which, if not gum itself, seemed as suitable for their trade as gum-arabic, and at a fraction of the cost.

It was their own secret; and, could they have conducted their future proceedings as discreetly as they made their experiments, they might have realised fortunes, and had the merit of practically introducing an article of great utility—one which has assisted in the fortune-making of some of the wealthiest firms in Lancashire (so long as they held it as a secret), and which now the Government of the British empire manufacture for themselves.

Its subsequent history is not less curious than that just related. Unfortunately for the operative block-printers, who discovered it, their share in its history is soon told.

It is said that six of them subscribed money to send one of their number to Manchester

with samples of the new gum for sale; the reply which he received from drysalters and the managers of print-works, was either that they would have nothing to do with his samples, or an admonition to go home for the present, and return when he was sober. His fellow-workmen, hearing of his non-success and fearing the escape of the secret, sent another of their number to his aid with more money. The two had no better success than the one. The remaining four, after a time, left their work at Dublin, and joined the two in Manchester. They now tried to sell their secret. Before this was effected, one died; two were imprisoned for a share in some drunken riots; and all were in extreme poverty. What the price paid for the secret was, is not likely to be revealed now. Part of it was spent in a passage to New Orleans, where it is supposed the discoverers of British gum did not long survive their arrival.

The secret was not at first worked with success. It passed from its original Lancashire possessor to a gentleman who succeeded in making the article of a sufficiently good quality; and at so low a price that it found a ready introduction in the print-works. But he could not produce it in large quantity without employing assistants, whom he feared to trust with a knowledge of a manufacture so simple and so profitable. In employing men to assist in some parts of the work, and shutting them out from others, their curiosity, or jealousy, could not be restrained. On one or two occasions they caused the officers of Excise to break in upon him when he was burning his starch, under the allegation that he was engaged in illicit practices. His manufactory was broken into in the night by burglars, who only wanted to rob him of his secret. Once the place was maliciously burned down. Other difficulties, far too numerous for present detail, were encountered. Still, he produced the British gum in sufficient quantities for it to yield him a liberal income. At last, in a week of sickness, he was pressed by the head of a well-known firm of calico-printers for a supply. He got out of bed; went to his laboratory; had the fire kindled; put on his vessel of plate-iron; calcined his starch, added the water, observed the temperature; and all the while held conversation with his keen-eyed customer, whom he had unsuspectingly allowed to be present. It is enough to say that this acute calico-printer never required any more British gum of the convalescent's making. Gradually the secret spread, although the original purchaser of it still retained a share of the manufacture.

When penny postage came into operation, it was at first doubtful whether adhesive labels could be made sufficiently good and low-priced, which would not have been the case with gum-arabic. British gum solved the difficulty; and the manufacturer made a contract with Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Heath, to supply it for the labels. In the second year of his contract, a rumour (alluded to in our article on Queen's Heads) was spread, that the adhesive matter on the postage stamps was a deleterious substance, made of the refuse of fish, and other disgusting materials. The great British gum secret was then spread far and wide. The public was extensively informed that the postage-label poison was made simply of—potatoes.

CHIPS.

PRIVILEGES OF THE FRENCH NOBILITY.

A RECENT decree of the President of the French Republic has restored their titles to the nobility of France; but, judging from the lion's share of power which the Restorer has taken for himself, it does not seem likely that the privileges enjoyed by that once highly favoured class are likely to be superadded, by way of making the titles of any real value. So much the better; for it must be confessed that those privileges were, according to all reasonable notions of liberty, tyrannically excessive both in number and degree. Happening to fall in with an unpublished document (copied about five years since from the "Archives du Royaume") bearing upon the subject of "privileged nobility," we thought we might as well add this mite of information to the general stock.

It was not simply in the affairs of this world that privilege was claimed by and conceded to those of royal or noble lineage: their "great greatness"—as Jonathan Wild would have called it—could only be satisfied by spiritual as well as by temporal advantages. An amusing instance of the liberal view which the higher classes in France were in the habit of taking of the excesses of their royal masters, is given in the following anecdote related in the Mémoires de Dangeau.

On the 27th of September, 1693, Prince Philip, one of the "hopes" of France, suddenly departed this life, after having diversified his career by every vice that could deform it. A knot of courtiers were moralising on the event in one of the ante-chambers of Versailles, and expressing their doubts of His Royal Highness's fitness for the celestial spheres, when they were interrupted by Madame la Maréchale de la Mailleraye, who, with an air of profound conviction, observed, with no wilful intention to utter blasphemy—"I assure you God thinks twice before he condemns persons of the Prince's quality."

These royal personages were also prepared for Heaven after a fashion of their own. In taking the Sacrament the Princes and the Princesses of the blood did not communicate with the common wafer such as the people swallowed, but had a kind manufactured for themselves; and the Memoirs above cited tell us that the Dauphine was once "put to much inconvenience" by having to wait, the priest who officiated having forgotten to

prepare an exclusive wafer ("*hostie choisie*") for her use.

It seemed, indeed, as if these "exclusives" fancied they condescended in allowing themselves to be redeemed at all; and the Chanoine-Comtes of the Chapter of Saint John of Lyons were so impressed with their own dignity, that they actually refused to kneel during the celebration of mass and elevation of the host; and what was more extraordinary, were confirmed in this "privilege" (which Louis the Fourteenth abrogated) by an ecclesiastical decree. The Canonesses of Verdun also enjoyed the same immunity from genuflexion, and wore their heads covered at the religions processions.

The Abbé de Pompadour, who, although a clergyman, was of the secular order, was of opinion that it would be as serviceable to his soul, as probably it was, if he said his prayers by deputy; he accordingly gave his valet extra wages to read his breviary for him in the ante-chamber, while he, most likely, was playing at cards in the *salon*. This pious Abbé died in 1710.

We could multiply anecdotes like the above, but our document awaits us. It is intituled, "Petition of the Dukes and Duchesses" (M.Mgrs. les Ducs et M.Mmes. les Duchesses) "to his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, Regent," and commences in the following (humble) strain:—

"MONSEIGNEUR,—So little respect is paid to us in public ('*dans le monde*'), that it is necessary we should have an express law enacted to replace us in our rights and privileges, with regard to the people, the inferior nobility, and the clergy. Who can be ignorant that the clergy are only allowed to be anything in the State, but because a certain number of Peers have not disdained the titles of Bishop and Archbishop? It is nesessary that a bishop, at the least, should be the person to administer the sacrament to *us*. We alone have the right to carry cushions (to kneel upon '*carreaux*') to church. It is our privilege to receive the sacred bread before any one else, no matter who! If we go to a conventual church, we must be waited for at least half-an-hour, whenever we should happen to be detained. In the streets, all the other classes of nobility must give the right-hand side ('*le haut du pavé*') to a peer, whether that peer be in a carriage or on horseback; and as to the coaches of people of the commonalty ('*gens de la roture*'), they must be obliged to draw up as we pass, however inconvenient it may happen to be.

"A peer and peeress occupy, as a matter of course, the back seat of the carriage; indeed, it is necessary that the law should restrain them from giving up their places, if moved to it by politeness or natural modesty. At table their healths ought to be drunk before those of the master and mistress of the house. At the theatre, they are to occupy the best boxes, and if these are filled on their arrival, those who are sitting there must immediately withdraw; any other arrangement, Monseigneur, would neither be *just* nor endurable. A peer has no occasion for fighting a duel with a private nobleman, even if it should happen that he has been well beaten by him ('*quand même il en aurait reçu des coups de bâton*').

"No one can pretend to hold any place until it has been refused by the peers, the peers being so completely above the people, that they really are not called upon to recognise their existence ('*lesquels pairs sont tellement au-dessus du peuple, qu'à peine ils doivent le connoître.*') No workman or mechanic should be allowed to compel them by process of law (*les contraindre juridiquement*) to pay their debts. This sort of persons ought only to give them a polite intimation of the fact of their indebtedness (*les avertir honnêtement*), and the peers will satisfy them, if they think proper to do so (*s'ils le jugent à propos*).

"Finally, Monseigneur, on the same principle that a nobleman has not the right to draw his sword upon a duke; so the servants of noblemen cannot force those of dukes to make use of their fists in self-defence; and the latter should rather allow themselves to be thoroughly milled (*se laissèrent plutôt rouer de coups*) than compromise the honour which they enjoy, of being in the service of their masters."

One would think that this "document" was the production of a *farceur* who wished to raise a laugh against the pretensions of the "Ducs et Pairs;" but no such thing; it is a veritable State paper, taken from box K, of the Archives of France, in Paris, and so extracted, as we have already said, in the last year of the reign of Louis Philippe.

STILL ON THE WING.

TROT away, ye good and steady-footed steeds. On, Andrew, on, till the sea once more stops us. We are out again to seek our fortune. With such a bright sun, and such a soft breeze, it is impossible to despond. The Eastern princes, who went out in search of the singing tree and the golden waters, did not come home without bringing back some pleasant results of travel with them; nor shall we.

It is impossible to proceed far without observing, to the right and to the left, frequent "bals" displaying their respectable proportions. They are a little mysterious, like people of known good property, who keep the exact amount of it to themselves. They look "keenly," that is to say, *kindly*—[an expression, which is matched by the Germanism of a *friendly*-looking house]—especially those that have "pretty courses of ore," as far down as "the forty-fourth level"—"courses of ore," ninety feet "big." The beautiful bals! *They* pay dividends, and give

crack dinners; and the man who doubts the healing virtue of a good dinner, is sunk into the lowest abyss of scepticism. Better bring one's savings to a good *bal*, than send them to friendly Pennsylvanian repudiators. Singular enough, that *bals* should give dinners; but the "pusser," or if you prefer it, the purser, would be wretched without them. Is it not clear that any one who can seriously and soberly find fault with the appearance of a bal, must be a soured and spiteful misanthrope, who does it through sheer envy? Why, the very crumbs from their table are worth picking. Depend upon it, the remains of the dinner would give us an excellent luncheon next day, if we could but hit upon the correct date. I am far from despising creature-comforts; and shall in future adapt new words to the beautiful glee:—

"Mine be a *bal* beside a hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear,
And *milky streams* adown the rill
With many a fall shall linger near."

"With many a fall shall linger near!"—
—The prosperous idea makes one quite vocal.

But a deep narrow valley receives us; an avenue of hills, with the Atlantic to close the perspective. We descend; we cross the little brook at the bottom; we mount again, in persevering pursuit of our wandering black birds. Not all the concentrated cunning of the *corvidæ* can save them when *man* has once set a determined foot upon their trail. We now are going to try the environs of the Logan Rock: and this is the village; a droll, crinkum-crankum, helter-skelter group of houses, over which might float a flag with the inscription, "THE WORLD'S END." No one would deny its propriety.

And now comes the inn; a tidy, comfortable looking snuggery, with clean white window-curtains, and a prepossessing appearance of well-aired beds, where a botanist, an artist, or a pen-and-ink gentleman, might put up for a week, and profitably pursue his studies in the neighbourhood. I have only to observe further, that if the sign of this inn is an accurate representation of the Logan Rock, my curiosity is satisfied, and I do not care to see any more of it. Neither Stanfield, nor Turner, nor Copley Fielding, nor Martin, left *this* oil-painting in discharge for an unpaid score.

I must here remark, at the risk of letting loose a whole host of enterprising *dilettanti*, that Cornwall is exactly the subject for an artistic mind to grapple with. The special reason may be told in few words: at the same time that it contains great variety of detail, including objects suggestive of the deepest thought; while it is original, fresh, devoid of *conventional* picturesqueness, and is naturally, not artificially, romantic, it is neither so vast nor so wide spread as to be beyond the admirer's grasp. It is all perfectly comprehensible, perfectly reducible, both on canvas and in print.

There are in the world Immensities which defy art. Though they may not satisfy the imagination, they baffle the copyist, and perhaps, also, disgust by their monotony. Even in the heart of the Tyrol or of Savoy, scenery on a still grander scale is perfectly imaginable by the amateur, whose sketch-book and whose journal have long been cast aside, as useless incumbrances. It is after having been thus vanquished by the unbearable weight of Nature's magnificence, that the traveller, who is in search of something more than the mere excitement of wonder, is charmed to find a perfect whole, sufficient to delight, but insufficient to overpower him. Just such a spot is Cornwall. The artist there, escaped from the vast features of Continental landscapes, has exactly the feeling of a man who has long been burdened by the cares of a large house and establishment far beyond his means; and who finds himself at last, by a prudent *coup d'état*, the tenant of a pleasant cottage, with every comfort, and with no superfluities attached to it.

The "World's End" is behind us, and the fag-end of all things begins to promise well. We walk along the uppermost convexity of a rounded promontory, not utterly destitute of a little sheep's "meat." At last we descend amidst some granite rocks that have been carelessly tossed about on the slope of the declivity. Two guides, a senior and a junior, have not offered their services, but have joined company. Is not the wilderness free to all? Before us is a most exquisite pile of granite rocks, heaped together in pyramidal form: harmonious in colouring and perfect in arrangement; with patches of green grass, grey and yellow lichen, dark tufts of fern protruding from obscure crannies; with the purple sea and its white foam; and us, little things of men, groping about and displaying our littleness by contrast with the vast blocks of stone—altogether, it is one of the most complete pictures I have ever seen. There is nothing out of place; nothing incongruous to spoil it.

What is that absurd noise? Looking back to the declivity already passed, we see a foolish dog giving chase and tongue to a rabbit he has started. Capital fun for the rabbit! In and out, between the massive lumps, his white tail flashes and dodges, till he thinks he has given the colly a sufficient breathing; then he is seen no more.

To the left, a narrow sheep-path winds round the outside of the pyramid, overhanging the sea. You will surely not go that way.—Why not? Where the sheep walks, there walk I. Why should there be more real danger for the man than for the quadruped? It is not reason which is the guide in such performances—it is nerve and instinct; a consciousness of ability to do it. I would not mind taking a high-spirited child to see the Logan Rock, being careful all the while never

to slacken a firm grasp of the hand; but to the Land's End—not for the world! However, instead of this path, which is optional, we will thread the labyrinthine masses of the pile, more venerable and more ancient than the famous pyramids of Egypt.

We emerge. Before us is a hollow gully, easily passable. Directly opposite, facing you, is a sort of natural Cyclopean wall, all built with huge fragments of granite—nothing but granite all around—and on the top of the wall, quite at the edge, lies, amongst others, a rudely long-squared lump, with one of its ends, not the sides, towards us. That is THE LOGAN ROCK, or the Rocking Stone.

Man's very feebleness increases his own self-admiration, when he finds what feats he can nevertheless accomplish; which ought thence to rise to admiration of the Power who made him what he is. That such a creature should be able to measure the distance from hence to the sun, and weigh the planets respectively; that a being, sent into the world as naked and as helpless as a worm, should buffet with seas and storms, and find his way direct from England to the Antipodes; that a block of stone, of enormous weight, should yield to the cunningly-applied pressure of an animal who looks almost like a fly, ready to be crushed beneath its movement!—A man is assuredly delighted with himself to find that he can stir the Logan Rock.

We are silent in admiration. Not a sail is in view, not a shred of civilisation is to be perceived, and the primæval character of the scene overpowers the thoughts. We are gazing on a portion of Great Britain left just in the state in which it was before the first human inhabitant set foot upon the shore.

Our younger guide finds all this dull, and begins to get impatient, like a greyhound wanting to be let slip. He was not, however, at all of the greyhound build; but a short, stout, healthy lad, of one or two-and-twenty, with a true good-humoured Cornish face, which, by the way, is quite distinct from our mixed Anglo-Norman-Romano-Saxon physiognomy. My companion correctly interpreted the restlessness, and supposed that though a corpulent person like myself might be in no hurry to scale the ramparts of the Logan Rock, I might still wish to see it moved.

At a word, down rushed our young Cornishman into the intervening hollow; up again at the other side to the foot of one end of the Cyclopean wall; up again, hop, skip, and jump, leaping in mid air from ledge to ledge with fearless agility. A slight pause at the foot of *the* Logan; then, clapping his shoulder to its lowest edge, and planting his feet firmly on an opposite block, he began to heave, and heave. A slight tremor in the mass was first observable; then, as he began to grow red in the face with the exertion, a very visible rolling of the Logan to and fro was apparent, which looked as if it would increase till it overbalanced itself—possibly on his side.

"Enough!" we shouted; "that will do for the present." Then, rising from his almost horizontal position, he stepped back half a pace, and with a spring, by the aid of hands and feet, mounted the Logan itself, and stood perched and upright on the very top, before it had hardly ceased its quivering.

"Bravo!—Admirable!—Hurra! hurra!—Very good, indeed, young tin-man!"

Our adventurer (as critics would say) looks around him a moment or two, as careless as a crow roosting on a tree-top, and then dashes down the rugged steep as fast as the laws of gravity aid him in so doing. He reaches the bottom of the hollow safely, and in a minute more stands panting at our side.

My companion had been painfully overcome by terror at the performance; but was reassured, by information from our Nestorian friend, that the performer, during a considerable part of the year, practised the profession of a sailor, and was no stranger to the topmast, and those other parts of a ship's rigging wherein it is so pleasant to take the air.

Nestor is asked if he could do that. Nestor shakes his head, to intimate that *his* dancing days are over; but, if we wish it, the other one will do it again, instead. Again, then, let us see the mighty mass roll on its side. The will was as good as ever, and the feat was executed. But there are some things which it is not possible for a man to perform perfectly more than once or twice in the day. It was like asking Carlotta Grisi, at the conclusion of a brilliant and long-continued coruscation of her many-twinkling feet, immediately to repeat the same air, with variations. Our young friend did his best; but the bound and the spring of his former flight were wanting. It revealed one thing, however, which much diminished our fears for his safety: that what we deemed a rash improvisation, was, in fact, a practised, well-arranged succession of movements; every step, and stride and leap being the same, at the same spot as before. Other people do contrive to get to the summit of the Logan Rock; but most of them do it very clumsily. Nothing but a course of gymnastic lessons from a resident professor would enable an amateur to acquit himself creditably.

"'Tis an enormous thing for one man to stir. *Thirty*-six tons, you say, it weighs? Why, Murray's Hand-Book calculates it at *eighty*-six."

"Murray is right, sir, though I don't know the gentleman; I said *airty*-six. And yet that foolish Lieutenant managed to upset it."

And then Nestor gave us a yarn:—How a gentleman in the British navy, having heard the popular belief that the Logan Rock, though moveable, was not displaceable, determined to capsize it. How he came with his crew, unobserved as he thought, and departed with the proud consciousness of having destroyed one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Great Britain. How the whole

country was in an uproar, and would have pelted the gang of brigands with Logan Rocks, if possible. How the Admiralty quietly ordered their smart Lieutenant to replace the Logan Rock as it was before, on pain of losing his commission. How the guides looked on and grinned, while the sulky, shame-faced sailors were straining away at their machinery. How at last they got it back again, though even now, they say, it does not rock quite so beautifully as before. The Lieutenant had had enough of it before he had done. It was an excellent lesson to those gentry who take mischief for wit; who believe lamp-breaking to be a highly intellectual amusement; and who would glory in having executed a brilliant sally, by decapitating the Dying Gladiator, breaking the legs of Apollo Belvidere, or knocking off the Venus de Medici's nose.

The printed accounts of this honourable exploit read as if our naval iconoclast had thrown the Logan Rock down, from the summit of what I have called the Cyclopean wall, into the hollow beneath it. Such was not the case; had it been so, he would have had considerably more difficulty in settling his accounts with the Admiralty. He merely turned it over on one side: but that was enough to destroy its character. There it lay, a poor, prostrate, defunct Rocking Stone: the bread was snatched out of the Guides' mouths; and the inn, in spite of its then historical sign, might shut up shop.

Nestor is intelligent and obliging, though utterly free from toadyism—a disreputable habit which I never once witnessed among the working people of Cornwall. Nestor thinks I should like a well-rooted specimen of *Asplenium marinum* — pronouncing the name accurately—to take home; and procures one from a chink in the granite. While accepting the fern, I thank him for this attention, and whisper in his ear that there is one thing I do long for and earnestly desire, and that is, to see, and to procure, a pair of live Cornish daws—those charming birds with the red legs and bill. Nestor ruminates;—would if he could, but there are no daws here at present. I must search elsewhere; and I am once more thrown on the flat of my back almost desponding. We retire, gratified confessedly; but with at least one craving of the heart unsatisfied.

Look! what a state my gloves are in, from holding on so tight to your tiresome rocks! A blind man would say he was handling a mountain of nutmeg-graters.

Your gloves, indeed! What a thing to think about in such a spot! Think, rather, of the hundreds and hundreds of miserable wretches who have looked up from those waters to these very rocks, in desperate hope of climbing them; who have grasped some jutting point with their naked flesh, all torn and bleeding, till strength failed and the wave drew them back to bury them in the deep.

You remember the little islet we saw at the Land's End, off Cape Cornwall? Not long since, a man and his wife, shipwrecked there, managed to crawl up to one of its ledges, beyond the reach of the breakers. They were seen by the people on the mainland, but no boat could reach them. The storm continued to rage, and no assistance could be afforded,—pity only. There they sat on that rocky islet, night and day—cold, wet, unsheltered, and starving. The weather subsided a little, and a few bold men determined to rescue them, if possible. A boat was launched: they rowed to the rock as near as they dared without being dashed to pieces; a rope was thrown to them, to tie round them and be dragged to the boat through the sea. The woman hesitated; but it was the only chance, and she was persuaded. One last embrace, one parting kiss, and she made the plunge. She was got into the boat alive, and that was all. The rope was thrown to the man, and he, too, was thus dragged into the boat. But the suffering and the shock were too much for his partner; she died almost immediately. He was safely landed, and kindly treated; but went mad.

We will bid good-bye to the Logan Rock with a less doleful recollection. Some dozen years ago a French vessel was wrecked near this famous stone. The crew were all saved—which vindicates the character of the present Cornish from the old charge of cruelty as wreckers; but property was not then so carefully looked after by the Coast-Guard as now; and a great deal of Champagne came ashore, and was dispersed in the neighbourhood. The people seemed to regard it as a superior sort of ginger-pop, and to be ignorant of its intoxicating properties; so that, without the least suspicion on their part, they were kept in a constant state of excitement for some weeks. So long as it lasted, a bottle of Champagne could easily be had by any lion-hunting tourist who had penetrated so far.

And what am I to do about my Cornish Choughs, now? I don't know; I never was more at a loss in my life. Day after day, and can't catch sight of a tip of a wing. Have them I must; but whether I am lucky enough to track them in their British home, or to find them amongst the peaks of the Tyrol, or along the shores of the Bay of Biscay, my friends shall be sure to hear of it.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROGER MORTIMER, the Queen's lover (who escaped to France in the last chapter), was far from profiting by the examples he had had of the fate of favourites. Having, through the Queen's influence, come into possession of the estates of the two Despensers, he became extremely proud and ambitious, and sought to be the real ruler of England.

The young King, who was crowned at fourteen years of age with all the usual solemnities, resolved not to bear this, and soon pursued Mortimer to his ruin.

The people themselves were not fond of Mortimer—first, because he was a Royal favourite; secondly, because he was supposed to have helped to make a peace with Scotland, which now took place, and in virtue of which the young King's sister Joan, only seven years old, was promised in marriage to David, the son and heir of Robert Bruce, who was only five years old. The nobles hated Mortimer because of his pride, riches, and power. They went so far as to take up arms against him; but were obliged to submit. The Earl of Kent, one of those who did so, but who afterwards went over to Mortimer and the Queen, was made an example of in the following cruel manner:

He seems to have been anything but a wise old earl; and he was persuaded by the agents of the favourite and the Queen, that poor King Edward the Second was not really dead; and thus was betrayed into writing letters favouring his rightful claim to the throne. This was made out to be high treason, and he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. They took the poor old lord outside the town of Winchester, and there kept him waiting some three or four hours until they could find somebody to cut off his head. At last, a convict said he would do it, if the government would pardon him in return; and they gave him the pardon; and at one blow he put the Earl of Kent out of his last suspense.

While the Queen was in France, she had found a lovely and good young lady, named Phillipa, who she thought would make an excellent wife for her son. The young King married this lady, soon after he came to the throne; and her first child, Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards became celebrated, as we shall presently see, under the famous title of Edward the Black Prince.

The young King, thinking the time ripe for the downfall of Mortimer, took counsel with Lord Montacute how he should proceed. A Parliament was going to be held at Nottingham, and that lord recommended that the favourite should be seized by night in Nottingham Castle, where he was sure to be. Now, this, like many other things, was more easily said than done; because, to guard against treachery, the great gates of the Castle were locked every night, and the great keys were carried upstairs to the Queen, who laid them under her own pillow. But the Castle had a governor, and, the governor being Lord Montacute's friend, confided to him how he knew of a secret passage underground, hidden from observation by the weeds and brambles with which it was overgrown; and how, through that passage, the conspirators might enter in the dead of night, and go straight to Mortimer's room. Accordingly, upon a certain dark night, at midnight, they made their way through this dismal place: startling the rats, and frightening the owls and bats: and came safely to the bottom of the main tower of the Castle, where the King met them, and took them up a profoundly-dark staircase in a deep silence. They soon heard the voice of Mortimer in council with some friends; and bursting into the room with a sudden noise, took him prisoner. The Queen cried out from her bed-chamber, "Oh, my sweet son, my dear son, spare my gentle Mortimer!" They carried him off, however; and, before the next Parliament, accused him of having made differences between the young King and his mother, and of having brought about the death of the Earl of Kent, and even of the late King; for, as you know by this time, when they wanted to get rid of a man in those old days, they were not very particular of what they accused him. Mortimer was found guilty of all this, and was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn. The King shut his mother up in a genteel confinement, where she passed the rest of her life; and now he became King in earnest.

The first effort he made was to conquer Scotland. The English lords who had lands in Scotland, finding that their rights were not respected under the late peace, made war on their own account: choosing for their general, Edward, the son of John Baliol, who made such a vigorous fight, that in less than two months he won the whole Scottish Kingdom. He was joined, when thus triumphant, by the King and Parliament; and he and the King in person besieged the Scottish forces in Berwick. The whole Scottish army coming to the assistance of their countrymen, such a furious battle ensued, that thirty thousand men are said to have been killed in it. Baliol was then crowned King of Scotland, doing homage to the King of England; but little came of his successes after all, for the Scottish men rose against him, within no very long time, and David Bruce came back within ten years and took his kingdom.

France was a far richer country than Scotland, and the King had a much greater mind to conquer it. So, he let Scotland alone, and pretended that he had a claim to the French throne in right of his mother. He had, in reality, no claim at all; but that mattered little in those times. He brought over to his cause many little princes and sovereigns, and even courted the alliance of the people of Flanders—a busy, working community, who had very small respect for kings, and whose head man was a brewer. With such forces as he raised by these means, Edward invaded France; but he did little by that, except run into debt in carrying on the war to the extent of three hundred thousand pounds. The next year he did better; gaining a great sea-fight in the harbour of Sluys. This success, however, was very short-lived, for the Flemings took

fright at the siege of Saint Omer and ran away, leaving their weapons and baggage behind them. Philip, the French King, coming up with his army, and Edward being very anxious to decide the war, proposed to settle the difference by single combat with him, or by a fight of one hundred knights on each side. The French King said, he thanked him; but being very well as he was, he would rather not. So, after some skirmishing and talking, a short peace was made.

It was soon broken by King Edward's favouring the cause of John, Earl of Montford; a French nobleman, who asserted a claim of his own against the French King, and offered to do homage to England for the Crown of France, if he could obtain it through England's help. This French lord, himself, was soon defeated by the French King's son, and shut up in a tower in Paris; but his wife, a courageous and beautiful woman, who is said to have had the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion, assembled the people of Brittany, where she then was; and, showing them her infant son, made many pathetic entreaties to them not to desert her and their young Lord They took fire at this appeal, and rallied around her in the strong castle of Hennebon. Here she was not only besieged without by the French under Charles de Blois, but was endangered within by a dreary old bishop, who was always representing to the people what horrors they must undergo if they were faithful—first from famine, and afterwards, from fire and sword. But this noble lady, whose heart never failed her, encouraged her soldiers by her own example; went from post to post like a great general; even mounted on horseback fully armed, and, issuing from the castle by a bye-path, fell upon the French camp, set fire to the tents, and threw the whole force into disorder. This done, she got safely back to Hennebon again, and was received with loud shouts of joy by the defenders of the castle, who had given her up for lost. As they were now very short of provisions, however, and as they could not dine off enthusiasm, and as the old bishop was always saying, "I told you what it would come to!" they began to lose heart, and to talk of yielding the castle up. The brave Countess retiring to an upper room and looking with great grief out to sea, where she expected relief from England, saw, at this very time, the English ships in the distance, and was relieved and rescued! Sir Walter Manny, the English commander, so admired her courage, that, being come into the castle with the English knights, and having made a feast there, he assaulted the French by way of dessert, and beat them off triumphantly. Then he and the knights came back to the castle with great joy; and the Countess, who had watched them from a high tower, thanked them with all her heart, and kissed them every one.

This noble lady distinguished herself afterwards in a sea-fight with the French off Guernsey, when she was on her way to England to ask for more troops. Her great spirit roused another lady, the wife of another French lord (whom the French King very barbarously murdered), to distinguish herself scarcely less. The time was fast coming, however, when Edward, Prince of Wales, was to be the great star of this French and English war.

It was in the month of July in the year one thousand three hundred and forty-six, when the King embarked at Southampton for France, with an army of about thirty thousand men in all, attended by the Prince of Wales and by several of the chief nobles. He landed at La Hogue in Normandy; and, burning and destroying as he went, according to custom, advanced up the left bank of the River Seine, and fired the small towns even close to Paris; but, being watched from the right bank of the river by the French King and all his army, it came to this at last, that Edward found himself, on Saturday the twenty-sixth of August one thousand three hundred and forty-six, on a rising ground behind the little French village of Crecy, face to face with the French King's force. And, although the French King had an enormous army—in number more than eight times his—he there resolved to beat him or be beaten.

The young Prince, assisted by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Warwick, led the first division of the English army; two other great Earls led the second; and the King, the third. When the morning dawned, the King received the sacrament, and heard prayers, and then, mounted on horseback with a white wand in his hand, rode from company to company, and rank to rank, cheering and encouraging both officers and men. Then the whole army breakfasted, each man sitting on the ground where he had stood; and then they remained quietly on the ground with their weapons ready.

Up came the French king with all his great force. It was dark and angry weather; there was an eclipse of the sun; there was a thunder-storm, accompanied with tremendous rain; the frightened birds flew screaming above the soldiers' heads. A certain captain in the French army advised the French King, who was by no means cheerful, not to begin the battle until the morrow. The King, taking this advice, gave the word to halt. But, those behind not understanding it, or desiring to be foremost with the rest, came pressing on. The roads for a great distance were covered with this immense army, and with the common people from the villages, who were flourishing their rude weapons, and making a great noise. Owing to these circumstances, the French army advanced in the greatest confusion; every French lord doing what he liked with his own men, and putting out the men of every other French lord.

Now, their King relied strongly upon a

great body of cross-bowmen from Genoa; and these he ordered to the front to begin the battle, on finding that he could not stop it. They shouted once, they shouted twice, they shouted three times, to alarm the English archers; but, the English archers would have heard them shout three thousand times and would have never moved. At last the cross-bowmen went forward a little, and began to discharge their bolts; upon which, the English let fly such a hail of arrows, that the Genoese speedily made off—for their cross-bows, besides being heavy to carry, required to be wound up with a handle, and consequently took time to re-load; the English, on the other hand, could discharge their arrows almost as fast as the arrows could fly.

When the French King saw the Genoese turning, he cried out to his men to kill those scoundrels, who were doing harm instead of service. This increased the confusion. Meanwhile the English archers, continuing to shoot as fast as ever, shot down great numbers of the French soldiers and knights; whom certain sly Cornish-men and Welchmen, from the English army, creeping along the ground, despatched with great knives. The Prince and his division were at this time so hard-pressed, that the Earl of Warwick sent a message to the King, who was overlooking the battle from a windmill, beseeching him to send more aid. "Is my son killed?" said the King. No, sire, please God," returned the messenger. "Is he wounded?" said the King? "No, sire." "Is he thrown to the ground?" said the king. "No, sire, not so; but, he is very hard-pressed." "Then," said the King, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them that I shall send no aid; because I set my heart upon my son proving himself this day a brave knight, and because I am resolved, please God, that the honour of a great victory shall be his!" These bold words, being reported to the Prince and his division, so raised their spirits, that they fought better than ever. The King of France charged gallantly with his men many times; but it was of no use. Night closing in, his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the knights and nobles who had clustered thick about him early in the day, were now completely scattered. At last, some of his few remaining followers led him off the field by force, since he would not retire of himself, and they journeyed away to Amiens. The victorious English, lighting their watch-fires, made merry on the field, and the King, riding to meet his gallant son, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him that he had acted nobly, and proved himself worthy of the day and of the crown. While it was yet night, King Edward was hardly aware of the great victory he had gained; but, next day, it was discovered that eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common men, lay dead upon the French side. Among these was the King of Bohemia, an old blind man; who, having been told that his son was wounded in the battle, and that no force could stand against the Black Prince, called to him two knights, put himself on horseback between them, fastened the three bridles together, and dashed in among the English, where he was presently slain. He bore as his crest three white ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich dien*, signifying in English "I serve." This crest and motto were taken by the Prince of Wales in remembrance of that famous day, and have been borne by the Prince of Wales ever since.

Five days after this great battle, the King laid siege to Calais. This siege—ever afterwards memorable—lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops, that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung up around the first. Early in the siege, the governor of the town drove out what he called the useless mouths, to the number of seventeen hundred persons, men and women, young and old. King Edward allowed them to pass through his lines, and even fed them, and dismissed them with money; but, later in the siege, he was not so merciful—five hundred more, who were afterwards driven out, dying of starvation and misery. The garrison were so hard-pressed at last, that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and, that if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English, or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed in by the English power, that he could not succeed, and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag and surrendered to King Edward. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here, six of the most distinguished citizens, bare-legged, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

When the Governor of Calais related this to the people in the Market-place, there was great weeping and distress; in the midst of which, one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said, that if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be; therefore, he offered himself as the first. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens rose up one after another, and offered themselves to save the rest. The Governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten, and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

Edward received them wrathfully, and

ordered the heads of the whole six to be struck off. Sir Walter Manny pleaded for them, but in vain. However, the good Queen fell upon her knees, and besought the King to give them up to her. The King replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you." So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth soon afterwards, for her gentle mother's sake.

Now, came that terrible disease, the Plague, into Europe, hurrying from the heart of China; and killed the wretched people—especially the poor—in such enormous numbers, that one-half of the inhabitants of England are related to have died of it. It killed the cattle, in great numbers, too; and so few working men remained alive, that there were not enough left to till the ground.

After eight years of differing and quarrelling, the Prince of Wales again invaded France with an army of sixty thousand men. He went through the south of the country, burning and plundering wheresoever he went; while his father, who had still the Scottish war upon his hands, did the like in Scotland, but was harassed and worried in his retreat from that country by the Scottish men, who repaid his cruelties with interest.

The French King, Philip, was now dead, and was succeeded by his son John. The Black Prince, called by that name from the colour of the armour he wore to set off his fair complexion, continuing to burn and destroy in France, roused John into determined opposition; and so cruel had the Black Prince been in his campaign, and so severely had the French peasants suffered, that he could not find one who, for love, or money, or the fear of death, would tell him what the French King was doing, or where he was. Thus it happened that he came upon the French King's forces, all of a sudden, near the town of Poictiers, and found that the whole neighbouring country was occupied by a vast French army. "God help us!" said the Black Prince, "we must make the best of it."

So, on a Sunday morning, the eighteenth of September, the Prince—whose army was now reduced to ten thousand men in all—prepared to give battle to the French King, who had sixty thousand horse alone. While he was so engaged, there came riding from the French camp, a Cardinal, who had persuaded John to let him offer terms, and try to save the shedding of Christian blood. "Save my honour," said the Prince to this good priest, "and save the honour of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms." He offered to give up all the towns, castles, and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years; but, as Philip would hear of nothing but his surrender, with a hundred of his chief knights, the treaty was broken off, and the Prince said, quietly—"God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow."

Therefore, on the Monday morning, at break of day, the two armies prepared for battle. The English were posted in a strong place, which could only be approached by one narrow lane, skirted by hedges on both sides. The French attacked them by this lane; but were so galled and slain by English arrows from behind the hedges, that they were forced to retreat. Then, went six hundred English bowmen round about, and, coming upon the rear of the French army, rained arrows on them thick and fast. The French knights, thrown into confusion, quitted their banners and dispersed in all directions. Said Sir John Chandos to the Prince, "Ride forward, noble Prince, and the day is yours. The King of France is so valiant a gentleman, that I know he will never fly, and may be taken prisoner." Said the Prince to this, "Advance English banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and on they pressed until they came up with the French King, fighting fiercely with his battle-axe, and, when all his nobles had forsaken him, attended faithfully to the last by his youngest son Philip, only sixteen years of age. Father and son fought well, and the King had already two wounds in his face, and had been beaten down, when he at last delivered himself to a banished French Knight, and gave him his right-hand glove in token that he had done so.

The Black Prince was generous as well as brave, and he invited his royal prisoner to supper in his tent, and waited upon him at table, and, when they afterwards rode into London in a gorgeous procession, mounted the French King on a fine cream-coloured horse, and rode at his side on a little pony. This was all very kind, but I think it was, perhaps, a little theatrical too, and has been made more meritorious than it deserved to be; especially as I am inclined to think that the greatest kindness to the King of France would have been not to have shown him to the people at all. However, it must be said, for these acts of politeness, that, in course of time, they did much to soften the horrors of war and the passions of conquerors. It was a long, long time before the common soldiers began to have the benefit of such courtly deeds; but they did at last; and thus it is possible that a poor soldier who asked for quarter at the battle of Waterloo, or any other such great fight, may have owed his life indirectly to Edward the Black Prince.

At this time there stood in the Strand, in London, a palace called the Savoy, which was given up to the captive King of France and his son for their residence. As the King of Scotland had now been King Edward's captive for eleven years too, his success was, at this time, tolerably complete. The Scottish business was settled by the prisoner being

released under the title of Sir David, King of Scotland, and by his engaging to pay a large ransom. The state of France encouraged England to propose harder terms to that country, where the people rose against the unspeakable cruelty and barbarity of its nobles; where the nobles rose in their turn against the people; where the most frightful outrages were committed on all sides; and where this insurrection of the peasants, called the insurrection of the Jacquerie, from Jacques, a common Christian name among the country people of France, awakened terrors and hatreds that have scarcely yet passed away. A treaty called the Great Peace, was at last signed, under which King Edward agreed to give up the greater part of his conquests, and King John to pay, within six years, a ransom of three million crowns of gold. He was so beset by his own nobles and courtiers for having yielded to these conditions—though they could help him to no better—that he came back of his own will to his old palace-prison of the Savoy, and there died.

There was a Sovereign of Castile at that time, called PEDRO THE CRUEL, who deserved the name remarkably well: having committed, among other cruelties, a variety of murders. This amiable monarch being driven from his throne for his crimes, went to the province of Bourdeaux, where the Black Prince—now married to his cousin JOAN, a pretty widow—was residing, and besought his help. The Prince, who took to him much more kindly than a prince of such fame ought to have taken to such a ruffian, readily listened to his fair promises, and, agreeing to help him, sent secret orders to some troublesome disbanded soldiers of his and his father's, who called themselves the Free Companions, and who had been a pest to the French people for some time, to aid this Pedro. The Prince, himself, going into Spain to head the army of relief, soon set Pedro on his throne again—where he no sooner found himself, than, of course, he behaved like the villain he was, broke his word without the least shame, and abandoned all the promises he had made to the Black Prince. Now, it had cost the Prince a good deal of money to pay soldiers to support this murderous King; and finding himself, when he came back disgusted to Bourdeaux, not only in bad health, but deeply in debt, he began to tax his French subjects to pay his creditors. They appealed to the French King; CHARLES; war again broke out; and the French town of Limoges, which the Prince had greatly benefited, went over to the French King. Upon this he ravaged the province of which it was the capital; burnt, and plundered, and killed, in the old sickening way; and refused mercy to the prisoners, men, women, and children taken in the offending town, though he was so ill and so much in need of pity himself: in Heaven, that he was carried in a litter. He lived to come home and make himself popular with the people and parliament, and he died on Trinity Sunday, the eighth of June, one thousand three hundred and seventy-six, at forty-six years old.

The whole nation mourned for him as one of the most renowned and beloved princes it had ever had; and he was buried with great lamentations in Canterbury Cathedral. Near to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, his monument, with his figure, carved in stone, and represented in the old black armour, lying on its back, may be seen at this day, with an ancient coat of mail, a helmet, and a pair of gauntlets hanging from a beam above it, which most people like to believe were once worn by the Black Prince.

King Edward did not outlive his renowned son, long. He was old, and one Alice Perrers, a beautiful lady, had contrived to make him so fond of her in his old age, that he could refuse her nothing, and made himself ridiculous. She little deserved his love, or—what I dare say she valued a great deal more—the jewels of the late Queen, which he gave her among other rich presents. She took the very ring from his finger on the morning of the day when he died, and left him to be pillaged by his faithless servants. Only one good priest was true to him, and attended him to the last.

Besides being famous for the great victories I have related, the reign of King Edward the Third was rendered memorable in better ways, by the growth of architecture and the erection of Windsor Castle. In better ways still, by the rising up of WICKLIFFE, originally a poor parish priest: who devoted himself to exposing, with wonderful power and success, the ambition and corruption of the Pope, and of the whole church of which he was the head.

Some of those Flemings were induced to come to England in this reign too, and to settle in Norfolk, where they made better woollen cloths than the English had ever had before. The Order of the Garter (a very fine thing in its way, but hardly so important as good clothes for the nation) also dates from this period. The King is said to have picked up a lady's garter at a ball, and to have said, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—in English, "Evil be to him who evil thinks of it." The courtiers were usually glad to imitate what the King said or did, and hence from a slight incident the Order of the Garter was instituted, and became a great dignity.

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THE HARVEST OF GOLD.

THREE years ago, one Mr. Smith, a gentleman engaged in iron-works in Australia, made his appearance at the Government House, Sydney, with a lump of gold. He offered, for a large sum of money, to point out where he had got it, and where more was to be found in abundance. The Government, however, thinking that this might be no more than a device, and that the lump produced might, in reality, have come from California, declined to buy a gold field in the dark, but advised Mr. Smith to unfold his tale, and leave his payment to the liberality of Government. This Mr. Smith refused to do, and there the matter ended.

On the third of April, 1851, Mr. Hargraves, who had recently returned from California, addressed the Government, stating that the result of his experience in that country had led him to expect gold in Australia; that the results of his exploring had been highly satisfactory; and that for the sum of five hundred pounds he would point out the precious districts. The same answer was returned that had disposed of Mr. Smith, but with an opposite effect; for Mr. Hargraves declaring himself "satisfied to leave the remuneration for his discovery to the liberal consideration of the Government," at once named the districts, which were Lewis Ponds, Summer-Hill Creek, and Macquarie River, in Bathurst and Wellington—the present Ophir. Mr. Hargraves was directed to place himself at once in communication with the Government Surveyor.

Meantime, the news began to be whispered about. A man who appeared in Bathurst with a lump of gold worth thirty pounds, which he had picked up, created a great sensation, and numbers hastened to see whether they could not do likewise. The Commissioner of Crown Lands became alarmed. He warned all those who had commenced their search, of the illegality of their proceedings, and made earnest application for efficient assistance, imagining that the doings in California were to be repeated in Bathurst, and that pillage and murder were to be the order of the day. The Government immediately took active measures for the maintenance of order. Troops were despatched to the Gold fields, and the Inspector-General of Police received a discretionary power to employ what force he thought proper.

Great was the excitement in Sydney upon the confirmation of all this intelligence. Hasty partings, deserted desks, and closed shops, multiplied in number. Every imaginable mode of conveyance was resorted to, and hundreds set off on foot.

On the fourteenth of May, the Government Surveyor reported that in communication with Mr. Hargraves, he had visited the beforementioned districts, and after three hours' examination, "had seen quite enough:"—gold was everywhere plentiful.

A Proclamation was at once issued, forbidding any person to dig without a license, setting forth divers pains and penalties for disobedience. Licenses were to be obtained upon the spot, at the rate of thirty shillings per month, liable to future alteration. No licenses were granted to any one who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last service, or otherwise give a satisfactory account of himself; and the descriptions of such as were refused were registered. A small body of mounted police were at the same time organised, who were paid at the somewhat curious rate of three shillings and threepence per day, with rations, and lodgings when they could be procured. Fortunately, there was no attempt at disturbance, for the Governor in a despatch states, "that the rush of people (most of them armed) was so great, that had they been disposed to resist, the whole of the troops and police would have been unable to cope with them." The licenses, too, were all cheerfully paid for, either in coin or gold.

On the third of June, Mr. Hargraves (who, in the meantime, had received a responsible appointment) underwent an examination before the Legislative Council, when he stated that he was led to search in the neighbourhood of Bathurst, by observing the similarity of the country to California. He found gold as soon as he dismounted. He found it everywhere; rode from the head of the Turon River to its confluence with the Macquarie, about one hundred miles; found gold over the whole extent; afterwards found it all along the Macquarie. "Bathurst," observed Mr. Hargraves, "is the most extraordinary place I

ever saw. Gold is actually found lying on the ground, close to the surface." And Mr. Commissioner Green, two days afterwards, reported, that "gold was found in every pan of earth taken up."

But the most important event connected with these discoveries, and which is without parallel in the world's history, remains to be told.

On the sixteenth of July, The Bathurst Free Press, commenced a leader with the following passage :—

"Bathurst is mad again! The delirium of golden fever has returned with increased intensity. Men meet together, stare stupidly at one another, and wonder what will happen next. Everybody has a hundred times seen a hundred-weight of flour. A hundred-weight of sugar is an every-day fact; but a hundred-weight of gold is a phrase scarcely known in the English language. It is beyond the range of our ordinary ideas; a sort of physical incomprehensibility; but that it is a material existence, our own eyes bore witness." Now for the facts.

On Sunday, eleventh July, it was whispered about in Sydney, that a Dr. Kerr had found a hundred-weight of gold! Few believed it. It was thought a capital joke. Monday arrived, and all doubts were dispelled; for at mid-day a tandem, drawn by two greys, drew up in front of the Free Press Office. Two immense lumps of virgin gold were displayed in the body of the vehicle; and being freely handed round to a quickly assembled crowd, created feelings of wonder, incredulity, and admiration, which were increased, when a large tin box was pointed to, as containing the remainder of the hundred-weight of gold. The whole was at once lodged at the Union Bank of Australia, where the process of weighing took place in the presence of a party of gentlemen, including the lucky owner and the manager of the bank. The entire mass weighed about three hundred pounds, which yielded one hundred and six pounds of pure gold, valued at four thousand pounds. This magnificent mass was accidentally discovered by an educated aboriginal in the service of Dr. Kerr; who, while keeping his master's sheep, had his attention attracted to something shining on a block of quartz, and breaking off a portion with his tomahawk, this hitherto hidden treasure stared him in the face. The lump was purchased by Messrs. Thacker and Company, of Sydney, and consigned to an eminent firm in London.

Meanwhile, the Commissioner reported a gold field many miles in extent, north-east of Bathurst, adding that it would afford employment for five thousand persons, the average gain of each person being *then* one pound per day; while provisions, which at one time had been enormously high, owing to the cupidity of speculators, had fallen so low, that the sum of ten shillings a-week was quite sufficient for one individual's subsistence. The Reports from the other Commissioners were equally favourable; and it is gratifying to find that they all spoke in the highest terms of the orderly and exemplary conduct of the diggers.

Since the discoveries in the neighbourhood of Sydney, there have been found, in South Australia, large tracts of country, abounding in gold, only sixteen miles from Melbourne. The most recent accounts (December 15, 1851) from these regions are of a most astounding character. In the first week in December nearly fifty thousand pounds value in gold was brought into Melbourne and Geelong. The amount would have been greater but for want of conveyance. "To find quartz," says the Australian and New Zealand Gazette, "is to find gold. It is found thirty-two feet from the surface in plenty. Gold is actually oozing from the earth." Nuggets of gold, from fourteen ounces to twenty-seven pounds, are to be found in abundance. A single quartz "nugget," found in Louisa creek, sold for one thousand one hundred and fifty five pounds. The Alert was on her way home with one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling in gold, and two other vessels with similar rich cargoes.

Every town and village were becoming gradually deserted. "Those who remain behind to mind the flocks demand such wages, that farming will not long pay. Labour is in such demand that anybody with a pair of hands can readily command thirty-five shillings per week, with board and lodging." The Government Commissioners had given in their unanimous report, that the gold fields were already so extensive as to afford remunerative employment for one hundred thousand persons. In conclusion, the last advices describe the excitement as so intense that fears were entertained that sufficient hands would not be left to get in the standing crops.

Every week the number multiplies, of gold-seekers' colonies planted about streams in Australia; at all, the conduct of the diggers is exemplary. Most of them cease from labour on the Sunday, and spend that day as they would spend it if they were in town. The first keg of spirits taken into an Australian gold field had its head punched out by the miners; and Government has since assisted them in the endeavour to repress the use of stronger stimulants than wine or beer. Where every member of the community possesses more or less of the great object of desire; where stolen gold could never be identified; where it would be far from easy to identify a thief who passes to-and-fro among communities composed entirely of chance-comers, having faces strange one to another, a little drunkenness might lead to a great deal of lawlessness and crime. There are men, however, who will drink; and what are called by the miners "sly grog-sellers" exist, and elude discovery in every gold settlement. Yet we read of one man who, being drunk, had dropped

the bottle which contained his gold, and are informed that he was afterwards sought out, and received due restoration of his treasure from its finder. Some settlements are much more lawless than the rest, and we have read, perhaps, more ill of Ballarat than any other; yet it is of Ballarat that we receive the following sketch from a private correspondent.

The writer, with a party of four young friends, quitted a farm near Geelong, in October last year, to experiment as a digger at Ballarat until the harvest. One man at a gold field can do little for himself; a party of about four is requisite to make a profitable division of the labour. "With this party," our correspondent says, "I started on Thursday, October the second, for the Gold City of Ballarat. We took with us all requisite tools; a large tarpaulin to make into a tent; and provisions to last us for two months. All this was stowed away in our own dray; and our man Tom accompanied it.

"This mode of travelling—the universal mode in Australia—is very pleasant in fine weather. We used to be up at daybreak, and start as soon as we had breakfasted. We would go on leisurely—for bullocks won't be hurried—and get through a stage of from fifteen to twenty miles, according to the state of the roads, allowing an interval of one hour for dinner. Then we would stop for the night at some convenient camping ground, where there was a good supply of grass, wood, and water. There, our first proceedings were to make a big fire, and a great kettle of tea—a kettle, mind; then we rigged out a temporary tent, spread our beds on the ground, and went to sleep as comfortably as if we were at a first-rate hotel.

"On Monday night—having left the farm on the previous Thursday—we camped about two miles from the diggings; and making a very early start, we got in sight of them a little after sunrise.

"It certainly was the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. Imagine a valley, varying in width from one hundred to five hundred yards, enclosed on either side by high ranges of hills, thickly timbered. Through the middle of this valley there winds a rapid little stream, or 'creek,' as it is termed here. On the banks of the creek, and among the trees of the surrounding ranges, were clustered tents, bark-huts formed after the native fashion with boughs of trees, and every kind of temporary habitation which could be put up in the course of an hour or two.

"Some idea may be formed of the number of tents and other habitations, when I say that there were then at least five thousand men at work within a space of about half-a-mile up the creek. All these had collected together in a few weeks; for it was only in the latter end of August that gold was first found in this out-of-the-way forest valley—now the site of the 'City of Ballarat,' as it was nicknamed by the diggers.

"We chose a place for our tent on a rather retired spot, not far from the creek; in a couple of hours our 'house' was put up, the stores stowed away inside it, and Tom and his team were off on the home journey to Geelong. Leaving the others to 'set our house in order,' get in a stock of firewood, bake a damper, and perform various other odd jobs attendant upon taking up one's residence in the Bush—Fred. and I set out to reconnoitre the scene of our future operations.

"The place where there was the richest deposit of gold was on the face of a hill, which sloped gradually down from the edges on the right-hand (or east) side of the creek, going towards the source. I mention these particulars, because it is worthy of note that almost all the principal diggings have been discovered in places similarly situated. The whole of the hill was what geologists call an 'alluvial deposit:' consisting of various strata of sand, gravel, large quartz boulders, and white clay, in the order I have named them. It is in this white clay, immediately beneath the quartz, that the gold is found. In one part of the hill, where the discovery was first made, this layer of quartz was visible at the surface, or 'cropped out:' in other parts it is to be met with at various depths, of from five to thirty feet.

"When first these diggings were discovered, there were, as might be expected, continual disputes as to how much ground each man should have for his operations. One party applied to the Government, which immediately appointed a Commissioner and a whole staff of subordinates, to maintain order and enforce certain regulations, made ostensibly for the benefit of the diggers. Of these regulations the two principal ones were, that each person must pay thirty shillings per month for a license to 'dig, search for, and remove gold' (I enclose you my license as a curiosity); and that no person could claim more than eight feet square of ground to work at, at one time. In consequence of this last regulation, the workings were concentrated in a small part of the hill, where the gold was chiefly to be found. This spot was perfectly riddled with holes, of from eight to sixteen feet square, separated by narrow pathways, which formed the means of communication between each hole and the creek. A walk about this honeycomb of holes was most amusing. The whole place swarmed with men; some at work in the pits; others carrying down the auriferous earth to be washed in the creek—in wheel barrows, hand-barrows, sacks, and tin dishes on their heads. In some of the holes I even saw men digging out bits of gold from between the stones with a table-knife.

"Busy as this scene was, I think the scene at the creek was busier. Both banks, for half-a-mile, were lined with men, hard at work washing the earth in cradles. Each cradle employs three men; and all the cradles are

placed close to one another, at intervals of not more than a yard. The noise produced by the incessant 'rock-rock' of these cradles was like that of an immense factory. This—together with continual hammering of a thousand picks, and the occasional crashing fall of immense trees, whose roots had been undermined by some mole of a gold-digger—made a confusion of sounds, of which you will find it difficult to form a just idea."

Our correspondent's party was not very fortunate in its researches at Ballarat. Having explained this to us, he continues to give his impressions of the place.

"When we arrived there, the influx of people was still going on; tents springing up at the rate of fifty per diem. This continued until the third week in September, when the number of persons on the ground was estimated at seven thousand. Strange as was the appearance of the place by day, it was still stranger at night. Before every tent was a fire; and in addition to this general illumination, there was not unfrequently a special one—the accidental burning down of some tent or other. These little conflagrations produced splendid effects; the bright glare suddenly lighting up the gloomy masses of trees, and the groups of wild-looking diggers.

"Noise, too, was a prominent feature of 'Ballarat by night.' From dusk till eleven p. m., there was a continuous discharge of fire-arms; for almost every one brought some kind of weapon with him to the diggings. Then there was a band which discoursed by no means eloquent music: nine-tenths of the score being monopolised by the drum. In the pauses of this—which occurred, I suppose, whenever the indefatigable drummer had made his arms ache—we would hear rising from some of the tents music of a more pleasing character. The party next ours sang hymns very correctly in four parts; and from another tent the 'Last Rose of Summer' sometimes issued, played very pathetically on the flageolet.

"Sunday was always well observed at the diggings, so far as absence from work was concerned: and there was Service held twice a day by different ministers. Altogether, though there were occasional fights—particularly on Sundays—there was much less disorder than one would have expected, where a large body of such men were gathered together. While we stayed, there happened only one murder and two or three robberies. You must not take the quantity of gold we got as any criterion of the amount found by other parties. Numbers made fortunes in a few weeks. One party that I knew obtained thirty pounds weight—troy—in seven weeks; and a youth of seventeen, who came out with me in the 'Anna Maria,' received five hundred pounds as his share of six weeks' work. These are but ordinary cases. The greatest quantity known to have been taken out in one day, was sixty-three pounds weight, nearly three thousand pounds worth.

"On Wednesday, November fifth, we packed up, left Ballarat, and set off for Mount Alexander, where we arrived on the Saturday following. The Diggings there are not confined to one spot, but extend for twelve miles up a valley. The gold is found mostly among the surface-soil: some I have even seen lying among the grass. We tried first at a place where there was only one party at work; and the trial proving satisfactory, we stayed there three weeks, and obtained thirty-six ounces of gold. For a few days we did nothing; and then we went over to some other Diggings about five miles off. Here we went "prospecting" for ourselves, and the first day found out a spot from which we took thirty-five ounces in one week—the last of our stay; eighteen ounces we found in a single day

"We then started off, back to Geelong; for I was anxious to be back for the harvest. We reached home on Saturday, December twentieth."

Writing on the twenty-eighth of December, our informant adds:—

"This gold discovery has sent the whole country mad. There are now upwards of fifty thousand men at work at the various diggings; of which I have only mentioned the two principal ones, Ballarat and Mount Alexander. Everybody who can by any means get away, is off. It is almost impossible to obtain labourers at any wages. Half the wheat in the country will most likely rot on the ground for want of hands to reap it. Fortunately we shall be able to get in ours ourselves, for our man Tom is still with us, and Mr. R.'s four brothers will lend us a hand. We have a very good crop of wheat, for the first year. the barley, of which we had an acre or two, we have already cut and threshed, and are going to send a load in to Geelong to-morrow. I can handle the sickle and flail pretty well for a beginner. We shall cut the wheat next Tuesday. As soon as the harvest is over, and the wheat threshed out and sold, Mr. R. and I mean to make up another party and be off to the diggings. We cannot do all the work on the farm ourselves, and hiring servants now is out of the question. Men are asking seven shillings and sixpence a-day wages, and will only hire by the week at that rate. Things will soon be in the same state as they are in California. All ordinary employments will be put a stop to for a time: but there will no doubt come a reaction in the course of a year or two."

The reaction anticipated by the writer will not consist in a disgust at gold, or a decrease in the number of gold-diggers. It will be less a reaction than a recovery of balance. Although the gold in Australia is, on the whole, peculiarly accessible, and so abundant that a persevering worker cannot fail to draw a livelihood out of the diggings; yet there are very many workers who are

not disposed to persevere. Experience has shown, that a large number of men who rush upon the gold field to pick up a fortune, like all sanguine people, take up quickly with despair, and come away after a few weeks of bad success. Of the large number of people who will be induced by their gold to emigrate into the Australian colonies, many will try the gold fields and abandon them, many will find their health or their acquired habits unsuited to the rough work of the diggings, and the "Home of the Gold Miners"—as one sees it advertised in Sydney papers, "weighing only twelve pounds—nine feet square by eight feet high, for thirty-five shillings." Such men and others will be more ready to spread about the towns and through the pastures. In a year or two there will be in Australia labour willing to employ itself as readily upon the fields as upon the gold, while the work will proceed at the gold fields steadily enough.

The contrast is very great between the orderly behaviour at the gold fields in Australia, and the disorders of California. There are few fields, we are told, at which a miner might not have his wife and family; if he could provide accommodation for them, they would be as safe, and meet with just as much respect as if they lived in their own house in town. A clergyman, quitting the Turon settlement, publicly returns his "sincere thanks to the commissioners of the Turon, and to the mining population in general, for the many acts of kindness which he experienced during his short residence among them. He considers it his duty," he says, "thus publicly to state, not only his own personal obligations, but also the pleasure which he felt in witnessing the general desire of all classes to promote the object of his mission, and to profit by his humble labours; and if," he says, "he were to judge from their orderly conduct, and from the earnest attention and apparent devotion with which they all joined in the religious services of the sabbath, he could not help forming a very favourable opinion of the miners. It cannot be denied that the great majority are sober, industrious, and well-disposed."

The file of a Sydney daily paper since the commencement of gold discoveries, is quite a study for philosophers. Wonderful tales of treasures brought to town, condensed into the weekly "Gold Circular," are waited upon by an array of light, social absurdities, and supported by an admirable body of sound human feeling. In one week, for example, twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of gold has come to town, against which uprises a wholesale and retail grocer, who advertises that "Economy is a sure road to a Gold Field," and requests the public to look rather to his Teas and Coffees. Then our English eyes do, indeed, dwell a little on his list, when we remember our own taxes, and see that the gold diggers may buy gunpowder tea at two shillings a pound, and sugar at twopence. No wonder that they make their tea in kettles.

The next weekly "Gold Circular" tells of fifteen thousand pounds' worth that has come in by Government escort—an unpopular, because a dear conveyance, the charge being one per cent.; and, as for the gold privately transmitted, adds the Circular, "When we know of one man bringing down a thousand ounces in a horse-collar, it is impossible to state correctly what may come into town." On the same day, a draper declares that he is determined to sell ten thousand pounds' worth of haberdashery at an alarming sacrifice, "it being perfectly evident that at the present time it is the only means by which a trade can be done,"—and so on In the same paper there is advertised Number One of a new periodical, to be called "The Golden Age;" and another bookseller announces as "The only readable book ever published in Australia, 'The Gold Calculator; or, Diggers' and Dealers' Ready Reckoner.'" That being the humour of Australian authors, an Australian musician offers, in the same good cause, "The Ophir Schottische;" while the public is in various places strongly recommended to buy pumps and cradles.

In another paper, we meet with an intelligent calculation of the advantages that will be derived by the Australian colonies, from the immigration caused by gold. Among these, it is remembered that more mouths will want more mutton, and pay to the now troubled agriculturists better price for carcases, that hitherto have only been available for tallow. In this calculation, we meet with an item that again falls curiously on our English ears:—"The consumption of meat at Sydney is at the rate of about three hundred and thirty pounds per head per annum; that of the bush much more, as there is a small proportion of children, and the adults have, at least, five hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and a large proportion from six hundred to seven hundred and twenty pounds."

Then we come upon a narrative of the attempts that have been made to put down sly-grog-men at the gold-fields. "I went out," says the writer, "one or two nights with the Commissioners on the Turon, and after blundering about all night among deep pits and high banks, crossing a flooded river half-a-dozen times on slippery logs, I came to the conclusion that to be out of bed on any such errand, was all vanity and vexation of spirit. We knew that we were within a few yards of the grog-shop; saw drunken men lying about, but everything was perfectly quiet; not a move, nor a sound, except the monotonous declaration of a drunken fellow, that—he was a man." Perhaps he was sober enough to feel that he incurred some risk of being taken for a beast.

In another paper we are told of the first passage of "the gold coach" through a quiet village, and of the consequent defection of the

labourers. In the same paper we have news from Mount Alexander, that might well turn the head of any villager. One person "left Melbourne on Saturday, and returned on the Monday week following, bringing fourteen pounds weight of gold with him, dug up by himself. Another man, after working ten days, brought back twenty-two pounds weight. A friend of mine, a gentleman who only went to see, was anxious to try his luck, and begged a dishful of earth, to have, as he thought, a few grains to take home with him; a few minutes washing gave him nearly two ounces of gold." The gold at Mount Alexander, the richest field discovered yet, lies near the surface. Two men there obtained four hundred ounces in three weeks. As for the weekly "Gold Circular," at Sydney, it gets poetical:—

"In our first shipment, we could count the value of the gold in pounds sterling by hundreds; in a few weeks it rose to thousands; in a few weeks more it became tens of thousands; and we are fast approaching a period when each ship will convey hundreds of thousands." At the time when that was written—on December sixth—in the very few months since the digging was commenced, there had been shipped from Australia, gold to the value of three hundred and twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pounds; and since that time the yield of gold has been increasing. At the same time, California continues unexhausted, and the field of gold in Russia has enlarged.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is just reason for anticipating a change in the value of gold, which will begin to take place gradually at no distant time. The annual supply of gold promises now to be about eight times greater than it was at the commencement of the present century. The value of silver, with reference to corn, fell two-thirds in the sixteenth century, as that of gold is likely to fall in the nineteenth. The price of silver fell in consequence of the increased production from the great mines in America. A piece of gold is now assumed to be worth fifteen or sixteen like pieces of silver; during the Middle Ages it was worth only twelve such pieces. In Europe, under Charlemagne, ten pieces of silver were an equivalent; and at one period, in Rome, silver was but nine times less precious than gold: relative values, therefore, have varied, and they will vary again. Since they were last fixed by law, there have occurred no causes of disturbance. Now, however, a time of disturbance is again at hand.

In France the monetary unit is a franc, and silver is, by law, the standard coinage; but, a supplementary law having assigned the value of twenty silver francs to pieces of gold of a fixed weight, our neighbours will not be exempted from our difficulty, and the French State, like the English State, may profit, if it please, at the expense of public creditors. Governments have only to do nothing, and a large part of their debts will tumble from them; holders of Government securities have only to be passive, and in the course of years their incomes will diminish sensibly. Debtors will hold a jubilee, and creditors will be dismayed, if gold shall be allowed to fall in value, without due provision being made to avert, as far as possible, all inconvenience attending that event.

In 1848, the value of gold had been for many years a very little more than the amount of silver allowed by law, in France, as its equivalent. The little difference was quite enough to put gold out of circulation. Gold was more precious as metal than as money; it was, therefore, used by preference as metal; when wanted as coin, it was only to be bought, at more than its legal current value, of the money-changers. There is a vast quantity of gold in circulation now, but it is newly coined.

The fall in the value of gold cannot begin to any appreciable extent, until the utmost available quantity has been employed upon the monetary system of the world. Coinage now goes on rapidly. A huge mass of sovereigns has lately been sent from England to the Australian colonies. When the depreciation once begins, it will be tolerably rapid. It is not absurd to calculate, that if the gold production should continue at its present rate, sovereigns will be as half-sovereigns now are in value, in the course of about twenty years.

At the same time, it will be the duty of all States to take such precautions as shall make it impossible for a change of this kind to introduce confusion into commerce, or to change the character and spirit of existing contracts.

THE RIGHTS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

It is very absurd and very provoking: but there certainly is something so peculiar in the style and manner of John Bull, that, go where he will, and dress as he may, he is sure to be recognised as an Englishman.

"Does Monsieur know where he is going to?" asked a man in a *blouse*, as I entered one of the French frontier towns. His politeness arose from the hope of pocketing (in return for leading me to the place I might want to find) a few of those ugly and miscellaneous things called *sous*. These, however, it is rumoured, are soon to grow beautifully less, by the substitution of a new miniature coinage, a sort of doll's money, in which a tiny pocket-piece about the size of a farthing, is to represent the value of a stout, overgrown brown penny.

"Does Monsieur know the way?"

"Yes, thank you, I know my way. But what is all this bustle about?"

"They are drawing for the conscription, here, to-day. To-morrow they will draw at the place you come from. The driver hopes you will return in *his* voiture:" there being

a strong opposition, or *concurrence* on the road.

Now, among the most cherished birthrights of a Frenchman, are, the Right to wear a beard of any size and shape, from a housemaid's blacking-brush to a full-grown porcupine; and the Right to be drawn for a soldier, and to serve in the army seven glorious years, or thereabouts.

The "thereabouts" arises from the circumstance that the term is reckoned from the first of January of the year in which the drawing takes place; and many things may happen to hasten the *congé* or discharge. Otherwise, the service claims its due with little respect to persons. Every male (subject or citizen?) born in France, or of French parents in a foreign territory, is liable to be drawn. Among the exemptions, are—the eldest of an orphan family; the only son, or, if no son, the only grandson or great grandson, of a widow, or of one seventy years of age. Substitutes are sometimes provided by a sort of Conscription Assurance, on the payment before the drawing of a thousand francs; if the man-market is full, eight hundred may insure the individual, in case he happens to be drawn. After the conscription has marked its men, a substitute is much more costly.

The market-place was now full of these lads; for it is only in their one-and-twentieth year that they are open to the honours of the conscription. Many of them, by their look, would have been taken for mere boys of sixteen or seventeen. I moved among the groups unmolested and unnoticed, though I felt very much out of place there.

As fast as each numero or number was drawn, and the name to which it fell ascertained, the person to whom it belonged stuck in front of his cap a white paper, with the figures written in ink in large characters. The exact number is a matter of some interest. For suppose that from a certain district it is calculated that fifty serviceable men are required, numbers will be inscribed and drawn up to perhaps eighty. If *all* the first fifty, on medical inspection, turn out as it should be, the remaining thirty escape; but if number one is blind or lame, then number fifty-one comes into play. So that the early numbers are sure to serve, the last numbers almost sure to come off scot-free, while the intermediate gentlemen are in quite a precarious state, till the revision is over. In some municipalities a trifling *honorarium*—a five-franc piece, or so—is given to the drawer of number one; but that is soon melted away.

The poor lad, as soon as he was ticketed, was seized by two or more companions, and led off pinioned arm in arm to the nearest liquor-shop, and kept there until his senses were stunned.

"La, la, la!—la, la, la!—la, la, la!"

"Ah! poor boys, *they* sing," said a female acquaintance who recognised me. "*They* sing, and the mothers cry. My poor son, whom you know, had to set out for Algiers directly after *his* drawing. There he was, two years till he caught the African fever, and was sent home for us to nurse. He soon was really convalescent, but we made the worst of it. He went to the military hospital, and you know, sir, in this neighbourhood I have a good deal of influence, and a good deal of protection. So they clapped a large blister over his chest, and inspected him by twilight, and discharged him as incapable. My husband and I were glad to have our only child back again. He did not like the blister—such a large one—but that was better than five more years in Algeria.

"La, la, la!—la, la, la!—la, la, la!"

More intoxicators, and more intoxicated, arm in arm, in strings of half-a-score. As heathen priests deaden the senses of a doomed victim, so those who are not drawn make it a duty to inebriate those who are. Soon it works: quarrels, abuse, foolish fraternisations, fighting, face-slapping, falls in the dust, the interferences of excited women, and a great deal that is sad. At last they are dragged home somehow, and all is quiet.

But it is just to record also that not a few conscripts, on receiving their *numero*, wore it like men, carrying themselves as if they knew they had a duty to perform, and walked home in honourable guise, neither exhibiting fear, nor the temporary bravery of stimulants.

Next day, the same scene at the place indicated. Once was enough to have witnessed the playing of this game, and I thought I could better occupy myself in solving the question whether Frenchmen do, or do not, eat frogs; and if so, of what particular species. I therefore turned my back, and marched towards the country. At the corner of the street leading out of the market-place stood a well-dressed good-looking *bourgeoise* about forty years of age. She had no intention of approaching nearer to the crowd, but as I passed her, she asked me whether the drawing had begun. Had I been a Frenchman, I do not think she would have spoken.

"Not yet, Madame," I replied, "but they are going to commence immediately."

She gave me a bow, by way of thanks, and I proceeded on my road.

The Rights of Frenchwomen may be pretty well comprised in the privilege of doing whatever in other countries is done by men, *except* going to the field of battle; nor am I quite sure that I have ever seen a Frenchwoman *at plough*. We all know that at Paris the inns are stocked with female waiters, female porters, and female Bootses, and that women conduct all sorts of shops, while their husbands lounge about with their hands in their pockets. Moreover, in agricultural districts, it certainly does look odd, on a warm spring forenoon, to see a stout, good-looking girl, twenty or more years of age, pull off her jacket (*camisole*) to go to work in her shirt (?)

sleeves, and dig away, and spread manure, and plant cabbages and potatoes. But what would half-a-dozen of the fair sex, thus employed, say to men who should attempt to interfere, more than by giving them an occasional hand's-turn? They would turn them out of the garden as degenerate citizens, and tell them to go and smoke their pipes like men.

Digging is only light work. What are those women doing yonder by the side of the canal? They are taking the place of Darwin's "unconquered steam," and dragging afar "the slow barge," if not "the rapid car," as fast as they can. With a hempen strap across their chest, and a rope at their backs, they are tugging and towing like yoked buffaloes—and no doubt their pull is nearly as effectual as that of the men behind them; but they do not look conscious of doing anything extraordinary or improper. They would refuse to be released from the laborious partnership, and sit on deck in idleness. Any such proposal would be thus received: "We are much obliged to you, but please mind your own business. What do you mean by separating men and women? We eat, drink, laugh, travel, and sleep with our husbands; and shall we not work with them? Take yourself off for a foolish busy-body." Further south, female energies are even more strenuously exerted.

I must think that those who say that all this is merely the result of the men having been drawn off by continual warfare, are very superficial observers. It is not so. French women have achieved for themselves a standing, an independent position, which is unequalled among civilised nations. They have caused themselves to be made the companions and the friends of the men, as well as their sweethearts and wives; they are not to be put down, or kept in the back-ground. The *Dames de la Halle* are a Power; and Louis Napoleon was wise to acknowledge them as such. What is the most endearing term by which a Frenchman addresses his wife? *Ma bonne amie!* "My good female friend!" In return—*Mon ami!* "My friend!" is the title by which the lady expresses her affection, and her almost-equality. She will love, and she will cherish; but it is questionable how far she will obey. She will take her share, and do her part in everything,—and there is an end of it.

On a bright sunshiny morning I took my place in one of those unpretending but comfortable one-horse vehicles which ply between the small French towns. Covered carts we should call them in England. I settled myself in the back part—*le fond*—a nice snug corner, the wind being north-east, and behind us.

"Egh!—Ugh!—Arrrrh!" said the driver. The sober grey knew what was meant, and started at a cow's trot of, perhaps, three and a half miles an hour.

Before we quite got clear of the streets, a shop-door flew open, and a stout, strong man hailed us, with "Have you room for an infant!" Plenty, of course, even had there been none. The shop was a grocer's: the name I forget, but it was somebody's, Marchand Epicier. I should rather say nobody's, according to his own description. For he soon returned in a smartly braided cloak backed by a hood like an extinguisher, and with a fat, rosy-cheeked child in his arms. His wife dismissed him with a nod, and returned into the spicery. He mounted, and took his seat by my side. The room inquired after was for baby and self.

The child looked to be one of those desirable infants that never *can* cry, unless soundly whipped. Its cheeks were like a ripe Orleans plum, full of juice, which the slightest pinching of the skin would cause to squirt out. Instead of a doll, it held in its hands a two-*sous* roll of light bread, which it hardly knew how to manage to dandle.

"That child will be starved one of these days," said I.

"Not yet, Monsieur," answered the Merchant Spicer. "Plenty of bread is good for the health."

"And how long has she worn ear-rings?" I asked, taking the liberty at the same time to handle the copper-coloured pendants.

"Well, I don't know: a long time. She is nearly two years old, and her ears were pierced before her third month. To pierce them early is good for the health." I could not reply that it had been unhealthy in this instance.

Here the cow's-trot suddenly flagged; and weathering the butt-end of a cottage, we perceived, by a black profile portrait of a can of beer and a tumbler, which ornamented the upper part of the door-way, that "Here one sells to eat and to drink." A smiling dame appeared, talked unintelligible *tutoier*-ing nonsense to the be-jewelled infant, and took papa's order for a glass of gin.

"Not good for the health," said I, as he took the bright thimble-full in hand. "Not good for the health, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon," shaking my head, referring to my watch, and putting as much gravity into my looks as if I had never tasted anything stronger than milk-and-water all the days of my life.

"But yes, Monsieur! but yes, yes, *yes*! It is very, very, *very* good for the health."

"Egh! ugh! arrrrh!" again.

The whip made a score of flashes and cracks in mid-air, as if waging war with an invisible swarm of horse-flies, but never once touched our rapid grey. *We* say the French know nothing about horses; they certainly know very little about treating them cruelly. Off we dashed with an increased velocity, of not less than three miles and three quarters per hour. The country was pretty; and, though in the *fond*, there was a small square bit of

glass close by me, which they called a *croisée*, thus enabling me to contemplate the landscape. Soon I perceived a pleasant group of cottages, and a farm. There we halted again. The infant, and what belonged to her, vacated the place and got out.

"You return by me to-morrow?" asked the driver.

"Or the day after. I shall make a promenade; my infant also. I shall dine, I shall sup, and then we shall sleep like two wooden shoes. My wife sends me here, because she says the air of the country is good for the health. Good day, Messieurs;—to see you again!"

I lifted my hat to the mademoiselle with the ear-rings, and the covered cart once more trundled on.

"How very ridiculous!" said I to myself; for the gravity and matter-of-course air of the grocer was a significant point. "How many Englishwomen would thus send their husbands out to grass, themselves stopping at home to fag at the shop and the warehouse? How, many Englishmen, out for two or three days' 'air of the country,' would be bothered with a two-year-old bantling, male or female, ear-ringed, or un-ear-ringed?"

Another little incident will illustrate the Rights of French Women.

Whilst taking a stroll through the forest of Guînes, I observed several piles of faggot-wood of a peculiar construction. Each faggot was about seven feet long, and of a conical shape like an enormous extinguisher, the point being formed by a tolerably stout stake. It will be seen that these, laid neck and heels together, pack as closely as our own cylindrical ones; perhaps more closely. So I thought that was the "wherefore." But we often fancy too hastily that we have fathomed the reason of all which we see.

Out of the forest, I was returning homewards; and, looking across country, a feeling came over me as if I were about to have a fit, or be subject to hallucinations. For *there*, down below, were half-a-dozen of these very faggots walking along, upright on end, with the big part of the extinguisher raised in the air. Imagine six gigantic peg-tops steadily proceeding to the nearest town. I could not see much of their small end, because they were travelling along a roadway, which would be called a lane at home, but which had no hedge or boundary, other than its depression in the earth, and was, in fact, only an exaggerated wheel-rut.

Soon they stopped, all still upright. My eyes had not deceived me, and I took courage. I approached; again they moved forward. Again they halted, and I overtook them. It was the height of absurdity: each large heavy faggot screened its bearer—a woman. All were now standing at ease. The faggot was slung to the shoulders in such a way, that when the bearer-ess stood upright, the peak of the extinguisher touched the ground. The ladies' legs were posted in such a position, that with the toe of the peg-top they formed perfect tripods. It was not exactly the attitude which Madame Michaux, that accomplished mistress of deportment, would have recommended to her advanced pupils, as a drawing-room position. None of Sir Thomas Lawrence's beauties would have consented to "sit" thus. Nevertheless, it was a posture of repose. Good-humour shone from every face, gabble flowed from every tongue. As I passed, I had a "*Bonjour, Monsieur;*" but all the rest of the conversation was as if every one of them was trying which could repeat fastest the celebrated Christmas forfeit,

"Three blue beads in a blue bladder,
Rattle beads, rattle bladder."

Soon, with a hitch, the tripods were broken up, and I beheld six animated faggots wending their way to Guînes, perhaps to cook my very own dinner.

"Now," thinks I, 'if I could have conjured out of the earth half-a-dozen donkeys, while those females were practising their 'blue beads,' and have put the faggots upon *them*, leaving the human carriers unencumbered by a knapsack of brushwood, what would have been the consequence? Instead of getting a '*Bonjour, Monsieur*,' I should have been torn to pieces as an unprincipled reformer, meddling with the Rights of Women. What business had I to take the bread out of their mouths, by calling unnecessary donkeys into existence? How were the ladies to pass their time, if there were no wood to carry, and they were not to carry it? It was their pleasure so to work; and work they would, even if they had to massacre all the donkeys in the world, and eat them afterwards."

Whenever a Madame Thomas Paine advocates the Rights of Woman in France, her first position will be that their special right is TO WORK; and woe be to the man who tries to prevent it!

A DISH OF VEGETABLES.

FROM the moss to the palm-tree, the number of contributions made by the vegetable world towards the sustenance of man, would make a bulky list of benefactors. We have not room to advertise them all, still less to talk about them all. It may be well, however, and only grateful in us as human beings and recipients of vegetable bounty, to do a little trumpeting in honour of the great families of plants, which have contributed with more especial liberality towards the colonisation of the world by man.

For example, there is, in the first place, the POTATO family, famous for its liberal principles, and the wide sphere over which its influence is spread. The members of this family, with

equal generosity, are prompt to place a luxury upon the rich man's gravy, or a heap of food beside the poor man's salt. The Potato family has been for many years one of the noblest benefactors to the human colony, and when it was prevented lately by ill-health from the fulfilment of its good intentions, great was the anxiety of men, and many were the bulletins of health sought for and issued. Its constitution still appears to be a little shaken, and we all still hope for the complete recovery of so sincere and influential a friend.

The family seat of the Potatoes is well known to be in America. They are a comparatively new race in our own country, since they did not come over until some time after the Conqueror. The genealogists have nearly settled, after much discussion, that all members of this family spread over the world, are descended from the Potatoes of Chili. Their town seat is in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso, upon hills facing the sea. The Potatoes were early spread over many portions of America, on missions for the benefit of man, who had not been long in discovering that they were friends worth cultivating properly. It is said, that the first Potato who visited Europe, came over with Sir Francis Drake, in 1573; it is said, also, that some of the family had accompanied Sir John Hawkins, in 1563; it is certain that a body of Potatoes quitted Virginia, in 1586, and came to England with Sir Walter Raleigh. M. Dunal, who has written an elaborate history of the Potato family, shows it to be extremely probable that, before the time of Raleigh, a settlement of Potatoes had been formed in Spain. Reaching England in 1586, the benevolent Potato family was welcomed into Belgium in 1590. In 1610, the first Potatoes went to Ireland, where they eventually multiplied and grew, to form one of the most important branches of this worthy race. The Scotch Potatoes date their origin as a distinct branch, from 1728. It was at dates not very different from this, that other branches of the family settled in Germany. The Potatoes of Switzerland first settled in 1730, in the Canton Berne. In 1738, the thriving family extended its benevolent assistance to the Prussians; but it was not until 1767 that its aid was solicited in Tuscany. In France, the kindly efforts of this family were not appreciated, until, in the middle of the last century, there arose a man, Parmentier, who backed the introduction of Potatoes into France with recommendations so emphatic, that it was designed to impute to him the interest of near relationship, not indeed by calling him Potato, but by calling Potatoes by his name, Parmentiers. The benevolent exertions made by the Potato family on behalf of France, during the famine of 1793, completely established it in favour with the grateful people.

Potatoes, though so widely spread, are unable to maintain their health under too warm a climate. On the Andes, they fix their abode at a height of ten or thirteen thousand feet; in the Swiss Alps, they are comfortable on the mountain sides, and spread in Berne to a height of five thousand feet, or not very much less. Over the north of Europe, the Potato family extends its labours farther on into the cold than even barley, which is famous as the hardiest of grain. There are Potatoes settled in Iceland, though that is a place in which barley declines to live. The Potato is so nutritious, and can be cultivated with so little skill and labour, that it tempts some nations to depend solely on it for sustenance. The recent blight, especially in Ireland, consequently occasioned the most disastrous effects.

The Barley branch of the Grass family has, however, a large establishment in Scotland, even to the extreme north, in the Orkneys, Shetland, and, in fact, even in the Faroe Islands. They who are in the secrets of the Barleys, hint that they would be very glad to settle in the southern districts of Iceland—say about Reikiavik—if it were not for the annoyance of unseasonable rains. In Western Lapland, there may be found heads of the house of Barley as far north as Cape North, which is the most northern point of the continent of Europe. It has a settlement in Russia on the shores of the White Sea, beyond Archangel. Over a great mass of northern Siberia, no Barley will undertake to live, and as the Potatoes have found their way into such barren districts only here and there, the country that is too far north for Barley, is too far north for agriculture. There the people live a nomad life, and owe obligation in the world of plants to lichens for their food, or to such families as offer them the contribution of roots, bark, or a few scraps of fruit.

It is not much that Barley asks as a condition of its gifts to any member of the human colony. It wants a summer heat, averaging about forty-six degrees, and it does not want to be perpetually moistened. If it is to do anything at all in moist places, like islands, it must have three degrees added to the average allowance of summer heat, with which it would in other places be content. As for your broiling hot weather, no Barley will stand it. Other grasses may tolerate the Tropics if they please; Barley refuses to be baked while it is growing. The Barleys are known to be settled as an old native family in Tartary and Sicily, two places very far apart. Their pedigree, however, and indeed the pedigrees of all the branches of the great Grass family, must remain a subject wrapt in uncertainty, buried in darkness, and lost in a great fog of conjecture.

We find Oats spread over Scotland to the extreme north point, and settled in Norway and Sweden to the latitudes sixty-five and sixty-three. Both Oats and Rye extend, in Russia, to about the same latitude of sixty-

three degrees. The benevolent exertion of Oats is put forth on behalf not only of men, but also of their horses. In Scotland and Lancashire, in some countries of Germany, especially south of Westphalia, the people look to Oats for sustenance. Scotch bone and muscle are chiefly indebted to oatmeal; for porridge (which consists of oatmeal and water, and is eaten with milk) is the staple—almost the only—food of the sturdy Scottish peasantry. Oatcake, a kind of mash, such as horses are fed on occasionally in this country, made into a thin cake and baked, is also much relished north of the Tweed. South of the parallel of Paris, however, the friendship of Oats is little cultivated. In Spain and Portugal nobody knows anything about Oats, except as a point of curiosity.

The Rye branch of the Grass family travels more to the north than Oats in Scandinavia. In our own country we decline to receive gifts from Rye: we succeed so well in the cultivation of more wealthy benefactors, that we consider the Ryes poor friends; and, like good Britons, hold them at arm's length accordingly. In countries where the land is poor, poor Rye is welcome to a settlement upon it. Rye is in great request in Russia, Germany, and parts of France, and one-third of the population of Europe looks to its help for daily bread.

The most numerous and respectable members of the great Grass family, are those which bear the name of Wheat. There are an immense number of different Wheats; as many Wheats among the grasses as there are in this country Smiths among the men. We know them best as summer and winter Wheats. The family seat of the Wheats, most probably, will never be discovered. There is reason to believe that Tartary and Persia are the native countries of Wheat, Oats, and Rye. Strabo says that Wheat is native on the banks of the Indus. Probably, wherever the old seats may be, all trace of them was destroyed in very ancient times, when even a thousand years ago and more, the plough passed over them. The settlements of Wheat in Scotland extend to the north of Inverness; in Norway, to Drontheim; in Russia, to St. Petersburgh. How far north the Wheats would consent to extend the sphere of their influence in America, it is not possible to tell, because enough attempt at cultivation has not yet been made there in the northern regions. Winter cold does not concern the Wheats. The spring-sown Wheat escapes it, and that sown in autumn is protected by a covering of snow. Wheat keeps a respectful distance of twenty degrees from the Equator. Indeed, in the warm latitudes, new combinations of heat and moisture, grateful to new and very beautiful members of the vegetable world, who suit their gifts more accurately to wishes of the people whom they feed, would cause the kind offices of Wheat to be rejected, even if they could be offered there. On mountains in warm climates, settlements of Wheat of course exist. On the north side of the Himalaya mountains Wheat and Barley flourish at a height of thirteen thousand feet.

The well-known name of Rice carries our thoughts to Asia. The family seat is somewhere in Asia, doubtless; but all trace of it is lost. The family has always lived in Southern Asia, where it supplies food, probably, to more men than any other race of plants has ever had occasion to support. No Rice can enjoy good health without much heat and much moisture. If these could be found everywhere, everybody would cultivate a valuable friend, that is supposed to scatter over a given surface of ground more than a common share of nourishment.

Most liberal of all vegetables, however, in this respect, are the Bananas. Humboldt tells us, that they spread over the said given extent of ground, forty-four times more nutritive matter than the Potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times more than any Wheat.

Where the benevolent among our Grasses cease to grow, because it is too far south, there it is just far enough north for the Cocoa-Nuts, who, within their limited sphere, supply a vast contribution towards the maintenance of man, that very wise and very independent creature. Very nearly three million of Cocoa-Nuts have been exported in one year from the Island of Ceylon.

Then there is in Brazil that excellent vegetable friend Manioc, a shrub, whose roots yield almost the only kind of meal there used. An acre of Manioc is said to yield as much food as six acres of wheat.

And to come nearer home, there is a large-hearted plant, bearing the name of Maize, and the nickname of Turkish Wheat. Its native seat has not been fixed yet by the genealogist. It grows at a good height above the sea in tropical America, and it occurs in Eastern Europe on the banks of the Dniester, in latitude forty-nine. Maize does not care about the winter; it wants nothing but summer-heat, in a country which it is to choose as a congenial habitation. It will do, also, with less heat than the vine, for it has been grown in the Lower Pyrenees, at three thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, the vine stopping at two thousand six hundred and twenty.

We have here spoken only of a few of the great liberal families belonging to the world of plants; families, to which the human colony looks for support; upon whose aid we, in fact, depend for our existence. The whole list of our vegetable patrons would be very long. Respectable names must crowd down upon every memory, and take us off to

> "Citron groves;
> To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
> With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
> Their lighter glories blend. Lay us reclined
> Beneath the spreading tamarind"—

in fact, take us a long dance among roots, and fruits, and vegetables. It must be enough, therefore, that we have here briefly expressed a general sense of obligation to our vegetable friends, and hinted at a fact which, in our high philosophy, we now and then forget, that the outer world may be a shadow, or a reflex of our own minds, or anything you please to call it; but that we, poor fellows, should be rather at a loss for dinner, if the earth did not send up for us, out of a kitchen that we did not build, our corn, and wine and oil.

ANGEL EYES.

The cold night-wind blew bitterly;
The rain fell thick and fast;
The withered trees sighed mournfully,
As a Woman hurried past.
What does she here, on a night so drear,
Alone amid the blast!

Her face, though fair and youthful,
Is worn with want and pain;
And her hair, that was once a mother's care,
Is tangled with wind and rain;
And nights of sin and days of woe
Have wrought their work on her brain.

There is no tear upon her cheek;
But a wild light in her eye,
As she turns her sin-seared countenance
Up to the frowning sky,
And prays the quivering lightning flash
To strike—that she may die!

The wild sky gazed unpitying
On the wilder face below;
The lightning mocked her desperate prayer
As it darted to and fro;
And the rain ceased and the stars came forth,
And the wind was hushed and low.

"Oh, stars! have ye come forth to gaze
Upon me in my shame!
I left the city's wicked streets,
For I could not bear the blame
That was heaped upon me as I went,
And that cruel, cruel name!

"I passed the house of the false, false one,
Who tempted me to sin;
I stopped and gazed through the window-pane,
And saw the bright fire within;
And *he* sat there with wine and cheer,
While I stood wet to the skin.

"Behind me, on the wintry sky,
There gleams the city's light;
Before me, shine the clear cold stars,
Like the eyes of angels bright;
I cannot hide from men's eyes by day,
Nor from angels' eyes by night.

"I know a pool that's still and deep,
Where, 'neath the willow's shade,
When a happy child, the water-weeds
And rushes I would braid;
But little thought within that pool
My grave would e'er be made."

She sought the place with hasty steps,
And a wild and rigid stare;
But she saw the mild, bright eyes of the stars
Had got before her there;
And to Him who sent them to soften her heart,
She fell on her knees in prayer.

PHASES OF "PUBLIC" LIFE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

When the race of this huge London World-City shall be run—when the millstone shall have been cast into its waters, and the word has gone forth that another Babylon has fallen—when the spider shall weave his web amidst the broken columns of the Bank; the owl shriek through the deserted arcades of the Exchange, and the jackal prowl through labyrinths of ruins and rubbish, decayed oyster-shells and bleached skeletons of the dogs of other days, where once was Regent Street—I should very much like to know what the "Central Australian Society for the Advancement of Science," or the "Polynesian Archæological Association," or the "Imperial New Zealand Society of Antiquaries," would be likely to make of a great oblong board which glares at me through the window at which I am writing this present paper—a board some five-and-twenty feet in length perchance, painted a bright resplendent blue, and on which are emblazoned in glittering gold the magic words, "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s Entire."

One of these boards will, perchance, be disinterred by some persevering *savant* from a heap of the *disjecta membra* of old London antiquities; wheel-less, shaft-less, rotting Hansom's Cabs, rusted chimney-cowls, turnpike-gates of ancient fashion and design, gone-by gas-lamps and street-posts. And the *savant* will doubtless wonder he will find in the mysterious board—the once glittering characters—some sign, some key, to the secret free-masonry, some shibboleth of the old London world. Learned pamphlets will be written, doubtless, to prove a connection between Barclay and Perkins and Captain Barclay the pedestrian, and Perkins's steam-gun, who and which, joined together by some Siamese bond of union, became thenceforth and for ever one entire "Co." Other sages, haply, will have glimmering notions that Barclay and Perkins have something to do with a certain X.X.X.; others stoutly maintain that the words formed but Christian and surnames, common among the inhabitants of old London, even as were the well-known "Smiths," and the established "Jones." "We know," they will say, "that the great architect of the most famous buildings in old London was called 'Voluntary Contributions;' we know that a majority of the citizens of that bygone city were addicted to the creed of Zoroaster, or sun-worship; for we find on the ruins of their houses votive plates of brass, of circular form, bearing an effigy of the sun, with a reference to fire insurance—these

things have been demonstrated by learned doctors and professors of ability; why may we not, then, assume that Barclay and Perkins were names possessed in an astonishingly prolific degree by London citizens, who, proud of belonging to so respectable a family, were in the habit of blazoning the declaration of their lineage in blue and gold on an oblong board, and affixing the same on the front of their houses?" The Emperor of China has upwards of five thousand cousins, who are distinguished from the tag-rag and bobtail of the Celestial Empire by wearing yellow girdles. "Why," these sages will ask, "may not the parent Barclay Perkins have been a giant, blessed with hundreds of arrows in his quiver, whose thousand descendants were proud to be clad like him in a livery of blue and gold?"

Then the sages will squabble, and wrangle, and call each other bad names, and write abusive diatribes against each other by magnetic telegraph; just as other sages were wont to squabble and wrangle about the Rosetta Stone, the Source of the Niger, and Salt's discoveries in Abyssinia; or, as they do now, about the North-West Passage, the causes of the cholera, and the possibility of aërial locomotion. As it has been, so it is, and will be, I presume; and if we can't agree now-a-days, so shall we, or rather our descendants, disagree in times to come, and concerning matters far less recondite or abstruse than Barclay Perkins.

I know what Barclay and Perkins mean, I hope;—what Combe and Delafield—what Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton—what Calvert and Co.—what Reid and Co.—what Broadwood, Mundell and Huggins. *You* know too, gentle, moderate, and bibulous reader. They all mean BEER. Beer, the brown, the foaming, the wholesome, and refreshing, when taken in moderation; the stupefying, and to-station-house-leading, when imbibed to excess. That oblong board, all blue and gold, I have spoken of as visible from my parlour window, has no mystery for me. Plainly, unmistakeably, it says *Beer;* a good tap; fourpence a pot in the pewter; threepence per ditto if sent for in your own jug.

And if you admit (and you will admit, or you are no true Englishman) that beer be good—and, being good, that we should be thankful for it—can you tell me any valid reason why I should not write on the subject of Beer? Seeing how many thousands of reputable persons there are throughout the country who live by the sale of beer, and how many millions drink it,—seeing that beer is literally in everybody's mouth, it strikes me that we should not ignore beer taken in its relation towards the belles lettres. Tarry with me, then, while I discourse on Beer—on the sellers and the buyers thereof—and of their habitations. I will essay to navigate my little bark down a river of beer, touching, perchance, at some little spirit-creek, or gently meandering through the "back-waters" of neat wines.

When the Spanish student—immortalised by Le Sage—was inducted into the mysteries of the private life of Madrid, he availed himself of a temporary aërial machine, in a person of diabolical extraction, called Asmodeus—who further assisted him in his bird's-eye inspection, by taking the roofs off the houses. When the nobility and gentry frequenting the fashionable circles of the Arabian Nights, were desirous of travelling with extraordinary rapidity, they were sure to be accommodated with magical carpets, or swift-flying eagles, or winged horses. Then they could be rendered invisible, or provided with telescopes, enabling them to see through every obstacle, from stone walls to steel castles; but things are changed, and times are altered now. One can't go from London to Liverpool without buying a railway-ticket, and being importuned to show it half-a-dozen times in the course of the journey. If you want to study character in the Stock Exchange, you can get no more invisible suit to do it in than a suit of invisible green, and run, moreover, the risk of hearing a howl of "201!" and feeling two hundred pair of hands, and two hundred pair of feet to match, bonnetting, buffetting, hustling, and kicking you from the high place of Mammon.

So, then, in the study of Beer and Beerhouses, I have had no adventitious aid from accommodating demons, obliging genii, invisible caps, carpets, or cloaks. "*Experientia*"—you know the rest. I have graduated in Beer; I have mastered its mysteries; and I will now assume, for your benefit, a magic power, which I devoutly wish I had possessed during my Beery researches. Come with me, then, in the spirit, to Bankside; and, after a cursory stroll round the fountain-head of beer, let us seat ourselves (still in the spirit) at the tail of one of these big drays, drawn by big horses, and, fearing no cries of "whip behind!" from jealous boys (for, being spiritual, we are, of course, invisible), perambulate the metropolis, rapt in the contemplation of Beer. Surrounded with Barclay and Perkins's beer-barrels, our steeds conducted by Barclay and Perkins's red-night-capped draymen, we will go in this, our magic chariot, from public-house to public-house: "The latent tracks, the giddy heights explore;" "shoot folly as it flies, and catch the manners living as they rise;" attempt a mild classification of the peculiar social characteristics of the different metropolitan "publics;" give, in short, a view and a description, however lame and incomplete it may be, of "London on Tap."

I do not purpose, in this present paper, at least, to enter minutely into the consideration of the aspect of a London Brewery, or of the manufacture of the great English beverage; so, then, our stay will be but short in this huge brick beer emporium. I make remark, *en passant*, that an odour prevails in and about the establishment, resembling an amalgamation of several washing-days, a few

cookshops, and a stable or two. To cursory spectators, such as you and I are, the brewery will offer very little besides this, and a general impression of "bigness," length, height, breadth, rotundity. The premises are large, the vats are large; the stables, the strong, stalwart horses, the provisions of hay and straw, of malt and hops, of smoke and steam, are all large. Large, also, to almost Titanic extensiveness, are the draymen—gladiators of the Beery arena, with Phrygian caps of scarlet hue, and wide-spread leathern aprons. Large are *their* labours; larger still, their appetites; largest and mightiest of all, their thirst of beer. Grocers and pastry-cooks, they say, give their apprentices and shopmen the run of all the delicacies they deal in, for the first month of their service—*carte blanche* to the plums, and figs, and tarts, of which—to the ultimate benefit of the tradesman—they speedily get very sick and tired; but with the drayman-neophyte it seems quite different: for I never heard—nor, did I hear, should I credit the assertion—that any of Barclay and Perkins's men ever got tired of Barclay and Perkins's tap. Largely impressed, therefore, with their pervading largeness, we will leave the brewhouse for the present.

Privately, we may be allowed, and confidentially, to surmise, that the profits of the proprietors are also large—very large, indeed; but goodness forbid that we should venture to hint (aloud, at least) that the prices they demand and obtain for beer are large, and—considering malt, and hops, and grain, and Free Trade, and that sort of thing—a great deal too large, and not quite just.

The heavy wheels of our chariot have been rumbling, while I spoke, through the great thoroughfare which commences at Charing Cross, and ends at Mile End—somewhere about where there was, once on a time, a Maypole. It diverges, going westward; and we are in a trice in a street, in which *I* never was in a vehicle in my life without being blocked up, and in which, in the present instance, we are comfortably wedged with a timber-laden waggon, a hearse, and an advertising-van in front, and a Hansom cab or two, a mail-phaeton, and Mr. Ex-Sheriff Pickles's elegant chariot behind. Leaving the respective drivers to exchange compliments, couched in language more or less parliamentary, we will descend for a moment—for the neighbourhood is thickly studded with public-houses—and we shall have time, ere our chariot be extricated, to investigate numerous varieties of "London on Tap."

Here, first—blatant, gay and gaudy—is a Gin Palace—a "ginnery," in full swing.

The Palladio or the Vitruvius who built this palace, has curiously diversified the orders of architecture in its construction. We have Doric shafts with Corinthian capitols—an Ionic frieze—Renaissance panels—a Gothic screen to the bar-parlour. But French polish and gilding cover a multitude of (architectural) sins; and there is certainly no lack of either the one or the other here. Tier above tier surround the walls, supporting gigantic casks, bearing legends of a fabulous number of gallons contained within. Yet are they not dummies; for we may observe spiral brass pipes, wriggling and twisting in snake-like contortions till they reach the bar, and so to the spirit-taps, where they bring the costly hogshead of the distiller home to the lips of the humblest costermonger, for a penny a glass. Beer is sold, and in considerable quantities—a half-penny a pint cheaper, too, than at other hostelries; but it is curious beer—beer of a half-sweet, half-acrid taste, black to the sight, unpleasant to the taste, brown in the froth, muddy in consistence. Has it been in delicate health, and can that shabby old man, in close confab with the landlord at the door, at the steps of the cellar, be the "Doctor?" Or has it been adulterated, "fined," doctored, patched, and cobbled up, for the amusement and instruction of amateurs in beer—like steam-frigates, for instance, or Acts of Parliament?

The area before the bar, you will observe, is very spacious. At this present second hour of the afternoon, there are, perhaps, fifty people in it; and it would hold, I dare say, full twenty more, and allow space, into the bargain, for a neat stand-up fight. One seems very likely to take place now between the costermonger, who has brought rather an inconvenient number of "kea-rots" and "turnuts" into the bar with him, and a peripatetic vendor of fish—the quality of whose wares he has (with some show of justice, perhaps) impugned. So imminent does the danger appear, that the blind match-seller—who was anon importuning the belligerents—hastily scuttles off; and an imp of a boy, in a man's fustian jacket, and with a dirty red silk 'kerchief twisted round his bull neck, has mounted the big tub, on which he sits astride, pipe in hand—a very St. Giles's Bacchus—declaring that he will see "fair play." Let us edge away a little towards the bar—for the crowd towards the door is somewhat too promiscuous to be agreeable; and it is not improbable that in the *mêlée*, some red-'kerchiefed citizen, of larger growth, whose extensor and flexor muscles are somewhat more powerfully developed, may make a savage assault on you, for his own private gratification, and the mere pleasure of hitting somebody.

This ginnery has not only a bar public, but divers minor cabinets; bibulous loose boxes, which are partitioned off from the general area; and the entrances to which are described in flowery, but somewhat ambiguous, language. There is the "Jug and Bottle Entrance," and the entrance "For Bottles only." There is the "Wholesale Bar," and the "Retail Bar;" but, wholesale or retail, jug or bottle, the different bars all mean Gin! The long pewter counter is common to all.

A counter perforated in elaborately pricked patterns, like a convivial shroud, apparently for ornament, but really for the purpose of allowing the drainings, overflowings, and outspillings of the gin-glasses to drop through, which, being collected with sundry washings, and a dash, perhaps, of fresh material, is, by the thrifty landlord, dispensed to his customers under the title of "all sorts." Your dram-drinker, look you, is not unfrequently paralytic, wofully shaky in the hand; and the liquor he wastes, combined with that accidentally spilt, tells up wonderfully at the close of the year. There are cake baskets on the counter, patronised mostly by the lady votaries of the rosy (or livid?) god; but their tops are hermetically sealed, and their dulcet contents protected by a wire dome, or cupola, of convex form. Besides what I have described, if you will add some of my old friends the gold-blazoned boards, bearing the eulogies of various brewers, together with sundry little placards, framed and glazed, and printed in colours, telling in seductive language, of "Choice Compounds," "Old Tom," "Cream of the Valley," "Superior Cream Gin," "The Right Sort," "Kinahan's L. L.," "The Dew off Ben Nevis," the "Celebrated Balmoral Mixture, patronised by his Royal Highness Prince Albert" (the illustrious personage, clad in full Highland costume, with an extensive herd of red deer in the distance, is represented taking a glass of the "Mixture" with great apparent gusto); besides these, I repeat, you will need nothing to "complete the costume," as the romancers have it, of a Gin Palace.

Except the landlord, perhaps, who is bald and corpulent, who has a massive watch-chain, and a multiplicity of keys, and whose hands seem to leave the pockets of his trousers as seldom as his keen eye does the gin-drawing gymnastics of his barmen. Gymnastics they are, *tours de force*, feats of calisthenics as agile as any performed by the agile professor whom I have just seen pass, all dirt, flesh-coloured drawers, and spangles. A quick, sharp, jerking twist for the spirit tap, allowing to run till the liquor is within a hair's breadth of the top of the measure, and no longer; a dexterous tilt of the "two," or "three out" glasses required; an agile shoving forward of the pewter noggin with one hand, while the other inevitable palm is presented for the requisite halfpence; and oh! such a studious carefulness that one hand is not emptied before the other is filled. It is not everybody can serve in the bar of a Gin Palace. The barman wears a fur cap—generally——sometimes a wide-awake. He is addicted to carrying a piece of straw, a pipe-light, or the stalk of a flower in his mouth, diversifying it occasionally by biting half-crowns viciously. When he gives you change, he slaps it down on the counter in a provocatory manner; his face is flushed; his manner, short, concise, sententious. His vocabulary is limited; a short "Now then," and a brief "Here you are," forming the staple phrases thereof. I wonder what his views of human nature—of the world, its manners, habits, and customs—can be like. Or what does the barmaid think of it? I should like to know: the young lady in the coal-black ringlets (like magnified leeches), the very brilliant complexion, and the coral necklace. Mercy on us! what can she, a girl of eighteen, think of the faces, the dress, the language of the miserable creatures among whom she spends sixteen hours of her life every day—every mortal day throughout the year—once in every three weeks (her "day out") excepted.

One word about the customers, and we will rejoin our chariot, which must surely be extricated by this time. Thieves, beggars, costermongers, hoary-headed old men, stunted, ragged, shock-haired children, blowzy, slatternly women, hulking bricklayers, gaunt, sickly hobbededoys, with long greasy hair. A thrice-told tale. Is it not the same everywhere! The same pipes, dirt howling, maundering, fighting, staggering gin fever. Like plates multiplied by the electro-process—like the printer's "stereo"—like the reporter's "manifold"—you will find duplicates, triplicates of these forlorn beings everywhere. The same woman giving her baby gin; the same haggard, dishevelled woman, trying to coax her drunken husband home; the same mild girl, too timid even to importune her ruffian partner to leave off drinking the week's earnings, who sits meekly in a corner, with two discoloured eyes, one freshly blacked—one of a week's standing. The same weary little man, who comes in early, crouches in a corner, and takes standing naps during the day, waking up periodically for "fresh drops." The same red-nosed, ragged object who disgusts you at one moment by the force and fluency of his Billingsgate, and surprises you the next by bursting out in Greek and Latin quotations. The same thin, spectral man who has no money, and, with his hands piteously laid one over the other, stands for hours gazing with fishy eyes at the beloved liquor—smelling, thinking of, hopelessly desiring it. And, lastly, the same miserable girl, sixteen in years, and a hundred in misery; with foul, matted hair, and death in her face; with a tattered plaid shawl, and ragged boots, a gin-and-fog voice, and a hopeless eye.

Mr. Ex-Sheriff Pickles's carriage no longer stops the way, and the big draymen have conducted the big horses and the big dray to its destination. Beer has to be delivered at the sign of the "Green Hog Tavern;" whither, if you have no objection, we will forthwith hie.

The Green Hog is in a tortuous, but very long street,—a weak-minded street indeed, for it appears unable to decide whether to go to the right or to the left, straight or zig-zag, to be broad or to be narrow. The Green Hog participates in this indecision of character. It evidently started with the

intention of having a portico, but, stopping short, conynomised the matter by overshadowing the street door with a hideous excrescence between a verandah, a "bulk," and a porch. Contradictory, also, is the Green Hog; for it calls itself, over the door, the Green Hog Tavern, over the window, a Wine Vaults, and round the corner (in the Mews), a Spirit Stores. The bar is shamefaced, having run away to the end of a long passage; and even then, when you *do* get to it, is more like a bow-window than like a bar, and more like a butler's pantry than either. Very few customers do you see standing at the bar of the Green Hog; yet does its verdant porcinity considerable business with Barclay Perkins.

The truth is, the Green Hog is one of a class of publics, becoming rapidly extinct in London. It is a tavern—one of the old, orthodox, top-booted, sanded-floored taverns. It does a good business, not by casual beer-drinkers, but in "lunch, dinner, and supper beers." A better business, perhaps, in wines and dinners; for to the Green Hog resort a goodly company of the customers of the "old school,"—men who yet adhere to the traditional crown bowl of punch, and the historical "rump and dozen," who take their bottle of wine after dinner, and insist upon triangular spittoons. They are behind the times, perhaps, and the Green Hog is a little behind them too. The Green Hog can't make out competition, and new inventions, and fresh blood, and new resources. "My father kept this house afore me," says the Green Hog, "and my son 'll keep it after me." So, within his orthodox and time-honoured precincts, a "go" of sherry is still called a bottle of sherry—a glass of brandy-and-water is charged a shilling. "Bell's Old Weekly Messenger" is taken in; and the Green Hog goes to bed at midnight—winter or summer—week-day or Sabbath.

The parlour (or common room) of the Green Hog is a sight. The ceiling is low and bulging, and covered with a quiet, grey-patterned paper. There is a sanded floor, a big fireplace, "settles" on either side thereof, long substantial tables, and a chair on a dais nailed against the wall. No newfangled portraits hang on the walls, of race-horses, Radical Members, of performers at the Theatres-Royal. There is, however, Mr. Charles Young, in mezzotint, Roman costume, and toga. There is the best of monarchs in jack-boots and a pig-tail, reviewing two hundred thousand volunteers in Hyde Park. There is the next best of monarchs in his curliest wig, smiling affably at the fur collar of his surtout. There is the portrait of the late landlord, and the portrait of the present one. There is, finally, Queen Caroline, looking deeply injured in an enormous hat and feathers, and an aquatint view of the opening of Blackfriars Bridge.

To this comfortable and old-fashioned retreat come the comfortable and old-fashioned customers, who "use" the Green Hog. Hither comes Mr. Tuckard, a round old gentleman, supposed to be employed in some capacity at the Tower of London, but whether as a warder, an artillery-man, or a gentleman jailer—deponent sayeth not. He appears regularly at nine o'clock every morning, eats a huge meat-and-beer breakfast, orders his dinner, re-appears at six o'clock precisely, eats a hearty dinner, drinks a bottle of port, and smokes nine pipes of tobacco, washed down by nine tumblers of gin-and-water. He invariably finishes his nine tumblers just as John the waiter (of whom no man ever knew the surname, or saw the bow to his neck-tie) brings in tumbler of brandy-and-water, number four, for Mr. Scrayles, the eminent corn-chandler (reported to be worth a mint of money). The door being opened, Mr. Tuckard rises, looks round, nods, and without further parley, makes a bolt through the door, and disappears. This, with but few interruptions, he has done daily and nightly for five-and-thirty years. He rarely speaks but to intimate friends (with whom he has had a nodding acquaintance for twenty years, perhaps). He occasionally condescends to impart, in a fat whisper, his opinions about the funds and the weather. It is reported that he cannot read, for he never was known to take up a newspaper—that he cannot write—that he never sleeps. No one knows where he lives. He is Tuckard, employed in the Tower of London; that is all. Sometimes, on high days and holidays, he hands round a portentous golden snuff-box, purporting, from the engraving on its lid, to have been presented to Thomas Tuckard, Esquire, by his friends and admirers, members of the "Cobb Club." Who was Cobb? and what manner of Club was his?

Besides the mysterious possessor of the snuff-box, and the wealthy corn-chandler, there are some score more grave and sedate frequenters of the parlour, all "warm" men, financially speaking, all quietly eloquent as to the funds and the weather, and all fond of their bottle of wine, and their tumbler of grog. Time and weather, changes of ministry, births, deaths, and marriage seem to have but little effect on them, nor to ruffle, in any sensible degree, the even tenour of their lives. They will continue, I have no doubt, to "use" the Green Hog as long as they are able to use anything; and when the grog of life is drained, and the pipe of existence is extinguished, they will quietly give place to other old codgers, who will do, doubtless, as they did before them.

Don't suppose that Barclay and Perkins's dray, or Barclay and Perkins's men have been idle or unprofitably employed while I have been poking about the parlour of the Green Hog. No: theirs has been the task to raise the cellar-flap on the pavement, and to lower, by means of sundry chains and ropes, the mighty butts of beer required for the lunches, dinners, and suppers of the Green Hog's customers.

Curious evolutions, both human and equestrian, were performed during the operation. Small boys took flying leaps over the prostrate barrels; the stalwart steeds cut figures of eight in the narrow thoroughfare, occasionally backing into the chandler's shop opposite, to the imminent peril of the Dutch cheeses, balls of twine, screws of tobacco, and penny canes there exposed to view, and the loudly expressed consternation of the proprietrix; the pavement on one side was rendered temporarily impassable by a barricade of tightly strained cordage, and the otherwise equable temper of the servant-maid from number four, seriously ruffled, as, emerging from the door with a foaming jug of half-and-half, a dirty rope came right across her clean white stocking. Then, after all this, have the gigantic draymen rested and refreshed themselves. A temporary game of hide-and-seek has taken place—each red-capped butt-twister wandering about anxiously inquiring for his "mate;" but the lost have been found; and, when from the dark and poky parlour we re-enter the bow-windowed bar (where the sweet-smelling thicket of lemons, and the punch-bowls, the punch-ladles, with William and Mary guineas soldered in them, and the bright-eyed landlord's daughter are)—we find the mighty yeomen discussing huge dishes of beefsteaks and onions, and swallowing deep draughts from the Pierian spring of Barclay's best.

Take with me, I entreat, a glass of Dutch bitters from that pot-bellied, quaint-shaped bottle with the City shield and dagger on it, for all the world like one of the flasks in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation. Then as the draymen have finished their repast, and our chariot awaits us, let us sally forth into London again, and seek a fresh tap.

What have we here? A pictorial "public." Lithographic prints, wood engravings in the windows; Highland gentlemen, asseverating, in every variety of attitude, that their names are Norval—that their pedigrees are pastoral, and that their last past places of residence were the Grampian Hills; Hamlet declaring his capacity to tell a hawk from a handsaw; Job Thornbury vindicating the rights of the Englishman's fireside; Lady Macbeth lamenting the inutility of all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten "this little hand"—which looks large; clowns bewailing the loss of a "farden," grinning hideously meanwhile—all as performed by Messieurs and Mesdames So-and-so, at the Theatres Royal. The little glazed placards in the window, telling of chops, steaks, and Schweppe's soda-water, are elbowed, pushed from their stools, by cartoons of the "Bounding Brothers of the Himalaya Mountains;" Signor Scapino and his celebrated dog Jowler; Herr Diavolo Buffo, the famous corkscrew equilibrist (from the Danube), and tight-rope dancer; or Mademoiselle Smicherini the dancer, with undeniable silk fleshings, and very little else. Lower down, bills of theatrical benefits tournaments at tea-gardens, "readings" from Shakspeare, and harmonic meetings dispute the pavement with the legitimate possessors of the soil—the brewers and distillers. Within is a grove—a forest rather, of play-bills, waving their red and black leaves in Valombrosan density. Patent theatres, minor theatres, country theatres—even Transatlantic temples of the drama. This is a theatrical "public"—a house of call for Thespians. Over the way is the Theatre Royal, Barbican; round the corner, up the court and two pair of stairs, Mr. Wilfred Grindoff Belville, has his theatrical agency office; here meet the Sock and Buskin Club; and here, in days gone by, the great Konks, the tragedian, was wont to imbibe that bottle and a half of gin, without the aid of which he disdained to perform his famous character of "The Robber of the Hills."

To the theatrical public come the actors of the Theatre Royal, Barbican, their friends and acquaintances, being actors at other theatres, and that anomalous class of persons who hunt for orders, and scrape acquaintance with theatrical people, of which and of whom they afterwards discourse voluminously in the genteel circles. Hither, also, come comedians, dancers, and pantomimists who are for the time out of engagements, who have placed their names on Mr. W. G. Belville's "list," and expect situations through his agency. A weary-looking, heart-sick with hope deferred body they are. There, intently studying the bill of the Bowie-knife Theatre, New York, is Mr. Montmorency de Courcy (*né* Snaggs) in a mulberry-coloured body-coat and gilt basket buttons, check trousers, and a white hat. He is from the Northern Circuit, and hopes, please the pigs and Mr. Belville, to do second low comedy in London yet, though he has been a long time "out of collar." At the door, you have Mr. Snartell, the low comedian from Devonport, and Mr. Rollocks, the heavy father from the Bath Circuit, who affects, in private life, a low-crowned hat with a prodigious brim (has a rich though somewhat husky bass voice), and calls everybody "My son." These, with many more dark-haired, close-shaven, and slightly mouldily-habited inheritors of the mantles of Kean, Dowton, or Blanchard, wait the live-long day for the long-wished-for engagements.

Inside, at the bar, Signor Scapino, *in propriâ personâ*, is exercising his celebrated dog Jowler at standing on the hind legs, placing a halfpenny on the counter, and receiving a biscuit instead; two or three stage-carpenters are enjoying themselves over the material used to "grease the traps," *i. e.* half-a-crown's worth of stimulants placed to their credit by the author of the last new piece over the way; while the author himself, a mysterious individual in spectacles, and clutching an umbrella, eagerly scrutinises the pile of country play-bills, in the hope of

discovering among them some theatre at which one of his pieces has lately been performed, and on which he can be "down" for half-a-crown an act for each representation. Then there is a little prematurely aged man, Doctor Snaffles, indeed, as he is called, who did the "old man" line of business, but who does very little to speak of now, except drink. Drink has been his bane through life; has thrown him out of every engagement he ever had, has muddled his brain, rendered his talent a shame and a curse, instead of a credit and a blessing to him; made him the ragged, decrepit, palsied beggar man you see him now. He asks the barmaid piteously for a pinch of snuff, which she never refuses him—and returns him in addition, sometimes (when he can find no old theatrical friend to treat him) half-a-pint of porter. He is never seen to eat, and sleeps nowhere in particular, and has not washed within the memory of man.

There's a little snuggery or private parlour behind the bar, to which are only free the actors of the adjacent theatre, of a certain standing, and their friends. In the intervals of rehearsals before and after the performance this little snuggery is crammed. The heavy tragedian makes jokes that sets the table in a roar, and the low comedian is very dismally and speechlessly drawing lines in beer with his finger on the Pembroke table. In the chimney corner sits Mr. Berrymax, a white-haired old gentleman, with a pleasant expression of countenance, who, though not an actor, enjoys prodigious consideration in the profession, as a play-goer of astonishing antiquity, who is supposed to remember Mrs. Bracegirdle, Peg Woffington—nay Betterton, almost; whose opinions on all points of reading, business, and stage traditions, are looked upon as oracles, whose decisions are final, and whose word is law.

The landlord of the theatrical public-house is, very probably, a retired actor—a prompter who has made a little money—or, sometimes, even an unsuccessful manager. His daughter may be in the ballet at the adjacent theatre; or, perhaps, if he be a little "warm," she may have taken lessons from Signor Chiccarini, wear a black velvet dress, carry an oblong morocco music-case, like a leathern candle-box, and sing at the Nobility's Concerts, and in the choruses of Her Majesty's Theatre. There are other theatrical publics, varying however in few particulars from the one into which we have peeped. There is the "public" over the water, whither the performers at the Royal Alexandrina Theatre (formerly the old Homborg) resort; where Jobson, the original Vampire of Venice, reigns supreme, and where you may see a painted announcement, that—"Bottles are lent for the Theatre," meaning that any thirsty denizen of the New Cut, who may choose to patronise, on a given night, the Royal Alexandrina Theatre, with his wife, family, and suite, may here buy beer, and borrow a bottle to hold it, wherewith to regale himself between the acts, the standing order of the theatre as to "No bottles allowed," notwithstanding. Then there is the equestrian theatrical house, also, over the water, where you may see fiercely moustachioed gentlemen, who clank spurs, and flourish horsewhips, after the manner of life-guardsmen off duty; who swear fearfully, and whose grammar is defective; who affect a great contempt for actors, whom they term "mummies," and who should be in polite parlance denominated "equestrian performers," but are generally, by a discerning but somewhat too familiar public, known as "horse-riders." There are, of course, different cliques and coteries holding their little discussions, and conserving their little prejudices and antipathies, their likings and dislikings, in the various classes of theatrical publics; but there is common to them all a floating population of old play-goers, superannuated pantomimists, decayed prompters, actors out of engagement, and order-hunters and actor-haunters.

Ramble on again, wheels of Barclay's dray; clatter ye harness, and crack ye loud-sounding whips; and let us leave the world theatrical for the world pictorial. Let us see the Arts on tap!

NOTES FROM NORWAY.

THE ROADS IN CHRISTIANIA.

CHRISTIANIA-FJORD is pleasant water. It is about seventy English miles in length, varying in breadth, but becoming narrower as one gets near the head. Its shores resemble those of the Scotch lochs, bounded by hills of moderate elevation, and its surface is beset with islands. Here and there are scattered little towns, churches, and windmills; now and then a sudden turn of the coast shuts them all out of sight. Christiania itself stands on an expanse formed by a southern arm of the Fjord; water before it, and behind it a good background of hills. The wonderful clearness of the atmosphere brings out the gay colours of the houses, and the bright hues of the hills behind, with a vividness that is almost magical. Every little detail, too, is reflected in the clear blue Fjord, and the whole seems more like a gay picture or a child's toy, than a real work-a-day town. The town, however, has realities. The steamer did not take us quite to Christiania; boats to land the passengers came up in numbers; we, of course, took one. On arriving at the Custom House quay, something was asked of us by the rough-looking boatmen; it was a question of payment, as one might judge from the outstretched hand; with us the question was, "How much to pay?" None of us understood a word of Norsk, nor had we any Norsk money in our pockets. Our hesitation was removed by a mariner, more of a linguist

than the rest, who stepped forward, and said, "Von an sixpens."

The streets of Christiania are broad and straight; they are generally built at right angles, and, moreover, generally possess the great advantage to a stranger of bearing their names distinctly inscribed at every corner. But oh, the pavement! At the best, it is a rough-pitched pavement; frequently this is destroyed; it lies neglected, and develops pools filled with soft mud, into which carriages sink with a jolt, and from which they afterwards clear themselves with another jolt. The foot-passenger is often sorely puzzled how to cross the street with a dry foot and an unsplashed garment, even on one of the dry days in summer.

On the day after our arrival we accepted the invitation of a Norwegian gentleman to drink tea at his country-house, about a mile and a half from the town. We agreed to meet him at an early hour in the afternoon, at his house of business, where he promised that his carriage should be waiting to drive us along a new road then being formed beside the Fjord, before it took us to his villa. We accordingly, at the appointed time, picked the best way we could to the said town-house. We found it after passing through a narrow gateway, which led into a court of no great size, thickly hung with tapestry; in fact, almost plugged up with linen there exposed to dry. Our kind host and his little son were ready for us, and the carriage was in waiting. The carriage had a wonderfully tumble-down appearance, and creaked in a boding manner as we took our places; my friend and myself behind, Herr Jehu and his son on the box. With the most consummate skill, Herr Jehu drove out of the little yard, dexterously avoiding a sharp corner, guarded by a projecting post. We turned into the street in grand style, rattling over the stones with vigour. The clatter of our wheels overwhelmed and silenced all the clatter of our tongues. Before we had driven twenty yards the fore-wheels went down into some depths, but righted; the hind-wheels following into the same depths, there remained buried. Our host turned round to see what was the matter; then he got down to take a closer view, quietly observing, "I think something must be broken." The axle-pin had been snapped in two. Herr Jehu begged us to descend, and sent his little boy to find a smith.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL AT DRAMMEN.

While detained at the Hôtel de Scandinavie, I was much interested in watching the ceremonies attendant on the funeral of a child at a house nearly opposite. My attention was first attracted to a couple of men who were planting two young fir-trees firmly in the ground on each side of the door. They then proceeded to strew the road before the house thickly with fir-boughs. Presently the mourners who had by degrees assembled in the house, re-appeared, bearing the coffin on a bier. The coffin was a little oblong chest with a raised lid; it was painted white, and had a black cross on the lid and on the head-board. A chaplet of flowers lay upon it, and there were a few flowers scattered in the doorway. The mourners moved off slowly in pairs, to a church not far distant; there was no sound of bell, and after a very short interval, they returned to the house before dispersing.

We remained only one night at Drammen, and drove the next morning in a hired carriage to Hongsund, a little village on the Drammen river, just below a famous salmon-leap. I have a friend whose servant met us at this place with two carrioles; the carriole is the universal summer conveyance of the Norwegians. It is a long carriage without springs, set on exceedingly long shafts; it holds one person only in the body, and it has a board behind, which accommodates luggage or a driver. It runs upon very large wheels, and is very well adapted to the rough mountainous roads of the country. In the two carrioles we placed ourselves; and after travelling another Norsk mile—which is equal to about seven miles English—we arrived at the junction of the Drammen and Simoa rivers. Here we crossed by a ferry, which plied just under a glorious waterfall on the one hand, and just over a smaller cascade on the other hand, whereof the spray rose and fell above the surface of the water. Some picturesque mill and farm-buildings marked out the landing-place; the distance was on all sides bounded by hills, and mills, and waterfalls; and carrioles, and ferrymen, and travellers, were all in a glow under the red light of sunset.

Again starting on our road, we were in half-an-hour at my friend's house. There we were greeted in the Norsk fashion; they had surrounded the doorway of the house with flowers in honour of our arrival. Large festoons of the gay wildflowers with which Norway abounds, were fastened on each side, while from the centre was suspended a wreath, within which were displayed my initials (be it known, I am a lady) in Forget-me-Nots. The whole household was collected at the door under the flowers, to receive the guests with hospitable smiles.

OUR TOTAL ECLIPSE PIC-NIC PARTY.

On the morning of the 28th of July, 1851, we were anxiously interested in the state of the weather. Norway has not a very settled climate; and showers, sunshine, and mist, in rapid alternation for some days beforehand, had made it doubtful whether we should be edified by the Eclipse, which many travellers from England had come out to see in its perfection.

The steamer which conveyed the greater part of the wise men, and some of the curious, to Norway on this occasion, presented an odd scene. The "passengers' luggage" was of an

unaccountable description. Mysterious white deal cases, often of an unwieldy length, and generally marked "Glass, with great care," or not unfrequently declaring the owners' names in immense capitals, had settled down upon the ship in horrible confusion. The saloon accommodated several; but others were strewn along the passage, and some lay in wait to trip up those who walked unwarily upon the deck. When after three days of discomfort we were saluted with the joyful summons to look after our goods because the Custom House officers had come on board, it was a pleasant sight to see these sealed cases handed down more tenderly than babies, into the little boats by which we were to land, each superintended by its owner. The Custom House had courteously waived the ceremony of minute inspection.

The morning of July, 28, 1851, respectably broke out cloudy, but with a tendency to clear. I found that a party had been planned by a Norsk friend of ours, to go a few English miles up the Fjord to the Skuterud Seters or summer pastures, which commanded an extensive range of country, over which to observe the effect of the Eclipse. This arrangement, of course, had been dependent on the weather, and as that warranted our making the experiment, we prepared forthwith for the expedition. We started soon after eleven o'clock in an English pony carriage, drawn by a pair of active little Norsk horses, and carrying, as luggage, a large collection of smoked glasses, and a tiny telescope. Our road lay, first, through the little village Nymoen, then, crossing the Simoa river, by a bridge immediately over a foss or fall of upwards of a hundred feet in height, we soon entered a pine forest. One always does soon enter a pine forest in traversing Norwegian scenery; this particular one was, perhaps, more than usually fragrant in consequence of the late rains. Now the sun, good fellow, broke out joyously, and put forth strength enough to make us grateful for the shade we were enjoying. Our little ponies cantered up and galloped down hills which would have been terror to an English horse, and in an hour-and-a-half we reached the mines of Skuterud. Beyond this point there is no road, a foot-path only leading to the Seters. We lost no time in securing a guide to lead us to the rest of the party, who, we were told, had already reached their destination. As we mounted on our way, the view, of course, extended on all sides. Blue hills marked out the horizon, with a magical distinctness; but since the sun was beating upon our backs, we were glad to find ourselves at last on the crowning point, selected by our host as the fit station of observation; it was one which could not easily be bettered. We were completely encircled by hills of picturesque outline, and if not of very great elevation, yet high enough to retain traces of the winter's snow. North-east lay the Tyri-fjord, calm and clear; and immediately around, but still below us, the rude Seters, built of stems of fir-trees like the Swiss châlets, and like them merely summer dairy huts.

The group collected on the summit was a pleasant company; first, I was introduced to our hostess, "Fru," as she was called, a title which in Norway marks a higher standing than "Madame," but which is enjoyed by some who have not the education or manners of the middle class in England. She was a short, stout, handsome little woman, who bowed low and shook hands with me, but speedily retired to attend to her hospitable preparations. My next introduction was to her eldest daughter, a handsome brunette, under a deep brimmed straw hat. The younger children, all under the shadow of broad hats, scudded away in every direction to avoid being subjected to introductions. Seated on a projecting rock was a young man, fresh from the University of Christiania, with a handsome countenance, and a becoming beard. He was talking over "coming events" with two friends, one of them an Englishman; these, with ourselves, were all the members of the party. Punch and a variety of cakes having been handed about by the two elder daughters, we planted ourselves in the most comfortable positions for watching the commencement of the Eclipse, which was now nearly due. At last, at about a quarter to three o'clock, one of our party, an Englishman, had reason to exclaim, "Now, it's begun."

As the shadow increased, the change in the appearance of the landscape was most curious. The light gradually grew pale, the distant blue became gray, the foreground dim: in fact, a deep twilight seemed to have stolen over us. The temperature sank considerably; the silence was complete; an irresistible feeling of awe compelled us all to speak in whispers; but the most impressive change took place about two minutes before the totality commenced. Then a shadow, like a thick dark cloud, appeared over the north and north-west, and swept slowly on towards the south-east, until, when the Eclipse became total, it surrounded us entirely. At the same moment a bright orange streak of light broke out on the western horizon, causing the outlines of the hills to stand out in a bold relief, and giving to the whole landscape, somebody said, the effect of a Claude. The corona appeared to emit bright yellow rays, but they were not strong enough to cast a shadow. Many stars were visible; we have since made up our minds that there were at least twenty, but, at the time, we were all too busy to count them. Mercury and Venus were conspicuous. We declared it a thousand pities, that before the totality was over (and with us it lasted barely three minutes), the clouds thickened so rapidly, that we afterwards caught only momentary glimpses of the Eclipse passing away behind them; for that reason the effects,

produced by the returning daylight, were not so decided as those which attended upon its departure. At about a quarter to five, it was decided that the Eclipse was over, and so we descended from our eminence towards the mines, in the guest-chamber of which we were to find a feast awaiting us.

On our way we stopped to look at the inside of a Sæter. It contained two rooms; the first being the living-room was hung round with dairy utensils, and furnished with primitive home-made chairs and tables, which stood at all angles on a rough mud floor. An old man was sitting by a low wood fire, smoking; and two little bare-legged and yellow-haired children were silenced in the middle of a noisy frolic by our entrance. Both rooms were extremely low and small, and fitted only for that season of the year during which they are to be occupied. Of the cattle we saw nothing, they were scattered far and wide upon the pastures.

We ourselves rambled to our pasture in the little guest chamber, a small wooden building, of which the floor was strewn with sprigs of juniper, a kind of carpeting that gives a strong smell to Norwegian rooms. Some beautiful specimens of cobalt ore from the adjacent mines were there deposited, one of which I was told was even finer than that which had been sent to the Great Exhibition.

Summoned to dinner, I was much aghast at finding that the head of the table was allotted to me as the stranger. Dinner began with tea, and after this we had the usual pies, and fowls, and bottles of a pic-nic. Toasts were in much request, including the healths of all the great astronomers then honouring Norway with their visits; this we very properly did, because it was in the character of amateur astronomers that we had formed our pic-nic party. When we prepared for our departure we discovered that the rain had come to see us home. Wrapped in all sorts of plaids and cloaks we took leave of our host and hostess, and climbing into our respective vehicles—which formed together quite a motley group of carriages and carrioles, we drove off at a rapid pace, some taking one road, some another, galloping to our respective beds.

A DAY OF DINNER.

A Norsk dinner-party is a very serious affair. It is not, like our parties in England, limited to a duration of from four to five hours, and those in the evening of the day, when the usual occupations of most people are completed; in Norway, the fashionable hour for dinner is from two to three, and if the party be at all large, dancing and singing follow, so that the whole business probably is not concluded until two or three o'clock in the next morning. There is something exceedingly quaint and primitive in the Norwegian manners, and to our ideas, even in their dress and physiognomy. The people do not look much unlike Englishmen, but the likeness in them is to the old-fashioned portraits of our ancestors, not to the men of our own day.

At a dinner party, which I mean now to describe, guests, to the number of twenty or thirty, were expected. To the last, the precise number who would come, remained uncertain: for in Norway, that essentially free country, a custom prevails of giving very general and undecided answers to all invitations, also of bringing without scruple any chance guest in addition to those members of the family really invited.

One large room having been completely cleared of all extraneous furniture, the dinner tables were arranged in the form of three sides of a square, leaving only room between the tables and the walls for the passage of waiters behind the chairs. Another room was appropriated to the reception of the guests, a third was prepared for the smokers of the party, and the wide folding-doors of the hall (universal here) were thrown wide open, seats being arranged inside and out for such of the company as preferred these less formal quarters. The door-way was hung with flowers, a fresh green mat of young fir boughs was laid down before it, and as a finishing touch, the sand which supplies the place of gravel, was carefully raked over. Soon after two o'clock the arrivals began, guests came in carriages of every imaginable size and shape. The grandees came in very high old-fashioned barouches, very much the worse for wear, and of which it was impossible to guess even the colour through the mud and dust, which seemed to have accumulated over them during the past months or years. Some drove in double, some in single carrioles; very few came on foot. These arrivals following each other in rapid succession, one was soon lost in a confused maze of "Frus," and their "Fröken" daughters; "Madames" with their "Jomfrus," Proosts, Pastors, and titles, or rather, designations, without number. Titles, properly so called, were, some years since, suppressed by a decree of the Storthing; this, in spite of the king's refusal to sanction it, was passed after it had been persisted in by three successive Storthings, in accordance with the laws of the Norwegian Constitution. But, although the class of nobility no longer exists, everyone enjoys his own title, expressive of his occupation in the world. Thus, a dignitary of the church, answering perhaps, to our Rural Dean, is called Proost, and his wife Proostinde; a lawyer is called Advokat; a shopkeeper, Kjobmand, and so on. This is the rule in writing; in general conversation it is usual to mention the surname only. The company having arrived, was not kept waiting for the wine and cakes, which it is fit to offer before dinner. The sofa is held to be the seat of honour, and to it the most distinguished among the ladies were ushered with the incessantly repeated "*Vær saa god*," which does duty for every ceremony of politeness. The

assembled party did not present a very gay appearance for the state colour is black. A black bombazine or alpaca dress, or better still, a black silk, is the true adornment of gentility. A sumptuary law ordains black to be worn at Court to avoid the greater expense of coloured dresses; and, it is still very generally, though not universally, the colour in request for balls. Dinner being ready, we proceeded in couples to the dining-room. The host and hostess were seated near the middle of the table, on which were placed merely the dishes of the sweet course dressed with flowers, and the cover for each person. There appeared to be no order in the handing round of the dishes. Fish was followed by meat, and afterwards fish-pudding (that is, fish beaten up in a mortar until it is of the consistency of cream,) made its appearance. The vegetables were quite curiosities: young potatoes were swimming in parsley and butter, mixed up with very small carrots. Peas were served in their pods, equally disguised in a rich gravy; and all were handed about and eaten by themselves, not after our mode, as adjuncts to the meat. Soon after we were all seated, the toasts began. The host began them, raising his glass and saying, "*Velkommen til borde!*" (Welcome to the board!) and after this beginning they were kept up briskly. Toasts, though nearly abolished in good society in the towns and more fashionable places, appear to be still very general in the provinces of Norway; and, in the instance of which I am speaking, they were perpetually proposed during the couple of hours we spent at table. It is not the custom in Norway for the ladies to retire before the gentlemen, but all rise together; moreover the signal for retirement is not given by the lady of the house, for that would be considered an almost incredible piece of rudeness and inhospitality. The feast is closed by the guests themselves, through the chief of them, who proposes "*Tak for Maden*" (Thanks for the meal); and this toast being drunk by all, the wondrous scraping of chairs on the bare boards which ensues, announces that the sitting is over. Not so the ceremonies which belong thereto; each gentleman escorts his lady back into the reception-room, and then everybody shakes hands, first with the host and hostess, saying again "*Tak for Maden*," and, afterwards, with everybody else. This is an embarrassing form for a stranger, who, among so many, finds it far from easy to remember which hands he has shaken, and which hands remain to be sought.

This done, coffee was served, and we dispersed about the garden and grounds, sauntering at our pleasure. By degrees, as the evening closed in, most of us began to reassemble in the large room in which we had dined. There a free space was cleared for dancing, and thereinto fresh guests were constantly arriving. While standing about and talking in this room, my arm was suddenly seized by no less grave a personage than the Rector of the University of Christiania, who, without speaking, led me into the large open space in front of the house, and placed me in the midst of a circle who were playing at a game nearly resembling our English "Puss in the Corner." He then bade me follow his example in taking a part. I was much rejoiced to see this wholesome fun heartily kept up by the old as well as by the young. This sport was followed by a game called *Eukemand*, or the widower, which was played in the following manner:—Several couples placed themselves in file, all the ladies on the right hand of the gentlemen. One gentleman — the Eukemand — stood at the head of the column, and called out, "*S'dste par ud*" (Last pair out); on which they rushed forward to the front, either keeping to their respective sides, or crossing, to deceive the Eukemand; whose endeavour was to catch the lady before her partner could seize her, in which case he took her for his own, and left the disappointed gentleman to take his place as Eukemand. This game appeared to be a favourite, and gave rise to abundant mirth.

Music and dancing were our next amusements. not much of the music, except in so far as it was subservient to the dancing; for people either could not or would not—certainly they did not—sing or play. The dancing was made up chiefly of waltzes. Something like a country-dance was attempted; but it was not kept up with much spirit. In some parts of Norway, but very generally in Sweden, occasional servants have to perform a duty which would astonish the ladies whose suburban feasts in this country are helped through with the aid of the greengrocer, or by a man from the confectioner's. It is expected of a waiter, not only that he should be able to announce names in a sonorous voice, to hand dishes rapidly, to change plates quickly, to help wine adroitly, to be staid and respectable in his conduct in the kitchen; but that he should be a good musician! When the dishes have been cleared away and the cloth has been removed, after he has been handing about the delicacies of the season, the coffee, and in summer, the ices; he again appears, music in hand, to perform on the piano-forte. The Norsk and Swedish amateurs deem it beneath the dignity of the High Art music to which they aspire to perform mere Terpsichorean tunes. Dance music is therefore delegated to waiters, some of whom perform Musard's Quadrilles, Strauss's and Lanner's Waltzes, and Jullien's Polkas, in a style which would astonish even those who in this country belong to "High Life Below Stairs." After dancing, the party had frequent recourse to some game or other to enliven them. "French blind-man's buff," and "hunt the ring," accompanied by music, were both in request, and shared in by as many as could find room in the circle. Punch, by no means badly brewed, was constantly

circulated, and produced decidedly enlivening effects.

At about eleven o'clock, we were marshalled into a large room up-stairs, where supper was laid in the same style as dinner had been; and, indeed, it consisted very nearly in the same routine: it occupied, to be sure, less time. Dancing followed once more; and, like all after-supper dancing, it was done with spirit. The languor of the previous displays was now succeeded by vigorous and amusing movements. Before supper, in fact, it had been really hard work to dance in a room by daylight. In the middle of summer, the evenings are so light in these northern latitudes, that we had not required candles before supper.

While the greater part of the company were thus engaged, I was attracted by the sound of voices in chorus outside, and wandered away to find out what was going on. I found a group of seven or eight of the young men of the party, who were singing Norsk and German songs in parts, very beautifully. They stood under a chestnut-tree on one side of the hall-door, and the light from one of the windows of the dancing-room fell on the group with capital effect.

Singing in parts is an accomplishment much valued in Norway. In Christiania there are various clubs or societies established for the practice of part-songs,—one among the students, another among the shopkeepers, &c. The Norsk national air, "For Norge Vigempers Födeland," was sung with great applause. It is a most inspiriting strain, of modern origin, being the composition of Mehul. Our own national air was also performed among the number, and was, I found, claimed by Sweden as well as by Germany.

By this time it had really become late—past midnight—and some of the party, who had several English miles to drive before they should reach home, began to think it high time to take leave.

The hostess was again assailed with thanks; but this time the burden of the compliment was, "*Tak for idag*" (Thanks for to-day). The horses were put to, the wondrous carriages again drove up to the door, looking exceedingly clean and respectable in the uncertain twilight; and the company dispersed, after the "Vortens Skaal" (The Host's Health) had been performed by the beforementioned choristers.

UP VESUVIUS.

I ROSE in particularly good time, and proceeded at once to Portici by the first train. The reader must be informed, or reminded, of the existence of a snug little railway in this part of the world, that runs along the smiling shore of the Bay of Naples, and connects the capital with the charming watering-place of Castel-a-mare. On this railway, Portici the nearest and most convenient starting-point for Vesuvius is one of the stations; and another station, a few miles further down the line, is the town of Pompeii. The dry bones may hope to live now that Pompeii is become a railway station. Getting out of the carriage at Portici, I walked on to the neighbouring village of Resina, and there halted for breakfast. Most of the Vesuvian guides live here; and, while I was cracking my eggs and sipping my coffee, a posse of these worthies were noisily disputing outside for possession of my person. Putting my head out of the window, I presumed to choose my own custodian; beckoned one, who seemed the most intelligent, up to my room, and made an arrangement by which I agreed to give him for the day's services the sum of one piashe (about four shillings), and the customary drink-money. A traveller in Italy, or indeed in any other country, will always find his wheels oiled as he passes through it, if he make a point of quietly acceding to the expectations of the people in such little matters.

By eight A.M., under orders of the guide, I had left Resina, and we were on our way to Mount Vesuvius. The road beyond the village was tolerably easy, until we came to the edge of an extensive bed or stream of hard irregular lava that had found its way out of the volcano in the year 1849. The eruption of that year caused considerable damage to the vineyards, burning them up, and completely destroying the fertility of the ground for some miles around the base of the mountain. The grapes cultivated on these slopes produce an excellent wine called Lacryma Christi; it has some resemblance to Champagne, and fetches a high price. We walked, or rather, stumbled, across this sterile tract; and, in about an hour and a half, reached a small hermitage, where visitors can have the pleasure of signing their names in a book, and of being fleeced in the purchase of a box, containing minute fragments of granite, and other equally scarce pieces of stone. There is always something to be bought on a show-mountain; on Snowdon they sell worsted stockings.

A little farther on, stands the Royal Observatory. A small company of soldiers are stationed here for the protection of travellers—a precaution by no means needless—against robbers; guides included, for they look upon a traveller a little too much as a bit of booty. Another hour's hard toiling brought us to the base of the cone; for so the upper part of the mountain near its mouth is termed. Before attempting to ascend this cone—which is by far the steepest and most difficult part of the whole ascent—we halted, and laid in a good supply of bread and fruit, and wine, supplied by a man, who followed in our train. I should observe, that travellers can ride up to this point on horses or mules; but, since I had enjoyed some previous experience in Switzerland, and did not anticipate more difficulty than the mountains in that country present, I resolved, much against the inclination of my guide, to

walk the entire distance. I was not so wise, however, as I thought myself, for I had not made sufficient allowance for the extra fatigue consequent upon the difference in temperature; however, the higher we rose, the more benefit we derived from a delightfully fresh breeze that came off the bay, which very much moderated the oppression of the sun. The wind, indeed, was so cool at a place where we halted for more corn and wine, that we were glad to run for shelter under the lee-side of some masses of rock. After reclining there at our ease for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, we started to our feet, and commenced the toil up the great dust-heap. The orthodox way of mounting is to summon to one's aid two or three extra guides; one of whom pushes behind, while others drag in front by means of a cord fastened round the waist. Inspirited, however, by the corn and wine, I spurned the notion of this ignominious procedure, and instead of following the beaten track up the loose dust and ashes—grand pile for any scavenger to contemplate—I made my way by the masses of broken lava, a little on one side; they were a trifle more steep, and in a minute degree more dangerous, because a fall on the rough corners of the lava would produce unpleasant cuts; and a false step might, by a remote chance, lead to a broken neck. A cool head and a firm foot are of service in such places, and it is desirable to avoid looking either downward or upward, but simply to keep the eye fixed steadily in front, and wholly occupied in selecting the most convenient places upon which to plant the foot.

At length, after some severe struggling, varied by sundry slips, and an occasional pause for breath, I stood on the true summit of Vesuvius. The surface all around was quite warm, and everywhere intersected by numerous crevices, from which there were escaping little wreaths of smoke. We first looked for the crater of 1849, and walked round its edge. The interior was encrusted with a coating of sulphur of various shades and tints, which had a peculiar effect when the sun shone on it; a sulphurous vapour issued from the abyss beneath, and enveloped us in its annoying fumes. We then went to the old and large crater; here the heat of the surrounding surface was considerably greater; so great, indeed, as to penetrate through thick-soled boots, and to be intolerable to the naked hand. At this spot my guide commenced a series of experiments, of a highly interesting and philosophical character; the first of them consisted in thrusting a stick into one of the many crevices or fissures in the earth, and immediately bringing it out in a state of ignition. This was a waste of timber; but the next experiment had a more useful and economic bearing; it was none other than the cooking in one of the said cracks of some eggs, which were produced unexpectedly out of the guide's coat-pocket. These eggs, being thus cooked, I ate. I was not hungry; but it is one of the uses of a volcano that eggs may be roasted in its crater, and it would have ill become a traveller, after ascending Mount Vesuvius, to slight whatever efforts the old fellow might make to offer him refreshment and amusement.

Travellers may generally safely descend for some depth into the mouth of the volcano; but at the time of my visit, the suffocating fumes of sulphur were rolling out more copiously than usual, and the guide dissuaded me from a too hazardous attempt. The view, of course, was grand, extending completely over the bay, with the beautiful little towns skirting its edge, including also in the distance the islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, and the deeply interesting and classical region of the Bay of Baiæ. Almost immediately under us, to the left, was the railway station of Pompeii. If we turned round to look inland, the country, so far as the eye could scan, was studded with white palaces and houses, which in this pure and clear atmosphere, really continue white all the year round, without the bespattering of whitewash every spring. Vesuvius, though generally represented in prints as a regular truncated cone, is, in reality, a mountain from which rise two distinct cones; the one out of whose crater issued the fatal stream that overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum, has long since spent its fury, and become quite still. Its companion every now and then, however, gives unequivocal evidence of life.

I remained at the top for about an hour, and then made preparations for descending. In proportion as the ascent of the cone is, from its exceedingly abrupt steepness, more difficult than the ascent of almost any other mountain, so is its descent in equal degree more easy. It requires a good hour to reach the top, but less than five minutes are enough to see us to the bottom. The rapidity and ease of the downward motion are really quite surprising; it is a downward flight. The wayfarer leans backward at an angle of about fifty degrees, and begins to take enormous strides or plunges. At each step he sinks—deeply into the powdered ashes, so that he cannot lose his footing, or roll over; the only nervousness or apprehension that can be experienced, is derived from a conviction of the utter impossibility of stopping himself until he reaches his journey's end; if in his progress the foot should unluckily be caught against a piece of rock or lava, concealed below the surface, it is probable that he may get through the remainder of the descent head foremost. Although this brisk flight through the air and ashes has a peculiarly exhilarating and agreeable effect on the spirits, it does not unfortunately extend its kindly influences to the clothes. I found my garments in some disrepair, but my boots having been made expressly with an eye to this feat, suffered no more injury than a slight baking.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE GREAT CHOWSEMPOOR BANK.

IT has long been a prevalent idea with that benighted creature, "the million," that to follow the avocation of a banker, requires a long life of training in the deep, mysterious workings of complicated accounts, interest-tables, and something more than mere multiplication; that to become an expert and successful banker, involves deep and patient study, long practice, and an unblemished career; in short, that bankers, like bishops, can hardly be worth anything until their hair is grey. It has been the task of the Anglo-Indian community of the present century to demonstrate the hollowness of this long-cherished belief. The wise men of the East have flung the antiquated Lombard Street creed far into the shade; they have demonstrated to a nicety that what Lord Byron once wrote of criticism may now be equally applied to the banker's craft:

> "A man must serve his time to every trade,
> Save banking, bankers all are ready made."

Under the genial influence of a tropical climate, the development of a bank far outstrips the fabled worth of Jack's magic bean-stalk. While some institutions on the old system, in the old country, would be issuing circulars and preparing their ledgers; in the East, young military subs and beardless civilians spring up into full-grown, "first-chop" bank directors.

It was in the latter part of the year eighteen hundred and something—not so long since, but that I perfectly remember all the circumstances, and I am not an old man yet,—when a party of officers and civilians sitting round the mess-table at Blankpoor, a military station in the largest presidency of our Indian Empire, agreed among themselves to "get up" a bank; the want of "accommodation" being then much felt in that part of the world. Before they rose from the table, the amount of capital had been agreed upon, the scrip apportioned, the "direction" filled, and the secretary and managers appointed. No time was lost. It was discovered that what looked so beautifully rose-colour after a dozen of Champagne, wore an equally cheerful aspect when looked at the following morning over Bass's pale ale. The thing was not long in embryo. Within a week the Great Chowsempoor Bank was a fact. The Bank had directors and a regular working staff; the directors had shares; and, by some complication of circumstances, before a dozen accounts were opened, the shares got up to a premium. Residents at the other neighbouring stations, military and civil, thirsted for bank honours, and scrip was applied for from all quarters, and in any quantity.

For some brief period the Chowsempoor institution wore an appearance of intense humility and modesty. It would not for the world have been thought ambitious or even presuming. The young captain of light-infantry, who condescended to act as secretary on three thousand rupees a month, informed the public, in the virgin Chowsempoor circular, that their capital was intended to be limited to a lac, or ten thousand pounds. But, the ten thousand became augmented to twenty, and then to fifty thousand. Neither was it very long before the majors, and collectors, and magistrates forming the Board discovered, that such places as Blankpoor and Anditorbad, and other minor hill stations were far too circumscribed a field for their growing operations. They must extend their influence through other channels; they must have a branch establishment at the great metropolis of the Presidency; accordingly a branch was formed—a branch which was fated to outgrow the parent institution in more respects than mere extent of operations.

By way of a little variety, a few merchants were admitted into the branch direction; this imported fresh vigour to the system, and the Hooghly Bund Branch of the Great Chowsempoor Bank bade fair to do all in its power to develope the resources of that portion of British India, on the most approved modern principle.

A spacious building was appropriated for the "Branch," in the most commanding and expensive part of the capital. The house was fitted and furnished in true Oriental style and costliness, and was tended and guarded by a little army of retainers. Not the least splendid were the suite of apartments devoted to the local manager—a skilful penman, a mighty warrior in figures, a special pleader in conversation, in deeds something more: in

short, precisely the man to make such a child as he had in hand, walk alone before it was a year old. It was perfectly marvellous to see how the institution grew and throve. People were lost in amazement at it. Even the cunning old foxes of natives were not prepared for it—and they are usually prepared for a good deal. Bramins and Zemindars became envious of the Great Chowsempoor Bank, and determined to become shareholders. It was not long before the list of directors contained the revered names of Baboo Futty Maund, and Dustomiewallah Dutt.

The resources of the Presidency were now being fully developed—in vulgar words, the exports were doubled; credit was lavishly given, and as freely taken. Small men of a few odd thousands shipped produce to the extent of hundreds of thousands, and they were not over particular as to *what* they shipped. Shopkeepers swelled into merchants. Merchants expanded into princes. Civil servants turned up their official noses at their dry routine duties, thought seriously of retiring from the service, and, as they revelled in the winning Hockah, gave themselves up to dreams, which in fairy splendour and impossible magnificence, could only have found a rival in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. To their imaginative vision the fabled Pagoda Tree appeared to be putting forth its glittering foilage, and ripening its tempting fruit with magic rapidity.

That was a right merry season for the bold and the venturesome; and everybody became bold and venturesome. Each member of the Hooghly Bund community appeared to possess a chip of the real original philosopher's stone, a touch of which transmuted every object into the precious metal. Many and brilliant were the evening parties, and the dinners, and the nautches given by the *élite* and the *non-élite*, at which the "Lions" were sure to be one or two directors, with perchance the Manager of the Hooghly Bund Branch of the Great Chowsempoor Bank. The shares of the Bank continued to rise until they reached one hundred per cent. premium: where they remained, either lacking the courage to go any higher, or feeling that they had done their duty.

It may be as well to state here the principle which regulated the allotment of the new shares, of which the Bank's enormous success warranted the issue, as it will at once show the immensely superior management of Indian banks to that of the old school. The new scrip was not permitted to find its way at once among the vulgar crowd. It was apportioned among the existing shareholders in an exact ratio with the number of shares held by them, and of course made over to them at *par*—*i.e.* each share of fifty pounds, was handed to them at that figure, although worth, in the share market, double that amount; and, inasmuch as most of these same proprietors had taken as many shares as they could find cash to pay for, the Bank very considerately gave them the new scrip on credit. The fortunate possessors of this fresh stock, at once turned their acquisitions to good account, by selling them for cash at the ruling high rate of premium; paying in, to their account at the Bank, the price at par, and comfortably pocketing the difference. This simple and good-natured process was repeated several times over, infinitely to the satisfaction of those in the secret. In order to prevent the possibility of any serious decline in the market price of these new shares, and to make assurance doubly sure, the wary manager watched the course of events; and, on any appearance of there being more sellers than buyers, went in and bought up all, at a trifle below the full rate. On account the Bank? Not at all; purchases were made with the Bank funds it is true; but in the name of the directors, in equal proportions. In time, the crafty Bank Manager contrived to monopolise every share as it fell in the market, and thus, buyers went to him, as a sheer matter of course, as the only chance of obtaining a share; so that, not only was the price well maintained, but something handsome was turned over in the shape of profit for division among the "direction."

Far and wide the Bank share mania spread. The Cholera and the Plague travelled at a mere snail's pace—and a very infirm old snail's pace too—compared with the rapid raging of this Joint Stock fever. High and low, rich and poor, washed and unwashed, Christian and Heathen, Jew and Gentile, were alike struck down. The judge upon the bench, the pleader at the bar, the priest in the pulpit, the poorest clerk, the meanest money-changer,—all bowed the knee to the new golden image, which they of Chowsempoor had set up. A bank director was thrown from his horse on the parade; quick as thought, half-a-dozen doctors rushed to the disabled man; and, as the foremost and most fortunate among them felt his pulse, whispered in his ear an inquiry about a few of the next issue of shares. The trustee of a Benevolent Fund for Widows and Orphans, was so anxious to add to the means of these poor dependent creatures, that on his own responsibility, and in secret (as good should ever be done), he invested the whole of the moneys in his hands in Chowsempoor Bank Stock.

The young and rather speculative firm of Hookey, Walker, and Company, went boldly to work in the way of "developing the resources of the country;" which signifies literally, making enormous shipments of raw produce. They made large purchases of silk, indigo, rice, gums, and, in short, of all the most valuable products of the land; and, having shipped them to England, they found not the least difficulty in obtaining from the very useful Chowsempoor institution an

advance, in cash, quite equal to the entire value of the goods. The rule had been, to advance no more than two-thirds of the prime cost; but by an ingenious process, known as "salting the invoice," the articles were made to appear as worth fifty per cent. beyond their real value. Thus the enterprising firm recovered on the spot all they had paid for their shipments.

Moreover, Messrs. Hookey, Walker, and Company were largely interested in Indigo Factories; that is to say, they possessed several extensive estates producing that article. The firm, finding how well the system worked with their shipments, determined to launch out in planting matters. One of the partners being a director of the Bank, there was no difficulty in obtaining "accommodation;" in other words, a loan of a few lacs, (a lac is only ten thousand pounds) to enable these enterprising merchants to extend their operations, which they accordingly did in the most approved fashion. Among many other transactions of that time may be instanced the sale, by this same firm, of an indigo factory in the interior, at a rather heavy figure. Payment was made in bank post bills of the other Hooghly establishment—the "Junction Bank" paper—which was then fully thirty per cent. below par. Our friends, Hookey, Walker, and Company, took these bills to the Chowsempoor Bank, who, not wishing to refuse good customers, obligingly cashed the paper at its full original value.

To any ordinary mind this would appear a somewhat losing game. But, oh dear! no; the Manager of the "Chowsempoor" was too clever for that, and soon backed out of the difficulty. An "advance" happened to be wanted by a customer, on a rather shaky sugar concern; and the hawk-eyed, clear-headed man of business consented to make the loan, on condition that it was taken in the unfortunate bank post bills, valued at par. It is true this sugar estate turned out a very sorry affair, indeed; and it was soon after evident that unless the Bank assisted the proprietor with a further loan of rupees to keep it in good cultivation, the property would go to utter ruin, and the directors would find their first advance scattered to the winds. That mattered little; further aid was granted; the owner was still embarrassed; and it ended in the factory reverting to the Bank as their own property, whilst the directors and managers chuckled at the increasing extent of their operations.

But, the benevolent Bank did not shower its golden favours on commercial men alone. It was particularly indiscriminate in its generosity. The directors, doubtless, bending under the weight of gold mohurs and Company's rupees, smiled complacently on all mankind, and appeared, by their distribution of worldly riches, to be imbued with Communist principles. The young cadet, basking in the sunshine of college life, crippled and fettered by his paltry allowance from the Honourable Company, of four hundred rupees a-month, besought the friendly offices of this truly charitable institution; and not in vain, for one of the directors was his uncle's most intimate friend. A few strokes of the pen, and the embryo civilian possessed the means of driving his tandem, drinking Champagne at tiffin, giving crack parties, frequenting the gaming-table; in short, of qualifying himself for a perfect model Hooghly Bund Sahib.

So long as the gold and silver stream swept gaily and smoothly over the land, all went well. Trade flourished and traders prospered. Employment was good, and prices rose enormously. Imported goods were consumed in huge quantities, at lavish rates. Exports swelled to an unusual amount; ships were no sooner in the river and unloaded, than they were freighted with costly goods for Europe. The collectors of revenue were faint with the effort of receiving so many taxes: the treasury of "John Company" was well nigh bursting open its massive doors, so vast were the piles of glittering coin within. Indeed all allowed that there never had been seen such a prosperous time within the memory of the oldest civilian. The public prints were loud in their exultations, and their praises of the judicious management of the Banks. They pointed with exultation to the enormously increased trade of the country, and gave all honour to those noble and useful institutions, which thus fostered the commerce of, and added fresh lustre to, the brightest gem in the crown of Britain!

This state of things was not destined to last for ever. Some evil genius, envious of the Chowsempoor career, stepped in and spoilt the pleasant game. Time rolled on; half-yearly meetings of shareholders were held, and most cheering prospects were developed by eloquent directors in sanguine speeches, and attested by kind auditors in glowing accounts. Easy, however, as it was to cook up pleasant reports, it became somewhat less easy to continue providing the usual dividend of twelve per cent. per annum. Accordingly, after a little delay, the twelve was reduced to six, and proprietors were told to thank their stars it was not four.

A change came o'er the doings in the East. Heavy shipments outward and homeward overstocked both markets; prices fell seriously; and, as every one wanted to sell, no one wanted to buy, and of course matters did not improve. Some merchants were so pressed by heavy losses, that they actually ventured to sell out Chowsempoor stock. The effect of this upon the market was not long in being felt; for fear is contagious, like many other complaints; and the fashion of converting scrip into real rupees, soon became prevalent, much to the mortification of directors and managers. It was found

impossible to continue the old plan of buying up shares from the market, since every one who could, became a seller; the stock rapidly fell to par, and then to much below that moderate point, until all the world had shares to sell, but no buyers were left. And then, but not until then, the price ceased to fall any lower, for the shares had no price; they fell to zero.

The next general meeting was an anxious, and an unpleasant meeting for all parties. Still the directors' report spoke confidently of the future. No actual panic had then occurred, and although heavy losses on all sides were matters of notoriety, the considerate auditors had put down no more than a few thousand rupees as bad debts. To be sure, the dividend of five per cent. boldly declared on the current year, would have had to be paid out of the capital, but it was dreaded that it would be very difficult for the manager to discover any capital whatever. This difficulty was soon mastered; the directors were not put to the trouble of fishing for capital in empty coffers, and an infinite amount of vexation and declaring of accounts was saved them by the far more simple process of suspending payment; which was done not long afterwards to the terror of many, and the astonishment of more.

It was then clearly demonstrated that whilst the Great Chowsempoor Bank had been so ardently bent upon "developing the resources of the country," the directors had overlooked the necessity of developing the resources of the Bank. The stale old maxim about being just before being generous had found no place in the managers' creed, and when the hour of trial and difficulty came, they who had been so lavish towards others found there was not a single friend or supporter for themselves.

Of the scenes which passed in and about Hooghly Bund, after the stoppage of the Great Chowsempoor Bank, it would be not less difficult than painful to treat. To such firms as Hookey, Walker and Company, it was no doubt distressing and inconvenient to a degree; to the Insurance Companies it was perhaps more so: while the young, confiding, embryo civilians, and the juvenile captains and innocent ensigns, all of whom had learnt to look at the Bank as greatly honored by the accommodation accorded them, considered it extremely hard to be called upon to "pay up" their accounts—so very hard indeed that scarcely any attended to the call. But if it proved harassing and annoying to all these, how was it with the poor friendless widows and orphans, whose *all* in this world had been engulphed within the fatal vortex of the banking mania? Terror would be a faint term to apply to the feelings of these stricken people when they learnt the extent of the blow—that they were not only friendless, but penniless! Their official Trustee was exceedingly sorry for what had occurred, that he had acted for the best!

As for the Great Chowsempoor Bank itself, its affairs are still being wound up, with no prospect of a dividend; although some very clear-headed, sharp-dealing individuals have contrived to realise fortunes out of the scattered wreck; *how*, it is scarcely necessary for me to relate.

SNAILS.

Ephraim Slitherhouse, the father of William Slitherhouse, our hero, was a respectable mechanic, who gained his livelihood by making clock-faces, or to speak more correctly, a certain part of them, for he only made the hands. After working sedulously at this branch of horological mechanism during fifty-three years, he was just beginning to think of importing a few Dutch clocks, and establishing an independent trade, when his own hour-hand stopped. He, dying, "bequeathed to his son a good name," together with special directions as to the manufacture of the black hands, in the Swiss style, as he thought them more elegant than gold ones, and also clearer to be seen at dusk, or by night. William Slitherhouse followed all his father's injunctions so carefully, that after remaining in business five-and-forty years, he had saved enough to retire to a six-roomed villa, at Camberwell. A strip of garden at the back, enclosed by a brick wall on two sides, with a wooden paling and a salubrious ditch at the bottom, afforded him every opportunity for rural recreation and the pursuit of new sources of interest in life.

William Slitherhouse took to gardening. In his first season he tried a great many things, and found they would not grow. Some died at once, and others in the course of a few weeks. He saw that it was not wise to be too ambitious, and that the climate of Camberwell had been overrated by his landlord. After his third season, he came to his senses, and was content with humble flowers and vegetables. His greatest success was in cabbages; that is to say, so far as their growth and promise were concerned; but unfortunately there always came a large colony of snails in the spring, which multiplied immensely all through the summer and autumn, and devoured the best of his produce. Not a cabbage was left heart-whole, and all the best of the intermediate leaves were riddled like very fine old point lace, or otherwise damaged for all edible purposes. This gave Mr. Slitherhouse a hostile feeling towards the marauders, and he always did his best to get rid of them.

It is very much to be feared that humane people, who are fond of gardening, dispose of their surplus snails by throwing them over into the gardens of their next door neighbours. It is clear they must be disposed of somehow. The question is, in all similar cases, who are to eat the vegetables—the grower, or the pirates? But a snail is a sort of substance

not very nice and easy to deal with. It is all very well for gardening-books simply to say, "Snails are destroyed by crushing." Of course they are; but who likes to do it? William Slitherhouse, I say it to his honour, was not the man. Robbed though he was every year of the best part of the produce of his garden, he could never make up his mind to use his virtuous amateur spade for any such purpose. It is true that a chemist in the neighbourhood, having whispered to him that salt was a deadly poison to snails, our friend did once deposit a score of them in a flower-pot, and then cast over the moving mass of shells and horns half a handful of salt. But he never did it twice. The instantaneous shrinking back of all those protruding and inquiring horns—the yellow froth of the shell-mouths, and the anguished rolling over of the shells, was too much for him—and no wonder. Mr. Slitherhouse's servant, an old woman of no imagination, once collected a heap of snails from the palings near the ditch at the bottom of the garden, and after scolding them all down the pathway into the kitchen, threw them into the fire. She received warning that very day.

Mr. Slitherhouse now adopted the plan of collecting two or three scores of the marauders in a pocket-handkerchief, and carrying them a few miles off to deposit them beneath the hedge of some field. By these means he avoided the horrors of gelatinous contortions, and all the spittings and splutterings attending extermination; while, at the same time, he reconciled the fact of such injury as the snails might do to the hedge-leaves and field-grass, by the reflection that snails were sent into the world to eat something, and that he had not the least knowledge of the person who owned the field. Perhaps it belonged to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, in which case there was no harm done.

No doubt can exist but the revulsion caused in the mind of Mr. Slitherhouse, by the previous murders that he had himself committed as well as witnessed during the "reign of terror," had caused a re-action in his feelings, so that he now pursued his task of tracing out and capturing the interlopers with a degree of interest in the creatures themselves. This naturally increased as he bestowed more and more observation on their structure and habits. One day he noticed a snail whose shell had been partially crushed, creeping into a cranny in the wall with the languid air of an invalid going to the hospital. Finding it still there the next time he visited the spot, he attentively watched its operations, and the creature's repair of its shell, in each stage of the process. At length it was all made compact once more and hardened in the wind, and the very first morning the snail issued forth after its recovery, Mr. Slitherhouse had the pleasure of witnessing one of those scenes so excellently described by Mr. Rymer Jones, in which the snail, meeting with an admirer of its own species, they each began to make extraordinary demonstrations in the air with their horns (or rather, the tentacles) and exhibited an alacrity of gesticulation in the uplifting and twirling the head and neck, which showed that their love, though at first sight, was mutual.

From this day we have to date a great change in the mind of Mr. Slitherhouse. He now pursued his researches after snails with a very different eye from that of a gardener. He had unconsciously become a close observer—a naturalist. "No doubt," mused he, in his little summer-house, built after the approved manner of English suburban villas, on the borders of the ditch—"No doubt but the department of Natural History which I have adopted for especial study, is not very extensive; nevertheless, there must be a great many snails in the world, and as nature loves variety, they are probably not all alike." In order to ascertain how the fact stood in this respect, he sent to a bookseller for Mr. Lovell Reeve's book on the subject, having been informed that this contained the most comprehensive account, and was also the latest authority. He desired that the pamphlet, or whatever else that author had written on snails, should be forwarded to him by post.

The bookseller had the good sense to spare Mr. Slitherhouse the postage, and forwarded the "order" by the Parcels' Delivery Company—a large quarto volume of some two hundred pages, with nearly a hundred plates, all beautifully drawn and coloured (fac-similes) of the original snail-shells, price five guineas. Mr. Slitherhouse, with an equal mixture of pride, respectful awe, and delight, sank back in his arm-chair, and sat staring at the quarto as it lay upon the table, not yet quite emancipated from the thick sheets of brown paper in which it had been packed.

Lying by the side of the goodly quarto was a thin pamphlet by the same author, "On the Geographical Distribution of the *Bulimi*"—(Mr. Slitherhouse felt the importance of snails considerably enhanced as he pronounced the word, and he assumed a more dignified attitude in his chair as he read furthermore)—"a Genus of terrestrial *Mollusca*; and on the Modification of their Shell to the local physical Conditions in which the Species occur. By Lovell Reeve, F.L.S., &c., *with a map!*" Mr. Slitherhouse turned over the pages with avidity, devouring their contents—with his eyes. He took an enthusiastic flight and a bird's-eye view of the whole. He saw what a field was before him. That day the abstemious naturalist drank nearly a whole bottle of port wine after dinner. He felt quite another man. He sat with his eyes fixed on the wall of his room, till the papering gradually assumed the outlines of Mr. Reeve's coloured map, and his imagination became geographical as he wandered over the world in the pursuit of snails.

Just where the faded tail of an eccentric peacock on the paper of his sitting-room, lost itself in the faint pink of a true lover's knot, forming an introductory flourish to the stem of a large white oak leaf with a pale blue acorn, Mr. Slitherhouse began to distinguish the southern part of Europe (famous chiefly for its snails), running down to the Mediterranean and extending to the Black Sea, and thence advancing to the Caucasian variety of the *Bulimi*. Having gratified the first gush of his roving imagination thus far, Mr. Slitherhouse bethought him that it would be better to methodise his excursions a little, and in accordance with the map he had seen in the pamphlet. Still keeping his eyes fixed upon the paper of his room, he made a dash through nine peacocks' tails, with their associated true lovers' knots and white oak leaves, and alighted at once upon a spot which corresponded with his ideas of the Brazilian and other snail-provinces of South America, recollecting that Mr. Reeve had distinctly stated that this hemisphere comprised the "four grand provinces of their distribution." He there saw in imagination (or to speak more correctly, in *memory*, for he had just been looking at the coloured fac-similes), amidst the luxuriant wilds of Venezuela and New Granada, "the highest condition of the genus." Here the warm temperature and the vegetation, watered by the tributaries of the Magdalena and the Orinoco rivers, are most favourable to the development of these interesting creatures, so that sixty different species may be collected at different altitudes. On the sides of the mountains sloping from the sea, where there is little vegetation, Mr. Slitherhouse saw but a few species, and of these the shell was extremely poor; thin in substance and dull of hue, owing to the want of sufficient moisture in the animals. Their bodies, however, were curiously spotted and painted, and they clung in bunches, one over the other, to many a splendidly-flowering cactus, eating into the very middle of the leaves and stem, notwithstanding the thorns, prickles, and frizzy hairs that protected the food. How so soft a substance as the head and neck of a snail could contrive to escape without wounds in so dangerous a feeding-place, was a question of much admiring speculation in the mind of our naturalist. But what a difference between the dull colour of these snail-shells, and those of some other parts of the world, where they were so brilliant, transparent, and variegated. These differences were discoverable, to a great extent, between the shells of the same provinces at different elevations, according to the temperature, and to the character of the vegetation. Journeying up the mountains of Venezuela, for instance, they are large and sombre in some parts, bright and small in others; proceeding higher still, the plants become thinner, and gradually give place to forests with undergrowth of broad green leaves, the whole space being enveloped in clouds and mists. Mr. Slitherhouse perceived at once, that although this was no place to read "Thomson's Seasons" in, it was a very beautiful locality for snails. Here, at an elevation of from four thousand to six thousand feet, he remembered to have seen (in Plate twenty-four of the quarto) the richly coloured *Bulimi fulminans*, and *Blainvilleanus*; the former, oblong, acuminated towards the apex, having five whorls (curls), with a lip "widely reflected," its colour a peculiar semi-transparent smoky brown, shot with sharp angular zigzags of bright chestnut; the latter creature similar in architecture and tone of colour to the *fulminans*, but over-laid with a remarkable epidermis of a dark green hue, sometimes, in highly favoured individuals, dotted with yellow spots, deposited in fine rippling wrinkles, resembling those which we often see on oil paintings that have been too much exposed to the heat of the sun. Clambering higher still up these mountains, in fact, to an elevation of eight thousand feet, our naturalist had no doubt but the temperature which he should feel would be considerably lowered; for there, beneath decayed leaves of dense woods, or in cold shadowy ravines and clefts of rocks, were the huge widely-inflated, thick-shelled "vehicles" of several very imposing creatures, and more especially of the darkly painted *Moritzianas*,—brown, streaked with yellowish white, in a wavy pattern, covered with an olive green epidermis, and having a broad lip of deep orange.

Here the memory of Mr. Slitherhouse, excited as it had been, quite failed him, and he was obliged to withdraw his eyes from the geographical wall of his apartment, and turn to Mr. Reeve's map, pamphlet, and the Plates of the quarto.

He found that the great Snail families were distributed over the equatorial, tropical, and temperate regions of the globe, in tribes, each of a distinct character, and not at all disposed to change their special localities. "Being of sluggish habits," says the pamphlet, "with few means of transport" (none, we should fancy, beyond their own slow coaches), "little migration occurs, even where there are no such natural boundaries as seas, deserts, or mountain-chains." The localities of nearly six hundred different species, distributed over the world, are now well authenticated. Our enthusiastic naturalist, having hastily examined the Venezuelan and Brazilian provinces, turned his gaze to the sandy plains of Chili, where there is little moisture, except that which is derived from the dews. The shells here were generally small, thin, and not very admirable in colour or marking. Near the sea-shore, they were darkly speckled, and existed in a torpid state for many months in the crevices of rocks. In the warmer district of Peru, however, they were more bright of colour, and possessed more variety in their patterns. Still, Mr. Slitherhouse found there was

equally a want of rain in those localities; and that, in the more arid parts of Peru, the shells had a colder aspect than those of the same latitude in Brazil, on account of the very scanty nature of the vegetation, the less degree of humidity in the atmosphere, and the cold precipitated from the cold antarctic drift-current, which flows in a northerly direction along the western shores of South America nearly to the equator. The effect of moisture, and consequent amount of decaying vegetable matter, in promoting the formation of shell, was curiously illustrated by the presence of a stout, richly-coloured species, of large size, on the rainy border of Peru, where they crawled up the stripped trees in great abundance; and by another species—dwelling on bushes and garden-walls, on the Bolivian side of the Andes, at an elevation of nine thousand feet—which had a robust, dark-painted shell, similar to those of the lofty Venezuelan type. Mr. Slitherhouse had also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a family which inhabits a wide range of country, extending from the environs of Valparaiso, near the sea, to Cocapata, in Bolivia; crouches under stones in the sand, in the first-named locality; and has a pale, smooth, calcareous shell. In the woods of Cocapata—where the family reside in more humid situations, among the trunks of trees—he found the shell larger, stouter, more richly coloured, and with more of epidermis: the change which characterised different species, presented in the same species under different conditions, thus became apparent. Another remarkable instance was presented in a kind of zebra-marked shell. This species inhabited an area of Central America, enclosing Honduras, Nicaragua, the West Indies, and Pernambuco, reaching to the shores of Peru, and produced a shell varying so much in character, according to the physical conditions under which it was formed, that it has been described as several species; but Mr. Slitherhouse perceived very clearly that such descriptions were deficient in research and accuracy.

Our naturalist now took a careful view of the provinces of Bolivia, of Central America, and of the islands of the Western Hemisphere, particularly the Gelapagos; but he found that the Polynesian Islands were among the most wretched places on the face of the globe (so far as snails are concerned), and the Marquesas, Friendly, and Society Islands not very much better.

Becoming impatient at the lamentable deficiency of snails in the above places, Mr. Slitherhouse turned to the quarto; and, without reference to any learned description or comment whatever, feasted his eyes, plate after plate, on the numerous and beautiful varieties which were there set out before him,—the choice products of the Eastern Hemisphere, the Caucasian, Malayan, and African provinces — in addition to those at which he had previously glanced. He examined, with great curiosity the tiger-striped snails of Africa, and other shells whose form and colours suggested with equal force the presence of wild beasts of different kinds, some of the shells being marked with dark spots, stripes or clouds—and of a vivid brown, dark-yellow,—black and tawny,—or dusky grey colours; and others having mouths set all round with ugly fangs. Some were pale, white, or dun coloured, suggestive of arid soils, hot and sandy; others of rich chestnut, or of deep sea-weed green, showing that they belonged to the luxuriant undergrowth of woods, and were huge feeders upon the leaves of trees. Here, he found a snail with a house as bright as the brightest yellow of a canary-bird; there, he saw one all covered with the most minute work and tracing, a sort of mosaic, which (in the real shell) is revealed to be more perfect and minute in proportion to the power of the magnifying glasses through which it is examined: here, he regarded with delight the golden-haired shells from the Phillipine Islands; there, he beheld with wonder the immense shells of the largest species of snails, and pictured to himself what would be the effect of walking in a wood, and suddenly perceiving a snail with his state-coach, or van of a long helmet shape, solemnly advancing to meet him with uplifted and inquiring horns! Finally, he examined a variety of snails' eggs, many of them little round yellow balls, many in size and shape exactly like white sugar plums; some the size of peas, others like fine porcelain beans; and a few of the shape, colour, and size of pigeon's eggs. The size of the eggs, he perceived, were curiously disproportioned to the size of the creatures; the largest eggs by no means belonging to the larger sort of shells. Not less interesting were the infant snails, which in some species are produced from the maternal shell, of a minute size; yet, in all respects, perfect creatures.

It is not to be denied, but that the reading of the quarto and the pamphlet on this subject, with the examination of the map and the contemplation of the plates, did produce a very considerable excitement in the imagination of Mr. Slitherhouse, so that (he confessed this, subsequently, to his friends) he had begun to form a project for starting off to the Phillipine Islands, as the most prolific of all localities for the discovery and collection of all sorts of shells. But the result of his first inquiries put an end to his dream. He found that Mr. Hugh Cuming, the conchologist, had, some time since, hired a yacht with a crew, and that he had passed ten years on board this little vessel, assiduously dredging for shells, and cruising, day by day; especially among the Phillipine Islands. At this news the great Camberwell naturalist drew in his horns, and resolved in future to content himself with the reality of his little garden, while he indulged his imagination in the

quarto with its brightly coloured plates, and in tracing on the map the course of Mr. Cuming's yacht among the sunny little spots of the shell-islands.

DEPARTED BEGGARS.

Charles Lamb in his day complained of the decay in the number of beggars in the metropolis. The decay has now approached dissolution.

Where are the beggars to whom the macaronis of George the Fourth's princely and wasted youth flung the smaller coins, after Brummell had banned contumeliously the retention of small "change?" Where are the weather and brandy-beaten soldiers, redder or browner than their tattered uniforms, who asked for alms—"an obolus to Belisarius?" [A fable, but it *ought* to have been true.] Where are the seamen, sturdy as they were crippled, who, as a matter of choice—when choice permitted—were for the "town's-end" for life? and even London town had then a few straggling and varying indications of what might be called "ends." Where is the escaped negro slave, whose back was marked as with scars from the leathern and wiry claws of the slave-driver's cat, and whose body, bowed in mendicant and slave-like humbleness, was often to be re-marked for its dull, sable obesity? Where are the unshorn and ill-linened men who watched the congregating and departing of classical schools, and begged, as they thought, classically, "*Miserere mei! Sum pauper egensque;*" or asked those whom they knew, or fancied, to belong to the French class, "*Donnez-moi un sou, milord; un petit sou; pour l'amour de Dieu?*" Where are the brimstone-tipped match-sellers who, in the age of tinder-boxes, introduced their wares and wants in London suburbs, under cover of some lugubrious psalm, or solemn "werses for the occasion," despite the bidding that it is for the merry to sing psalms? Where are the attractive, yet repulsive, deformities who begged loudly, openly, upbraidingly, of recusant Christian people, in other days? Where, I say, are all these long-established and long-remembered public characters now? Gone, all gone; as defunct as the box-seat of the York mail, or as the London street cry, which heralded the dawn, and in some parts was heard, like the nightingale, "all the night long," the cry of "Sa-loop." The New Policeman walks, with slow and measured steps, along dismantled or demolished streets, once the beggar's, the veritable beggar's hotel, his lavatory, his tiring-room, his harem. Streets, too, which once rang with mendicant melody or malediction, are now purged and live cleanly.

Yet, it is little more than a quarter of a century ago that the streets were prolific in the very pith and pride of beggary. The martial Dykers, the remnants of the long war, and the simulations of the battered trooper's dress and manners, were bold in the highways. They had their peculiar feasts and fun, their favourite viands, their still more favourite beverages, their own toasts and their own "cant," their graceless orgies, and their unbroken slumbers upon broken floors. Gone, all gone. The beggar has nightmares now; his blue lettered and numbered enemy haunts him in his dreams.

The spirit of street mendicity and mendacity is broken; the genius of beggars' invention has shrunk into the envelope of ill-worded begging letters. Where is there now a man like "the Scotchman," who wore four waistcoats and three coats, but was shoeless and hoseless, and had a loose robe, disposed like a lady's shawl about him, and so artistically, that he looked "a deplorable object?" And did he not gain his thirty, or forty, or fifty shillings a-day by pure begging? What was a lieutenant's or a captain's half-pay to that? And did he not, all calm and unruffled, when interrupted in the exercise of his profession by a buzzing insect of a beadle, retire to a public-house, inviting thither also his interrupter, and consume for dinner a pound of ham, half-a-pound of less savoury beef, with a pint of rum, and two pots of ale?

The strictly professional beggars in those days, the flourishing beggars until they relaxed for the night, carried their liquor like gentlemen, and were grave in the streets as was Thomson's doctor, "a black abyss of drink" among the fox-hunters. And had not the Scotchman a tin case between his shoulders in which he kept bank-notes, of genuine Abraham Newland's mark (for he was his own banker), and did he not, moreover, enjoy a pension from Chelsea Hospital? Show me half so adventurous a pensioner in our dull days; half so successful a beggar. The present fraternity are like the men of whom Le Sage tells, who went to Madrid to see what o'clock it was, and went away as wise as they came.

In those days there was actually a man who posed all civic wisdom. He appeared in man-of-war attire, and was led by a dog who carried his master's poor-box in his mouth. This man put it to the Mansion House, and he put it to the Guildhall, that it was his dog which begged, and not he. Then there was a man with a valuable limp, which he put off when he retired into domestic life, and stood forth a first-rate boxer. A Chelsea pensioner boasted over his cups of his success in begging, as he stood by his "friend Devonshire's" wall in Piccadilly, shrinking and blinded, from the war in Egypt. His pension was only some ten shillings a-week. One beggar, who patronised Russell Square, until it was spoilt by Mr. Croker, did *not* carry his liquor like a gentleman, although sedate enough in his business hours; but he took his quaffing pints of gin at a draught, and

repeating the draught in a very quack-like style, was continually snoring o' nights in street kennels. I need not dwell on the instances of beggars having bequeathed fortunes (one, as a token of gratitude, left a legacy to a bank-clerk, who was good for a penny a-day); and one begging negro retired, rich, to the West Indies, the English climate being cold and insalubrious. Neither have I time to tell of women-beggars who really outdid the men; and, after the manner of such women, did not fail to tell them of it.

Beggary (in which word I include simply begging) rallied a few years back. Certain legionaries, in faded uniforms, paraded the streets, announcing their sufferings for Queen Christina in Spain. Great was their success. "Why, we had, sir," one of the batch of street-professionals said, "wine when we liked, and hot giblet pies for supper!" Inferior vagrants cleaned these men's boots. But legionaries sprung up like a crop from dragons' teeth, and the "lurk"—such is the technicality—was demolished by the police. The man whose words I have cited has begged from his infancy upwards.

There were also the "distressed tradesman" and the "clean" lurk; but they were little better than revivals.

Where, I repeat, is there an old-school beggar in London? Nowhere. Have, then, mendicancy and vagrancy left the streets and highways of London to the ten thousand wheels of commerce; to gents in Hansoms, and ladies in Broughams; to rich and reading professionals, and M.P.s, whose carriages are vehicular "studies;" and to the race of aristocratic loungers and shoppers, in chariots heavy with armorial bearings; as well as to the host of pedestrians upon pocket-compulsion? Not so: vagrancy is rife through the kingdom; but mendicancy—able and most special-pleading mendicancy, which once

> "—— Flew, like night, from land to land,
> Which had strange powers of speech—"

pure mendicancy—is gathered to the fathers and mothers of whom I have just presented a simple record. There was once a pride of art which bore the beggar bravely on; but now, even the veriest singing beggar is (comparatively) as silent as Memnon's statue, the poets notwithstanding. If these beggars chance to sing, they also strive to sell; they are not of the true blood of beggary; not of the breed which could assume the simple and timid look at will; they are, like Lear and his friends and fool, "sophisticated;" the bygone beggars were, like Mad Tom, "the thing itself."

There is, however, a covert mendicancy in our day. Aged and infirm people go from door to door with small stocks of lucifer-match boxes, or stay and boot laces, or memorandum-books or almanacks, and under shelter of this array of small traffic, they—beg. The children, little girls especially, beg under the odour of violets, "only a penny a bunch," even in winter. They profess no mendicancy; but their dress, their look, their tone, their straggling hair and protruding toes, are all mendicants' pleas, and they sometimes beg directly. Sorely, I have been told by two young sisters, have they sometimes been snubbed by fine, but not very young ladies, because the children refused a halfpenny for the nosegay, which was about its cost, by the dozen bunches, at daybreak, in Covent Garden market in the bleak frost.

Then there are Irish beggars. Some are old men, tottering to a pauper's grave, who sell match-boxes, and when a civil word or a pitiful look encourages them, beg eloquently.

"Well thin, sir," said a grey-headed feeble Irishman, whom I questioned, "I was a locksmith, and came, in my prime, yer honner, to mend myself in this country. But sorra the file can I hold now, for it has plazed God to fail my fingers and hands with the rheumatics. Ah! it's a match-box I can scarce hold now. Ay, and indeed, yer honner, you may say, 'sad changes.' The streets get cowlder and cowlder, sir, and people gets crosser and crosser wid an old man like me. But," brightening up a little, "I have a daughter that's immigrated. The Lord fasten the life in the good lady that helped her, though it almost broke my heart. But she'll help me, will my daughter, sure; and I must go on as I do now, till thin."

The street beggar's vocation is, therefore, not entirely gone from among us. It lingers, and is found here and there, like the small-pox; but it is fast disappearing, or has assumed strange guises, of which I have not now space to tell. Bethnal Green shall have no more legends; and no King Cophetua could now find a beggar-maid becomingly to woo. The "jovial beggar," too, of Burns's lay is not. In fact, I have had opportunities to observe that your beggar, if he be a cripple, and *must* beg or pine in a workhouse, is an exceeding dull fellow. In our age an idle heavy lad who must yet be a runaway and scorn restraint, sinks into a beggar; the more quick-witted young vagrant (for, in such cases, a common lodging-house is a hot-house, a forcing-house) soon blooms a thief.

There is another and a remarkable change portending to this matter. In other days the vagabond, or the beggar, seems to have been, as Blackstone calls seamen, "favourites of the law;" or rather, perhaps, of London magistrates. The man was, perhaps, sent off into the next street to beg, after bowing to an injunction to "look out for honest work;" a frequent consequence, and always to the disgust of the reproved and now (in such functions) superseded beadle, who had captured the beggar "in the act." Now the conviction is summary.

The lines of street beggary are not, in this year of grace, cast in pleasant places.

SUBMARINE GEOGRAPHY.

By an act of the American Congress in March 1849, the secretary of the United States Navy was authorised to appoint three suitable vessels for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of the winds and the waves, to find short routes, and to discover matters of importance to commerce and navigation. These vessels were to sail under the instructions of Lieutenant Maury, the author of the Wind and Current Charts, published at New York. From some cause, but one vessel was fitted out for this important service; the "Fancy," a schooner commanded by Lieutenant Walsh, which sailed from New York, in October 1849, amply furnished with the means of carrying out the instructions given. Those orders included not only constant observations upon the wind, the force and set of the currents, with their temperature, depth, position, &c., but also notices of the general temperature of the ocean, with "deep-sea soundings."

In May of the following year, the United States ship Albany, Commander Plate, was despatched on similar service to the West India station, equally well found in every requisite for the purpose. The field of the "Fancy's" operation was to have been the "Horse Latitudes" to the north of the Equator, and a few degrees south of the Line, between fifteen and twenty-five degrees west longitude. Unfortunately, this vessel proved unseaworthy, and her commander was compelled to relinquish his undertaking before being half completed. This first voyage was, however, not without results, for it enabled the officer in command to disprove the existence of various supposed rocks between the West India Islands and the African continent, and which had, until that time, been regularly laid down in the official charts. Lieutenant Walsh also discovered a submarine current of considerable velocity, moving in a direction opposite to that on the surface; he found water at a great depth, which, when brought up, relieved of all pressure, and equalised to the surface temperature, proved to be lighter than the water at the surface. In "deep-sea soundings" less was done than had been anticipated, owing mainly to the loss of their longest wire-line, which parted close to the reel on deck. The deepest sounding made by this expedition, and which is also the deepest yet made, was five thousand seven hundred fathoms, or six miles and a half, at which immense depth no bottom was found. This was made about three hundred miles to the eastward of Bermuda, on the 15th of November, 1849, and serves to establish the fact, that the actual depth of the great ocean basin is greater than any elevation above the sea level. The time occupied by this length of wire in running out was one hour and a half; and, to have wound it up on the reel by two or three men, would have required at least twelve hours; that labour, however, was not needed, as the whole length parted at the surface, and was lost.

It may not be uninteresting to detail the mode by which the direction and velocity of the under-currents were determined—a method at once simple and efficacious. A large *chip-log* of a quadrantal form, the arc of it measuring four feet, and being heavily loaded with lead to keep it upright, was sunk to the required distance, say one hundred and twenty fathoms; on the upper end of the line to which this was secured, was a *barrega*, or float, which of course followed the direction of the sunken chip-log, propelled by the under-current, and the rate at which it moved was ascertained by means of a log-line and glass, in the ordinary way. Lieutenant Walsh found, by these means, a great number of under-currents moving at various rates, according to depth, ranging from two miles to half a mile, but always in a direction contrary to the surface current, and usually moving at a more rapid rate.

The second expedition in the Albany, proved far more successful than the first; and although the scene of operations was on a much more limited scale, the task was performed most completely. This vessel was of much larger tonnage, more liberally officered, and better supplied with *materiel*. In place of *wire* sounding lines, cod-lines of sufficient size were furnished, which were well waxed or oiled, and marked off at every hundred fathoms. The supply extended to fifty thousand fathoms, sufficient, one might suppose, for several such voyages, yet the greater part of it was used on this one trip; losses of some thousands of fathoms occurring incessantly from the inferior make of the line causing it to part.

The first deep-sea soundings were made somewhat to the southward of the Bermudas, where no bottom was found with lines of one thousand nine hundred fathoms and one thousand fathoms. Standing on towards Hayti, and within a few degrees of that island, bottom was found, and regular sets of soundings effected in a most satisfactory manner from that point right across the Gulf of Mexico, and afterwards across the Carribean Sea. From a depth of sixteen hundred fathoms (about two miles) the ground gradually trended upwards, towards the coast of Hayti, with very ordinary undulation. Passing on, westerly, through the shoals and islands to the northward of Cuba, at which island the vessel remained a day or two to overhaul the lines and correct the imperfections, a course of soundings was taken right across the bay from east to west, and again from west to east. Three months were occupied in this

portion of the work, and although, at times, the squally state of the weather rendered soundings quite impracticable, the fine calm days intervening sufficed for every useful purpose. The result of these operations was to show that the depth of the two great waters, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribean Sea, is not nearly so great as, from their extent, might have been anticipated; whilst, on the other hand, the submarine valleys situated between Cuba and some of the immediately adjacent islands, stretch to a much greater distance below than the larger undulations. These contiguous ocean-valleys are, in fact, so many sharp precipices descending to a depth of sixteen hundred fathoms, and twelve hundred fathoms; equal, by land measurement, to two miles, and one and a half mile. The greatest declivity found in the Mexican Gulf was eight hundred and eighty fathoms, a trifle over a mile, whilst, in the deepest part of the Carribean Sea, right to the westward, the soundings gave fully thirteen hundred fathoms, decreasing, with a few irregularities, to about three hundred fathoms in the vicinity of the gulf stream, between Cuba and Cape Haytien. The formation of these two vast basins is especially interesting, as connected with the course and strength of the great gulf stream and other tributary ocean rivers, which it is now evident feed the one mighty stream. The operations of the officers on board the Albany prove that, in the centre of the Mexican Gulf, stretching away for the North American coast, between the mouths of the Mississippi, towards the Yucatan Pass, there lies a ridge of elevated matter, which, whilst it serves to confine the in-coming gulf stream to its present course, protects the mouths of the great Mississippi from any encroachments from that quarter. Doubtless, the submarine barrier thus thrown up as it were for mutual purposes, owes its origin and growth to more than one system of rivers. In all probability, the mighty Amazon and Orinoco have as much to do with it as the great northern torrent; and should these inquiries be carried out to their full extent by obtaining specimens of the bottoms in all these soundings, the point might, with no great difficulty, be determined, through the means of microscopic observation.

Who can say what mighty work may not be in progress beneath the surface of these far waters? Who can tell what vast sedimentary formations may not be in course of preparation, to give to the world, in a future generation, new lands, new countries, rich in organic remains, rich in all that can astound and bewilder the naturalist, who, gazing in ages to come at the treasures thus locked up, will find within the overwhelming mass, fossil palms and infusoria from the Amazon; reptiles from the Orinoco; birds from the Rio Grande; plants and creepers from the Upper Missouri; pine, beech, and ash, from the Mississippi—heaped up in gigantic confusion with wrecks of steamers, and skeletons of man, and beast, and monsters of the deep.

Having stated briefly the actual results of the two first attempts at fathoming the depths of the great waters, I will now mention further operations undertaken in another direction by the Commander of the United States ship John Adams, during the spring of last year (1851). This vessel was steered nearly due west, from latitude thirty-eight degrees, fifty minutes north, and made some most successful deep-sea soundings. The first was taken in about fifty-two degrees west longitude, when bottom was found at twenty-six hundred fathoms. In about forty-five degrees west longitude, bottom was found at five thousand five hundred fathoms, which is the greatest depth at which soundings have been successful; for, although, in the Fancy expedition, two hundred fathoms deeper were explored, no bottom was found. The above sounding corrected for drift, *i.e.* making due allowance for the effect of under-currents upon the line whilst running out, gives an actual up-and-down descent of twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and fifty feet. In longitude forty-four degrees west, the soundings gave bottom at two thousand three hundred fathoms. From this spot to within twenty-four miles of the Peak of Pico, the bottom ascended gradually to six hundred and seventy fathoms, whilst, between the Azores and Madeira, the depth increased to beyond a thousand fathoms. In this course of soundings a great deal of line was lost from accidental breakages; a casualty to which all the tackle employed appears to have been especially subject. It will be observed that the soundings taken in forty-five degrees and forty-four degrees west longitude, differed most materially; the actual distance of locality did not exceed seventy miles, yet the ocean bed was found to sink from over five thousand fathoms to less than half that depth. Here, then, we have a direct proof, that the irregularity in the submarine geography of the world is not confined, as has been imagined, to the immediate neighbourhood of dry land, but that ocean valleys and mountains exist far away in the watery waste of equal grandeur with any on our continents, and, as already proved, of greater vastness in some cases. This is but the result of an inquiry and research at present in its infancy: the knowledge is as yet only dawning upon our minds; what it may lead to, can be but mere surmise. The island of Saint Helena is, as we know, a bluff, up-heaved, rocky mass, running off at a very precipitous angle below the water's edge. Doubtless, it forms the summit of some ocean Andes, some tremendous ranges of geological structures, which, if in our upper-land, would be capped with eternal snows.

Of the structure and irregularities of the great southern basin nothing is as yet known. It will not be long, however, before we

possess some data on which to rest future stores of knowledge. Already a portion of the American navy has gone to the southward in prosecution of this most interesting inquiry, provided with every possible requisite, and in charge of men of undoubted ability and energy.

Before concluding this notice, it may be as well to detail the plan of operations as carried on in these deep-sea soundings. The cordage found to be best adapted for the work, is stout fishing-line, of equal strength throughout its entire length. It should be oiled or waxed, in order to prevent as much as possible any degree of friction in passing rapidly through the salt water. The line must be measured off, and marked at every thousand fathoms with silk thread of various colours, tied tightly round it. The intervening hundred fathoms are to be denoted by threads of corresponding colours, but secured in a different manner, so as to indicate from one to nine hundred.

The weight employed for sinking the line has been a thirty-two pound shot, slung in canvas bands, and so secured to the line, that any sudden jerk upon it will detach the one from the other: the labour of hauling up that weight at the end of a line, several thousands of fathoms long, would be far too great: as it is, the reeling up of the line itself is a task of considerable magnitude, though the reel is worked by cranks and fly-wheels, at which three or four men are employed. Several attempts were made by persons on board these surveying ships, to raise one of the thirty-two pound shot from the ground, when on the bottom of the ocean, at a depth of about three thousand fathoms; but although it was easy enough to drag it along the smooth bed, the strongest man in the vessel was unable to lift it an inch. To regulate and check the passing out of the line during the descent of the shot, canvas friction-bands are employed; otherwise the twine might flow from the reel more rapidly than the shot would sink it, and so become entangled on the surface. It has been found by many trials, that the weight descends with a steadily decreasing rapidity, in exact proportion with the depth attained by it: a knowledge of this has enabled those employed in the soundings to detect the existence of an under-current at any depth below, for the action of such current, though, perhaps, of not more than half a knot per hour upon the great length of line out, caused it to run off the reel more rapidly than, according to the depth, it should have done. In this way, by timing the descent of the line at every hundred fathoms, not only is it perfectly easy to detect the existence of an under-current, but also to determine its position, and, with some tolerable accuracy, its speed. The five thousand five hundred fathoms run out by the Albany, with sounding, took two hours and forty minutes in its descent, and required ten hours for re-winding by four men, according to the usual rate. This rate of descent, it will be seen, was much less than that of the five thousand seven hundred fathoms of wire-line, which the officers of the Fancy passed out without getting soundings, and which occupied but one hour and a half in its fall, owing to the smaller amount of friction with the metal than the fibrous line.

Let us hope that what has been so well begun by our friends across the Atlantic, may be not disregarded by our own authorities, but that similar researches may be made in those seas which peculiarly form the highway of our Oriental commerce. If these things are worth the attention of a young people like the Americans, how much more so of the care of the British Government, whose ships of war are floating in almost every degree of longitude and latitude throughout the watery world? In the vast Indian Ocean there is, beyond doubt, a rich harvest awaiting the labourer: the field so often passed over is as yet unexplored. The crude materials extracted from ships' log-books go to show that in the Indian seas there exists a gulf stream similar to that on the Eastern coasts of America, having a temperature often above blood heat.

In the system of aqueous circulation thus detected, and in the prevailing winds of the Pacific, are to be found the conditions which cause the climates of the Atlantic States to be repeated along the coasts of China; the climate of Western Europe to be re-duplicated in North-western America. In the tepid waters of India which this stream conveys towards the Fox Islands—the Newfoundland of the Pacific Ocean—is to be found the origin of the fogs of the North Pacific and the European-like climate of Oregon. It may readily be imagined that the storms which take their rise near the western margin of the Pacific Ocean will also follow this stream in their course. The passage from China to California, now made in fifty-four days, may reasonably be reduced to thirty, if we obtain an accurate knowledge of all these matters; and in like manner, the voyage from Calcutta or Hong-Kong to London might be shortened by a week or two.

THE FIERY TRIAL.

A LEGEND.

"Go, carry to thy convent back
That scarred and ugly face,
And sure the lady sisterhood
Will thank thee for the grace.
If thoughts of beauty's fleeting bloom
For such meek souls be fit,
Good sooth, they have their lesson here,
Not delicately writ.

Our household portraits do they need
The added charm of thine?
No; let oblivion drink the blot
From our well-favoured line."

"In days of old, oh grandame stern!
The holy olden time,
To give a blemished lamb to God,
It was a grievous crime.
My darling sister from my kiss
Her bright mouth backward drew,
As though she feared the faded lips
Had power to wither too.
But her; why do I speak of her?
My father scowled at me;
Was it a dream that I had been
Once fondled on his knee?

"And yet, I could have borne it all
Had but my mother shown
That, e'en beneath such foul disguise,
Her love could tell its own.
I kissed her hand, for near embrace
I felt had been amiss;
But my whole heart, my yearning heart,
I poured into that kiss.

"Oh love! wert thou as powerful
As legends say thou art,
Thy charmed touch had moved her hand
To draw me to her heart.
They say I was a pretty child
(They need to say so now!)
Ah! then she used to smooth the hair
That curled about my brow.

"The curls are gone, or gold or brown,
Their lost hue I forget,
But, on their scorched and scant remains
That pressure lingers yet.
But, for the cruel hand that stayed
The red flames wreathing high,
I might have died, and left my name
A household memory.

"And, deep within my mother's heart,
Beyond Death's power to kill,
I still had been the little child,
The bright-haired darling still."

"Go back! Thy seemly covering
The veil and hood must be,
For never shall our ancient house
Give coronet to thee."

"A coronet! oh, give me back
The home affection gone!
I covet from our lineal gems
That pearl of price alone.
'Twas at thy word the convent's gloom
My childhood darken'd o'er;
But I've stepped beyond the worldly shades,
I shall not enter more.

"Bethink thee, I am scarce sixteen,
And grievous it appears
To learn my life-time in a day,
Yet live it three-score years.
As well I may, for convent life
Doth draw a sluggish breath;
Life, did I say?—'twere better called
A long look-out for death.

"And, oh! amidst those cloisters dim,
Where not e'en *thought* is free,
The mounting bird, the running stream,
Would still keep haunting me.
Nor could the missal's sacred lore
My thoughts with Heaven engage;
Some landscape from the world without
Still floated o'er the page.

"Keep, keep thy wealth, and rank, and name,
Yea, home and friend deny,
Let me be free to come and go
Beneath God's open sky.
In nature's large and loving heart
I have not lost my place;
The stream that gives *thine* image back
Doth not refuse *my* face.

"The flower doth not avoid my touch,
Nor tall tree wave me hence,
The breeze doth kiss thy cheek and mine
Without a difference.
But sickly plants I love to tend,
For these my kindred be,
And, when their gentle breath flows out,
It feels like sympathy.

"With these and my unquestioned thoughts
Here will I live and die;
Though at the altar, I should stand,
Thy power I will defy."

In vain their stormy anger burst
The steadfast maiden o'er;
So they were fain to seek for one
To take that burden sore.

They offered wealth, but knight and squire
Of high and low degree,
Vowed they would need her weight in gold
To wed with such as she.
Then the poor maiden raised her head,
And all a woman's pride
Swelled the slight neck, while jest and scoff
Flew round from side to side.

But up then spake a yeoman stanch,
And his sun-browned face flushed high,
"If *ye* be knights and gentlemen,
Thank God, so am not I!
I have a home. Dear lady, say,
If thou couldst stoop so low;
Thou knowest that on the lowly bush
A pleasant fruit doth grow.

"An ancient house; it hath in front
An oak, a royal tree;
But each old branch, at morn and eve,
Shall learn to bow to thee.
It hath a pleasant garden-ground;
I'll make thee there a seat,
Just where the rivulet can float
Its lilies to thy feet.

"A quiet house, where, year by year,
The building swallows come;
Poor wounded bird! the heights are cold,
Come to the sheltered home.
And, to atone for all the griefs
That robbed youth of its right,
True love shall make thy later years
A childhood for delight."

And then the maiden bent her head,
And all her pride was gone;
She said, "I will wear out my life
In serving thee alone."
Then spake the grandame: "As thy wife
She may not own my name."
"And shall not I!" quoth the yeoman bold,
"It was her only shame.

"And keep thy wealth, thou cruel heart!
It never shall be told,
My wife had not sufficient worth
To be mine, without gold."
Thus cast they from their halls of pride
Their innocent reproach;
But her bruised heart felt evermore
Affection's healing touch.

And love, o'er the unsightly face,
To its old magic true,
Shed coloured floods of softened light
To please the husband's view;
She read and sang to win his ear,
And often would he bless
The voice, that seemed the lingering sprite
Of her dead loveliness.

And, as the years increased, arose
Fair children round her knees,
Who only felt their mother's love,
Not her deformities.
Her features did from her altered life
Such natural graces gain,
Her mother's self could scarce have known
The happy Lady Jane.

PHASES OF "PUBLIC" LIFE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

In a suburban locality, mostly, shall you find the artistic public-house. There is nothing essentially to distinguish it from other houses of entertainment. Indeed, by day, were it not for the presence, perhaps, of an old picture or two in the bar, and a bran-new sacred piece by young Splodger "*Madonna col Bambino*" (models Mrs. Splodger and Master W. Splodger), with an intensely blue sky, a preternaturally fat *Bambino*, and a *Madonna* with a concentrated sugar-candyish sweetness of expression—were it not for these, you would be puzzled to discover that the arts had anything to do with this class of public. But after eight o'clock at night, or so, the smoking-room is thronged with artists, young and old: grey-headed professors of the old school, who remember Stothard, and have heard Fuseli lecture; spruce young fellows who have studied in Paris, or have just come home from Italy, full of Horace Vernet, Paul Delaroche, the *loggie* and *stanze* of the Vatican, the Pitti Palace, and the Grand Canal; moody disciples of that numerous class of artists known as the "great unappreciated," who imagine that when they have turned their shirt collars down, and their lips up, grown an enormous beard and moustache, and donned an eccentric felt hat, all is done that can be done by art, theoretical, practical, and æsthetical, and that henceforward it is a burning and crying shame if their pictures are not hung "on the line" in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, or if the daily papers do not concur in an unanimous pæan of praise concerning their performances. Very rarely condescends also to visit the artists' public that transcendent genius Mr. Cimabue Giotto Smalt, one of the P.P.P.B. or "Præ-painting and Perspective Brotherhood." Mr. Smalt, in early life, made designs for the Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, and was suspected also of contributing the vigorous and highly-coloured illustrations to the Hatchet of Horrors—that excellent work published in penny numbers by Skull, of Horrorwell Street. Subsequently awakening, however, to a sense of the hollowness of the world, and the superiority of the early Italian school over all others, he laid in a large stock of cobalt, blue, gold leaf, small wooden German dolls, and glass eyes, and commenced that course of study which has brought him to the proud position he now holds as a devotional painter of the most æsthetic acerbity and the most orthodox angularity. He carefully unlearned all the drawing and perspective which his kind parents had been at some trouble and expense to have him taught; he studied the human figure from his German dolls, expression from his collection of glass eyes, drapery from crumpled sheets of foolscap paper, colour from judiciously selected *morceaux* (in panel) such as Barclay and Perkins's blue board, and the "Red Lion" at Brentford. He paints shavings beautifully, sore toes faultlessly. In his great picture of St. Laurence, the bars of the gridiron, as branded on the saint's flesh, are generally considered to be masterpieces of finish and detail. Some critics prefer his broad and vivid treatment of the boils in his picture of "Job scraping himself" (the potsherd exquisitely rendered), exhibited at the Academy last year, and purchased by the Dowager Lady Grillo of Pytchley. He dresses in a sort of clerico-German style, cuts his hair very short, sighs continually, and wears spectacles. No Mondays, Tuesdays, or Wednesdays, are there in his calendar. The days of the week are all Feasts of St. Somebody, or Eves of something, with him. When he makes out his washing bill his laundress is puzzled to make out what "shyrtes" and "stockynges" mean, for so he writeth them down; and when he wanted to let his second floor, not one of the passers-by could for the life of them understand the wondrous placard he put forth in his parlour-window, the same being an illuminated scroll, telling in red, blue, and gold hieroglyphics of something dimly resembling this:

FVRNISHED CHAMBERES MAIE ON YE UPPER FLOOR BEE HADDE.

Pipes are in great request in the smoking-room of the artist's public—fancy pipes of elaborate workmanship and extraordinary degrees of blackness. The value of a pipe seems to increase as its cleanliness diminishes. Little stumpy pipes, the original cost of which was one halfpenny, become, after they have been effectually fouled and smoke-blackened, pearls beyond price—few content themselves with a simple yard of clay—something more picturesque—more *moyen âge*.

Chrome, who paints "still life" nicely, fruit and flowers, and so on, (his detractors say apples, oranges, and bills of the play,) smokes a prodigious meerschaum, warranted to be from the Danube, crammed with Hungarian tobacco, and formerly the property of the Waywode of Widdin. Scumble (good in old houses and churches) inhales the fumes of a big pipe with a porcelain bowl, purchased in the Dom-Platz of Aix-la-Chapelle, and having Saladin and all his paladins depicted thereon. The black cutty, patronised by Bristley (son of Sir Hogg Bristley, R.A.) has been his constant companion in the adventurous sketching journeys he has undertaken—was with him when under sentence of fusillation for sketching a droschky in the Nevski Perspective at Petersburgh; when lion-hunting in Caffreland; nay, it is suspected, even lay quiescent in his pocket when hunted as a lion here, on his return.

In the farther corner, sits, as perpetual vice-chairman, the famous Nobbs. Nobbs was gold medallist and travelling student of the Royal Academy in the year Thirty-four. He has been a blockhead ever since. He has never painted a picture worth looking at; nor, I seriously believe, were you to lock him into a room with a pencil and a piece of paper, could he draw a pint pot from recollection. Yet hath he covered roods, perches, acres, of tinted paper, with studies from the antique and the life; set him before a statue, with drawing-board, crayons, compasses, and plumb-line complete, and he will give you every hair of Moses's beard, every muscle of the Discobolus; give him a Raphael or a Titian to copy, and he will produce a duplicate so exact that you would be puzzled to tell the ancient from the modern.

Storyteller in ordinary, historiographer, and undisputed nautical authority, is Jack Bute, who is supposed, once upon a time, to have painted Lord Nelson's portrait, and who, on the strength of that one achievement, has been a famous man ever since. Who would not be proud of standing fourpenn'orth to Jack Bute? Jack has been a sailor, too, a gallant sailor. "I was at Algiers, sir," he says, "and *fit* there"—he always says *fit*. "I was among the boarders, and the only difficulty I had was in shaking the Algerine blackguards off my boarding-pike, I spitted so many of them." Sometimes an over-sense of his dignity, and an over-dose of gin-and-water, make Jack quarrelsome and disagreeable; sometimes he is maudlin, and can only ejaculate "Nelson"—"Fourpenn'orth"—amid floods of tears.

The artists' "public" is generally hard-by a "life school," or institution where adult artists meet nocturnally to study the human figure, animals, &c., from the life. One of the standing patterns or text-books of the school is quietly standing in front of the house now, in the shape of a symmetrically-shaped donkey, which Bill Jones, its master, the costermonger, is very happy (for a consideration) to lend to the life school to be "drawed" at night, after the patient animal has been drawing all day. Another pattern is refreshing himself with mild porter at the bar, being no other, indeed, than the well-known Caravaggio Potts, *Artiste-modèle*, as he styles himself. He began life as Jupiter Tonans, subsequently passed through the Twelve Apostles, and is now considered to be the best Belisarius in the model world. His wife was the original Venus Callipyge, of Tonks, R.A., but fluctuates at present between Volumnia and Mrs. Primrose.

The landlord of the artists' inn knows all about the exhibitions, what days they open, and what days they shut—who ought to have been hung "on the line," who the prize-holders in the Art Union are, and what pictures they are likely to select for their prizes. Were you to enter the sitting-room, you would be astonished at the number of portraits, full-length, half-length, three-quarter-length, in oil, water-colour, and crayons, of himself, his wife, children, and relations generally, which adorn that apartment. Has the blushing canvas blotted out the sins of the slate?

Between art and literature there is a very strong band of union (becoming stronger every day, I trust), and I would step at once from the artists' tavern to the literary tavern, were I not enabled to save time and our chariot steeds by remaining awhile in Camden Town, where two or three varieties of Public life yet remain to be noticed; for, in this locality uplifts its lofty head "The Railway Tavern;" here, also, is the "house" frequented by veterinary surgeons; here, the hostelry affected by medical students. A brief word we must have with each of them.

Hope—wild, delusive, yet comfortable hope—baked the bricks and hardened the mortar of which the Railway Tavern was built. Its contiguity to a railway station appeared to its sanguine projector a sufficient guarantee for immense success. He found out what the fallacies of hope were, before he had done building. *He* hanged himself. To him enters an enterprising licensed victualler, formerly of the New Cut, who obtained a transient meed of success by an announcement of the sale within of "Imperial black stuff, very nobby." Everybody was anxious to taste the "Imperial black stuff," and for some days the Railway Tavern was thronged; but the public found out that the mixture was not only very nobby, but very nasty, and declined a renewal of the draught. The next proprietor was a fast gentleman, which may account for his having gone so very fast into the Gazette; although he always attributed his ruin to his having had a great many pewter pots stolen, which he subsequently unwittingly received again in the guise of bad half-crowns. For years the Railway Tavern stood, big, white, deserted-looking, customerless; but a new neighbourhood gradually arose

round the station; front streets gradually generated back streets; back streets begot courts and alleys. There is a decent assemblage of customers, now, at the bar; a fair coffee-room connection, and a very numerous parlour company, composed of guards and engine-drivers; strongly perfumed with lamp-oil, who call the locomotives "she," the company "they," and each other "mate." Though it has been built some years, the Railway Tavern has yet an appearance of newness. The paint seems wet, the seats unworn, and the pots unbattered. The doors have not that comfortable, paint-worn manginess about the handle common to public-house portals in frequented neighbourhoods. The Railway Tavern always reminds me of the one hotel in a small Irish town—that square, white, many-windowed, uncomfortable-looking edifice, frowning at the humble, ramshackle little chapel, awing the pigs and embellishing the landscape; but seldom troubled with custom or customers.

Out of the way, lumbering drink-dray of ours, and let this smart gig, with the fast-trotting mare braced up very tight in the shafts thereof, rattle by! In the vehicle sits a gentleman with a very shiny hat, a very long shawl, and an indefinite quantity of thick great-coats, from the pocket of one of which peep a brace of birds. The gig is his "trap," and the fast-trotting mare is *his* mare Fanny, and he himself is Mr. Sandcracks, of the firm of Sandcracks and Windgall, veterinary surgeons. He is going to refresh Fanny with some meal and water, and himself with some brandy and ditto, at the Horse and Hocks, a house especially favoured and frequented by veterinary surgeons, and the walls of whose parlour (the H. and H.) are decorated with portraits of the winners of ever so many Derbies, and some curious anatomical drawings of horses. The frequenters of the H. and H. are themselves curious compounds of the sporting character and the surgeon. You will find in the bar, or behind it (for they are not particular), or in the parlour, several gentlemen, with hats as shiny, shawls as long, and coats as multifarious, as Mr. Sandcracks', discoursing volubly, but in a somewhat confusing manner, of dogs, horses, spavins, catch-weights; the tibia and the fibula, handicaps, glanders, the state of the odds, and comparative anatomy. They will bet on a horse and bleed him with equal pleasure—back him, dissect him, do almost everything with him that can be done with a horse. They must work hard and earn money; yet to my mind they always seem to be driving the fast-trotting mare in the smart gig to or from the Horse and Hocks.

Medical men don't enter into my category of "public" users. They have their red port wine at home. The Medical students' public is never known by its sign. It may be the Grapes, or the Fox, or the Magpie and Stump, but it is always distinguished among the students as Mother So-and-so's, or old What-d'ye-call-him's. The students generally manage to drive all other customers away. Nor chair, nor benches—nay, nor settles, are required for the students' parlour. They prefer sitting on the tables; nor do they want glasses—they prefer pint pots; consuming even gin-and-water from those bright flagons: nor do they need spittoons, nor pictures on the walls, nor bagatelle boards.

If I wonder how the veterinary surgeon finds time to practise, how much greater must be my dubiety as to how the medical students find time to study! The pipe, the pot of half-and-half, the half-price to the theatre, the cider-cellars to follow, and the knocker-twisting gymnastics to follow *that* (with, sometimes, the station-house by way of rider) appear to fill up their whole time—to leave not a point unoccupied upon the circle of their daily lives. Yet, work they must, and work they do. The smoking, drinking, fighting life, is but an ordeal—somewhat fiery, it is true—from which have come unscathed Doctor Bolus, rolling by in his fat chariot; Mr. Slasher, ready to cut off all and each of my limbs, in the cause of science, at St. Spry's Hospital; but, from which have crawled, singed, maimed, blackened, half-consumed, poor Jack Fleam (he sang a good song did Jack, and was a widow's son), now fain to be a new policeman; and Coltsfoot, the clinical clerk at Bartholomew's, who died of *delirium tremens* on his passage to Sydney.

On again we roll, and this time we leave the broad suburban roads, furzed with trim cottages and gardens—white cottage bonnets with green ribbons—for crowded streets again. If you want to back Sally for the Chester Cup, or Hippopotamus for the double event, or to get any information on any sporting subject, where can you get it better, fresher, more authentic, than in one of the sporting houses, of which I dare say I am not very far out if I say there are a hundred in London? Not houses where sporting is casually spoken of, but where it is the staple subject of conversation, business, and pleasure to the whole of the establishment, from the landlord to the potboy.

Let us take one sporting house as a type. Dozens of pictures—Derby winners, Dog Billies, the Godolphin Arabian; Snaffle, the jockey; Mr. Tibbs, the trainer (presented to him by a numerous circle of, &c., &c.). Nailed against the wall are a horse-shoe, worn by Eclipse, and a plate formerly appertaining to Little Wonder. In a glass-case behind the bar is a stuffed dog—Griper; indeed, the famous bull dog formerly the property of that enthusiastic sporting character, Jack Myrtle, who having had rather too decided a settling day with one Mr. Ware, was done to death at Aylesbury; the body of Mr. Ware having been found in a pond, and twelve ignorant jurymen having concurred in a verdict that the bold Jack Myrtle put him there. The

landlord of the sporting house is a sporting character, you may believe me. Such a chronological memory he has of all the horses that have won races, for goodness knows how many years! Such bets he makes touching these same chronological questions!—such crowns, half-crowns, and "glasses round" he wins! When he has been lucky on an "event," he stands unlimited champagne. He has a Derby Sweep, and a St. Leger Sweep, and a Great Northamptonshire Sweep, and a great many other sweeps, or ticket lotteries, at his house; of which sweeps I only know that I never drew the highest horse in any of them, and never knew the sporting character who did.

Horses are A. 1, of course, at the sporting public, but dogs are not despised. The Screw-tail Club have a "show" meeting every Friday night, followed by a harmonic meeting. At the "show," comparisons take place, and the several qualifications are discussed of spaniels, terriers, greyhounds, and almost every other kind of canine quadruped. Dark whiskered men in velveteen shooting-coats, loom mysteriously about the bar on show-nights. In their pockets they have dogs; to them enter "parties," or agents of "parties" who have lost the said "dogs"—flagons of beer, and noggins of Geneva without number, are discussed to bind bargains, or "wet" bargains, or as portions of the "regulars," to which the agents or their assigns are entitled.

Who comes to the sporting public-house? Who drinks in its bar and parlour? Who puffs in its smoking-room?—who, but the sallow-faced little man, with the keen black eye and the bow-legs—swathed in thick shawls and coats—who, every Derby-day, bursts on your admiring gaze, all pink silk, snowy buck-skins, and mirror-like tops, as a jockey? Who but "Nemo," who offers you an undeniable "tip," and "Mendax," with his never-failing "pick?"—who come *incog.*, indeed, but still come to see without being seen? Who, but that fool of all fools—that dupe of all dupes—that gull of all gulls—the sporting fool, the sporting dupe, the spo[illegible]g gent! He (brainless youth) who has "good information" about Hawkeye, who "lays out his money" upon Buster; who backs Pigeon for the "double event;" who "stands to win" by every horse, and loses by them all; who is so stupendously knowing, and is so stupidly and grievously plucked by the most transparent sharpers upon earth!

London, the great city of refuge for exiles of all nations, the home or place of sojourn for foreign ambassadors, foreign merchants, foreign singers, cooks, artists, watchmakers, sugar-bakers, organ-grinders, and hair-dressers, has necessarily also its public-houses, favoured by the more especial and peculiar patronage of foreigners temporarily or permanently resident in the metropolis. The foreigner can take his glass, and imbibe his "grogs" with as much pleasure as the true Briton; although, perhaps, with somewhat more moderation, and less table-thumping, glass-replenishing, waiter-bullying, and subsequent uneven and uncertain locomotion. It is a great mistake to imagine that foreigners cannot appreciate and do not occasionally indulge in conviviality; only they generally content themselves with the "cheering" portion of the cup, eschewing its "inebriating" part.

Let us essay a pull at the beer-engine of one of the foreign hostelries of London—the refugees' house of call. Herr Brutus Eselskopf, the landlord, is a refugee himself, a patriot without a blot on his political scutcheon. He has been a general of brigade in his time; but he has donned the Boniface apron, and affiliated himself to the Boniface guild, and dispenses his liquors with as much unconcern as if he had never worn epaulettes and a cocked hat, and had never seen real troops with real bands and banners defile before him. Where shall his house be? In the purlieus of Oxford Street, near Leicester Square, or in the centre of that maze of crooked, refugee-haunted little streets between Saint Martin's Lane and Saint Anne's Church, Soho? Go for Soho! Go for a mean, unpretending-looking little house of entertainment at the corner of a street, a Tadmor in the wilderness, set up by Herr Brutus Eselskopf for the behoof of his brothers in exile.

No very marked difference can at first be discerned, as regards fittings up and appurtenances, between the refugees' and any other public-house. There is a bar, and a barmaid, there is a beer-engine and there are beer-drinkers; and were it not that the landlord wears a Turkish cap with blue tassels, and a beard and moustachios of prodigious magnitude, all of which are rather out of the common or Britannic order of things, you might fancy yourself at an English public-house. But five minutes' sojourn therein, and five minutes' observation of the customers, will soon convince you to the contrary. Herr Eselskopf's little back parlour is filled, morning, noon, and night, with foreigners under political clouds of various degrees of density, and in a cloud of uniform thickness and of strong tobacco, emitted in many-shaped fumes from pipes of eccentric design. By the fire, reading the "Allegemeine Zeitung" or "Ost-Deutsche Post," and occasionally indulging in muttered invectives against the crowned heads of Europe, generally, and the Emperor of Austria in particular, is that valiant republican Spartacus Bursch, erst P.H.D. of the University of Heidelberg, then on no pay, but with brevet rank, behind a barricade formed of an omnibus, two water-carts and six paving-stones at Frankfort; subsequently and afterwards of the *Charité* Hospital at Berlin, possessor of a broken leg; afterwards of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, condemned to imprisonment for life; afterwards of Paris,

France, Red Republican, manufacturer of lucifer-matches, *affilié* of several secret societies, chemical lecturer, contractor for paving roads, usher in a boarding-school; then of Oran, Algeria, private soldier in the Foreign Legion; then of Burgos, Santander, St. Sebastian, and Passajes, warrior in the Spanish service, Carlist or Christino by turns; then of Montevideo; then of the United States of America, professor in the colleges of Gouveville, Va., and Ginslingopolis, Ga.; barman at a liquor store, professor of languages, and marker at a New Orleans billiard-room; subsequently and ultimately of London, promoter of a patent for extracting vinegar from white lead, keeper of a cigar-shop, professor of fencing, calisthenics, and German literature; and latterly out of any trade or occupation.

There is likewise to be found here, the Polish colonel with one arm, Count Schottischyrinkski playing draughts with Professor Toddiegraff, lately escaped from Magdeburg; Captain Scartaffaccio, who has fought bravely under Charles Albert, at Novara, and for the Danes in Schleswig Holstein, and against the French on the battlements of Rome, and under Manin, at Venice, against the Austrians; also there may be encountered sundry refugees of the *vielle souche*—the old style, in fact—men who can remember the Grand Duke Constantine, the knout, nose-slitting, and Siberia; who have been St. Simonians, and Carbonaros, and Setembrists; who can tell you grim stories of the *piombi* of Venice, of Prussian citadels, and Italian galleys, of the French cellular vans, and the *oubliettes* of Spielberg. But the last few years, and the almost European revolt that followed the Revolution of 1848, has brought to England a new class of refugees, somewhat looked down on, it must be said, by the old hands, the matriculated in barricades, and those who have gone in for honours in street combats, but still welcomed by them as brothers in adversity. These are enthusiastic young advocates, zealous young sons of good families, patriotic officers, who have thrown up their commissions under despot standards to fight for liberty, freedom-loving literary men, republican journalists, Socialist workmen. These poor fellows have been hunted from frontier to frontier on the Continent, like mad-dogs. Half of them have been condemned to death in their own country, many of them forced to fly from home, and kindred and friends, and occupation, for deeds or thoughts expressed in print or writing, which ministers or governments would take, here, more as compliments than otherwise. They manage things differently abroad; and so there are in London many public-houses and coffee-shops always full of refugees. Harmless enough they are, these unfortunate *forestieri*. There are black sheep among them, certainly; but St. Wapshot's sainted fold itself has, sometimes, muttons of suspicious hue amongst its snowy fleeces. There are refugees who cheat a little sometimes at billiards, and who rob their furnished lodgings, and attempt to pass bad half-crowns, and forge Prussian bank-notes (I never could find out how *they* could pay for forging, for their value appears to vary between twopence-halfpenny and sixpence). There are refugees who get up sham testimonials, and are connected with swindling companies and gambling cigar-shops; but consider how many thousands of them here in London, born and bred gentlemen, who have lost everything in the maintenance of what they conscientiously believed to be the right against might, live quietly, honestly, inoffensively, doing no harm, existing on infinitesimal means, working hard for miserable remuneration, willing to do anything for a crust, teaching languages for sixpence a lesson, painting portraits for a shilling apiece, taking out lessons on the flute or pianoforte in bread or meat! We give them foot-room, to be sure, but little more; and stout John Bull, with all his antipathy to foreigners, may sometimes melt at the sight of a burly Polish major of heavy dragoons, explaining the intricacies of an Italian verb to the young ladies in a boarding-school, or a Professor of moral philosophy selling cigars on commission for his livelihood. They live, somehow, these poor foreigners, much as the young ravens do, I opine; yet they meet sometimes at Herr Eselskopf's, in Soho, or at some French or Polish or Italian public-house in the same refugee neighbourhood, and take their social glass, drinking to better times, when they shall enjoy their own again. Meanwhile, they accommodate themselves, as best they may, to the manners and customs of their step-fatherland, forgetting Rhine wines and Bavarian beer, and such foreign beverages for the nonce, and living humbly, industriously, contentedly, good-humouredly, on such poor meats and drinks as they can get.

I call these refugees (and they form the great majority of the exiles in London) the quiescent ones; but there are also the incandescent ones, the roaring, raging, rampaging, red-hot refugees; the amateurs in vitriol, soda-water bottles full of gunpowder, and broken bottles for horses' hoofs; the throwers of grand piano-fortes from first floor windows on soldiers' heads, the cutters off of dragoons' feet, the impalers of artillerymen. There are some of these men in London. Where do *they* meet? Not at Herr Eselskopf's, certainly. They did frequent his establishment; but since Hector Chalamot, ex-silkweaver from Lyons, attempted to bite off the nose of Captain Sprottleowski, on the question of assassinating the King of Prussia: which little *rixe* was followed by Teufelshand, delegate of the United Society of Brother Butchers, demanding the heads of the company: and by little Doctor Pferdschaff insisting on singing his "*Tod-lied*," or Hymn to the Guillotine,

to the tune of the Hundredth Psalm,—since these events, good Herr Eselskopf would have none of them. They met after that at a little *gasthaus* in Whitechapel, formerly known as the "*Schinkenundbrod*," or German sandwich house; but Strauss, the landlord, in compliment to the severe political principles of his guests, rechristened it under the title of the "Tyrants' Entrails." Liberty, equality, and fraternity were here the order of the day, until Dominico Schiavonne was stabbed by an Italian seaman from the docks, because he was a Roman; the assassin being subsequently knived himself by another seaman, because he was a Tuscan.

Well, well! Can ever a pot boil without some scum at the top? There is bellow and black smoke as well as a bullet to every blunderbuss.

NOTES FROM NORWAY.

SUMMER AMONG THE FARMERS.

In a country which, like Norway, can hardly be said to possess more than two seasons, summer and winter, one must "make hay while the sun shines." The frost is generally in the ground from October till May, or the beginning of June, and none of the chance thaws pierce the surface of the soil when it is once fast frozen. Frequently the crops are scarcely cleared and there remains no time for ploughing, before winter takes the farms into its keeping. Nevertheless, when he has once broken the ice, the sun is anything but bashful, and his small talk, in the shape of vegetation, springs up with a wonderful rapidity. A doubtful summer is a certain loss; for the short season does not permit of waste time to be recovered. Even in ordinary years, many little devices, equally unknown and unnecessary in our more favoured land, are employed to help the farmer forward.

The hay-season lasts from the end of July to the end of August or beginning of September; all hands are pressed into the service, and the horse demanded by the traveller who journeys post, is very grudgingly bestowed. The hay-field itself has not an English look; the stunted grass is thickly interspersed with weeds and wild flowers of many kinds, among which one sees commonly the tall French willow.

Women, as well as men, are employed in mowing, and the cut grass is usually hung on racks about the field, to catch every ray of sun and every breath of wind. When it is dry enough, they take it home on hay sledges—carts resembling a cattle-crib set on wooden skates, with two little wheels behind, not larger than a pair of dinner plates. These carry a very light load, and contrast greatly with our large and solid hay-carts. The hay in the sledges is conveyed, not to a rick-yard, but into the upper story of the large barn which forms part of every homestead. It goes up by means of an inclined plane, generally formed of logs laid crosswise, up which the sledge goes, horses and all. In the landing at the top it is unloaded, the hay being conveniently deposited in the loft over the stable. But hay is not the only food housed for the maintenance of cattle during the long winter. Straw is chopped up for them, and the leaves of many trees (such as the alder, poplar, &c.) are used to eke out other provisions. As autumn comes on, one may see women and children busily at work laying bare the anatomy of these trees, and carrying the leaves home in bundles on their heads. The people even pay a rent to the owners for a right to secure this addition to their winter stores.

The hay-season is closely followed by the harvest. Wheat is not much grown; it is only here and there that there occur small patches of it, and what I have seen has been so thin and poor, that it certainly seemed scarcely to repay the cost of cultivation. Barley and rye are the customary crops, with, perhaps, nearly an equal quantity of oats. Here, again, women are to be seen at work reaping, almost as frequently as men. The corn is cut very close to the ground, to secure as much of the straw as possible. After lying a few days, it is stacked for drying and ripening, but not quite in the same manner as the hay. At regular intervals throughout the field are planted stout strong poles of ten or twelve feet high; to these the sheaves are bound from top to bottom, all the heads being turned towards the south, the warmest quarter, to ripen. This arrangement gives the corn-field a most curious appearance, particularly towards evening, when the sun is low and the long shadows fall slanting from each laden pole; the fields then seem to be alive with giants. Sometimes, the corn is cut so green that it remains standing in this way even during the first frosts. Now and then I have seen it hung out on horizontal beams, protected by a roof from some part of the cold, while the wind had full liberty to travel through the building. After all, it will occasionally happen that none of these means properly succeed; so it was, for instance, in the autumn of 1851, when the rye was very green and damp, and rye being the staple food of the people, a great deal of sickness was occasioned.

Oats are used very much for flad-bröd, which closely resembles the Scotch bannock; it is oatmeal rolled out to the thinnest possible extent, and being skilfully transferred by means of a couple of irons or sticks to a girdle or round plate of iron, supported on a tripod over a bright wood fire, it is there allowed to bake for about five minutes, being turned two or three times during that space of time. It is then piled up on a hanging raft, such as is used for bacon in our midland counties. When crisp, this oat-cake is really excellent, much better than flad-bröd made of wheaten-flour; for that is disagreeably insipid.

Another piece of autumnal farm business

in Norway, pleasant to witness, is the bringing home the cattle from the Sœters up the fjeld, whither they are sent at the beginning of the summer. They are brought down in the middle of September, either for sale to avoid the expense of feeding them through the long winter, or to be kept in close confinement in the cow-house for the next eight or nine months. In either case it is a dreary change for them, after the freedom of their mountain pastures.

The herdsmen, carrying the dairy utensils, or leading horses laden with them, head the procession; and the cow bearing the bell walks next, the others diligently following her lead. When the cavalcade exchange land for water, the amusement of the scene begins. During a passage of this kind I spent, one day, some hours at a ferry. It was near the bend of the river, which, being of considerable depth and undisturbed by a single breeze, reflected the adjoining banks and distant mountains with a like distinctness. Some rafts of timber floating down had run aground close to the landing-place on one side of the water, and about these many of the village children clambered, laughing in the bright rays of the sun, and taking their seats noisily, to see the passage of the cattle. The ferry itself was, like many of ours in England, a raft pulled across the water by a rope; but the banks being at this point low and rather muddy, there was here provided the convenience of a little pier of timber logs on either side. As soon as the first drove appeared in sight over the hill immediately opposite, the ferryman pushed over to meet them, and having received the greater part of the men and the horses, and the bell cow—I suppose because she was not a good swimmer—returned, and landed them over the way. Then came chaos. The cattle, not much relishing the sight of the broad water before them, scampered off in all directions. Then there was a flying abroad of men, a shouting and a fighting with sticks after escaping tails, until at last somebody succeeded in driving some two or three cows into the stream. These swam a few strokes, and then, perceiving that they were not followed, they rushed back, dripping and bellowing, and throwing the whole herd into a fresh state of dismay. Afterwards, the forcing of the first few cows into the river, seemed at once to gain for the herdsmen the contested point. The success would seem then to be too great. The cattle all rush on towards the water, and pressed one upon another with so much impetuosity that they arrived, quite unawares, at the edge of the little pier which overhung the margin of the river. Then, of course, suddenly the forefeet missed their footing, and, with an involuntary plunge head foremost, cow after cow completely disappeared, a flourish of the tail being the last thing visible. That cow was happy who, upon recovering her balance, was not immediately tumbled over and again sent to the bottom. Once fairly afloat upon the stream the whole energy of the herd was spent in making haste to get out on the other side. The swimmers all threw back their heads, and struggled boldly forward, bellowing by the way for want of thought; and, since no part was visible except the top of their heads, the surface of the whole water bristled with horns. The endeavours of the cattle to climb the opposite bank on landing were most ungainly, and contrasted with the graceful rising of the horses from the water. These being again laden, and the cows having shaken themselves to the best of their ability, the cavalcade moved forward. The men attendant on it formed a picturesque part of the whole scene, dressed as they were in the peculiar costumes of their various districts, which is not unlike that of the Tyrolese; but, in addition, they often wear silver brooches of considerable value and curious designs, connected, now and then, by silver chains. They speak the real old Norsk, in contradistinction to the modern language so called, which is in reality Danish. They are rich in legends and historical traditions to pour out on those who speak with them, but they mistrust the modern dialect, and are only confidential when they are talked with in their mother tongue, and softened by a friendly pipe.

For a few days droves passed the ferry four or five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, varying in numbers from a herd of fifty to one of nearly two hundred head. Afterwards, there was scarcely a cow to be seen in all the country round; every ox was a stalled ox, and lived in the warmed cow-house in company with sheep, ducks, fowls, and, in short, the whole live stock belonging to his owner. If he was not to see another summer he awaited there his fate at the November slaughtering.

Autumn is also, in Norway, the season for sending timber down from high land forests to the sea-ports at the mouths of rivers, along which it is floated. While falls and rapids interrupt the river logs are sent down singly, each marked after the owner's fashion. When they reach the lower country and such obstacles have all been passed, they are collected into rafts of tolerable size, so that they support several men and boys, who guide them on their way, and now and then afford means of conveyance to chance passengers. On their arrival at the port the rafts are broken up, and shipped for foreign countries. Holland receives from Norway the chief portion of the smaller timber, France being the best customer for timber of a better quality.

FROSTY WEATHER.

A WINTER in Norway is more note-worthy than summer, according to the notions of an English stranger. In the first place, the cold is much more thorough than we get it at

home, though not equal to that felt in other countries having the same latitude; and the measures taken against it are manifold—for the Norwegians are as fond lovers of heat as people usually are of a good thing whereof they never have been sickened by satiety. The large stoves, which are used alike in sitting and sleeping rooms, are lavishly supplied with wood, and produce a temperature, high and dry, which bakes an Englishman alive. I used frequently to feel that I was beginning to be cooked about the temples, particularly when I came into a hot room after walking or driving. The cold is not only burnt out, but also shut out by double glass windows, which, when once put up, remain immovably closed till they are taken down in spring; so, very little genuine fresh air can find admittance, during winter, into a Norwegian house.

The sledge takes the place of the carriole for travelling—a very pleasant exchange; for a swift slide over the white snow, glittering about one like a diamond desert in the sunshine, is very joyous exercise. Sledges are both single and double: the former is very much like the body of a carriole, set upon skates; the whole carriage is not three feet from the ground, and, of course, light. The double sledge—which holds two persons sitting side by side, with the addition of a perch behind for a driver, or sometimes a double-seat—is both a much more considerable and much more comfortable affair, inasmuch as one can sit in it instead of being half-reclined. A bearskin kaross covers the knees, and is strapped at the upper corners to the back of the sledge, making an exceedingly snug apron. A pair of strong little horses are set between shafts, which spring from the curve of the sledge or skate; they wear bells on their collars, sometimes six or eight in number, and these shall make music wherever they go. The use of this music is to serve the purpose of a railway-whistle, warning other carriages of an approach, which otherwise, upon the noiseless surface of the snow, might escape notice now and then, and be the cause of serious collisions. When the snow is really deep, there is a track formed for the sledges, by means of a snow-plough, which is a frame of wood, in shape something like the letter V. The horse is harnessed to the point of the wedge, and, being slowly driven on, pushes the snow into a ridge on each side as he proceeds.

The travelling dress, too, is curious, but well adapted to the climate in which it is worn. A gentleman's outer garment is a wolf-skin coat, made with the fur outside, and thickly wadded within; it has a high collar, which can be raised to protect the neck and head; all is bound close to the body by a scarf, either knitted or woven, which is some six or seven yards long; this bandage, after acting as a comforter to the throat, is passed two or three times round the waist, and firmly tied. This is called a travelling scarf, and is considered quite a necessary part of human trapping. The gentleman wears, furthermore, a fur cap, generally of otter or seal-skin—as these are the skins most impervious to wet—which is provided with a deep shade, and has flaps, to be tied down over the ears. Large knitted woollen gloves, frequently made like children's gloves, with one division for the fingers and another for the thumb to cover his hands; such gloves being warmer than those in which the fingers are all separated. Finally, to complete his equipment, he steps into a pair of over-boots, which reach nearly to the knee, or higher, and are generally lined with sheep-skin. These boots are made large enough to be drawn over those in common use, and are indispensable for walking through deep snow.

A lady's dress is less remarkable, although the thickly-wadded stuff bonnet has an odd appearance. She wears great boots, like those just mentioned, but not quite so high, nor so heavy, though quite massive enough. On stepping into the sledge, she finds there a large sack, lined either with wolf or sheep-skin; it is rather longer before than behind; into this she gets, and being carefully tucked in by the servant, sits down, and drawing the long end up as high as she pleases, is thus completely poked out of the way of cold.

In strange contrast to the couple within the sledge, the boy who goes to drive, or take care of the horses, springs upon his airy perch behind, with no extra wraps about him beyond the boots, mits, and a comforter round his neck. But, then, happy fellow! he is constantly in motion, either running up the hills, or giving his weight behind, to prevent the sledge from sliding down too rapidly. So sharp is the cold, that a very short time covers the coats of the horses and the kaross with hoar-frost; and the breath falls on beard, or veil, or anything within reach, in a white powder.

The winter scenery is grand and striking. The snow hangs so magnificently on the tall fir-trees, so heavily that the strong thick branches are borne down with the weight. Generally, at this season, the sun is so low in the sky that it does not rise so far above the overhanging rocks as to allow the narrow valleys a great share of sunshine. Then, when emerging from a valley one comes suddenly upon an opening, the effect is doubly beautiful; the light falls so brilliantly on the sparkling snow, broken by the encumbered stems and branches, while some distant rock casts a deep shade over the back-gound, and provides a foil for the surrounding glitter. At night "the moon shines bright as day," and the northern lights, though not very common, now and then come out to play. They vary in some degree from such lights as we see in England, being very seldom of that elegant rose-colour which we admire so much. They spring up faintly in the north, increasing in brilliancy as they get gradually towards the

zenith, which becomes the centre from which flickering beams radiate, being in form like the beams of a gigantic dome. Across these there is a horizontal current of light constantly fluctuating, now bright, now completely vanished, sometimes two such currents cross each other's path, producing rainbow tints; but otherwise it is all colourless as moonshine. It is a fact, with rare exceptions, that the aurora will come out to play only on moonlight nights; and it plays, as might be supposed, very seldom in the southern quarter of the heavens. In mild weather it is considered by the Norwegians to foretell rain, and in cold weather snow.

Delightful as the exercise of sledging is in Norway, it must be still more so in Russia, or any country where one may glide along without finding much inequality of hill and dale. In Norway one may judge of this in some degree by the ease and rapidity with which the sledge flies over the smooth surface of the frozen rivers, which in winter become high-roads. Fences are broken down, and gates taken off their hinges, to make a way of getting to the river, and thereby saving a circuitous route up and down hill. In places where, from a neighbouring fall or other causes, the ice is not firm enough to be trustworthy, a winter bridge is thrown across, formed of trees cut into equal lengths, laid horizontally, while others placed longitudinally at each side bind them together. So it floats like a bridge of boats till the ice binds it fast in its position.

Those who are not driving, but making their way on foot, have also a means of getting over the ground very speedily in the shape of a miniature sledge, called a kœlke. A kœlke suited to the use of an adult is about two feet long, by about fifteen inches broad. It is merely a flat board placed on two large wooden skates sheathed with iron, and is furnished with a rope in front by way of a handle. These little sledges are so light as easily to be pulled up hill or along level ground; but as soon as the owner reaches a declivity, he seats himself on his kœlke, and darts down with railway speed, pulling against the rope, and steering with his foot. The kœlkes are in constant requisition; children drag them up the steepest places for the mere fun of flying down again; while the man who has a load to carry finds it convenient frequently to place it on his kœlke. In slippery weather, especially, when it is impossible to descend the hills with anything like despatch, they are particularly handy, for the roads are in the best state for them. Often after a thaw followed by a frost without snow, it is almost impossible to keep one's footing, without iron spikes, which are strapped over the boots round the instep and ankle. Skates are not much used, for the ice is not so suitable for skating as in England. It is made rough with traffic, and becomes very soon covered with snow.

A far more useful and general winter amusement, is provided by the skier or snow-shoes. Those used in Norway are more simple in their construction than those which we are accustomed to see brought from North America. They consist merely of a strip of wood, three inches in breadth, and from four to six feet long, pointed and turned up after the fashion of a skate in front. Across the middle is a strap of twisted twigs, which fits over the instep of the wearer, in the same way as the tie of a clog. The feet are slipped in, a long stick or pole gives the first impetus, and afterwards is used for steering; then away flies the traveller, descending the hills as swiftly as he could descend them with the kœlkes, and over level ground a great deal better. One sees the two little furrows left by them as their track, on rocks and steeps, otherwise inaccessible, and along the ice and snow of rivers, in a straight, unswerving line, which vouches for the speed at which they have been journeying. Men shooting down a hill, seen at some little distance, look much more like birds than human creatures.

This kind of exercise has not always been a pastime only; there were, formerly, regiments who were exercised on snow shoes, both in Norway and Sweden, and they were in active service during the war between the two countries in the beginning of this century. It was, I believe, in the winter of 1812-13, that a detachment of this battalion, belonging to the Swedish service, crossed the frontier, and seizing on a Norwegian peasant, compelled him, by threats of violence, to be their guide to some outposts of his own countrymen whom they were ordered to surprise. He consented, but being a true patriot, and perceiving that they were quite ignorant of the course they ought to take, he determined to mislead them. Seizing a torch, he desired them to follow and shot off on his snow-shoes, leading them over rock and fell in a contrary direction, while they, not suspecting treachery, implicitly followed his lead.

Presently, they arrived at the brink of a precipice, over which he threw his torch, and at the same time dashing off his snow-shoes, buried himself in the snow. The soldiers, beguiled by the descent of the torch, their leading star, concluded that they were only at the summit of a declivity, not steeper than others which they had already passed, and, hindered by the darkness from perceiving the manœuvre of their guide, did not hesitate in their career. So they were all shot over the precipice, and met their death among the rocks below.

LAST HOMES.

We are all born, and we all wish to be buried—not quite at present—that point is settled. But it still remains an open question how and where, we are to be disposed of by-

and-bye. Shall we be potted with quick-lime in a general mess—as at Naples; shall we be thrust into places where we must offend and injure the survivors whom we now profess to love—as in most English towns; shall we be horribly and indescribably put out of the way, after forms and appearances have been complied with—as in London; or, shall we condescend to follow the example of any other nation; not hesitating even if it be one whose paganism we may depise, or another whose superstitions we may at once fear and ridicule? Shall we take pattern by any people whose morals we slander, our own being so faultless? Shall we for once be humble enough to observe what is done in other places, and then consent to lay the remains of our departed friends in some spot where they may continue to prolong our tender affections, and keep our hearts soft and unpetrified, instead of becoming a dangerous nuisance, and a pest?

The more a town is crowded by the living, the less room is left to spare for the dead. Usually, when a place is thrifty, and its population increases, *it* spreads with them in due proportion. The mass of dust and ashes cannot be piled beyond a certain height, without enlarging its circumference. But there are many towns so circumstanced that they cannot spread.

"I wonder how they manage here for churchyards," said I to myself, as I was taking an inspective stroll about the streets of a strongly fortified town in no part of the present British Empire. Every spot was occupied; streets, public buildings, and the open spaces necessarily required, left not a patch of ground appropriated for interments; though Englishmen might have found room, had it still been subject to their rule. "No sign of a churchyard to be seen! Curious! What, then, do they do with their dead?"

I continued to search along the principal streets in vain. Passing through the gates of the town, at which young, blue-coated, red-pantalooned conscripts were apprenticed as sentinels, and over the bridges, on which horses and asses are forbidden to trot, on pain of a fine, I was in the country, outside the fortifications. Not far removed were extensive suburbs, regularly built, with tall chimneys, and large manufactories established by the English, with timber-yards, canals, and bakers' shops, full of great loaves a yard long, and places where one can lodge on foot or on horseback, though I prefer a night's lodging in bed. The main street was the one to follow. At a Magazine full of odd curiosities, fitted up on purpose to amuse such of the straggling English as have eyes, I looked in at the window, to watch a lady in a bob-tailed jacket suiting herself with a smart pair of wooden shoes of the first quality; but before she had decided, a pattering and clattering was heard, which I knew must come from a large party of those females who conspire to starve the carriers by an Anti Shoe-leather League. Looking round, there was the very thing I wanted—a funeral.

It was headed by the priest, at a good stiff pace. The mourners followed, a numerous assemblage; the men by themselves, and the women with their shoes by themselves, all decently and warmly clad; earnest and serious, though their step would not have kept time to the Dead March in Saul, as we usually hear it performed. Their rapid progress seemed odd, and I was beginning to think it disrespectful to the deceased; when it came to mind that *we* now and then despatch our departed friends by Express Trains; and no great harm done either.

Why did they move so quickly? Because the distance of the cemetery from the town is so laudably great; and, because time is a matter of measurement in which there cannot be cheating. No day contains more than a certain number of hours; no life has more than a limited number of days. The duty of interment ought not to set aside, but to dove-tail nicely with, the other duties of life.

The cemetery was some way beyond the wooden shoe-shop; and, not having pressing business to transact, I reached it leisurely. Entering, not the funeral gates, but a little side-door next to the sexton's cottage, I found myself in a large quadraugular space, laid out on a very simple plan, and in great part filled with the little domains and narrow tenements of those who have ceased to require more space here below. The outer portion of the area, adjoining the low inclosing wall, was divided into narrow freeholds, inscribed with words to the effect that the ground is to remain for ever unbroken, except by the family whose members repose there. Lasting monuments of marble and stone are appropriate in these permanent possessions, especially as they do not exclude the further decorations of growing flowers, and wreaths, and bouquets, as tokens of friendship, affection, and remembrance. The central portion was mostly filled by occupants not *à perpétuité*, but with a reasonable time allowed for their dissolution. Here, consequently, the memorial tablets were almost all of wood. Those dropping nearly to decay would indicate that the bodies beneath them had, likewise, advanced in the same natural course of yielding up their elements to nature. In a sunny portion of a further part of the cemetery, the English lie, all interred together.

Even if what we call natural feeling is the same all the world over, (which some have doubted,) the modes of expressing it certainly vary exceedingly among nations. What is only conventional propriety among one people, is thought almost ludicrous by another. Here, a heart-shaped tablet is used to denote true cordial love. Some, too, will allow opinions and matters of faith to creep out, which others would conceal. Thus, after "Here

reposes the body of Nainsee Gleneur," a strange apostrophe to the dead is added; "Friendship, esteem, and regrets follow thee to the tomb in the eternal night where thou hast descended. Receive, O tender daughter, a confession of grief. Thy relations, thy friends, while watching over thy ashes, will bless thy virtues, and will shed tears."

Well; tears, we know, are a frequent accompaniment of sorrow: and, accordingly, at the bottom of the inscription on most of these wooden gravestones, are painted large black tears, as fitting emblems, but looking more like bulls' eyes, or Prince Rupert's crackers, made of bottle-glass, than anything else which is usually seen. It must be a peculiarly constituted eye to weep such inky monsters. The usual number depicted is three. Sometimes, in profuse cases, there are five, and even seven; but, now and then, grief is economised, and the sad shower is represented by a single drop. There were but few painted tears on the English memorials, and those might be guessed to be not ordered, but the spontaneous work of native artists. In contrast with the epitaph on poor Nainsee Gleneur, some British parent had placed, at the head of a small grave, a little square board bearing only two words—*Darling Child*—legibly painted. If we may judge from a comparison of the style of epitaphs here, the grief of the old for the young, of parents for children, is more acute, though, perhaps, not more sincere, than the regrets which the young experience for the elders who have preceded them.

A "Pray for the repose of his soul," is a natural address to a Roman Catholic visitor; but French politeness finds its way even upon gravestones, when you read there, "*If you please*, pray for the repose of his soul." One can understand the feeling which, at the end of an obituary inscription, concludes all with a sigh—"Alas!" But the repeated announcements that "our regrets are eternal," just exemplify the folly of exaggerated statements. Regrets may be perennial, and even life-long; but some of the freehold burial-places show, by their dilapidated condition, that man's regrets cannot be eternal. A perpetual purchase of grave-land can neither insure everlasting marks of sorrow, nor a successive generation of those who are to supply them.

It is to be noticed, with admiration, that even on those neglected tombs, nothing is displaced which the affectionate hand has once arranged. Ornaments, which we should call childish, such as shells, painted medallions of glass, and artificial flowers, remain untouched and uninjured, as long as wind and weather permit. The wreaths of *eternelles* hang till the flowers rot off, and their straw foundation alone remains; still they are not tossed aside in scorn or mischief. The feelings of survivors, as well as the memory of the departed, are treated with respectful forbearance. And, therefore, *we* ought not to more than smile on reading the announcement near the sexton's door, that he keeps by him, for immediate supply to customers, an assortment of crowns, or wreaths, made of everlastings, of ivory shavings, of feathers and everlastings, and of artificial flowers, from forty *centimes*, or a fourpenny-piece, as high as two *francs*, or one shilling and eightpence sterling.

To linger a little longer among the tombs;—some mystery is contained in one inscription: "Well-beloved wife, unfortunate mother-in-law, . . . &c. Pray God to watch over your husband, up to the moment when he comes to rejoin you in heaven. Adieu." This, with a little help as to facts, would go some way towards a tale. A cautiously worded epitaph records the end of an Englishman—"Many years a Medical Practitioner in this town, who met his death under peculiar and melancholy circumstances." Very peculiar!—His most intimate friend was the Commissary of Police. They had been spending the evening pleasantly with other friends; they left together, and had taken a little stimulant. It is supposed that the Doctor reminded the Commissary of a debt due to himself, though no one can say exactly what might have been at the bottom of all. They just crossed the Market-place, and entered the official Bureau, from which the Englishman soon staggered out, stabbed to the heart with a dagger which the Commissary had kept in his desk. No witness saw the deed: the victim never spoke after; and the culprit, in consequence (through the forbearance of French law), was acquitted, with a very severe reprimand from his Judge, and remained a long time in Paris without being allowed to resume any official appointment in the Police.

A long mile further into the country is another cemetery; for this is filling, and the churchyard of the suburb is already full, and therefore is closed for seven years. The new burial-ground is a dry, sandy, square plot, enclosed on all sides by a moat, filled with water, and accessible only at the entrance gates. Here, for some years to come, the dead, both from the suburbs and the fortified town, may be deposited, without affecting the health, or shocking the feelings of either.

"But what is all that to us?" asks the reader. "We do not live in fortified towns, hemmed in by rampart and ditch, like a beetle caught in the middle of a Chinese nest of tea-cups. We do not want any French fashions here."

Very well, sir or madam, have your own way. Shut your eyes to what is good, as well as to what seems to you absurd. But if London, and scores of other towns in England, are not fortified towns, as far as room for interments is concerned, I will consent to pitch my tent—and dwell in it too—in the midst of one of *your* cemeteries, for the remaining portion of my life.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

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VOLUNTEER APOSTLES.

ONE of the most astonishing features of the present age, is the immense amount of credulity which exists amongst the people of countries the most educated, amidst all the light and knowledge that we boast of over our ancestors. It matters little that the prognostications and promises of one pretended prophet after another drop into nothing; the very potsherds of their fallacies are picked up and kept as precious and complete vessels, sound and without crack or flaw. It matters nothing that the most complete exposures of fanatics and impostors are frequently made; most frequently by themselves. Fresh gudgeons are ever ready to bite at the barest hook. The same principle which gives success to Francis Moore, gentleman, and to Zadkiel, in Almanacs, sends shoals of believers after any man who chooses to play the founder of a new sect. The same weakness of the human mind which enriches the quack in physic, gives an easy triumph to the quack in faith.

There is scarcely a country in Europe which has not, even in modern times, had a number of religious quack-adventurers to show; but the singularity is, that their success is always in proportion to the freedom of inquiry, and to the abundant means of hearing and examining the truth. In Italy, Matheo di Casale, who, in the present century, gave himself out as the Messiah; and; in 1805, managed with much ingenuity to crucify himself, and to hang himself out of his chamber window on a cross, in the public street, attracted no followers. But, in Sweden, the singular outbreak of what was called the Preaching Epidemic, in 1842, notwithstanding the existence of Protestantism, produced the strangest vagaries amongst the peasantry of Smoland, and was with difficulty put down. In Lutheran Germany, the most marvellous demonstrations of religious imposture have appeared, and been attended with incredible success. In Jöllenbeck, towards the close of the last century, there were two shoemaker-families who gave themselves out as the families who were to produce the true Messiah; and they found a considerable number of disciples, who were by no means daunted though the promised Shiloh, like that of our own Johanna Southcott, never appeared. But the most extraordinary infatuation was that which the notorious Rosenfeld contrived to excite and maintain, for many years, in Prussia, in the very capital itself, and in the country contiguous to it. As this is comparatively unknown here, we may take a brief glance at it, before directing the reader's attention to certain persons and things which are flourishing in London and in the country near it, at the present moment.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there might have been seen in the Ackermark, in Priegnitz, and also in the neighbouring country of Mecklenburg, a wandering man, who, in dress and appearance, was not much removed from a beggar. He never, however, begged, except for a single glass of water, or for a night's lodging. He appeared to accept this hospitality chiefly that he might enter into conversation with those whose guest he was; and who were, for the most part, shepherds, whom he met with in the fields, or day-labourers, or weavers who lived in remote and solitary places.

In the earlier part of his career he wore a green gamekeeper's coat; which, being much worn and torn, gave him more of the beggar's look. His appearance had something in it suspicious, and even fearful. His countenance was pale, and of an earthy hue; his eyes were set deep in his head, and his whole body had a loose and flabby appearance. People, however, were not afraid of him as of a thief who sought a lodging in order to disappear in the morning with booty. His keeper's coat was the relic of a former service with the Markgraf of Schwedt.

He carried no money and wore a long beard on his chin, which proclaimed him a prophet. He would suddenly step into the hut of a herdsman with a biblical greeting; cast his eyes towards Heaven as he received an answer, turn his back, and sigh. The herdsman would probably not see him again for a year. But he did not depart in such haste, where his salutation was received as he wished. Where he found the right ground for the seed, tinder for the sparks, which he wished to shed, he entered into long conversations on religion. He was not, however, such a fanatic as to rush rashly into a revelation of his extraordinary

schemes. He waited the proper time and opportunity for these, and knew how to preserve a discreet silence when he perceived that the faith of his hearers was weak.

In 1765 he appeared in the country of Prenzlow, in the undisguised fervour of fanaticism. His appearance was still more wretched than before; his eye more wild. He was now the prophet, who, through long meditation, had arrived at the gift for which his soul thirsted. He entered the cottage of a shepherd in Dedelow, asked for a draught of water; and, holding aloft the cup, exclaimed to the man and his wife in an impressive tone, "Children! if you only knew who I am!" When they asked who he might be, he replied, "I am the messenger of God, sent forth to seek his sheep, and gather them into the fold. The prophet, Micah, iv. 8, has duly announced me:—'O, Tower of Eder! thou stronghold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee the Golden Rose shall come, even the former dominion, the kingdom of the daughter of Jerusalem.'" The simple creatures believed him; they became his firm disciples, and continued unshaken in their faith, even after his bold prophecy of wonders to come in the year 1770 had totally failed.

Rosenfeld was no longer the wandering vagabond whom some ridiculed, and whom others received and assisted out of compassion. His name flew far and wide over the Prussian plains; he had very soon a large community of believers, who took care that he needed for nothing. He denounced the wickedness of the world—a safe and perpetual theme. He proceeded then to anathematise Frederick the Great, as the Great Dragon of the Apocalypse, and the clergy as impostors, because they preached death, which he denied to exist for the faithful. He promised his believers immortality, and they believed him, although they saw his disciples dying every day. At last he proclaimed himself to be the true Messiah, and blasphemously asserted that Our Saviour was only an impostor. His followers believed everything. In Berlin there were numbers of these; but the chief scene of his success was at Biesenthal, about eighteen miles from Berlin, a place at that time as completely removed from the notice of the capital as if it had been distant a hundred leagues. Here he acted the part of a German Mahomet. He kept up a determined warfare with the clergy; ruled his flock of shepherds, shoemakers, and weavers, with arbitrary power, and lived in the luxury of never-failing offerings of the good things of this world. He demanded seven maidens—daughters of his chief adherents—to be given up to him, declaring that they had been chosen in connection with the seven seals of the Book of Life, from the foundations of the world. They were at once brought to him. He treated them with the most atrocious cruelty—compelling them with stripes and indignity to perform menial services for him. Some of them ran away to their parents; but the infatuated people drove them back again to their tyrant, and he declared them doomed to utter perdition if they again attempted to abscond. Government eventually was compelled to interfere, and Rosenfeld was imprisoned. But here he assumed so mild a bearing, and conducted himself with so much propriety, that he won over not only the jailer, but one of the city magistrates, who interfered and got him set at liberty. Once abroad again, he returned to all his extravagances with redoubled wildness, and was again shut up. But this only augmented the zeal of his followers; and it was long after his death before the delusion died away.

If these things are wonderful in other countries, how much more wonderful are they in our own and in America, where the people are accustomed to read, talk, and discuss every subject with an unconstrained freedom, which we might naturally expect would leave few lurking-places for ignorance and superstition. Yet how marvellous have been, of late years, the displays of popular credulity in the British race on both sides of the Atlantic! Johanna Southcott, Mad Thom of Kent, Miller, and Joe Smith, have all shown how multitudinous are the people who will still believe in anything or anybody. The Millerites sold their effects, closed their shops; the young women clothed themselves in white, and sat upon their trunks, confidently expecting to float up to heaven with all their luggage, on the day when Miller declared that the world would end. It did not end on that day—but no matter; it was only because there was an error in the calendar.

Mormonism is a grand triumph of credulity. Little did Solomon Spalding dream that his romance of The Manuscript found, would, under the unblushing rascality of Smith and Rigdon, erect a church of tens of thousands, and establish a second Turkey at the Great Salt Lake. The prodigies of Mormonism, however, have had their historians as well as their prophets: let us now devote a few strokes of the pen to an apostle and his flock a little nearer home.

There is a neat little watering-place which may be found by descending the Thames, and which Londoners find convenient for a few days' visit in summer. We may as well call this spot Periwinkle Port as give it any other name. In this little place—which looks like half a town, the other half of which has been swallowed up by the sea; and where all the remaining houses seem to be looking in astonishment after the missing ones,—there may be seen, on fine summer Sundays, a man with a large umbrella, slowly stalking along the street, which is bounded on one side by the houses, and on the other by the sea. His attention is fixed successively on every house as he passes, as if he were on the look-out for lodgings; but not so; he is in quest of the

lodgers. If he finds a window open (and in fine weather they are all open), he stops, and in a low, solemn voice, announces to those inside, that brother Goosetrap Witness is going to preach at three o'clock on the green.

"Who is brother Goosetrap Witness?" ask the visitors, who are drinking in floods of sea-air, watching the distant steamers through telescopes, and thinking much more of the health of the body than of the health of the soul. "Who is brother Goosetrap Witness, and what has he got to say worth walking out in the heat for?"

"Oh, a dangerous man, sir! a dangerous man," says the landlady, who is just come in to tell them when the church service begins. "Oh, a very dangerous, audacious man! Turns all the poor people's heads here; frightens the servant girls till they can't sleep of nights; says all the clergy are wicked impostors; won't have any doctors to his silly disciples, and says nobody is a Christian but himself and his dupes."

"And do the people believe him?"

"Ay, that they do, by hundreds; they swear by him; he goes all round the country, and the silly geese come from all round the country to hear him."

"Upon my word," say the visitors, "it is worth while to hear him for once;" and away they go.

Mounted on a chair on the green, with the sea rolling its fresh billows just by, they find a short, somewhat broadset man, of a lean and swarthy aspect, standing with his hymn-book in his hand, in the midst of a group of people, mostly of the labouring classes. The outer circle appears a miscellaneous collection of fishermen and mechanics. The inner one of the more especial Goosetrappists, bearing unmistakable evidence of being chiefly agricultural labourers, and their wives and daughters and sisters. These are part of the perambulatory church that accompany their head on these excursions, and enliven his appearances with their hymns. They appear very modest in their demeanour, and some of them very good-looking; all, undoubtedly, perfectly sincere in their faith in what brother Witness tells them, and perform their vocal duty with sufficient skill.

Directing your chief attention to brother Goosetrap Witness, you behold a man of, perhaps, fifty years of age, as we have said, with a whalebony, wiry, swarthy visage, and black hair, worn somewhat thin by time. His small, dark eyes peer forth with a keen but composed inquiry from beneath a pair of strong, dark, shaggy eyebrows, and one of those large, coarse mouths, which are equally common to great eaters and great talkers, bespeaks a possessor of what is called "the gift of the gab." Altogether, the countenance and the man are strongly expressive of a domineering and pertinacious will, of a coarse, strong sense, rather than prominent talent; but of a close, scheming, and onward-boring character. There is that assumed look of sanctity which such men commonly wear, but under it you can readily detect an amount of self-esteem, that would make its owner insensible to any degree of contempt.

His dress and air are those of a shoemaker,—as, in fact, he is; and it is a singular circumstance that no craft has furnished so many field-preachers and religious enthusiasts as that of St. Crispin. George Fox was a shoemaker; Jacob Behmen was a shoemaker; the two families of Jöllenbeck, which were so conspicuous there in the strange heresy, were shoemakers; Matheo di Casale was a shoemaker; and, amongst the religious fermentations, some of them of an extraordinary character, of late years, in Prussia and Saxony, and especially in Pomerania, the Mark, and Lower Silesia, the chief actors have been shoemakers, weavers, and tailors—all people of sedentary trades. The agricultural labourers, smiths, bricklayers, carpenters, and all the followers of pursuits of greater physical activity, have stood aloof. The only exceptions being shepherds, whose solitary life is calculated to affect the imagination, and whose employment is almost as inactive as that of the sitting trades.

The sort of discourse which our visitors would hear from brother Witness, we shall anon make the reader acquainted with, from our own experience; for, hearing his fame on all hands, during a few days' sojourn in the little half-town of Periwinkle Port, we determined to pay him a visit at his proper domicile and work-a-day tabernacle, which is found in the little quiet market-town of Gudgeon-Brook. A pleasant walk over pleasant fields brought us—that is, a party of some four or five ladies and gentlemen—to Gudgeon-Brook. Advancing up its clean and very quiet streets, we made due inquiries for the whereabouts of brother Goosetrap Witness; an inquiry which produced a sensation. We were directed onward and onward, and behind us we could perceive groups issuing from the houses, and looking after us with much curiosity, and at the same time engaged in earnest conversation. No doubt, they set us down for brethren and sisters of the faith, and concluded that the influence and renown of brother Goosetrap Witness were spreading farther and farther.

We soon found brother Witness's locale, house, chapel, workshop, all congregated in a little court. A rent in a boot was the ostensible object of the visit, but this did not deceive the shrewd perception of brother Witness. He evidently attributed our arrival to the spread of his fame. I was soon accommodated with a seat, and a disciple of a most taciturn and mysterious manner began to operate on the boot. Brother Witness devoted his exclusive attention to the rest of the company, who were furnished with chairs in the court, and was soon afloat in an ocean of doctrine and declamation. From my taciturn

operator, who bore a most laughable likeness to an old acquaintance of ours, little was to be extracted but sighs and nods of the head of deep meaning; but another disciple, while he gave hearty thumps to the leather on his knee, and vigorous twitches of his taching-end, afforded me considerable insight into the Goosetrap creed. He blessed the Lord that nothing on earth could hurt him, while he was faithful. 'Neither fire, nor robbers, nor sickness, nor poverty, nor any evil could come near him; for he was the Lord's; he had his promises, and they could not fail. Neither flames could burn him, nor gun shoot him, nor water drown him, nor rope hang him, nor knife pierce him—"bless the Lord for it!"

Brother Witness also declared that he had lately run a nail an inch long into his foot: that to other people not in the faith it might have been fatal, and have most likely produced lock-jaw; but as for himself, he had never looked at the wound; it might have bled; he could not say—he knew that it could not hurt him.

I remarked that they could not in their community require much service from the doctors.

"Doctors! said the man; no, bless the Lord! and praised be his name! never a doctor had ever come within the doors of any of brother Witness's friends! None but unbelievers ever wanted doctors! Christ had commanded his disciples to lay their hands on the sick, and pray for them; anointing them with oil; and they were healed. It was only wickedness and unbelief that kept such things as doctors in the world: if men had been faithful, doctors would long ago have ceased to be heard of."

But, did he believe in miracles taking place now-a-days?

Miracles! Bless the Lord! there are no miracles with him. His word was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; unbelieving men only called those miracles that were the works of God for his elect. Christians have everything that was promised them of old.

"But where are the Christians," I asked, "that now-a-days find themselves cured by laying on of hands?"

"Where?" said the man, raising his head to its full height, stretching up his neck like a giraffe, and with a swelling chest and expanding nostrils, breathing forth his words in a loud, singing, and inflated tone; "where are they? where are they, indeed? The world calls itself Christian; but it lies in darkness; it believes not, neither doth it the works of faith; and therefore it flies for help to doctors, clergymen, magistrates, soldiers and the like—all empty pitchers that can carry no water—all broken reeds and stubble, to be burnt up with unquenchable fire. The real Christians need no doctors; they have the promises given of old to the saints, and that is enough for them; they are for ever redeemed out of the power of drugs, and pestles and mortars. Nothing can hurt them, and that is the mark of the true believers; that is the difference between them and the empty professors, who are left to suffer many things from many physicians."

"What do you call yourselves, then? Witnesses?"

"Yes, bless the Lord! we are witnesses for the faith on the earth; but we take no name but Christians—that is our name, and none else."

"In fact, I suppose you are the men, and that wisdom will die with you."

"We are the Lord's, praised be his name! but wisdom will not die with us; he will preserve a remnant in the earth for his name's sake."

"But suppose you broke your leg, would not you send for a doctor?"

"Break my leg! bless the Lord! he will never suffer a bone of me to be broken, while I am faithful; he will keep me as the apple of his eye. That is his promise; I have it, and it cannot fail."

In a word, here we had the nucleus of brother Witness's doctrine. He teaches his adherents that all the world is still heathen, in spite of its professions, except himself and his disciples; that the test of being real Christians is the power of working all the miracles that were wrought by the Apostles themselves. But the reader will ask, "Does he do these miracles?" No. "And yet do the people believe him?" Yes. This man, in a county bordering on the Metropolis of England—we are talking of a real man, and no shadow; of his real doctrines and practice, and no fictions—this man has taught his doctrine far and wide, and has found so many followers, that we were assured they have now about thirty chapels in different places, and one or more in London itself. He professes to cure all illnesses by the laying on of hands, and by anointing the patient with oil. But *does* he cure them, you ask? He says he does; and the people, when appealed to, say he does. They die, it is true; but nobody lives for ever.

And it is a fact, that, not far from this metropolis, there is an extensive sect who never call in medical aid to assist their women in childbirth; who never have their children vaccinated; who, through all the perils of the distempers incident to infancy and childhood, never seek or use the aid of medical science; who, in any case where a surgical operation—nay, even amputation—might relieve suffering, or preserve life, refuse such aid as sinful and superfluous; who, in the most violent acute diseases, or the most contagious fevers, do nothing more, and put faith in nothing more, than the laying on of hands, praying, and anointing with oil. If the sufferer die, "It is the Lord's will;" and that is the all-sufficing phrase!

There is something alarming in the spread of this fanaticism. Some day there

may come small-pox of a peculiarly virulent type, or a contagious fever, and sweep off a whole population. But when you tell them so, they only smile at your unbelieving heathenism. They have already been in danger of a severe legal sentence for the neglect of medical means where death has taken place; but they are ready for the martyrdom of legal or any other persecution, and would flourish under it.

We heard brother Witness deliver one of his open-air Sunday harangues. It was precisely of the same style as his journeyman disciple's discourse. All the world was still pagan but Goosetrap Witness and his friends. Brother Witness did not parade much human learning or education. It was all miracle and grace, and very bad grammar.

He declared that the ordinary teachers of Christianity deceived the people by telling them to trust in God, walk orderly, and hope for salvation. "Ah, my brethren!" he added, "there is no hoping and trusting in this thing. Every man knows whether he be in a state of salvation or not. He knows the day and the hour to a minute when salvation was vouchsafed to him; I know, my brethren, the blessed day, to an hour and a minute, when salvation came to me. I was at brother Melksom's, in London, ten years ago. Brother Melksom was always full of rejoicings, singing at heart like a pilgrim that has cast off his burden, and already sees the golden gates afore him. I found that he had got something that I had not; and I prayed, and prayed, night, and morning, and noon, and morning, and noon, and night; and one morning, at fifty-three minutes and seven and a half seconds past seven o'clock, salvation fell upon me like a cloud of fire. I felt that if I had wings I could have flown at once to Gudgeon-Brook, to tell my friends; but not having them, I hastened down stairs, and said, 'Brother Melksom! we will have some breakfast!'"

The wonderful climax, "Brother Melksom, we will have some breakfast!" seemed to produce an astounding sensation on the auditory. The silent man who had mended the boot, with his ludicrous likeness to an old acquaintance, cast a triumphant look at me across the crowd, saying as plainly as possible, —"There! there is no getting over that!" Unfortunately, at this moment, the other disciple who had declared that nothing could hurt him while he was faithful—was seized with a violent fit of ague, or as brother Witness called it, the "agur," and had to be carried off to a neighbouring fisherman's house, where he was in a while somewhat relieved by the laying on of hands—and a potent glass of brandy.

Meantime, brother Witness, at the head of his church, marched off towards a distant village, where he was again, in the evening, to hold a meeting. On the way from the green he recognised me, and triumphantly demanded what I thought of his preaching. I declined to enter into any explanation, further than recommending him, if he really believed in his power of resisting poisons, to try the effect of a few drops of Prussic acid, and if he really was persuaded that he could restore all insane persons, to make a visit to Hanwell or St. Luke's, and put to flight all the demons that afflicted the patients there. If he really possessed such miraculous powers, (I ventured to observe) a glorious work of humanity was open to him. But brother Witness very modestly declined both these tests, under the plea that such experiments would be presumptuous;—a sentiment in which I perfectly concurred.

There is an anecdote told which shows how brother Witness has an eye to the main chance. Witness's church holds meetings on a week-day evening, in which every one delivers his sentiment on some subject concerning the welfare of the association. On one occasion, in returning from one of their distant field-preachings, the Goosetrappists found a little foot-bridge carried away by a flood, and their progress homewards thus cut off by the swollen brook. A new disciple, however, brother Strongback, in his zeal carried the whole company over. It was a fine opportunity for trying how far they could walk on the water, in imitation of the Divine example, which they have the audacity to pretend they have the power to imitate; but on this occasion brother Witness very properly deemed the attempt presumptuous. Brother Strongback carried all safely over, and in gratitude, at the next meeting, one of the faithful stood up and said, "Bless the Lord, and praised be his name! brother Strongback has got no shoes." The above introductory phrase, in which the sacred name is so freely used, is a regular formula, with which every one commences his observations. We need not repeat it, but simply say, that a second brother or sister added, "I will give twopence for a pair of shoes for brother Strongback." Another would give threepence; and so it went the round of the meeting. When the necessary sum was subscribed, brother Goosetrap Witness, who had watched the progress of the subscription in silence, arose with great solemnity, and said, "Bless the Lord, and praised be his name, I will make brother Strongback a pair of shoes for the money!"

Again, we ask, will it be believed that at the present moment there is in the vicinity of London, and extending into London itself, a sect whose pretensions are of this preposterous and daring kind?

The lamentable fact, however, is strictly so. Brother Witness of course denounces all books and all reading except of the Bible and the Hymn-book. He and his sect read no books, nor magazines, nor newspapers. Louis Napoleon is not a more rigid enemy of the press than brother Witness.

Surely there is need (and surely brother Witness knows it) of a little more diffusion of education among the clods of the valley in this country. We want either a national or a rational education: something which shall reach the dark corners of the land rather more effectually than the occasional bull's-eye of the policeman. Either education or brother Witness must rule, and the choice lies between them. We must commit the people to the care and sympathies of the educated teacher and the enlightened physician, or they will commit themselves to brother Witness. Joe Smith and brother Witness are the wild growth of uncultivated intellect, and if we are not for general education, we are for—them.

THE WILD-FLOWER OF THE DANUBE.

For months before the election of a representative to the Hungarian legislature, all classes, high and low, wore the chosen badge of their party, consisting, generally, of a feather, a ribbon of one of the national colours, or of a fresh sprig, or flower. It was, thus, easy to recognise, at the first glance, to which party a man belonged.

In the county of Nesgrad (that smiling region, which may well be called the garden of Hungary), during the election which immediately preceded our king's last breach of faith, a badge was chosen, which, from the poetry of its name, and the beauty of its form, excited in me a lively curiosity. It was a plant found in Lower Hungary, more especially on the banks of the Danube and the Theiss. On a slender green stem, scantily decked with leaves, waves a delicately-divided feathery flower, which, for softness and flexibility, can only be compared with ostrich or marabout plumes. The soft filaments, which nestle so gently, and the colour of which can only be described as flaxen, will partly explain the peculiar name that the flower bears in Hungary, namely, "The Orphan Maiden Hair." Count Joseph Zichy, a young and ardent member of the Left, had brought great quantities of this plant (which continues for years unchanged) from his estates in Lower Hungary to our upland district, where it will not grow: he distributed it as the opposition badge at the election of deputies for the momentous diet of 1847-1848. The flower was so becoming an ornament, that many ladies whose husbands or fathers belonged to that party, adorned their riding-hats with it; a circumstance which, doubtless, brought over many a youthful proselyte.

One warm autumn evening, I sat with a true-hearted peasant family, before their cottage-door. I was to remain with them until the following morning, when I expected to receive a letter which should regulate my movements. Father, mother, and children, were stringing the dark golden, or purple brown, spikes of freshly-gathered Turkish maize on long pieces of strong twine, in order to hang them in festoons from the low straw roof to dry. In the hat of one of the fine active lads waved a most beautiful "*Arva leány haj*" (Orphan Maiden Hair), at least eighteen inches long. The black-eyed Erzsi (Elizabeth) observed, with some pride, when she saw how I admired it, that this flower was not to be found in our stony Nesgrad; and, perhaps, nowhere in such perfection as just here, on the neighbouring banks of the river. My former curiosity returned, and I inquired into the origin of its extraordinary name.

It was only after repeated entreaties that my hosts, who, at my question, had assumed quite a solemn air, determined to impart to me the legend that prevails along the shores of the Danube concerning this flower. According to ancient custom, it might only be related by the grandmother, on the long festive evenings of the Christmas week. As she, however, was now ill, the blooming Erzsi, after assuring us she remembered every syllable of it, was allowed to take her place. The full moon, just rising, quivered on the calm waves of the Danube, and the whole scene gave a half-saddened tone to my mind, that well adapted it for the coming legend.

Erzsi began, in a low voice, to relate as follows:

Not far from here is a large market-town, which, with other estates in the country, became the property of a German Count, on his marriage with the only daughter of a rich magnate. After the death of this lady—who held some office about the person of the Empress—her husband came from Vienna to live on the estates, which he administered during the minority of his two sons, as their guardian. Great alterations were now introduced. The old officials and servants—most of whom had inherited their situations from father to son for generations—were replaced by Austrians. Before long, not a word of Hungarian was to be heard in the Castle; the family itself did not understand a syllable of the language. All judicial proceedings were transacted in German; none of the officials had the slightest acquaintance with our mother-tongue; and, if the poor peasant brought forward a complaint or a petition, he was not only unable to make himself understood, but was even mocked and insulted on that account. When, thus wounded in his tenderest feeling (his pride in our noble language), he appealed to the Count himself, he gained but a repetition of the same treatment, only accompanied with increased scorn. The sole results of every such attempt was approbation for the officials, and harsh words, or blows, for the peasant. Despair fell gradually on the people, like an endless night, and wore deep furrows in their haggard faces.

János was a gamekeeper, and had until now led a life of domestic happiness with his wife and child. He was replaced by an ignorant upstart, better skilled in the arts of fawning and flattery than in those of hunting and woodcraft.

Driven from house and home, János removed, with his family, to a clay hut, on the banks of the Danube, not far from the Castle. He tried in many ways to provide for their support: but, like his father and his grandfather, he was only a huntsman. His skill, therefore, was limited to the green forest, and his unerring ball. His utmost efforts in field-work and fishing, brought small gain and great vexation.

His child fell ill, and the blooming cheek of his young wife grew pale from want and anxiety. János knew not where to turn. The village doctor had declared meat and nourishing food to be the only medicine for mother and child. The prescription was received in silence; it was given with the coldness and indifference of one who, grown dull to such sad scenes by their frequent repetition, cares little whether the advice he gives can be followed or not.

For many hours after the departure of the doctor, they remained brooding gloomily over his words. The young wife had at last, through sheer weariness, fallen asleep, with her little one on her arm. The huntsman gazed on the mother and child, and two large tears—strange visitants to his proud face—fell down his cheeks on to his dark beard. Suddenly his eye flashed. A resolve seemed to burst, struggling, from him; his lips grew pale. Stealthily he arose; and, groping in the straw that formed his bed, drew forth a double-barrelled gun from its concealment;* he threw over his shoulder his large *bunde*;† and, hiding beneath it gun, pouch, and powder-flask, he hastened through the doorway.

It was already dusk, when the crying of her child for food awoke Terka from a feverish sleep. She raised herself with difficulty, looked around, and saw she was alone. Where was János? She knew that, for a week, he had been without work; what could have induced him to forsake his sick wife? A horrible foreboding, which she could not define, seized her. She rushed out, and called him with a loud voice. There was no answer. She returned to the hut, took the wailing child in her arms, and darted from house to house in the village, asking for her husband. Some had not seen him; others answered with embarrassment, and sought to persuade her to return to the hut. This only rendered the dark image of coming evil more distinct. Onward and onward, a nameless presentiment seemed to impel Terka towards one fixed spot. Meanwhile, night had completely closed in. The starving child shuddered on the breast of its mother, who, though only half-clothed, neither felt the raw night-wind, nor heeded her infant's cry. She had now arrived in front of the Castle; the gates were wide open, but the entrance was filled with a crowd of people. Terka stopped for a moment, and turned her large black eye on the bystanders, who, motionless with terror, were gazing towards the interior of the castle-yard.

Silence reigned for a moment; a loud, horrible cry then pierced the air—one that seemed rather forced from a sense of powerless rage than from pain. A cold shudder ran through all present; Terka had sunk on her knees, but rose at once; and, with the strength of madness, pushing aside her neighbours who sought to detain her, reached the space within.

It was lighted by the ruddy glare of torches, held by a number of servants who were ranged around. The husband lay, bound with cords, on the ground; and the hissing scourges fell, with fearful rapidity, upon him. A few paces distant stood the grey-headed Count, with his two beardless sons. All three appeared to look upon the scene as on an unexpected excitement. If a groan or cry from the poacher (he had been caught in the act) caused the executioner, who had been created for the occasion, to pause involuntarily, a heavy blow on his own shoulder, dealt by the high hand of his gracious lord, taught him to do his duty better; and, urged by a feeling of revenge, he visited this insult to himself with threefold force on his victim.

Terka gazed with vacant eyes; no cry escaped her lips. The storm had loosened her long black hair, which she thrust from her pallid brow as though she wished to see more clearly. Mechanically she drew nearer to her husband—and now, he sees her! A fresh scream of rage bursts from him—it was like no human sound!

"Away!" he cried, in the Hungarian tongue, "what would an angel do among demons?"

The young wife made no reply; unconsciously, she opened her arms—the child fell on the stones of the court-yard, and she sank fainting by its side.

Silently, as at the funeral procession of a murdered man, did the neighbours carry the father, mother, and child, all three covered with blood, back to their hut. The savage humour of the great lord was for a time at rest. The streets were empty; no one dared to appear at his door while the mournful train passed. Even those whom humanity had rendered bold enough to take the huntsman to his home, withdrew, in anxious haste, fearful of exciting anew the rage awakened in their tyrants.

The injuries which the mother and child had received in their fall to the pavement were, fortunately, slight; but János lay in a burning fever occasioned by his wounds.

* According to the law, none but the nobles are allowed to keep fire-arms, without express permission.

† Hungarian sheepskin.

Wild fancies, full of the terrible events of the evening, and mingled with the ardent desire for revenge, agitated the brain of the sick man. From time to time, Terka laid cooling herbs on the deep, bloody wounds with which his back and shoulders were covered, and then seated herself quietly at the head of his bed.

Day broke at last. The huntsman knew once more the loving hand that so gently touched his brow, and found a smile for the child to which Terka sadly pointed as their consolation. The little one sat on the floor, not far from them, playing with the bright hair that fell in light ringlets on her neck, and the rich abundance of which was the joy and pride of her parents.

Towards noon, the trampling of many horses was heard. The door was flung open, and the forester, who had on the previous day arrested his predecessor, and brought him to the Castle, now entered, accompanied by several youths.

"Your lord commands you," he cried, in a tone of peremptory insolence, "instantly to give up the fire-arms which you no doubt still have in the house. The Count himself waits without to be witness of your submission."

The huntsman, unable to speak, cast a look of deep meaning on Terka.

"Jánös had but the one gun," she said, with downward look.

"Wretches, beware! A lie plunges you but deeper in disgrace. Deliver the arms that you persist in concealing."

The huntsman himself now made a sign of denial.

"We have hidden nothing," murmured the young wife, almost inaudibly.

The Count had overheard this conversation through the open door. "Drag him forth!" he cried, his voice trembling with rage, "that the hoof of my horse may trample this lying Magyar's soul out of its body. Do you hear? Out with him, or his punishment shall fall on those who hesitate. Let the house be searched," continued he, "and if there be found what he so obstinately denies, he shall pay for it with his life!"

The youths seized the sick man, and dragged him to the burning sand, which, at this place, covers the shore. Terka followed.

"Hold!" she cried, as she saw the raised whip of the furious Count suspended over the head of her husband, "Hold! one moment—I will fetch what you desire."

She went back into the house. In a few seconds she returned, with a rifle in her hand.

"Here," said she, "is the weapon—and the ball with it!" and, before they were aware, she had taken a sure aim, and fired.

The Count, shot through the heart, fell from his horse. Jánös sprang to his feet; his frantic wife, clasping him in her arms, whispered a few words in his ear. In an instant, they threw themselves together from the bank into the stream.

Their bodies were never found.

After these terrible events, the deserted child (then five years old) became an object of the tenderest care to the whole village. The inhabitants were incited to this, partly by a natural feeling of compassion; partly by a dim, unuttered sympathy, which impelled them to take charge of the child whose unhappy mother had avenged them all. Several times kind-hearted mothers tried to take the child to their homes, intending to regard it as one of their own; but she always returned to the hut of her parents. Neither kind nor harsh treatment could induce her to stay; she always seized the first opportunity to slip away unobserved. When hungry, she went into the village and asked for bread; if this were offered to her on condition of her not returning to the hut, she sadly bent her head, so beauteously adorned with sunny curls, and went home—her hunger unappeased. They asked her often if she did not fear being alone in the solitary hut: she then would smile, and, lifting her dark-blue eyes in wonderment to the face of the questioner, answer, "Father and mother are with me—you forget; they watch all night that no harm befall me." At last they were obliged to let the strange child have her way; but supplied her regularly and abundantly with food and clothes.

By degrees a kind of awe made the country people shun her. Her strange, reserved nature—the gentle sadness that was spread over her features—the ever-repeated assurance that her parents spent every night with her, gave occasion to rumours of all sorts among the superstitious. It was said that their restless spirits actually rose from their watery grave, to protect the darling they had forsaken. This belief at last prevailed so far that the people gradually avoided speaking to the girl, or having her in their homes; but everything she required was conveyed to a place, whence she, as if by a tacit agreement, came to fetch it. This estrangement coincided entirely with her own inclinations; she did not like the society of human beings, and had no knowledge of their ways. Thus, solitary and companionless, she ripened into a lovely maiden.

From sunrise until evening she was to be seen on the same spot, sitting on the shore, either in a musing, dreamy attitude, softly murmuring to the waves, and bending over them, as if listening for a reply; or combing with careful pride her lustrous golden hair, which dipped in the moving mirror of the water, and enveloped her in the sunshine, like a mantle of rays.

Eleven years had elapsed since the day on which the parents of the orphan had met their death. The old Count's oppression, far from being diminished, was redoubled, under the united sway of the two brothers; who vied with each other in inflicting pain and misery. While Franz was the terror of all

the poor who were unable to render their lord the exact amount of money and labour due to him, Wilfred, the younger brother, was a libertine of the most licentious nature; who, in his wild passion for the banquet, and the chase, spared neither the goods nor the lands, neither the fields nor the fruits of his vassals. Every holy feeling of humanity seemed to be dried up in these two hearts. The father of a family trembled when Franz ordered him up to the castle, for this was the sure omen of approaching misfortune. The mother murmured a short prayer, and hastened to conceal herself and her children in the remotest corner of the house, when the snorting of Wilfred's black horse was heard on the castle hill.

One warm Sunday morning, during harvest time, Wilfred had ridden out with a dozen fleet greyhounds, to course the hare, little caring in his wild mood for the horror with which he filled the pious villagers by this unholy disturbance of the Sabbath. The sport did not prove successful; the dogs had been at fault—the horse had failed in speed—the game had escaped the hunter. He relieved his ill-temper by pulling at the mouth of his Arabian horse till it bled; and giving the dogs, that, aware of their crime, were slinking fearfully away, a taste of the whip. In his obstinate determination to reach his prey, he had ridden farther than usual: now, hungry and vexed, he sought to shorten the way back to the castle by leaping over every obstacle. After proceeding madly in this way for half-an-hour, a cool, refreshing breeze suddenly roused the heated rider from his sullen brooding. He looked up and found himself on a sandy road, by the bank of the Danube. He was about to slacken his pace, both for his own and his horse's sake, when the animal, shying and starting aside, stopped short. Surprised at this unusual movement, he looked around for the cause of the horse's fear.

The sight that met his eyes, although far from exciting a similar feeling in him, held him for some moments motionless. A few paces from him, on a grassy hillock, lay the orphan (her head resting on her arm), unconscious of the rider's approach.

A magical loveliness gleamed from her countenance, which was bent towards the stream with an arch smile, such as petted children wear when they venture to play tricks on grave people. Meanwhile, she cast into the waters bunches and garlands of wild flowers, which lay heaped in her lap. Her long bright hair, gently borne on the wind, now floated in sunny filaments around her, and now enveloped in rich shining folds her slender form. The whole apparition was one of entrancing beauty, rare and captivating.

Much less would have sufficed to enflame the excitable heart of the Austrian; he alighted from his horse, and approached the maiden, fearing all the while lest some illusion might be dazzling his senses, and the whole enchantment dissolve into air before he reached it. She did not look up; but continued playing with the flowers.

"Who art thou?" he at length exclaimed, almost trembling with emotion. "Say, art thou woman, or immortal?"

There was no answer.

The Count drew nearer, and sat down at her feet. "Listen!" he resumed, "I feel, by the passionate beating of my heart, that thou art mortal, like myself. I know not whence thou comest, nor what thy name. It matters not. Woman reigns but by beauty's power. Reign over all that is mine, and over me!" With these words he tried to seize her hand. The maiden now looked up for the first time; and on her countenance was depicted only childish vexation at the interruption. "Hush!" she said; "you speak so loud that I cannot hear what they are telling me."

"Leave thy childish play," said the knight, caressingly. "Dost thou not hear? Dost thou not understand what I offer thee? I, Count Wilfred, lord of this wide domain, implore thy love. Follow me to my castle; and, let the world say what it will, thou shalt be Lord Wilfred's wife."

The maiden listened thoughtfully to his words; a sad foreboding flitted unconsciously like a shadow over her clear brow. "I do not understand—I know not what you would with me—I feel only that your presence alarms and disturbs me." With these words she turned from him, as though in anger.

The Count stood up, he felt a gush of that impatience which always seized him on the slightest contradiction; but a glance at the fascinating creature before him subdued it.

"Thou art a child, yet a charming, a wondrous child. Understand, then, oh sweet wild maiden! Thou shalt become my wife—shalt go with me to my castle—shalt leave this place never to return."

Of all Wilfred had said, the orphan understood only that he purposed to remove her from her home.

In anxious fear she sprang up. "Leave this place!—Depart!" she cried. "Stranger, why torment me with such words? Know you not that I am the orphan? Leave me!" she continued, and clasped her hands imploringly, "leave me to myself! Do you not hear?" and she bent, in a listening attitude, over the Danube—"They murmur. I fear they are displeased with me."—She threw herself weeping on her knees: "Be not angry with me, loved ones! Never will the orphan leave this place!"

A shudder ran through the Knight. A dim recollection began to dawn on his mind. Involuntarily, his thoughts reverted to his father, who had been murdered on these banks. The details of the awful event had always, so far as was possible, been concealed from him and his brother. Why did the shade of his father now rise to his imagination, dark and bloody?

"Thou little fool," he exclaimed, "thou little frantic fool! Art thou really so unacquainted with men and the world as not to know that each of my words is a thunderbolt, before which every will trembles and is silent? I tell thee thou must follow me."

With these words he clasped the maiden in his arms, and sought to draw her away.

The orphan sprang up. The anger of outraged modesty glowed on her cheek; her dark-blue eye flashed as if it would annihilate the insolent intruder.

"Help!" she cried; "help! Am I quite forsaken!"

On the surrounding heights appeared groups of country people on their way to the neighbouring church, who, anxious spectators of the unequal contest, ventured not to stay their dreaded master.

"Thou strugglest in vain, mischievous little witch!" exclaimed Wilfred, as he strove to lift her on his horse.

"Help!" cried the maiden again.

The groups on the hills crowded together. The bells of the village church began to sound the summons to the holy service.

With a violent movement of despair, the orphan had succeeded in disengaging herself, and had gained the brink of the stream.

"I understand thee!" shouted the Count; "but thou art too beautiful to become the prey of fishes: thou shalt not escape me so!"

He roughly grasped her long, silken hair, and wound it several times round his right hand. "Now fly!" he triumphantly exclaimed, "call thy spirits to thy aid!"

The maiden trembled in every limb. "My parents! my parents!" she cried. "Oh, help your child!"

And suddenly—as when a huge caldron, on the point of boiling, sends to the surface foam and bubbles—the stream began to seethe and heave; its colour changing to a dull grey; a hollow plashing sound was heard; and an odour of decay rose from the waters. The orphan uttered a cry of joy; stretched her arms as towards a visible object, and sank into the stream.

A shriek of horror burst from the tyrant; the luxuriant tresses remained in his hand! Pale as death, he staggered several paces backward. "Lord, be merciful to me!" he stammered, with halting tongue, and fell to the ground in a swoon. His hand relaxed its hold; and the delicate fair hair, carried by the wind, flew along the shore, and rested on hill and bush.

The bells were still calling to church; but the people, excited and trembling at the miracle they had witnessed, knelt down and implored from Heaven forgiveness for the wretched culprit.

Count Wilfred soon after made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, from which he never returned. In a few years more, and his elder brother breathed his last, after a long illness, surrounded in his dying moments only by unsympathising men, whom he had taught to feel towards him nothing but hatred, and a longing for revenge. The property reverted to the State.

But, maidens, ever since this wondrous event, have found along the shores of the Danube a new flower, the long, flaxen filaments of which so closely resemble The Orphan Maiden's Hair that they have given it that name.

Erzsi ceased. Meanwhile, the moon had fully risen, and softly illumined the stream and its green shores. Here and there, between the reeds, were seen the delicate, light flowers, the history of which she had related; and which, gently stirred by the evening wind, bore testimony to the truth of the Hungarian legend.

It was late—my hosts retired to rest; but I remained long on my seat before the house, and let the rushing current of the Danube, and the sighing of the reeds, repeat to me the legend I had heard.

THE TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

Under this head we spoke in our third volume, at page 572, of the extent to which insanity prevails in this kingdom, and pointed out the insufficiency of the accommodation provided for the care and cure of Lunatics. Our comments were, on that occasion, by no means exhausted.

In the first place, there is left to us something to say of the arrangements now existing on behalf of private patients in the County Asylums, in the public 'Hospitals,' and lastly, in the Licensed Houses.

According to a return made by the Commissioners of Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor, there were in January, 1850, nine county asylums which admitted private as well as pauper lunatics. The entire number of private patients living at that time in the asylums, was two hundred and thirty-two. When county asylums were first established, they were mainly for the benefit of pauper lunatics; and, although in several instances part of their accommodation has been applied to the use of private patients, it would have been better had they all remained devoted wholly to the service of the poor. When such necessary parts of an asylum as its courts and grounds are subdivided for the sake of separating patients between whom there is no other difference than rank, the pauper loses, and the private patient only gets a part of the accommodation furnished, not for men divided by the barriers of social rank, but for men united by a common malady under a common system of relief. Moreover, there arises a great deal of practical inconvenience from the endeavour to maintain two scales of housekeeping under a single roof, and what is a great deal worse, much moral

injury is done, by suggesting to patients with unhealthy minds contrasts at which the healthiest would be disposed to grumble.

Among the more experienced directors of these institutions, the desire to dispense with the reception of private patients is increasing. Among county asylums recently erected, we can call to mind but one in which the establishment of a provision for two classes of patients has been seriously attempted. If other accommodation can be found for private cases, we shall desire much to see their removal from all county asylums. Considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence, might still in some cases forbid a change, but on all other grounds it is in all cases desirable.

It is inconsistent with our present knowledge of the accommodation needed for due care of the insane, to scoop a corner from a county lunatic asylum for the use of private patients. We are by no means blind to the energy and skill which have been manifested in the management of some of those asylums which contain two classes of the insane. In many of the directors, and almost all the superintendents of such institutions, there has appeared a steady disposition to move on in advance of worn-out usages, to drop mere routine methods, and to act in accordance with the philosophic principles of treatment which have been, and are being, developed in the present day. The asylums have indeed served as schools, out of whose teaching almost all that deserves the name of improvement in the care and treatment of mental disease in our own country has been produced; but we must express a firm conviction, that with the best skill and the best care, serious inconvenience must result from the attempt to quarter private cases on asylums which are properly intended only for the use of pauper lunatics.

Many county lunatic asylums have in the first instance been established in a form, or on a scale, extremely ill-suited to the requirements of their respective districts. As the world now runs, it is in every man's power to ascertain with exactness the number of pauper lunatics in every district of the kingdom, and the exact amount of accommodation that has been provided for them in each district. The difference, therefore, that has in each case to be made good, in order to establish the provision for such sufferers in a fit way throughout the country, is a plain sum in subtraction. Why is it not worked out? Why are not mistakes of construction rectified? Why are not inadequate grounds enlarged? In the way of blundering, for example, we have heard of one asylum built within the last seven years to accommodate one hundred and twenty patients. Its dormitories were able to hold fifty men, that is to say, tranquil patients; but there were at first no more than twelve single chambers for patients whose company at night would disturb others in their rest. Yet it is well known that at least one lunatic patient in three requires a distinct sleeping apartment, while the rest ought to be lodged in what are called Associated Dormitories, containing six, or at the most, eight beds. In other details of the construction of the asylum to which we are referring, the same want of practical intelligence was manifested. A brief trial proved that the building was unable to fulfil the purpose for which it had been designed. All the arrangements had to be revised, and a large additional outlay was of course incurred. On the other hand, the large supplementary asylum for the county of Middlesex, which has been opened recently at Colney Hatch, is not more remarkable for its extent than for the completeness of its arrangements.

The arrangements now being carried out by the visiting justices of the asylum for the county of Stafford, are among the best of the kind existing in the country. That asylum had united its resources in 1814 with a charitable fund, and undertook to receive three classes of patients—those who could pay for their maintenance, those who could partly pay, and those who could not pay at all. After some time the dropping in of funds enabled the justices to sever their connection with the trustees of the charitable fund, and confine their asylum to the use of paupers only, making room for four or five hundred of them. The trustees of the charity, from the share of funds withdrawn by them at the partition, were at the same time able to erect a separate institution for the benefit of private patients only.

When the provisions of the act 8 & 9 Vict. cap. 126, shall be entirely fulfilled, under the efficient supervision of the Commissioners in Lunacy, the care of the insane poor will be placed on a safe footing. They will be better provided for than the afflicted members of a higher class. So notoriously deficient are the provisions for the care and cure of lunatics belonging to the middle classes, that many people who have worldly substance, do not hesitate, by a verbal fiction, to apply on behalf of an insane friend, as on behalf of a pauper, for admission into the county lunatic asylum. Such a friend is of course described as a pauper, by the sanction of the authorities, who obtain a bond for the re-imbursement of all expense incurred for the patient. In one county lunatic asylum with which we are acquainted, the gross number of patients admitted during the year 1850 was one hundred and three, out of which there were as many as twenty-three fictitious paupers, for whose maintenance their parishes were duly indemnified.

Passing from the subject of county asylums, we come now to speak of lunatic hospitals; institutions for the reception of the insane, which have been established chiefly by voluntary contributions, and are governed by committees after the manner of other charitable

trusts. Their character was thus defined in one of the reports of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy:—"These hospitals differ materially from other hospitals for the sick in this respect, that although most of them derive some portion of their income from a charitable foundation, the patients admitted into them invariably pay the greater part, and sometimes the whole of the expense of their own maintenance, and medical attendance." Out of the same reports we learn that there are thirteen institutions of this nature. Bethlehem hospital, and one or two asylums for insane soldiers and sailors, not being within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners in Lunacy, are not included in this estimate.

On the first of January, 1850, these thirteen institutions afforded accommodation for eight hundred and sixty-five private patients, some little space being reserved for pauper cases. There were also three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four private patients under "appropriate superintendence;" out of which number seventy per cent. were under the care of persons who look upon their reception as a means of livelihood.

Possibly they may be better cared for in some of these licensed houses than in the lunatic hospitals themselves. The hospitals are not all in a satisfactory condition. Of the thirteen institutions named in the report we have cited, five admitted paupers among other patients; six or seven were not able to find room for more than fifty private cases. We doubt much whether any hospital on a small scale, containing fewer than about a hundred inmates, could possess the finances requisite for maintaining grounds and other requirements of a lunatic community on a sufficient scale. Again, while some of these hospitals have admirable sites, there are others situated in the midst of towns, where the patients are either to be screened from observation by high prison-like walls, or to be overlooked from the windows of adjacent houses. No natural sky-line can cheat the disturbed imagination with a sense of liberty, and still less is there the solace to the mind of an extensive or a cheerful prospect. Furthermore, we feel by no means convinced of the wisdom with which funds are managed in some of these hospitals. In walking over one of them we asked why the walls of the galleries, and of some of the day-rooms were so dingy, when a very trifling outlay upon paper-hanging, paint, or even simple whitewash, would have converted the gloom into comfort. We then learnt that the money paid on account of lunatic patients in that institution was not all spent in providing for their maintenance; but that every shilling that could be saved out of its expenses was paid over to the Treasurer of an adjacent General Infirmary, for the support of which institution the lunatics were deprived of a considerable portion of their dues.

The public has, of late years, ceased to regard a lunatic hospital as a scene

"Of horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy."

The governors of Bethlehem represent the improved knowledge and feeling of society when they draw a veil over the hideous sculptures of Cibber, which used to keep watch over their gate, caricaturing madness. Too many of us in this country have to watch with affectionate solicitude the wanderings of a mind that has been one with ours in love—the anxious search for a fit place of repose and cure occurs at times within the sphere of every man's acquaintance. The search is now too difficult.

We have seen that, on the 1st of January, 1850, there were three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four members of families who could afford to pay for due assistance placed under appropriate superintendence. Of this number, not more than thirty per cent.—in exact numbers one thousand and ninety seven—were residing in county asylums and lunatic hospitals. The remaining two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven were, therefore, being lodged in licensed houses. Of these licensed houses, therefore, it remains for us to speak.

Places of safe custody for lunatics being quite indispensable, and such places not being provided otherwise for seventy per cent. of the whole number, it has become a matter of necessity that private houses should be open for their reception, and that private persons, physicians or others, should endeavour to meet the demand that exists for people competent to watch over the insane. If the keeping of such licensed houses has become one of the private modes of earning a livelihood in England, we must by no means say that, as a mode of earning bread, it is an improper trading in affliction. Like most other occupations, it supplies a pressing want, in the only way and the best way that is at present practicable. The better the men who engage in it, the more efficiently will the want of the public be supplied; and among the keepers of these licensed houses, there are most certainly persons of high principle and noble purpose, who devote themselves to their charge in the true spirit of men who labour in their sphere to increase the well-being of society. The system, however, of licensing private houses for the care of the insane, is but an inefficient substitute for that which alone can ensure a due provision for their wants. We quote the opinion of the highest living authority upon these matters, when we say, "that all persons of unsound mind should become the care of the state; and should continue so until recovery." And "that every lunatic asylum should be the property of the state, and be controlled by public officers." We quote these suggestions from Doctor Conolly's work on "The Indications of Insanity," published in 1830. Since

that period, the number of insane persons in England and Wales has more than doubled, and the urgency of suggestion for their proper care has increased in the same proportion.

The Acts 8th & 9th Vict. (cap. 100 & 126), by augmenting the powers and extending the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Lunacy, making a wholesome step towards the full and efficient superintendence of the State, have done much good. "Houses" have, to some extent, been set in order, and their arrangements and regulations have been compelled into accordance with the requirements of visitors, more scrupulous and intelligent than those to which they had been previously accustomed. The evils of a bad system have been mitigated; but the bad system exists.

The complete equipment of a lunatic asylum, in accordance with the demands of modern science, requires space, and involves outlay that can only be afforded where the payments received from a large number of patients warrant the establishment of the asylum on an ample scale. Now, at the period which we have taken for illustration, on New Year's Day, 1850, the two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven patients, for whose care payment was made by their friends, and for whose reception only private houses were provided, were distributed in one hundred and thirty-six of these houses: forty-five of the number being situated in metropolitan districts, and ninety-one scattered about the country. It appears, therefore, that there was an average of not more than nineteen or twenty patients in each licensed house. Of these licensed houses, again, forty-one also admitted paupers. It requires the co-operation, not of nineteen or twenty, but of at least a hundred patients to obtain for the good of each the full accommodation which the care and cure of lunacy require. It is only by the establishment of ample and well-constituted asylums controlled by the State, that such accommodation can be furnished to all those by whom it is required.

Towards the close of the last year, it was stated by the Chairman of our Commissioners in Lunacy, the Earl of Shaftesbury, that "Some private asylums had undoubtedly men of experience at their head, and he laid an emphasis on 'some,' because he found the vast number of private lunatic asylums to be such, that he should be glad indeed if some arrangement or other could be made, so that no such thing as a private asylum was permitted in this country."

We have endeavoured to show, that without imputing to a single person engaged in the care of lunatics throughout the country any but the most disinterested benevolence and patient energy—assuming that there is not to be found one instance of culpable mismanagement—yet still the provision that exists in England for the care and cure of the insane is lamentably insufficient. We need not add to the account any allowance for incompetence, neglect, and other evils which must come to be added in a large number of instances. The existing system being in itself so obviously inadequate, we have courage to hope that before many years are over, we may live to see "an enlightened and humane system of treating the Insane adopted throughout the country."

THE WONDERS OF MINCING LANE.

THERE are few persons who have not in the course of their lives swallowed certain nauseous doses of bark, colocynth, aloes, or castor-oil; who have not indulged in the luxury of otto of rose, or musk; who have not had some dealings with the colourman, or the dyer; and yet I feel tolerably certain that not one-hundredth portion of those same readers know anything of where such articles come from, how they arrive here, and through what channel they are finally distributed. It will not occur to them that those costly drugs, and dyes, and perfumes arrive in this country from all parts of the world in huge packages; that, in fact, ship-loads of them come at a time; that the bales and cases which contain them fill enormous piles of warehouses in three or four of our docks; that several hundred merchants and brokers obtain a handsome living, many realising fortunes, by their sale; and that some millions sterling are embarked in the trade.

These things form a little-known world of their own. They thrive mostly in Mincing Lane, London. Even the omniscient Times knows nothing about them. The Thunderer is powerless within the drug circle. Search its acres of advertisements, but it will be in vain; nothing is to be found there of the dye and drug sales which are to be held on Thursday next at Garraway's. These mysteries are only to be learnt at the "Jerusalem," in Mincing Lane, London, at the "Baltic," or from the columns of the Public Ledger, a daily periodical devoted to all such matters, and known only to the initiated. In its columns you will find a motley list of all the vile materials of the Pharmacopœia; and in such quantities as to justify a belief in the existence of some enormous conspiracy to poison all living creatures.

Mincing Lane is like no other lane, and Mincing Lane men are like no other men. Any Thursday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, and at every alternate doorway, may be observed catalogues of various drugs and dyes that are to be on sale at noon, gibbetted against the door-posts. Mincing Lane men will be seen rushing madly along the pavement, as if a fire had just broken out, and they were in quest of the engines, jamming innocent lookers-on against gateways, and waggon-wheels, and lamp-posts.

It was into one of these obscure passages that I turned with a companion, groping our

slow way up a narrow staircase, at the risk of constant concussions with frantic Mincing Lane men. We found ourselves in a broker's office, and thence in his sample-room. This was a large square apartment, with wide counters extending round the four sides, and several tables and stands across the centre. On these lay papers containing various odd-looking, unpleasant-smelling substances. My attention was chiefly attracted by a number of rows of pretty-looking bottles, containing some pale bright liquid, which several of the "Lane men" were busily sipping, smacking their lips after each taste, with uncommon relish. I inquired if the thin-looking bottles contained Johannesberg or Tokay? "No," I was answered, "castor-oil!" After that, I was prepared to find the "Lane men" hob-an-nobbing in laudanum, or nibbling lumps of jalap or aloes.

The time appointed for the sale approached; and, leaving the dark brokers' offices, we did our best to reach Garraway's, where the auction of these articles takes place. Scores of clerks and principals were proceeding from the Lane towards the same spot. We hurried along Fenchurch Street, across Gracechurch Street, and up a part of Lombard Street, following close in the rear of a rather portly broker, who cleared a way for us in quite an easy off-hand manner, that was very pleasant to us; but not so agreeable to the six men who were offering toasting-forks and wash-leather bags for sale at the corner of Birchin Lane. I never could account for the extraordinary demand existing for those two articles in that neighbourhood; unless it be that bankers' clerks indulge freely in toast-and-water, and carry their dinners to office in the leather bags.

Out of Birchin Lane, down one narrow passage to the left, and round another straight forward, and there was Garraway's. We soon lost sight of the pictures in frames for sale outside, and turned to study the pictures out of frames inside. In the dark, heavy-looking coffee-room, there were assembled some of the mightiest City potentates,—the Alexanders, Nimrods, and Cæsars of the drug and dye world. I drew in my breath as I viewed that knot of stout, well-favoured persons, congregated at the foot of the old-fashioned staircase leading to the public sale-room above. I trod those stairs lightly, half in veneration, and laid my hand gently and respectfully on the banisters that I knew must have been pressed of old by mighty men of commerce. Down those wide sweeping stairs many had oftentimes tripped lightly homewards, after a day of golden labour, laden with the fruit of the fabled garden: sometimes, too, with gloomy brows, and feverish, flushed faces.

What a strange scene presented itself in the sale-room, when, by dint of scuffling and squeezing, I managed to force our way in. There could not have been a man left in all Mincing Lane, to say nothing of Fenchurch Street. The fog had come up the stairs and choked up the gas-lights, as effectually as though all the Lane men had been smoking like double Dutchmen. The queer little pulpit was shrouded in a yellow haze. The windows were completely curtained, half with cobwebs, half with fog. The sale was about to commence, and the din and war of words got to be bewildering; whilst hundreds of pens were plunging madly into invisible inkstands, and scratching imaginary sentences and figures upon myriads of catalogues.

Suddenly a cry burst upon my ear so dolefully and shrilly, that I fancied somebody had fallen down the old-fashioned staircase. It was only the "house-crier," proclaiming in a painful, distracted sort of voice, that the sales were "on." Every man to his place, if he can find one! Old musty brokers, of the last century, with large watch seals, white cravats, and double chins, grouped together in one dark corner: youthful brokers, with very new hats, zephyr ties, and well-trained whiskers, hovered about the front of the auctioneer's pulpit: rising brokers, with inky hands, upturned sleeves of dusty coats, and an infinity of papers protruding from every pocket, were in all parts of the room ready to bid for anything. Ranged against the walls on either side were scores of incipient brokers—the lads of the Lane. Hundreds of pens began to scratch upon catalogues; hundreds of voices were hushed to a low grumbling whisper. The first seller (every vendor is an auctioneer at Garraway's) mounted the tribune, and the curious work began. My former experience had shown salesmen to be anxious to make the most of everything, and strive, and puff, and coax, and dally, until they felt convinced the utmost farthing had been bid; and then, and not until then, did the "going, going," merge into the "gone," and the coquetting hammer fell. But those were evidently old-fashioned, disreputable sales. They don't stand any nonsense at Garraway's. There is no time to consider. The biddings fly about like lightning. Buying and selling at Garraway's is done like conjuring—the lots are disposed of by hocus-pocus. So rapidly does the little nubbly hammer fall on the desk, that one might well imagine himself near an undertaker's shop with a very lively business.

I said that the first "seller" was one of the *rising* men, with dark bushy whiskers, a sharp twinkling eye that was everywhere at once, and a strong piercing voice. He let off his words in sharp cracks like detonating balls. By way of starting pleasantly, he flung himself into an attitude that looked like one of stark defiance, scowling with his dark eyes on the assembled buyers, as though they were plotting together to poison him with his own drugs. Up went the first lots: a pleasant assortment of nine hundred cases of castor-

oil, two hundred chests of rhubarb, and three hundred and fifty "serons" of yellow bark. The rising broker stormed and raved, as bid followed bid, piercing the murmuring din with sharp expletives. One, two, three, four—the nine hundred cases were disposed of in no time by some miraculous process of short-hand-auctioneering known only at Garraway's. I thought the broker would have gone absolutely mad, as the bids went rapidly on: some slow man of inferior intellect would have given the buyers time to overbid each other: he seemed to take delight in perplexing the whole room, and as quickly as a voice cried out "Hep!" (the bidding interjection of Garraway's) so instantaneously fell the everlasting little hammer; and as surely did the seller scowl harder than ever, as much as to say, "I should just like to catch anybody else in time for that lot." In this fashion above three hundred lots were sold in less time than many people in the last century would have taken to count them up.

The "rising" broker was followed by one of the old school, a pleasant-looking, easy-going man, the very reverse of his predecessor. He consumed as much time in wiping and adjusting his spectacles, as had sufficed just before to knock down a score of lots. He couldn't find a pen that didn't splutter, and he couldn't make his catalogue lie flat on the desk; and at last the impatience of the "rising" men, and the Lane lads—Young Mincing Lane—was manifested by a sharp rapping of boot-heels on the floor, which soon swelled to a storm. The quiet broker was not to be hurried; he looked mildly around over his glasses, and rebuked rebellion with "Boys, boys! no nonsense." The bids went smoothly along; potent drugs, rich dyes, and costly spices fell before the calculating hammer; but, each time, ere it descended, the bland seller gazed inquiringly, and I almost fancied imploringly, at the bidder, lest he had made a mistake, and might wish to retract his rash "Hep!"

The broker who followed, dealt largely in flowing language, as well as drugs and dyes. He assured the company present—and looked very hard at me, as though I was perfectly aware of the fact, and was ready to back him—that he intended to give all his lots away; he was determined to get rid of them, and he really would not allow his friends to leave the room without distributing his goods among them. Considering his liberal spirit, I thought his friends evinced very little thankfulness; for the lots moved as slowly as presents could be supposed to do. There was one nice little parcel—about twenty cases of aloes—that he was determined on giving away to a very musty old dealer, who, however, shook his ancient head, and declined the bitter bargain.

There were a few score tons of some mysterious article, with an unintelligible name, that hung somewhat heavily at twopence three farthings per pound. It was amusing to see how politely anxious the broker was to work the figure up to threepence; not that he wanted the extra farthing; he'd rather have flung it all into the sea than have felt such a paltry desire; but he just wanted to see the thing go at even money; it would look so much better in the Price Current, and would make the total so much more easy to cast in the account sales. His winning eloquence was fruitless; the unpronounceable drug was knocked down at twopence three farthings. When I expressed my astonishment that men of such undoubted substance as I saw there, should condescend to haggle, like any hucksters, at an odd farthing, I was told that trifling as the difference appeared by the single pound weight, the aggregate of the extra farthing upon the quantity offered for sale that day, would amount to some thousands of pounds sterling; and that, at certain seasons, some paltry odd farthing had realised or lost fortunes. There were a few more unintelligible things—Mincing Lane jargon—that required interpretation. What "overtakers" could mean, I was at a loss to know; but I learnt that they were certain extra packages required to re-pack goods, after they had been opened out in the dock warehouses. One smart-looking seller astonished me by putting up what he termed a lot of "good handy sweeps!"—not climbing-boys, but the sweepings of the warehouses.

When the day's work was over; when the last lot of "sweeps" was disposed of, and buyers and sellers, Lane men and Lane lads, once more mingled in Babel discord; the dense green fog in the narrow alley peeped in at the sooty windows; the hazy gas-light over the pulpit, winked at the murky fog through the glass, flickered, struggled, waned, and went out; we turned towards the old staircase, slowly merging into the general crowd, and I again heard the names of strange chemicals, and gums, and substances, spoken of in kindly sympathising brotherhood. Cream of tartar had, no doubt, felt rather poorly a short time since, for it was said to be "decidedly improving." Opium must have been in an undecided and vacillating mood during a long period, as I heard it reported to be "showing a little firmness at last." Scammony was said to be "drooping;" and as for castor-oil, there was not the slightest hope of its "recovering." It was curious to hear those articles destined for the cure of human maladies, or ease of human sufferings, thus intimately linked in their own capacities with worldly ailings and earthly infirmities. I almost expected to hear that some of the dyes had got the measles, or that hooping-cough had made its appearance in the younger branches of the drug family.

A better estimate of the actual amount of potent medicine which the human family, somehow or other, contrives to imbibe, can

scarcely be arrived at than by an attendance or two at these sales. Twice in every month —on each alternate Thursday—whole fleet-loads of deadly narcotics, drastic aperients, and nauseous tonics and febrifuge, are disposed of as sheer matter of course. At each of these auctions, as much castor-oil is sold as would suffice to float a first-rate frigate. In the course of about three hours, what with drugs, dyes, and perfumery, fully fifty thousand pounds worth of property is disposed of, and that, too, of articles which the world at large have no conception of, save as distributed by chemists and others in twopenny packets or sixpenny phials. Vast, indeed, must be the amount of mortal suffering and affluent luxury that can thus absorb, week by week, these gigantic cargoes of physic and fragrance. From east and west the freighted ships arrive. Every nook and corner, every mountain and desert place, is scoured for contributions to our Pharmacopœia. Let any new disease make its appearance among us, and immediately the busy hand of science is at work, and in some remote corner of this wondrous world, some root, or seed, or oozing gum, is found, to battle with the newly-found enemy. Cost is of little moment, so that the remedy be efficacious. It was not very many months since "Koussa," a new and valuable vegetable medicine from Abyssinia, was introduced; it was immediately bought up at a guinea an ounce, and that price drew such abundant supplies to this country, that the same article is now selling at two shillings the ounce.

It may be truly observed that every nation under the sun is busily occupied in collecting products for our dispensaries and hospitals. In China, Tartary, Egypt, America, in the most southern isle of the South Pacific, on the loftiest peak of the mighty Andes, in the hottest deserts of Arabia or Africa, in the most pestilential bunds of India, men are toiling for the inmates of the sick-room, to aid that high and holy art whose noble aim is to win our bodies from the penalty of pain.

AMONG THE MOORS.

Arrived in Cadiz in 1847, after a ramble through Spain, we felt an irresistible desire to take a peep at Morocco. We strongly desired to see what Mauritania's children were like; whether they had black or copper-coloured faces; whether they wore turbans or caps, sandals or hose, mantles or jerkins; whether they resembled our playgoing recollections of Othello. Exactly at ten o'clock one night late in October, this desire pressed so strongly upon us that we decided that existence could not be tolerated an hour longer without an instant departure for Morocco. The beautiful blue Mediterranean was scarcely rippled by a wave; the moon shed a glorious light over its glassy surface, while its bed seemed formed of the myriads of stars which the deep still waters reflected. A lazy felucca lay motionless on the shore; and, in her, a lazy boatman was stretched at full length. We questioned him as to the practicability of our instant embarkation for Morocco. He turned up his head, eyed us inquisitively, as if to satisfy himself how mad we were, told us to "Go with God," coiled himself up and disposed his limbs in that posture of utter uncompromising idleness, of which only the limbs of Spanish boatmen and Italian lazzaroni are capable. The master of a sailing-vessel had, however, more confidence in our sanity and in his own barque, and we struck a bargain with him.

The terms of this treaty were strictly fulfilled; for, aided by a light fresh breeze, which sprung up soon after we had embarked, we dashed into the pretty bay of Tangiers early on the following morning. Our colours were soon hoisted; and, in obedience to conventional laws, a messenger was despatched to ask permission for us to land. Meanwhile, we lay there at anchor under a heavy fire of telescopes. Although sailing under the Spanish flag, our English faces were soon recognised, and the British consul politely came out in a small boat to receive and to conduct us on shore. Landing in these parts is a sort of national amusement, in which lookers-on take especial delight. It is a practical joke, performed by a party of Moors, who play with every gentleman who desires to land, a game of pickaback through the shallow water of the shore. Ladies are carried, more solemnly, in chairs upon a pair of swarthy Moslem shoulders. The Moors are a handsome race of men; not nearly so black as the Othello of the stage, not generally tall, but the turban and hiack add greatly to their apparent height. They also make the most of themselves by an upright and dignified carriage. Their black eyes are full of fire and intelligence. Their bronze complexions and long swarthy beards contrast strongly with their snow-white costume.

The circumstance of arriving on a Sunday was favourable to our first impression of a Moorish town. English, French, Spanish, and American flags were gaily floating from various buildings, with the colours of all nations who are civilised enough to afford a Tangerene consulate. The natives did their part to make the appearance of things cheerful; for it happened to be market-day, and the market-place presented a busy and sparkling picture. Moors gravely discussing matters of commerce, and totally indifferent to the appearance of foreigners: Arabs displaying their rich merchandise to the best advantage: Jews scrutinising some curious relique on which they were asked to lend money, (the rate of interest paid for cash so advanced is threepence per month on the dollar): women sheeted up in their hiacks, with only one eye visible, hurrying through the crowd, neither

looking to the right nor to the left, fearful of encountering with their one eye the rude glance of man: laden camels instinctively bending to be disburdened of their load of fruit, grain, or other load: bands of wild-looking negroes, with scarcely any covering, hooting in tones most dissonant to civilised ears. To all these discords was added a constant din of Moorish music, which appeared to give ecstatic delight to the negroes, whose wild gestures were marvellous to behold.

Our attention was, by this time, attracted to the houses which, from their peculiar construction, offer a complete contrast to anything European; the rooms are built so as to form a square court, which is open to the sky; the exquisite climate precluding the necessity of using their painted oil-skin canopy except as a protection against the heavy rains by which they are occasionally visited. This court is covered with a carpet or matting, according to the season; and in the centre there is a fountain, which, continually playing, produces a delicious freshness; the windows, instead of looking on to the streets, open generally into, and receive light and air from, this court. By this arrangement the sun is entirely excluded, and the houses are frequently found cooler and more comfortable, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, than European dwellings. The roofs are quite flat, and form terraces, on which people walk in the evening, or whenever the sun is sufficiently temperate. Looking down from this promenade, the town has a singular appearance; the minarets of the mosques alone standing out in relief from the flat, low, white roofs, give it the appearance of a large churchyard; and this impression is somewhat strengthened by the repeated call to prayer from the mosques. It begins at daybreak, and is continued at intervals all day; the Moslem priest addressing himself alternately to the four winds.

A considerable part of the population of most Moorish towns is Jewish, and they form (it need scarcely be said) a separate and distinct class, being wholly different in habits, manners, and dress from the Mahometans. The male costume is prescribed by law; it consists of a tunic or gaberdine of dark-blue cloth, fitting close to the throat, and descending to the ankles, slashed at the sides, and trimmed with braid; a row of small buttons are ranged down the front, and the slashed sleeves are ornamented to correspond; there is an under vest of white cotton buttoned to the throat, which one sees by the upper part of the blue dress being left open; the white sleeves are also seen under the open sleeves of cloth; the waist is encircled by a handsome Moorish scarf, of satin, with stripes of all the brightest colours worked in with gold thread; yellow slippers, and a little black cloth cap, resembling that worn by the modern Greeks, complete the Jewish dress worn throughout Morocco. It is a classic costume; the sombre tint of the tunic contrasting not unpleasingly with the white Moorish dresses on which the eye is constantly dwelling.

It is said that many of the frail daughters of Israel offending against their own strict laws become followers of the Prophet, to avoid celibacy, which is the penalty of indiscretion inflicted on Jewish maidens; but one never hears this charge of heresy brought against the men, who, having no indulgence to crave from Mahometanism, are proverbial for a scrupulous observance of their religious feasts and fasts.

We had not remained long in the city before I was afforded the rare privilege of being present at a Jewish wedding. The solemnisation of the marriage rite is preceded by seven days' feasting and rejoicing at the house of the betrothed. Open house is indeed kept, where the friends and relations of the affianced couple meet every day to eat, drink, and be merry. The guests usually assemble before noon. On my arrival at twelve o'clock the rooms were already filled with visitors. I was conducted first to a chamber where the bride, prettily attired and veiled, was seated on a bed to be looked at; Moorish modesty forbidding that she should take any other part in the merry-making than that of silently looking on. Passing through the adjoining room—where cakes, wine and fruit of every description were spread in abundance, I was ushered into the presence of the family group and their large circle of friends, all of the gentler sex; male visitors being rigidly prohibited. I have rarely seen anything more classically beautiful than the faces of those Jewish women. One more beautiful and pensive-looking than the rest appeared to take a prominent part in the affair. She was magnificently dressed in amber-coloured and crimson silk damask embroidered with gold, white silk with satin stripes; spangles; a jacket of pale blue velvet embroidered with gold and trimmed with gold buttons; sleeves of white gauze, curiously pinned together behind the back, leaving the arms exposed, the rounded form of which was set off by costly bracelets, in keeping with a profusion of jewellery in the shape of brooches, earrings, and necklace. A handkerchief was tied over the head, and red slippers embroidered in silver completed the dress.

Dancing appeared to form the chief entertainment, and was kept up with great spirit to the discordant sounds of sundry tom-toms and a fiddle. The want of harmony was, however, amply compensated by the singularity of their national dances. They are intended to represent the human passions. They were generally performed singly, though sometimes two persons stood up together, each holding a gay-coloured handkerchief coquettishly over the head. They seldom moved from one spot, and their movements were nearly all with the body; not with the legs. Their figures were entirely unconfined

by stays. The Terpsichorean part of the rejoicing terminated about six o'clock, and a sumptuous banquet followed, of which about thirty of the guests partook. The table was decorated with massive candelabra, and a costly service of plate, which is generally an heir-loom in the families of these rich Jewish merchants.

As a looker-on, I was not asked to join in the feast; but I am not unacquainted with the mysteries of the Jewish *cuisine*, and can pronounce them capable of satisfying even Epicurean tastes. We had already seen some portion of the viands which now smoked upon the board; for, according to the ancient Jewish custom, the animal part of their food undergoes a process of sprinkling with salt and water; and during this operation it is placed in the open court, and is, therefore, seen by all who may enter the house; indeed, the first thing which attracted our attention on arriving, was the goodly array of some two or three dozen head of poultry arranged in rows upon a wooden machine, resembling a common garden flower-stand, where they were put to drain out every drop of blood. The betrothed had, like myself, nothing to eat, being condemned to remain daily on her show-bed, until the departure of the guests.

I felt curious to know at what time a Moorish bride eats and drinks during the eight days of purgatory to which she is subject, for at whatever hour you enter you find her always in the same position. On the eve of the eighth day she is exhibited until an unusually late hour, in consequence of the customary display of her marriage gifts, all of which are spread out upon the bed where she is sitting, to be curiously examined by the visitors. Amongst the gaudy display of silk and gauze dresses, scarfs, &c.—for the Jews are remarkable for their love of gay colours—may be seen the long glossy tresses, of which the intended bride is, according to the Jewish custom, always despoiled before marriage; being, as wives, strictly forbidden to wear their own hair. They feel no regret at losing what is said to be a "woman's glory," as it is certainly one of her greatest ornaments.

On the morning of the eighth day, the friends and relations who are to be present at the ceremony, arrive as early as seven o'clock, to assist the bride in the last duties of her toilet; which are somewhat onerous, for a Moorish woman indulges freely in the use of rouge, white lead, and powder. Her eyebrows and eyelashes are darkened, the tips of her fingers are painted pink, and her nails are dyed with henna. These operations over, scarf, head-dress and veil, are put on by the woman of the highest rank present. The bridal head-dress is formed of paste-board worked over with silk, and profusely ornamented with jewels: it is very high, and resembles in shape the papal crown. The toilet fairly achieved, the damsel is conducted to the principal apartment, and placed in an arm-chair, raised on a kind of dais about three feet from the floor; a bride's-woman standing on each side, holding in her right hand a long wax candle, such as those seen on the altars in Catholic churches. There are no bride's-maids; their office being always performed by married women: virgin eyes not being allowed to gaze on a marriage feast. The important moment was now at hand, the moment which was to decide the happiness or misery of the fair timid child, whose youth and beauty it seemed a sin to sacrifice. She was only thirteen years of age.

In proportion as the preceding seven days had been joyous the eighth appeared solemn. The scene seemed to awaken sad memories in the minds of some of those present. In the expression of one woman I fancied I could read a mother's grief for her dishonoured child; in another, imagination conjured up a wife weeping over her childless state, and in the latter I was not mistaken, for I was afterwards informed that the beautiful, pensive-looking woman whose dress we admired, had just been divorced from her husband, having been wedded two years without presenting him with a representative of his name. This alone was ground for divorce.

All eyes were now turned towards the door; the betrothed peered through her veil, as anxious to behold the ceremony as we were; and, as eight o'clock struck, the Rabbi entered, followed by the bridegroom. Taking his place in front of the bride's chair, the bridegroom standing on his right, and the guests in a circle round him, the guest read aloud from the Hebraic ritual the moral and social duties to be observed by the man and wife. The greater part of the service is chanted—all present lending their voices. A massive gold ring, of a strange form, was given, to be worn on the forefinger of the right hand. The service ended, the bride was carried in her chair of state to the chamber where she had been exhibited during the preceding week, and, halting on the threshold, a piece of sugar was given to her by the Rabbi, who, taking a full glass of water, at the same time broke the glass over her head. The sugar is typical of the sweets of Hymen; the water of its purity; and the broken glass of the irrevocable character of the ceremony. The bride was then placed again upon the bed, and her mother took her place beside her, as if to guard the precious treasure until called upon to resign her to her husband.

The ceremony of the sugar and broken glass only appertains to Jewish weddings. The cutting off the betrothed's hair is also peculiar to them; but many of the Moorish and ancient Jewish rites have become identical. The eight days' feasting and the exclusion of male visitors are alike common to both. A pair of female's slippers placed on the threshold of the door, is a sign that no male visitor above the age of twelve may cross it. The abuse of this privilege amongst the women is

a favourite bit of Moslem scandal. The costume of the Moorish and Jewish bride is also the same, except that women of the Shreefian family, or those descended from the Prophet, wear green. In rich families, the wedding is always followed by horse-races and fireworks. The women look on closely veiled, or, more correctly, sheeted. The bride is carried through the streets in procession, to the sound of music, in a sort of Punch-theatre, placed on the back of a horse. If the procession pass a mosque, all the persons composing it are obliged to take off their shoes and walk barefooted. Lastly, the Moorish bride, on arriving at her husband's house, is lifted over the threshold of the door, lest she should stumble while entering, which would be a fearful omen.

CHIPS.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.

It is quite time, when gold is pouring in upon us from South America and Australasia, for all men to begin to put their hands into their pockets, and think over the matter of gold supply with the keen relish that is lent by private personal concern. The whole subject must take a prominent place during the next year or two among the social problems of the day.

I have, Mrs. Easiday declares, a settled income; let me draw my dividends in peace, and don't tease me with troublesome calculations.—Certainly, Mrs. Easiday; but what if there should come a day when, having drawn your dividends, you find your house-rent, wages, fish, flesh, and fowl all raised to what you think a famine price; while your working-men tell you calmly that the sovereign has changed its value?

Ah! Mr. Credit mutters, poor old woman, she is to be pitied. It will be hard for the fundholders; but, if the alteration in the value of the sovereign is to chop the National Debt into halves, and throw one half of it away, why, I say, never mind a little temporary inconvenience.—But, Mr. Credit, you are such a respectable man, and owe nobody more than a week's account, while my Lord Eyrope, my Lady Stilt, and many more good customers of yours, are in your debt, take them together, for a good round sum—Would you like to have each pound of it paid with a half-sovereign?

Will it be desirable, in fact, to maintain strict adherence to the current definition of a piece of money, after the main part of the definition has been falsified? Will it be desirable to do this for the sake of giving indirect, unearned advantage to all debtors at the expense of all creditors, national or private? and, is the English nation likely to think that it will be desirable, because Great Britain is a debtor on the largest scale? Plainly, it will be necessary, if men would be honest, that, whenever the increased supply of gold begins to tell upon the currency, the states of Europe should find some method of adapting altered symbols to unaltered truths. The obligations entered upon ledgers are so many facts; and £ s. d. are symbols representing them. If the symbols fall into confusion, they must be restored to order; we must not confuse the facts also, to bring about a state of harmony. If a man has his portrait painted, to be hung up in his dining-room, and a malicious mouse bites through the canvas and destroys an eye, the gentleman would not be wise in causing one of his own eyes to be put out in order that the painting might not cease to be a likeness. Let us adapt our forms and methods to our duties in the world, and not accommodate our duties to our forms.

But who knows that the sovereign, which represents to-day one amount of assistance furnished in return for help received, will represent, after some time, a very much decreased amount of temporal advantage? Let us calculate. At the beginning of the present century, Europe, America, and every portion of Africa and Asia with which we have regular communication, taken together, could not produce more than about a cubic yard of gold. Most of the old gold-producing countries continue to go on at the old rate. Change began in Siberia. In the year 1830, Siberia, with which we include the chain of the Ural Mountains, began to yield more than the average amount of gold; new fields of wealth have been discovered, and Russia now releases yearly from the earth, and supplies to the use of man, more gold than was obtained in a year by the whole civilised world, at the commencement of the present century.

To this increase there next came to be added the discovery of gold in California, in the year 1848. During the year just passed, gold has been taken from the soil of California, to the value of about one million eight hundred thousand pounds; and that equals a thirtieth part of all the gold that had been got from the whole soil of America, between its discovery by Columbus in 1492, and the year of Californian gold-finding, 1848.

All this increase, however, in the quantity of gold put into circulation in the world, had scarcely touched the value of gold coinage. Gold is an article of merchandise, as much as silk or oil, and it as certainly must fall in price when the supply of it grows faster than the demand. Increase of population, by which nations double themselves at no very distant intervals of time, must form always an important element in calculations about social progress. Increase of population has produced an increased number of palms itching for gold, and the vast increase of commerce and peaceful enterprise during the last twenty years, by which the symbol-money has been scattered more than heretofore about the world; have easily absorbed the yearly fresh supplies of gold. Had large

yearly additions to the entire stock of the metal not been made, gold would have become ere this as precious as the ruby. When more people come to sit down at the table for a wholesome game at speculation, Mother Earth, the hostess, has to bring out for their use more counters.

Let us have gold in round counters and silver fish. Our hostess has provided liberally gold and silver; but in such proportion that we find it suitable to calculate that twenty fishes shall be represented by a single counter. Then if, as more people sit down to play, it suits the fancy of the hostess to supply round counters by the handful, instead of by the dozen, without proportionate increase in the supply of fishes, it will become necessary for the players to reduce the value of the gold counter to fifteen silver fishes, or ten. So in our game of commerce, if the gold continues to pour in with disproportionate rapidity, a piece of it will come to represent the value of a smaller quantity of silver than it now is worth.

It is a pure matter of commerce. Gold and silver might be silk and calico. Each bale of a certain kind of silk might be worth, say in the year 1800, twenty bales of a certain kind of calico. The law, adopting silk and calico as money, might, in the year 1800, fix their relative value according to the estimate then true. After some years increased facilities of silk-manufacture might cause the same silk to be produced in larger quantity at little cost, calico remaining stationary in its value. So long as people remained eager to exchange calico for silk at the old rate, the silk-producers would of course have no objection. This could not last for many years; rapid supply and competition would cause silk to fall in value with regard to calico and other articles of commerce. At the same time it must fall also as a representative of wealth—as money. So it is with gold. A piece of gold, or a piece of silver, when coined, must very nearly represent in value as crude metal the price of that for which we pay. They may pass current, perhaps, by common consent in one community with a fictitious value; but they never could pass out of that community; they never could be used in foreign trade. The merchant from abroad has to take home not bags of make-believe, but actual equivalents for what he brings, available for instant use all the world over. Gold and silver would be of no use as money if they did not put real value into small compass, and put wealth into a convenient, portable, and sufficiently imperishable form. The chief use of a mint stamp is, that it guarantees upon the faith of a nation a certain known degree of purity in each piece of the metal; while by the manufacture of variety of coins, the Mint is only anxious to cut up its metal into pieces of convenient size.

So long then, as the demand for gold continues undiminished in the world, the price of it will continue undepressed. Besides increase in commerce and in population, it is said that of late years, masses of treasure have been hoarded by certain potentates, and that this gold, like all hoarded property, passing out of circulation, and being in effect destroyed so long as it continues thus locked up, another fact helps to account for the continuance of gold at its old value, in spite of the Californian and Australian supplies; but how long can this value be maintained?

PRESERVATION IN DESTRUCTION.

THE reader may chance to recollect that a few weeks ago we were rambling together through the ruins of Pompeii, with its silent and grass-grown streets, like those of an English country town returning one member. A few words on the subject of the Museo Borbonico seem to follow as a natural supplement to a morning spent amongst those venerable remains. In this Museum are preserved all the objects of antiquity that have been turned up in the course of the excavations; and without a visit to its treasures, it would be all but impossible to form a correct idea of a Roman town.

The stranger who emerges from his hotel, as I did, on a fine January morning, and turns his steps in the direction of the Museum, will find in the streets many new and curious things to arrest his attention. First and foremost must be enumerated the beggars, a class of society sufficiently powerful to form an absolute Institution at Naples. Before he has reached a distance of ten yards from his hotel, the foreigner, but especially the Briton, is watched, pursued, and captured. A blind beggar in the distance catches sight of him, while an individual, possibly with no legs, comes up behind with the velocity of a hawk sweeping to his prey. He finds himself surrounded by flower-girls who thrust nosegays into his indignant button-holes; one succeeds in getting a full-blown rose into his waistcoat-pocket. The cheerful circle is soon joined by a poor wretch whose face appears to have been eaten away in bits; the boy who accompanies him is delivering an animated speech on the face of the poor creature. Like a snow-ball, he gathers as he goes on. If he gets rid of his tormentors by distributing *grani* all round, the charitable feeling which dictated the gift is to be admired, but the prudence of the donor must be questioned; henceforth he is a marked man. The fat Inglese, with blue coat and brass buttons, is a charitable man. Good! the Inglese must not be surprised, on opening his window of a morning, to perceive a crowd of ragged fellows outside, waiting to testify their gratitude. They will follow him for half-a-mile, sooner than that he should think them oblivious of past favours; they will dodge him into sequestered alleys, and burst upon him round

unexpected angles of walls. The poor victim almost envies the lot of the political martyrs, who taste in their dungeons that solitude which he sighs for in vain; and he registers a tremendous vow against promiscuous charity, which will re-act, on his return, with terrible force, against the street-sweepers and organ-grinders of our sea-girt isle.

As he passes along the Strada della Chiaja, the stranger will most likely not be struck with awe at the appearance of that street. He will object that it is narrow and without a foot-pavement, so that to avoid the throng of vehicles he has continually to flatten himself up against walls, and to burst, in an undignified manner, into shops.

Perhaps his attention will be riveted, as mine was, by a party of wretches coming towards him, dressed, some in red, some in yellow jackets, and closely chained together, while sentinels with loaded muskets accompany them on either side. They are convicts; those distinguished by the red dress are murderers. I believe that under this humane government, executions for murder seldom, if ever, take place—the penalty of death being reserved for criminals of a deeper dye; such as partisans of a constitutional monarchy, patriots, and malefactors of that class. Here—in no Chamber of Horrors, but in the broad light of day—not in the similitude of wax, but in all the horrid reality of flesh and blood—are to be seen the Thurtells, the Courvoisiers, the Burkes, the Rushes, the Mannings, of Naples! What a study for the physiognomist—from the decrepit wretch of fourscore, to the younger ruffian of twenty, glaring from under his shaggy brows! one positively breathes more freely when they are out of sight. In my younger and more thoughtless days, I have been less moved at seeing life taken away by the gleaming axe, or the dismal fall of the drop, than I have been at witnessing it prolonged at such a price—unblessed, uncheered by friendship, and unsolaced by hope.

Happily, there are other and less gloomy objects to arrest attention, as one turns up the Toledo, the principal street of the city—narrow, dirty, and trottoirless (may I coin this word?) though it be. A magnificently gilt sedan-chair, like a small Lord Mayor's coach, is borne along gingerly by two men. Who in the world can have chosen such a mode of conveyance? It is a woman, as richly decorated as the vehicle which contains her, and bearing a new-born infant in her arms. She is a nurse carrying her little charge to be christened. The soldiers in red coats, who might be taken for a party of British troops, if they only looked a little more uncomfortable and pinched-up in their clothes, form a portion of the Swiss Guards—the best paid, the best fed, and the most martial-looking division of the Neapolitan army. Every year, from the mountains of Berne, the plains of Vaud, and the fastnesses of Uri and Appenzel, crowds of volunteers are attracted to the standard of his most religious and gracious Majesty. Three hundred of them came in the steamer with us from Leghorn; and a pretty noise they made during the night, what with singing the *Ranz des Vaches*, and dancing the national dances over our heads.

The noise dinned into the ears by the shouts of the open-air tradespeople and the clattering of vehicles, and the clang of harness, would pass the comprehension of any one but a resident within sound of Bow bells. I believe that a large portion of the inhabitants of Naples actually live in vehicles of various kinds; so great is the passion for driving about, and for driving at a rate which must, I think, form a serious item in the calculations of a Neapolitan Life Assurance Company, supposing such a blessing to exist.

I can scarcely hear myself speak. Stop! An additional bustle behind, and a subdued murmur, indicates the approach of the King, out, on one of his morning drives—the excellent King Bomba, whom we have read of in Gladstone, and in the Times.

See how he whisks past in his mail-phaeton, driving a pair of blood-horses, which I should say were of English breed. On either side of him ride his aides-de-camp—young men of noble family—conspicuous by their blue uniforms and cocked hats. As far as one can judge of the king himself, in his sitting posture, he appears to be a man above the average height, and with something more than an inclination to corpulency. His countenance is of that swarthy hue common to the inhabitants of a warm clime; and, if it be not blasphemous to speak in such light terms of an anointed monarch, I should say that his nose was of the order "snub." Do not those features bear the impress of weakness, rather, than cruelty? They convey to my mind the idea of a Louis the Thirteenth, rather than of a Harry the Eighth. Never mind; be he good, bad, or indifferent, one has seen a KING; and that consideration is generally sufficient to cheer the spirits of a Briton.

Like many other edifices, the destination of the Museum—to which I have at length arrived—has undergone various changes. It has been by turns a Riding School, an University, the seat of the Law Courts, a Barrack, and again an University. At length, when the conclusion of the late war and the expulsion of the Murat family had enabled the Bourbons to preserve something like an equilibrium on their unsteady throne, the first Ferdinand by a decree converted it to its present purpose. Uniting, under one roof, the various antiquities and paintings scattered over the different royal residences, and providing for the reception of such objects as the future excavations at Pompeii and elsewhere might bring to light, he has laid the foundation

of a Museum as rich and interesting as any in the known world.

As one stands in the vestibule or entrance-hall, the first room to the right contains the paintings found in Pompeii and Herculaneum. At the first *coup d'œil* it is not unfrequently the case that the visitor looks disappointed: these works of art do not come up to the expectations that he had formed of them. He recognises the superiority of ancient over modern sculpture. A cast from the "Laocoon," or "The Dancing Faun," or "Mercury in repose," strikes even his uncritical eye with admiration. He requires no artist to be at hand to point out their beauties. The case is not the same with these paintings. One is apt to imagine that in perspective, in delicacy of touch, in the composition of the principal figures, and in many other points, they are vastly inferior to the works of Trafalgar Square. At least, I can only whisper (for such an heretical opinion could never be conveyed in any other tone) that I am almost of that way of thinking.

There are one or two paintings here, however, which may excite curiosity, even though they do not awaken admiration. Such is the picture of a parrot in harness, drawing a chariot and driven by a grasshopper. This is supposed to be a caricature of the Emperor Nero, guided by his preceptor, the philosopher Seneca. The spirit of caricature is still further illustrated in a painting of Æneas, Anchises, and Ascanius, who are represented with the heads of dogs. These heads have a certain air of intelligence and waggery about them, which would not do discredit to some of the French artists of the present day. Not far off is a copy—an ancient copy, be it understood—of one of the most celebrated works of olden times. It represents the death of Iphigenia, sacrificed by her father—as your school recollections may inform you—to appease the gods, and enable the Greek fleet to leave Aulis, where they were detained by contrary winds. The figures have all the stiffness peculiar to our own Pre-Raphaelite school; but Agamemnon, the father, is conceived in a happy spirit. We are not suffered to see his face, which he is represented as covering with his cloak, so that the expression which it must wear at such a moment is left to the imagination. It is interesting to be told by an ancient writer with regard to this very picture, that the painter having tried successively the various shades of grief, agony, and despair, which he was capable of giving to the features, at length hit upon this happy expedient of veiling them altogether, which appears to me to add tenfold to the force and effectiveness of the scene. Not far off is a work of a very different class. The scene represented is the interior of a school, and the moment selected is that when a truant schoolboy is undergoing the punishment of being "horsed." Although it was painted, like the others, several thousand years ago, you might fancy you saw before you the inside of Laburnum House Academy, Peckham. Hoisted upon the back of one of his comrades, in precisely the same manner as I believe the time-honoured custom still obtains among the moderns, the offender is subjected to the strokes of the birch. The personage officiating appears not to be the schoolmaster—and herein I think I notice an improvement on the plan adopted at some of our public schools—but some other functionary, the footman, most probably, or the porter. As for the schoolmaster himself, he is amongst his scholars at the other end of the room, "improving the occasion," and calling their attention to the results of idleness. They, poor little creatures, seem to be sitting for the most part with their eyes fixed on the ground, as if not daring to contemplate the dreadful little drama.

A row of thirteen small pictures, executed with the delicacy of miniatures, forms the celebrated series, "The Dancing Girls of Pompeii." Striking the lyre, clashing the cymbals, in every attitude of graceful elegance and *abandon*, it must be confessed that these figures, when closely examined, convey a high idea of the art of painting as practised by the ancients. You perceive in these young ladies no resemblance to our modern ballet-girls. So far from being arrayed in the short muslin dress and closely-fitting tights which draw down our applause at the Opera, they are enveloped in a vast amount of loose drapery, which, though it adds to the grace of the outline in the pictures, must have sadly encumbered their movements in the dance. The fact is that the Terpsichorean art neither stood in the same position nor was practised in the same manner among the Romans as among ourselves. There were war-dances, and national dances, and—what may seem strange to every one but a classical scholar or a "Jumper"—religious dances; whatever kinds of dancing took place independently of these, and for the amusement of an audience, were usually carried on at the entertainments of the great.

But if we were really together in the Museum, and were to stand chatting at this rate before each picture, we should never get on. The question is, where to look, and in what direction to go? Here are subjects of almost every kind to engage our attention; subjects of what may be termed "High Art," taken from the Iliad—the Trojan horse, the last interview of Achilles and Briseis (by-the-bye, what a beautiful head that is of Briseis! it reminds one of the face of one of Etty's nymphs); subjects selected from mythology, and bringing before us our old and valued friends the gods and goddesses—Bacchus and Silenus, Hylas carried off by the Nymphs, Medea meditating the murder of her children. Then there are subjects drawn from domestic life, of the Wilkie and Mulready school—the Toilet of a Young Girl; a Family Concert; a

Domestic Party. It is to be remarked of all these paintings that not one of them is in oil, the use of which for such a purpose does not appear to have been known to the ancients; neither are any of them, as far as I can see, painted on canvas. They are, for the most part, upon panels or tablets, and the material used was a mixture of wax, resin, and other such ingredients. There are four very curious Monochroms hanging up in one place, which are supposed to be among the most valuable objects here, and which, as illustrating the progress of the art in one of its earliest developments, well merit a passing glance before leaving the room. They were discovered at Herculaneum about a hundred years ago.

These Monochroms—as they are called—are executed on marble, and consist merely of outlines; corresponding with those figures which the learner, under the direction of his drawing-master, is taught to execute before he has arrived at that part of the Art which is termed "shading." Precisely what takes place in the case of an individual is known to have happened with regard to the Art itself, and these pictures must therefore be referred to a period when the production of a mere outline, without any attempt at light or shade, or intermediate markings of any kind, was conceived to be the aim and object of the painter's skill. They bear the name, in Greek characters, of Alexander the Athenian.

If it were attempted to give anything like a description, or even the outline of a description of the various objects contained in this most marvellous Institution, this would be the place to invite attention to the Egyptian room, as well as to the magnificent galleries of sculpture and cabinet of mosaics which follow next in order. The object of this paper being, however, merely to call the attention of the reader to one or two of the more prominent objects immediately connected with Herculaneum and Pompeii, and, if possible, to induce a desire for reading and learning more on such an interesting, although neglected, topic, I shall pass at once to that portion of the edifice which more than any other attracts the attention of the ladies—the cabinet of jewels and other precious articles.

The glass cases in the centre of the room contain the objects in gold, such as bracelets, ear-rings, necklaces, and articles of that description, found in the course of the excavations. The length of time which they have passed underground does not, of course, admit of their retaining much lustre, but in point of workmanship and design they present an appearance creditable to the jewellers of antiquity. Birds, beasts, fruits, flowers—all the emblems that figure on our own shirt-pins and the brooches of our wives, were enlisted in the service of the decorative arts two thousand years ago. Here are ear-drops in the form of a balance, the scales of which are composed of pearls; bracelets formed by a row of golden balls tastefully relieved by vine-leaves; others in the shape of serpents with precious stones for the eyes; signet rings engraved with various devices—in fact, the interior of a Roman Storr and Mortimer's. Arranged in other cases round the walls are objects which appear to me to be still more curious. There is, for instance, some liquid oil preserved in a bottle. The guardian of the room informs the visitor that when it was first brought here he tasted it. One is reminded of the Mammoth found encased in ice, a morsel of which was served up at the table of a German prince. Here are figs, beans, raisins, eggs, preserves, fragments of pie, loaves of bread. Upon one of these loaves you can distinctly trace the following letters: CERIS. Q. GRANI.... RI. SER. They are supposed to have been marks ordered by the police regulations of the period, to designate the ingredients of which the bread was composed. Do you not think that in certain modern cities a similar regulation might with great propriety be enforced? Here are more figs, cherries, plums, nuts, bits of cake. In the next cupboard are various articles of a domestic nature; soap, cotton, sponges, wax, inkstands containing dried ink, purses with coins that were never more to make a purchase, surgical instruments that had been used in their last operation, corks cut ready for bottles that were never blown, colours laid out in readiness for the picture that was never to be painted. The vanity of human toil sowing where it is never to reap; the cunning of mankind intent upon a morrow which will never arrive; the value of small things; the worthlessness of great ones;—how many lessons are taught by these relics, the whole of which would not probably have purchased for their possessor a night's rest, or a meal, but for the possession of which the connoisseur would now-a-days mortgage his broad lands and entail poverty upon his unborn descendants! The "Caroline" which the stranger slips into the hand of the guardian, and at which he most probably casts a rueful glance, will one day, perhaps, make a great and wise man, a learned author, a profound critic, jump for joy. Neither gold nor entreaties will induce him to part with the sacred treasure.

We have only time for one more gallery; but that, I think, is the most interesting of all. It contains, amongst other objects, the domestic implements, or kitchen furniture, found in the buried cities. Here, for instance, is a stove, or cooking apparatus: it is in the form of a square fortress, at each angle of which stands a tower. In the centre a pan was let in, for the purpose of holding the fire; while the water, which it served to heat, circulated round the battlements, and was turned off by means of a cock, emerging from the

outer walls. Suspended across this fire, and resting with each end upon an embrasure in the walls, were placed spits, on which the meat was roasted. Not far from this "Magic Stove," one observes various kinds of scales, for the purpose of weighing articles of domestic consumption, very similar in form to those now in use in the shops. The weights generally represent the head of a divinity, or of some great personage. Scattered about in different parts of the room, the eye of the housewife may detect saucepans of different forms and sizes, wine-strainers, frying-pans, and moulds for pastry, of various designs. The great novelty about most of these utensils is, that there is nothing new about them; and the remark which has been applied to everything under the sun, may, with equal propriety, be extended to all that lies under the kitchen fire.

The room following next to this room, and forming a portion of the same gallery, is very rich in lamps. The shape of an ancient lamp is familiar enough. A notion of the form most in use may be conveyed by the idea of an ordinary butter-boat covered in, with a round hole for the wick, and a larger aperture for pouring in the oil. Here are lamps of various materials, but principally of bronze and terra cotta. The ingenuity which has been displayed in their construction is very great, and the workmanship inimitable. In some, the handles are formed by the figures of satyrs and fauns, or of lions, bulls, horses, and other animals; in others, invention is carried to a higher point, and a naked boy holds the lamp itself, suspended by a chain. One of the most splendid, in point of execution, is that on which a Cupid is sculptured astride on a dolphin. Some of these lamps were hung by chains; but the greater number rested on stands, of which a variety of specimens are to be seen around us.

But what is that instrument to which the guide, or guardian, or keeper, in a jargon of bad French, interspersed with snatches of English, calls my attention? As I live, it is a pair of stocks. He tells me that they were found in the barracks or soldiers' quarter at Pompeii, with the skeletons of four wretches confined in them. Think what a death! To blaspheme, to cry, to rave for help, and to be answered by nought but the roaring of the mountain; to watch the ashes pouring down in showers — coming onward — onward — onward — and then — the end!

Pause for a moment, and contemplate in this glass case the skull of the sentinel who was found, faithful to his post, at the gates of Pompeii. Why should that skull be here? Were not others discovered — skulls of men who perished grasping money-bags, or hidden away with their jewels in cellars, or gorging themselves at the dinner-table, and, probably, too drunk to fly? Why should not the bones of this p[illegible] fellow be reverently committed to the soil which he guarded so well, with a monument over them, and an inscription testifying that it was to the memory of an unknown hero? Smaller men have slept for ages undisturbed beneath their marble mausoleums; pilgrims have bowed in reverence before the tombs of those who might more easily have been spared.

Here are compartments containing surgical instruments. To any one conversant with the subject, an interesting study will be presented by the *Speculum Vulvæ*, of which a Frenchman, if I remember rightly, was believed to be the inventor, until the discovery of this one was made in the course of the excavations. Here are lancets, needles, pincers, files; instruments for extracting splinters from fractured joints; others for performing the operation of trepanning; others, again, which seemingly constitute a cupping apparatus. Further on are the compartments devoted to articles of the toilet, among which the visitor will not fail to notice a multitude of mirrors. They do not resemble our own, but are of metal — for the most part silver — small in size, and with a handle so as to be easily carried about. You will be amused to be told that it was a privilege of lovers to hold up these mirrors before their mistresses at their toilet, and may perhaps think that your mistress has no need of any one to perform that office for her. Talking of mirrors, brings us to the subject of glass, and I have only just time to give you a curious instance of the additions which have been made to our knowledge of the ancients, by the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Little more than seventy years ago, Gibbon, the learned historian of the Decline and Fall, wrote that the Romans, with all their luxury and refinement, were not even acquainted with the use of glass windows. At the time when this sentence was written, I believe that there was not a classical scholar of any note in England who would not have been found ready to express the same opinion. I believe that if a candidate for the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge had written "Yes," in reply to the question, "Were the Romans acquainted with the use of glass windows?" he would have lost a mark. The point has since been set at rest by the discovery of a lattice containing panes, at Pompeii.

Probably, at this point, and just as you are beginning to take an intense interest in all that you see, the guide will tell you that the hour for closing the museum has arrived. And yet there is the compartment containing bed-fixings, the compartment of agricultural implements, those of arms and armour, writing materials, locksmiths' tools, and many others, yet to be examined. Not to speak of the cabinets of Mosaics, and Rolls of Papyrus, the Galleries of Sculpture, the Library, the Etruscan Vases, Mediæval Curiosities, and I know not what wonders besides. To take the most cursory survey of all these objects, would be the work of many days.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE POOR BROTHERS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

FROM the city pleasure ground of Smithfield it is not a distance of many steps to Charterhouse Square, a fortified position in the heart of London, made secure by an array of iron gates, and garrisoned by a well-victualled beadle. Charterhouse Square is nearly as quiet now, in the very core of the noisy City of London, as it was five hundred years ago, when it was a lonely field, bearing the name of "No Man's Land." Ralph Stratford bought it as a place of burial for the victims of the pestilence of 1349. "In this place of sepulture was buried in one year," says Camden, "no less than sixty thousand of the better sort of people." Thirteen acres of adjoining ground, bought at about the same time of "St. Bartholomew's Spittle," and called the Spittle Croft, had also been enclosed and consecrated. Upon this ground Ralph de Northburgh, Bishop of London, founded a monastery, devoted to the use of the Carthusian monks, whose name of Chartreuse time has corrupted into Charterhouse. It was the third Carthusian monastery instituted in this country. Such monasteries being always named after some event in the life of the Virgin, the title and address of this one was—"The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, without the Bars of West Smithfield, near London."

The monastery having been suppressed by Henry the Eighth, in 1537, its site, with all the buildings on it, was in the next place bought by Thomas Sutton for the erection of a proposed Free School Hospitable Foundation. Thomas Sutton had enjoyed lucrative situations under government, and had acquired also very great wealth by a happy speculation in coal mines near Newcastle. He had next increased his wealth by fitting vessels out for privateering service, and had finally enlarged his borders as a money-lender at usurious interest upon the largest scale. This taste for money-getting being accompanied with a great dread of money-spending, Sutton's wealth became so serious as to inspire him with the hope that he could fully make amends with it to Heaven for any profane things he might have done in getting it together. He designed the foundation of a vast establishment for the education in their youth of promising boys found among the poor, and for the support of decayed gentlemen in their old age. For this purpose Sutton bought the Charterhouse, intending to erect and endow a noble edifice within its walls, and this he obtained leave to do from James the First in the year 1611. Six months afterwards he died, almost an octogenarian. He has been charged with avarice in acquiring the money he bequeathed, and has been pointed out as the original of Ben Jonson's comedy of Volpone the Fox; but this Gifford disproves.

Sutton being dead, high festival was held over his body. Before the funeral procession started from the house, there was taken by the assembled mourners a slight refreshment in the form of a hogshead of claret, sixteen gallons of Canary wine, twelve gallons of white wine, ten gallons of Rhenish, six gallons of hippocras, six barrels of beer, with a little diet bread and a few wafers. After the funeral the mourners dined at Stationer's Hall, where they ate forty stone of beef, forty-eight capons, thirty-two geese, forty-eight roasted chickens, thirty-two neats' tongues, twenty-four marrowbones and a lamb, forty-eight turkey poults, seventy-two field pigeons, thirty-six quails, forty-eight ducklings, ten turbots, twenty-four lobsters, three barrels of pickled oysters, sixteen gammons of bacon, with a great many things more that are to be named before one comes to a great continent of pastry, and a sea of wine. So the Usurer was buried, and so before the earth had fairly covered him, the wasting of his property began.

The next business connected with Sutton's great bequest was to resist the heir-at-law, Simon Baxter, who, through the pleadings of the Solicitor-General, no less a person than Lord Bacon—then Sir Francis, disputed the validity of the will. It needed in the sequel a bribe to his majesty of ten thousand pounds to procure a decision against Baxter's claims. The preparations for establishing the proposed institution then proceeded; but, instead of raising a new structure, the trustees repaired and adapted the old monastic buildings, making some additions; and having spent six thousand pounds in patchwork, opened the establishment to the captains and gentlemen

scholars and officers on the third of October, 1614.

Before this time, at the third meeting of the governors, held on the tenth of December, 1613, it had been settled that the decayed gentlemen who were to be consoled in their old age within the walls of the Charterhouse, under the name of "Poor Brothers," were to be eighty in number. It was resolved, also, that in accordance with the disposition of the founder, they were "to be ancient gentlemen, having the same tender breeding with their elder brothers, but only the slender fortunes of a younger brother—gentlemen too generous to beg, and not made for work (whose ingenuous natures might be most sensible of want, and least able to relieve it), and who would be cast away and brought to misery for want of a comfortable subsistence in their old age." At this meeting it was therefore decided, that no rogues or beggars should be eligible for admission—but that "these ancient gentlemen were to comprise such as had been servants to the king's majesty, either decrepid or old, captains either at sea or land, soldiers maimed or impotent, decayed merchants, men fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty of fire or such evil accident." The definition of the purpose of the founder was probably suggested by a passage in one of Bacon's letters to the king, in which he says: "The next consideration may be, whether this intended hospital, as it hath a greater endowment than other hospitals have, should not likewise work upon a better subject than other poor, as that it should be converted to the relief of maimed soldiers, decayed merchants, householders aged and desolate, churchmen, and the like, whose condition being of a better sort than loose people and beggars, deserveth both a more liberal stipend and allowance, and some proper place of relief not intermingled or coupled with the basest sort of poor."

It was designed, then, by the founder himself, and declared by his trustees, that the Poor Brother of the Charterhouse should be chosen from a rank, and elected to a position, higher than the meanest. He was to be gentleman as to his antecedents. Misfortune was to qualify him for election into what might be called a fellowship on Sutton's munificent foundation, over which officers were set, entrusted with the care of shielding him in his old age from all painful reminder of his changed position. He was to have, as the funds well allowed, a shelter from the world, in which he could retain many of the comforts of his old position, unoppressed by any sense of beggar-like dependence. The foundation was not established for the express purpose of supplying handsome incomes to a staff of officers, but for the consolation of decayed gentlemen in their last years, over whose wants certain officials were to be well paid for exercising delicate and tender care. The act of parliament, obtained 1628-9, in the third year of Charles the First, to secure the privileges of the foundation, requires, "That all the members of the intended hospital shall be provided" (not "in a good and sufficient" but) "in a very ample manner with all things." And so Hearne in his doggrel writes of it in 1677:—

> "Plenty here has chose her seat,
> Here all things needful and convenient meet;
> Every week are hither sent
> Inhabitants o' the wat'ry element."

Hearne evidently looked upon fish dinners as a special luxury:—

> "Fourscore patriarchs here
> Wander many a year,
> Until they move unto the promised land."

Fourscore patriarchs here wander still; and to see how they wander, and to ascertain what great improvements have strengthened this foundation, since the old world has increased in wisdom, and the old property of La Chartreuse, outside Smithfield Bars, near London, has increased in worth, we have lately been paying a few visits to the Charterhouse.

It was provided by the founder, that if the funds devoted to their use increased, these were to be applied either to an increase in the scale of comfort upon which the Brethren were maintained, or to an increase in the number of the Brethren, as might seem most fit. The funds have increased very largely; and as there are still but eighty Brothers, there is reason to expect that the old gentlemen are in the enjoyment of extremely comfortable little fellowships.

Out of the quiet of Charterhouse Square, we pass under an archway, by a porter's lodge, into the still greater quiet of the Charterhouse. Scattered buildings, many old monastic walls, a sort of lane leading to a silent square with a bit of green and a large pump; a chapel, a hall; an archway, other squares, cloisters, modern buildings like dull piles of law chambers constructed to match Pump Court in the Temple, a handsome modern house, an archway; a graveyard like a meadow, a boy's playground; monkish time-eaten cloisters, where monks spent an agony before death in the old grim days of persecution; then back, in some odd way, to the pump, or under an archway to the kitchen, or the chapel, or some other unexpected place—all this belongs to the confused image left upon the mind, by a first ramble over the acres covered by the Charterhouse, and shut out from the noise and tumult of the city. On a sunny afternoon, one may see the milkman talking to a maid servant at the door of the schoolmaster's handsome modern residence; or an old man in a livery-gown sunning himself, as he crawls up and down with a long pipe between his lips. Except the playground and the school, which do not form part of our present thoughts, nothing conveys to the mind light associations. Our

blood stirs drowsily within us as we walk about.

There is a grand ball at the Master's house on founder's day, when the new-fashioned world comes to the old-fashioned place, makes a great noise, wakens it up for that one day, and then leaves it to drowse heavily again for twelve months more. The Master's house is on the right hand after you come in by the porch; an ancient gate leads to its portals. The Master, according to the words of the foundation, should be a learned, discreet, and meek man, unmarried, and aged, when appointed, above forty years. He should neither have nor accept of any place of preferment or benefit either in church or commonwealth, whereby he might be drawn from his residence, care, and charge of the Hospital; and if he do, in such case he shall leave that place, or be displaced if he refuse to leave it. His salary was fixed at fifty pounds, a very reasonable sum in those days, and about nine times the annual allowance to each of the Poor Brethren. The said Master was at first intended to be any grave and proper man, whether churchman or not, but on the election of the third of the first masters, the governors ordained "that no person be admitted as master who is not a learned and grave divine, a licensed preacher, unbeneficed, unmarried, and a constant resident."

The Master's house, as it now stands, looks very much like a piece of the year 1611. Who is the *unbeneficed* divine residing here, devoting his whole care to the superintendence of the household of Poor Brethren? He is the venerable churchman, whose archdeaconry of London, whose post of canon residentiary of St. Pauls, whose onerous duties as rector of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, whose chaplaincy to the Bishop of London, whose almonership of St. Pauls, (the whole yielding between two and three thousand pounds per annum,) are not considered incompatible with the receipt of an additional eight hundred a-year as Master of the Charterhouse, together with residence and partial board. The residence is humble in external pretensions, but inside luxuriously fitted, having thirty-three rooms, including all domestic offices; it is, in fact, one of the best ecclesiastical nests in London.

Then, there is an old monastic wall on our right hand as we go on, and behind it are the registrar's offices, and an excellent and convenient house. The salary of the registrar has risen, with the changed value of money and improved administration of the place, from thirty to six hundred pounds a-year. From an archway, between the houses of the Master and the registrar, you pass up to the apartments of the chapel-reader, whose original salary of eight pounds has become two hundred; while the forty pounds a year, which made the preacher passing rich two centuries ago, are now four hundred; in addition to a handsome house containing sixteen or seventeen rooms.

If we pass by the door leading to the reader's chambers, under the archway, we shall come to the chapel, cloisters, and the great hall, built for lay purposes in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and afterwards fitted up as a banqueting-hall by the ill-fated Duke of Norfolk. In the good old times this handsome hall had, of course, a mud floor covered with rushes; and, when the rushes were abolished, the Poor Brethren—for it was and is their dining hall—dined over the simple dirt. Within the last few years, however, the floor has been boarded. In still farther obedience to the march of mind, the old custom of eating from wooden trenchers is abolished; the existence of pottery is recognised, and glass is substituted for the old clumsy mugs; the benches of the Brethren are replaced by chairs.

The outer world is not a blank, then, in the Charterhouse. The officers and Brethren used to dine together in this hall; but, as the officers ate poultry and drank wine, while the Brothers had plain meat and table beer, and as also the hour at which the Brothers dine—three o'clock—is too early for their "betters," the official dinner was transferred to Brooke Hall, an adjoining smaller building, where the officials dine together very comfortably every day at half-past five.

In a corner of the great hall are boards, on which are pasted notices for the benefit of the Poor Brothers. When we read these, we were troubled with a few misgivings; but we will postpone for the present any observation upon their contents. Up stairs one goes to the governor's room, a handsome tapestried apartment, a relic of the palace of the before-mentioned Duke of Norfolk. Then there are, in the chapel, monuments of course, brasses and all that sort of thing, and a tremendous founder's tomb.

If we pass on, we shall come to scattered buildings, old or new, with numbered doors, through which we reach the residences of the Poor Brothers of the Charterhouse, each of whom has one room, with a closet in it to contain his coals and other housekeeping supplies. We may see as many as we are able of these eighty chambers, and we shall find no two alike; because the furnishing of each depends on the amount of capital of his own, which each tenant has been able to expend. Some affect mahogany, and have a carpet with a little painting and gilding on their walls; others have bare boards and a plain deal table. At the present time we shall see little saucepans on most of their grates, for the kitchen is closed during alterations, and they are left to be their own cooks.

We have taken a little pains to ascertain what is the present condition of a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse.

He is, or we should rather say, in the true spirit of the charity, he ought to be, a decayed gentleman—a merchant, artist, author, or the like—upon whose merits the world has

frowned, and who finds in the Charterhouse an honourable place of refuge and an easy home in his old age, not too bitterly contrasting with his memory of comforts past. Let us suppose an educated man, a widower in his old age, become destitute, and, being worthy of all kindly feeling, presented to a share in the benefit of Sutton's endowment. He pays a visit to the room allotted for his residence. A single room, not very large, with a deal table and chair, bed and bedding; nothing more. There is a closet, which will be large enough to hold his bed and form a separate apartment, if the lodging should chance to be over an archway. A deal table and chair, and a bed are cheerless lodging to the eyes of the ancient gentleman, and would seem more so if he could contrast them with the luxuriously fitted thirty-two roomed residence of the Master, whose income was appointed by the founder of the institution to be only nine times greater than his own. The Master's income being eight hundred pounds a-year, over and above the board and lodging, that of the Brother should be about eighty. It is, however, only twenty-five. The payment of the manciple used to be eight pounds, that of the Poor Brother five pounds, six and eightpence. The manciple has now two hundred, and the brother twenty-five.

The ancient gentleman, when he has finished looking at his room, and considered how much money he can raise wherewith to add a little to its comfort, is informed that the governors require him to bring in with him, on entrance, two pairs of new sheets,—sheets cannot be found for him. He proceeds to inquire further, what is to be done, and what will not be done on his behalf. He is informed that he will have coats without stint, and thirteen pounds of kitchen candles yearly, which he finds out by arithmetic to yield about an inch a night. He will have left at his door daily in the morning a loaf, containing twelve ounces of bread—a trifle larger than a penny loaf—and two ounces of butter. That he is to take this for his breakfast, or luncheon, or tea, or supper, or all of them in one. That will be his provision for the day, dinner excepted. A loaf is left every morning at the master's door, with even-handed charity; though the footman scorns it when he takes it in. The ancient gentleman is to make tea, sugar, cheese, or what he will out of his loaf and butter. No restraint is put upon his fancy. There will be dinner in the hall at three o'clock, at which he may attend, wearing his livery-gown, and eat as much as he is able of good meat and pie, and drink with it a pint of table beer. The dinner, if he goes to eat it punctually at dinner time—for a minute after time condemns him to fast until the morning—has no limit but his appetite. Experience of hungry nights, caused many of the ancient gentlemen to carry to the hall tin cases, wherein to conceal a few scraps for their supper. This practice being discovered, was denounced in the hall by the officials as exceedingly ungentlemanly; no doubt it was, nevertheless some little allowance is to be made for the weakness of old gentlemen, who do not like to be sent supperless to bed.

The ancient gentleman, not being young and lusty, will often be disposed to keep his room, but when he does so, and desires to dine in private, his dinner is straightway weighed for him. A Shylock, with knife and scales, holds firmly to a half-pound of flesh; and if the invalid desire a pudding, then his meat is reduced in allowance to a quarter of a pound.

The old gentleman inquires whether there is provision made for tending him, and looking to his small domestic wants. He is informed, that when he enters as Poor Brother, he will be committed, with seven others, to the care of a nurse, who will attend during eight hours daily, upon those eight rooms; so that he receives a daily average of one hour's attendance. His room is cleaned out once a-week; and his window is cleaned once a-year—that is to say, every December. During the sixteen hours free from nurses, the Poor Brother will be left—very helpless and infirm as he often is—wholly to himself, or to the care of friends who may come to him in the daytime, or to what service he may hire out of his twenty-five pounds a-year—one pound of that being payable in fees to the nurse provided by the institution. In the night he is left quite alone, and without means of summoning assistance. Should he be seized with illness, he must get up, and having lighted a candle, place it in his window; the light, if seen by the watchman, brings his tender assistance when he next comes on his hourly round. Whatever fit or seizure to which age is liable may render him unable to get up and light a candle, or if he be blind, as three or four of the Poor Brothers are—it must either pass from him, remain on him, or kill him, as the chance may be: no help can come until the morning. So rigid is the exclusion of non-residents, that it is a breach of Charterhouse law for a mother or a sister to be present in the night time. If a Poor Brother wish to leave the world comfortably, he must not die in the night time.

When the Poor Brother dies in the usual way, he spends his last days in the infirmary. When dead, a coffin is supplied for him by contract, and he is deposited in the burial-ground attached to the foundation, service being read over him in the chapel by the chapel-reader. Towards the expense of the coffin twenty-four shillings is allowed from the foundation; and to this there is added a sum of one pound, six shillings and sixpence, towards defraying the expense of the ground, clergyman, &c. So the Poor Brother is buried. No head-stone is permitted. For a few weeks the mound, which covers his

remains, is allowed to disfigure the smooth surface of the grass. A heavy roller after that time passes over it, The solemn little heap is levelled and turfed over, and the last trace of the Poor Brother is wiped away. A few smoke-soiled votive tablets fixed against the wall which separates this graveyard from "Wilderness Row," are the only memorials left of the dead. There is a level green, broken at this moment by a little cluster of three graves, upon which the mould lies fresh. In the present year, one of the most eminent booksellers and publishers of his own younger time, who had given to the literary world upwards of two hundred and fifteen volumes in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Italian, and ninety-five in English Classics and Divinity, was buried here as a Poor Brother, and after six weeks had the roller passed over his grave. Certain rooms of the Brothers open on this graveyard; and they who reside in them find other evidence than hillocks furnish of the multitude of bodies therein buried.

The ancient gentleman who has obtained the privilege of admission as Poor Brother of the Charterhouse, finds a great deal to wound his feelings, or his prejudices, in all this. Prejudices they are, which it is commonly accounted gentle and becoming to respect. The old fellow is told that a portion of this cemetery, consecrated not very many years ago, was formerly a garden for the supply of vegetables to the foundation. These vegetables the Master had found so convenient to his private kitchen, that, when the garden was converted into a cemetery, there was accorded to him, in addition to his spacious house, and his luxurious dinners in Brooke Hall, and his eight hundred pounds a-year, twenty-five pounds a-year—a Brother's pension—as consolation for the cabbages of which he was deprived.

A gate in a strong iron railing leads from the graveyard to the wilderness. This wilderness is described in an old tract of the year 1707, called "A Trip to the Charterhouse, or the Wilderness Intrigue," as "a small, yet complete little flower-garden, formed of shady walks and choice parterres, and adorned with some very rare trees, and shrubs, which we must confess have but a dingy hue. Notwithstanding, there are not many such gardens in London." It was a plot covering about three acres, designed for the recreation of the patriarchs. The ancient gentleman, finding the gate locked, is informed that it is now called "The Master's Gardens," and that Poor Brothers are intruders there, except when the boys are gone home for the holidays, and the officials are out of town.

The ancient gentleman begins now to discover that the Charterhouse is intended for the consolation of officials, and that the Poor Brothers are simply the discomfort of the place; which otherwise provides good salaries, and dwellings, and dinners, and daily pints of wine to the gentlemen and ladies who are really fed upon its funds. The Poor Brother's pint of wine comes once a-year. The Poor Brother of the Charterhouse is, in fact, a bore.

Our gentleman, however, takes possession of his room. The infirm old fellow, waited upon somewhat cavalierly by the eighth part of a nurse during a third part of the day, grows restless at the sight of men-servants and maid-servants about the squares. Not counting the men at all, he discovers that three female servants wait on the Master, three on the registrar, five on the preacher, two on the reader, four on the schoolmaster, four on the usher—and he thinks, therefore, that with very close economy, the rich endowment of the Charterhouse might possibly afford him something larger than the twenty-fourth part of a woman's care.

The old gentleman having taken possession of his rooms, brought in his own sheets, and gone to bed between them, finds that there is a bell ringing him to matins at nine o'clock. The same bell ringing for dinner at a quarter before three makes a pleasant music. Then at seven the bell rings again for prayers—vespers—and at eight o'clock in winter evenings, at nine in summer, it rings a curfew to call all the Brothers home. This curfew tolls exactly eighty times when the Poor Brothers' places are all filled. When there is one dead, one stroke is deducted till his place has been supplied. The number of pulls made at any time in the last tolling is always adapted to the number of Poor Brothers then on the foundation. Our old friend, being very deaf, thinks it not worth his while to go to chapel; so he takes a walk after having breakfasted on bread and butter, and goes abroad to buy himself some sugar and some tea. As he goes in and out he observes that his outgoing and incoming are chronicled at the gate, by the porter, for the information of the officials. He pays a visit to a friend, and, coming home, is duly reminded that he must put on his livery-cloak when he goes into the hall for dinner. When he has dined, he pays a visit to the notice-board, and is startled to perceive that he is in debt threepence to the Charterhouse, for having staid away from chapel. The notice-board, among a number of Musts, by which he is somewhat offensively reminded of the humility of his position, informs him that for absence from chapel on a week-day he has threepence to pay; and if the day be Christmas-day, or one of the great days of Christian celebration, the fine upon the ancient gentleman is adjusted to the religious character of the occasion, and becomes a shilling. An old gentleman offers the new Brother a contribution from his personal experience, and says, that being completely deaf he has not heard the service now for twenty years, though he has paid daily attendance at the chapel, because there is a porter there who ticks off from a list the

Brothers who attend; and there is no evading fines under what he calls, not very reverently, the Gospel according to Saint Mark. The new Brother is likewise informed that it will be his humble duty to turn out in his livery-gown, and form with his companions a guard of honour, coughing and wheezing, to assist at all the churchings, christenings, &c., which arise on occasions of rejoicing in the families of the clerical officials.

Another notice on the board refers to the kitchen, and the place being put out of commons—upon which subject the new Brother requires some enlightenment. For two or three weeks every autumn, when the boys are gone, and the officials in a body take their holiday, it is not thought worth while to cook for the Poor Brothers alone. The kitchen of the Charterhouse has a tremendous range, able to cook fifteen sirloins at a time, and it cooks three dinners daily: one for the boys, by two o'clock; one for the Brothers, by three; and the last for the officials in Brooke Hall, at half-past five. When there is no dinner wanted for the boys, and none for Brooke Hall, the Brothers receive each of them thirteen pence a-day (on Sunday two shillings and a penny) to provide and cook their dinners for themselves. While we now write, the kitchen grate is cold, because the kitchen itself is unroofed, and undergoing large repairs. The Poor Brothers, therefore, being out of commons, receive each of them eight shillings and sevenpence weekly, with which they are required either to dine at eating-houses, or to find dinners and cook them in their little rooms—not pleasant occupation in June weather. Those who desire to take to themselves the whole care of their own maintenance during this period, may, by giving notice, receive an additional one and fivepence, in lieu of the daily bread and butter. They receive, therefore, ten shillings a-week for their whole board, and are permitted with this money to obtain, if they please, lodging also, out of doors. Of course, when the kitchen is pulled down the cook must hang his ladle up, but the ancient gentleman feels it to be somewhat of a slight that there is no dinner to be got ready for him when there is none required by the magnates of the establishment.

Another piece of information on the notice-board, intended to strike terror into the hearts of the eighty ancient gentlemen, is the formal notice of expulsion of one of their number, for speaking impertinently to the Master. If the Master lost his place, he could fall back upon the income of his archdeaconry, his canonry, his rectorship, and all the other gifts and graces for which he is, perhaps, a little too notorious. The Poor Brother, deprived of his asylum, was turned out into the roads a beggar by offended dignity. In the words of the offended dignitaries, here is the poor fellow's condemnation, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the depth of winter, and when all hands and hearts in England were preparing for the blessed festival of Christmas, forgetting injuries, and above all such injuries as wounded nothing but our pride. There can be no mistake as to the genuineness of this document, which we have copied ourselves from the notice posted in the dining hall of the Poor Brothers:—

"At an Assembly of the Governors of the Charterhouse, held on Tuesday, the sixteenth of December, 1851,

"John Dingwall Williams, one of the Poor Brothers, having appeared before the Assembly to answer a charge of having written certain letters then produced, and having been heard in respect thereof: and such letters being, in the judgment of the Assembly, so insulting to the governors and officers to whom they were addressed, that it would not be consistent with the good government, order, and well-being of the Hospital to allow the said John Dingwall Williams to continue a Poor Brother: the said John Dingwall Williams was deprived, displaced, and removed from the place of a Poor Brother of the Foundation; and it was ordered that he leave the House on or before the twenty-third of December instant."

We believe that these letters contained comments on facts similar to those collected in this paper, and that the Poor Brother had been emboldened to speak out by the decision given last year by a revising barrister. A Poor Brother, who had once been one of the most influential tradesmen in the Strand, had endeavoured last year to improve his anomalous position by claiming the privilege of the franchise as an elector. His claim was contested, and allowed by the revising barrister, who decided that "the Brothers of the Charterhouse were duly qualified to vote, both by property and position; that the Charterhouse was not to be regarded merely as a charitable institution, but was by its charter to be ranked with the colleges and other public foundations of the country, instituted at different times by royal and other illustrious individuals; that it does not empower those entrusted with its administration to expel at pleasure, &c.; consequently that its members do not come under any denomination that can render them at all ineligible to the possession of the franchise."

It will be very obvious that the humbled position of Poor Brother of the Charterhouse has long ceased to be fit for the solace of those "decayed merchants, householders, aged and desolate churchmen, and the like," for whom it was originally intended. It therefore will surprise no person to learn that although some men who have occupied places of honour in society are always to be found among the Brethren of the Charterhouse, the position has for a long time been habitually given to men who are in no need of consolation for a lost position in the world. A great number of the Poor Brothers of the Charterhouse are

men who, instead of looking back on better days, look back on a position against which the Charterhouse contrasts as a great scene of luxury. Kind patrons get admission to the Charterhouse for aged fathers of their footmen, and for people of that class—the only class for which its present style of government is fitted. To the sensitive and educated man, smitten by poverty in his old age, the asylum offered in the Charterhouse is lost: one of the very few asylums that were ever opened to such sufferers.

Some months ago, we made our readers acquainted with the French community of Little Sisters of the Poor, and told of the house in Paris wherein a few peasant women maintain ninety old people by their own exertions—beg for them, feed them, warm them, cheer them with such true sympathy and Christian love that the most refined scholar or poet in Christendom, if he were fallen into poverty, might sit in his old age among those poor coarse women, and be made subject to their pious care, without a sense of degradation. In England, in the Charterhouse, on a munificent foundation, thousands of pounds yearly are spent upon the care of eighty poor old men. The money provides for the rich, salaries, houses, wine: we have partly seen what it does for the Poor Brothers. The "Little Sisters" across the Channel, with bright eyes and busy hands, with a maid-servant for founder, and not a *sous* of capital, have done so much, that it is a pleasant dream (but quite a dream) to fancy what result a little of their spirit could produce out of the plentiful resources of the Charterhouse.

TOO MUCH BLUE.

Early on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse; and who, I'll warrant, fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultramarine sky!"

The critic then commenced walking backwards and forwards before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter, meantime, continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At length, when the sign-painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed severely:—

"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch, and said, in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes:

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky?"

"Oh, yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue!"

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master amateur?"

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you, in passing—I make the casual remark—that there is too much blue; but do as you like. Put more blue, if you don't think you have trowelled on enough already."

"But I tell you, that I want to represent a clear blue sky at sunrise."

"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sunrise blue."

"By St. Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger; "I should like to see how *you* would paint skies without blue."

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky-painting; but, if I were to make a trial, I wouldn't put in too much blue."

"And what would it look like, if you didn't?"

"Like nature, I hope, and not like yours, which might be taken for a bed of gentianella, or a sample of English cloth, or anything you please—except a sky; I beg to assure you, for the tenth time, there is too much blue!"

"I tell you what, old gentleman," cried the insulted artist, crossing his maul-stick over his shoulder, and looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home; but you should not be let out—alone."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue indeed! What, I, the pupil of Ruysdael, the third cousin of Gerard Douw's great grandson, not know how to colour a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every passenger stops fixed in admiration!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your own portrait painted to serve for the sign of the Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the *chef d'œuvre* of Gerard Douw's great grandson's third cousin.

"Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter, "You are ruining my sign! Why, it's

worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone for ever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter, undisturbed either by that or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he sketched, in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer-glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a greyish morning sky. One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators at first were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of those foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the inn was the first to cry "Bravo!" and even Gerard Douw's cousin nine times removed, felt his fury calming down into admiration.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned towards his neighbours, "this is a French sign-painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign-painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold, and even partly paid for in advance. However, if Monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow-artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty to sell it to any one I please."

"What a roguery!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "My Rising Sun is my property; fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to anybody else. Isn't it painted on my boards. No one but myself has the smallest right to it."

"I 'll summon you before the magistrate," cried he who had *not* painted the sign.

"I 'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the innkeeper who had half paid for it.

"One moment!" interposed another energetic voice; that of the interloper, "it seems to me that *I* ought to have some little vote in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle or two of beer."

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else; for within doors, the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose that *I* don't choose to have it sold?" said its real author.

"Oh, my dear Monsieur!" said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why, it would just enable me to lay in a good stock of wine and beer."

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter, "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Master Martzen. "Why, he 's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing: my Susette is betrothed to an honest young French cabinet-maker; who, poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist; "that quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is: I will gladly give two hundred for it, if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with two words."

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied,

"Pierre David."

The whole party were quiet enough now; for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign-painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

David laughed heartily; and, taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily. In the midst of the merry-making, the sign-painter's daughter, the pretty Susette, threw her arms round her benefactor's neck, and her intended husband raised a cloud of sawdust out of his jacket from the violence with which he shook the French master's hand.

At that moment, the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were M. Lessec, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.

KING CHARLES'S POST-BAG.

THE Post-bag of Queen Victoria is a somewhat bulky affair, with its tens of thousands of newspapers, its innumerable letters, and its millions of money. John Bull of 1852 is very proud of his Post-bag, and talks about it with remarkable vehemence. Yet, not with less vehemence, did Mr. Chamberlayne, in the year 1679, propound to his associates the wonders of King Charles's Post-bag. Mr. Chamberlayne, at about that time, published a ninth edition of his very notable book on "The Present State of England," wherein he crammed many curious and instructive facts for his great-great-grand-children. It is easy to imagine Mr. Chamberlayne, with a somewhat pompous manner, primly attired as a learned doctor, discoursing with uncontrollable pride of the doings and the profits of his royal master's Post-bag.

In the first place, he informs his company that the profits of the Post-bag are settled by Act of Parliament on his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and that the Postmaster General for the time being is the Right Honourable Henry, Earl of Arlington, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. He then proceeds to develop, to an astonished public, the wondrous regulations which govern the bag. First, he tells them, every Monday letters and "pacquets" are despatched to France, Italy, Spain, Flanders, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and to Kent! Perhaps his audience think that after the transaction of so much business, the Governors of the Post-bag enjoy a day's rest. Not so, however, declares Mr. Chamberlayne, dallying with his ruffles, for, on Tuesday, letters and "pacquets" are despatched not only to the United Netherlands, Germany, and other foreign parts, but to all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. After these exertions, his hearers think, surely the Governors of King Charles's Post-bag have a day's respite from work. Not quite this, but something like it; for, on Wednesdays, Mr. Chamberlayne declares, letters and "pacquets" are despatched to Kent only, and the Downs. On Thursdays, letters start on their way to France, Spain, Italy, and all parts of England and Scotland; on Fridays, to the Spanish and United Netherlands, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and to Kent; and on Saturday, to all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. And, says Mr. Chamberlayne, "the answers of the said letters and 'pacquets' are received in the said office in due course; and, from thence, dispersed, and delivered according to their respective directions with all expedition." These facts, Mr. Chamberlayne opines, are sufficient to make every English subject of the enlightened seventeenth century proud of King Charles's Post-bag. Yet other wonders of management remain to be communicated. The Post-bag is managed by deputy—my Lord Arlington, of course, having nothing whatever to do except to receive his salary. Seventy-seven persons "actually" give their attendance to the business of King Charles's Post-bag in London; besides one hundred and eighty-two deputy postmasters, scattered through the three kingdoms.

Mr. Chamberlayne's throat swells with the fulness of exultation, when he informs his wondering company that King Charles's Post-bag gives employment to two "pacquet-boats" between England and France; two between England and Flanders; three between England and Holland; three between England and Ireland; and two stationed at Deal to ply to the Downs. "As the master-piece of all those good regulations," continues Mr. Chamberlayne, the "market-towns are so connected with the capital, that all 'considerable' cities of the kingdom have an 'easy and certain conveyance for the letters thereof, to and from the said grand office, in the due course of the mails, every post.'" Mr. Chamberlayne now proceeds to contrast the magnificent contents of King Charles's Post-bag with the paltry Post-bags of the olden time. He informs his company—who are by this time bewildered with excess of admiration—that although the number of letters "missive" in England was not at all considerable in their ancestors' days, yet it is now prodigiously great, "since the meanest people have generally learned to write;" so great, that his Royal Highness of York is able to farm the Post-bag for thirty thousand pounds per year. Mr. Chamberlayne bids his friends note also, that by King Charles's bag letters are conveyed with more expedition, and less charge, than in any foreign country. A letter, containing a whole sheet of paper, is conveyed eighty miles for two-pence; two sheets for four-pence; and an ounce of paper for eight-pence! This cheap conveyance is so rapid (the Post-bag travelling by night as well as by day), that a letter travels one hundred and twenty miles in four-and-twenty hours: so that, continues Mr. Chamberlayne, to make a great impression upon his company,

"in five days an answer of a letter may be had from a place three hundred miles distant from the writer!" Mr. Chamberlayne, now in a state of irrepressible excitement, continues his list of wonders:—"Moreover, if any gentleman desire to ride post to any principal town of England, Post-horses are always in readiness (taking no horse without the consent of his owner), which in other kings' reigns was not duly observed; and only three-pence is demanded for every English mile, and for every stage, to the post-boy four-pence for conducting. Besides this excellent convenience of conveying letters, and men on horseback, there is of late such an admirable commodiousness, both for men and women of better rank, to travel from London to almost any great town of England, and to almost all the villages near this great city, that the like hath not been known in the world; and that is by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather and foul ways, free from endamaging one's health or body by hard jogging, or over-violent motion; and this, not only at a low price, as about a shilling for every five miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the posts in some foreign countries make not more miles in a day; for the stage-coaches—called flying-coaches—make forty or fifty miles in a day, as from London to Oxford or Cambridge; and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late."

Mr. Chamberlayne's enthusiasm falls oddly upon the ears of Mr. John Bull, of 1852, who has eaten a large slice of melon with his breakfast this morning in the Maison d'Or on the Boulevards, and is now about to discuss the quality of a late chop in Fleet Street; and to let his friends in Paris know, by to-morrow morning, of his whereabouts in the British metropolis. Yet we have pitched upon the wrong Mr. Bull for our contrast.

Mr. Bull, taking his chop in Fleet Street, is very loud about the discrepancies of our postal arrangements. He has two friends—one who lives at Penzance, and the second who has chosen for his residence the most northerly point of Scotland: these can communicate by letter by the payment of one penny; yet Mr. Bull (who has also a friend at Dover, who transacts business with a firm at Calais) is compelled to pay ten-pence for the twenty miles which his letters travel. It costs two shillings and two-pence to send a letter to Spain; yet one may be despatched any day to New Zealand for one shilling; and the emigrant in the backwoods of Canada pays but one shilling and two-pence for his letter of good tidings to his friend in London. Thus, crossing the Channel only costs two-pence less than the voyage to the Antipodes. Therefore Mr. Bull grumbles; and talks about a convention for the equitable adjustment of the post-offices of the world. He would not be sorry to see delegates from the different countries of the world assembled here in London to discuss the rates at which it is the duty of all honest states to enable the nations of the earth to interchange friendly greetings. So much has been done in England, that he thinks a little co-operation on the part of foreign countries would be a mere act of common honesty, and he proudly points to the great results of Victoria's Penny Post-bag: a vulgar bag it is considered, perhaps, by those who measure gentility by the length of the purse, and very unbecoming the dignity of the Queen to receive copper coinage; but it contains more treasure, more kindly human emotions, more cordial confidences, than the bag of any other sovereign on the face of the earth. We should like the shade of Mr. Chamberlayne to rise, and take just one peep into it.

Mr. Bull, of London, serenely contemplating the working of the penny inland postage, and objecting to embarrass himself with the wrongs of his Dover friend, whose daily ten-pences rankle at his heart, proudly, we repeat, refers to the recent history of the Post-office. The inflated pride of Mr. Chamberlayne, with his post-office farmed on behalf of the then Duke of York for the annual sum of thirty thousand pounds, raises a sneer on Mr. Bull's lip, as he surveys the present balance-sheet issued from St. Martin's-le-Grand. And Mr. Bull has some reason to be satisfied. Let us look to the facts he can place before us.

In 1839, her Majesty Queen Victoria's Post-bag received eight million four hundred and seventy thousand letters. On the fifth day of December in that year, the famous reduction in the Post-office charges came in force. The effect of the change was instantaneous. Victoria's Post-bag was too small to bear the vast increase—every corner was crammed; and the Postmaster-General, with all his secretaries, found it a difficult matter to manage the unwieldy mass. In 1840, no less than one hundred and seventy million letters were crammed into Queen Victoria's Post-bag. The ghost of Mr. Chamberlayne has a terrible look of wonder and awe, as Mr. Bull, of 1852, announces the fact—talking of millions with the utmost unconcern.

We allow Mr. Bull to skip forward from the year 1840 to the year 1845, and then once more pause to hear him. In this year, we are informed, two hundred and seventy-one million and a half of letters were absolutely stuffed into the Britannic Post-bag! Mr. Bull's eyes gleam with uncontrollable satisfaction as he rolls the numbers out of his mouth, and becomes dreadfully excited as he wanders about later years; till, with dilated orbs, his hand clenched upon the table, and his voice raised to its most sonorous pitch, he declares the total number of letters that passed through the Post-office in the year 1850 to have been

three hundred and forty-eight millions! Being "as fond as an Arab of dates," Mr. Bull begins to calm himself after the delivery of this culminating statement, and to wander back, with rich precision, to the early years of the century, and the number of letters that each brought to the Post-bag of the reigning sovereign. Then gently, very gently, he touches upon the profits of the Post-office for the last half-century. He reflects that we have tried a magnificent experiment of late; and that by certain advances we are reaching a result that will content, to the fullest extent, the lovers of large balance-sheets. Mr. Bull finds that on the fifth day of January, 1840, it was shown that the net revenue for the year then ended, of the Post-bag (including a month of the four-penny rate) was upwards of one million and a half sterling. In the following great experimental year, which ended on the fifth of January, 1841, the net postal revenue fell to four hundred and ten thousand pounds! A little more than one-fourth of the usual Post-office net revenue.

Mr. Bull remembers that he felt a certain sadness when he read that year's account. But as the years followed one another his heart revived. The financial year which ended on the fifth of January, 1846, showed a net postal revenue of six hundred and sixty thousand pounds; that which closed on the fifth of January, 1851, showed a net postal revenue of six hundred and ninety-four thousand; that which closed on the fifth of January of the present year displayed a net postal revenue of one million six hundred and forty thousand pounds; being an increase of twenty-five thousand pounds on the net postal revenue of the financial year 1839. Of the vast sums expended by the Postmaster-General for the convenient delivery of his bag in various parts of the kingdom, Mr. Bull gives us a notion, when he informs us that in the financial year, 1851, the railway companies of this country received, for work done within that year, no less a sum than two hundred and six thousand pounds.

We find Mr. Bull quite excited with the glowing bits of the Post-bag history. Talk of California and the gold of Australia, why, a golden sand is shifting continually all over England. So vast is the wealth deposited in Victoria's Post-bag, that in one year the Dead Letter Office received in cash and bank notes nearly nineteen thousand pounds, and money, otherwise represented, as by cheques, bills, &c., no less than one million two hundred and twenty-six thousand pounds. Mr. Bull would not have it supposed that these sums are quietly pocketed; on the contrary, he is anxious to express his assurance that "nearly the whole of the letters containing the money were delivered to the writers." Three years is the space of time allowed by the Post-office regulations for the owner of a missing letter, containing any property, to recover it; and, at the expiration of that period, if the property be in the shape of a bill or cheque, it is destroyed, and if in the form of cash, it is added to the revenue of the country. Many a luckless individual has thus, unwillingly, helped to lighten the burdens of his countrymen.

These are the main facts upon which Mr. Bull, in this present year, 1852, delights to dwell; but all he has put forth only goes to prove that his friend, Mr. Bull, of Dover, may reasonably advocate the consideration of his grievance upon the promoters of the inland penny postage. However, some people appear to think that the correspondence of Mr. Bull, of Dover, may be cut short by the mild manœuvres of a French squadron in the Channel. We shall see.

CHIPS.

TWENTY SHILLINGS FOR A NAPOLEON.

Most thoroughly did we—freed from a long voyage, and a long residence in the tropics—enjoy our four days' stay at St. Helena. Of course we made a visit to the late residence, and we may now say also, to the late tomb of Napoleon. Let me tell you the result.

Longwood is about six miles from James Town. The road winds up along the side of the mountain, opposite Ladder-hill, to a height of some two thousand feet, presenting many a bleak point of view, and numerous picturesque glimpses of the sea, through the deep gorges of the mountains. At the point of greatest elevation on the road, is the "Napoleon Half-way House,"—a fact announced by a sign-board, representing the ex-Emperor in his well-known coat and cocked hat, standing in the stock attitude.

Here, we had no reason to think highly of anything, except the bill of costs. Pursuing the road along the edge of the deep glen, called Sloane's Valley, we arrived at Hut's Gate. In the dell beneath it, at the foot of a hillock covered by fir-trees, is "The Tomb." We will step that way presently. A mile or a mile and a half more, along the side of the "Devil's Punch Bowl,"—(*query*, how many punch bowls has that personage?)—brought us to Napoleon's Gate, at the entrance of the grounds at Longwood. The old as well as the new residence of the name were visible at the trees which fringed the soft and turfy platform over which we galloped until stopped. The stoppage was occasioned by a slovenly-dressed woman, who presented us with a large dirty card "which," said she, "will tell the gentlemen how much they have got to pay before they go in." This proved to be two shillings per head. We paid the sum, and accordingly were ushered into Longwood.

An exhibition, to which the entrance-money is as high as at the Coliseum in London, ought to be kept in decent order, one might think.

All that is now seen of old Longwood House

is a low wooden building of very cramped dimensions, in a sad state of disrepair. The names and initials of thousands are cut, written, or scratched on every available point from floor to ceiling. In that which was the dining-room, and in which the illustrious prisoner died, there is a winnowing machine, not a cheap sight at a penny; the part which he used as a bedroom is now occupied as a stable. Every trace of the outhouses and remainder of the establishment has disappeared.

The new house of Longwood, a few yards lower down, is a handsome and commodious building, with an elegant suite of apartments, meant for the Emperor and his attendants. But they never occupied it. A few days before Napoleon's last illness he was to have taken possession of the house, but having an extraordinary horror of the smell of paint, he was not satisfied that it was quite dry. We were, however, told that he two or three times made use of the bath-room, now shown in the new house. The billiard-room, there, is now fitted up and used as a chapel for Divine Service for the Protestants in the neighbourhood, every alternate Sunday; while the whole building is rendered further remarkable as having been, until a short time ago, the site of the long series of magnetic observations conducted by Captain J. Clarke Ross, R.N., and by officers of the Royal Artillery.

We were told that, though it is a notorious fact that Napoleon never resided in New Longwood, so great is the mania for stealing souvenirs of the place, that Frenchmen and others have taken anything there on which they could lay their hands; one took a key, another a door-scraper. There was one attempt to carry off a grate!

The view from Longwood down the valley seaward is fine, and behind it are the various lofty peaks to the east of the island. Among these is the flat-topped and lofty crag, on which, according to some engravings, the captive used to contemplate the ocean, with his hands behind his back.

On our return to James Valley we turned to the right, and descended to the head of the glen, where, until lately, reposed in peace all that remained of the great founder of the show. Napoleon's grave is situated at the very head of a rapidly descending narrow valley, whence the view, wild and romantic, may be seen gratuitously. The spot had been selected by himself, for it was a place to which he often resorted in his riding or walking excursions, and where there is a spring of the purest water issuing from a rock.

The stranger who approaches the little enclosure which contains the tomb, is once more reminded that he walks on British soil, by a request that he will insert his name, &c., in a book kept in a house close by, and pay three shillings for the privilege.

On 5th May, 1821, during an unusually severe thunder storm (rare in St. Helena), Napoleon breathed his last, and the world breathed more freely, when the spirit which had so long troubled it had gone for ever. In due time he was buried at the head of Sloane's Valley, on the spot of his choice, and thousands came to see the place so distinguished. But fate had not yet done with him. Upwards of nineteen years afterwards (in 1840), arrived his old companions in exile, to claim all that remained of their well-beloved "Emperor," and to carry it in triumph and pageantry to their native land; while a prince of the House of Orleans waited at the landing-place, to receive on board a royal ship, with all due honour, the dust of him who had so long tyrannised over France!

The grave was opened: a depth of sixteen feet had to be dug through, before they came to the stone enclosure which surrounded the coffin. This was of three parts; a leaden, an oaken, and a tin covering had to be removed. This done, the features of him who had been dead for nearly twenty years were found scarcely changed, and retaining the placid expression peculiar to the living Emperor—when not irritated. The body had been slightly embalmed. The contact of air speedily decomposed the Emperor.

Now, all is changed; silent and deserted is the spot. Empty is the grave; and vacant is the sentry-box, where stood the soldier who used to guard the tomb. Still, it is questionable, whether one person less of the many who visit St. Helena, will go to a place so remarkable.

The guide who accompanied us said, that there was much difficulty in preserving the vault from being chipped by enthusiastic French and other strangers. Indeed, a fortnight before our visit, one of a party of the former was found breaking a slab which he had managed to move, and which we still found un-replaced. The very ladder, by which one descends into the tomb, is cut and carved all over with the names or initials of gentlemen to whom it had seemed a convenient ladder of fame.

Every one has heard of the willow-tree. Two years after the deposit of the Emperor's remains, the only original tree, which strange hands had cut away nearly to its base, died away. Its two successors at the foot of the grave bid fair to follow its example and share its fate.

In the valley above James Town is a place called "The Briars," formerly the residence of Mr. Balcombe, and where, until Longwood was prepared for his reception, Napoleon resided for some time after his arrival. We varied our downward route by scrambling down the hill-side to this place; but it presented nothing especially worthy of remark.

We were curious to ascertain who were the recipients of the money paid by all strangers visiting Longwood, or the Tomb, and the fol-

lowing was the information we received. The house and grounds of New Longwood are the property of Government, and are at present let to a retired officer, who makes a considerable income by the two shillings a-head exacted from each visitor to the old house. Doubtless, the tenant, in his turn, pays a rent proportionate to the probable amount expected from the toll levied on strangers.

Again, as to the Tomb. After the remains of Napoleon were removed, Government sold the ground. The present proprietor being therefore at liberty, either to prevent intrusion or to exact what he pleases from the curious, consents to account the visit no intrusion, which is paid for at three shillings a head.

HOPE.

AN EPIGRAM.

Sweet Hope of life, where shouldst thou dwell?
Not with the eagle on the rock,
The civic strife, or battle shock,
But near thy sister Truth's deep well;
Midst shadowy woods and grassy lanes,
Where tenderness with beauty reigns,
And heaven's bright silence breeds a voice within!
This be life's care to win,
Its noblest scope—
But not in solitude—*alone*—sweet Hope!

SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES.

The largest and most interesting question, connected with humanity, is:—how are its labouring classes to be secured the greatest amount of morality and happiness? For nineteen-twentieths of the world this means, how are those who till the land to be remunerated, and in what relation are they to be placed with regard to the land itself? Rousseau would have commenced such an inquiry by asking, what was the state of nature? But history would have answered that the state of nature, in Europe at least, was a state of violence, where the rude pastoral tribe always subdued the agricultural one, and reduced it to slavery or serfage. We must begin, therefore, to trace the peasant from his lowest point of degradation;—when slavery was the general law of the world, and man, whose lot was slavery, was a chattel. To find such a state of things now, we should go to Carolina or Brazil, where the question is mixed up with considerations of colour, of export, and of race; but these questions would lead us far from our purpose, which is merely to consider man, as connected with, and affected by, the tenure of land, in Europe.

To look for serfage now, would require far research. It exists in Russia, no doubt; but, even there, it has been modified, or is expiring. It has been abolished on the lands of the crown; the Imperial serfs being henceforth tenants, who pay rent—not in money, but in kind.

The grade above serfage, in the history of the European peasant, is formed by a division of the land, part of which is abandoned to the peasant to feed himself and his family; he paying rent, in the shape of so many days' labour, to be employed on another portion of land which is reserved to the landlord. This is the *robot*, which prevailed so very generally throughout Hungary, Gallicia, part of Poland, and, indeed, all Sclavonian countries. The arrangement was not without its good effects. It gave a comparatively independent character to the peasant; who had a property in a certain portion of the soil, from which he became irremovable, as long as he performed his labour contract. Yet, although this raised the peasant in the scale of humanity and society, it placed him in a state of antagonism with his landlord. The peasant was no sooner in possession of his own half of the land, than the landowner thought that he had made a bargain disadvantageous to himself. Hence his bailiff, or representative, if not himself, became rigid in the exaction of the labour-rent. Of the depth and extent of the feuds thus engendered, an idea may be formed from the circumstance, that when the Austrian authorities of Gallicia became alarmed at the disaffection and frowardness of the landed proprietors, they had but to promise impunity to the peasants, to induce them to burn the houses, and massacre the persons and families of their landlords.

There was another way by which the landlords or their representatives won back from the peasant those advantages which the substitution of a labour-rent for serfage had procured him. This was lending money to the peasant; thus getting him into debt, and enforcing, by the severe laws of debtor and creditor, that supremacy that the law no longer sanctions from master to servant, or from landlord to tenant. This habit of the poor man running into debt, and of the rich man exercising usury, is one of the characteristics of the old and barbarous states of society; and it is engendered much more naturally in southern than in northern climes. In the South, the season of the year for tilling the earth, preparing it in time to produce the annual crop, is comparatively short, and is almost confounded with the time of harvest; so quickly is everything brought to maturity. Spring is the great time for production in the South: then all is alive—man and nature look active. But there is more than the agricultural population can do. Fresh hands must be employed; their labour paid as wages. The South, too, often produces for exportation, and this of course requires more manipulation, labour, and capital. The peasant cannot provide them, and he is therefore in the hands of his landlord, or the capitalist, or both.

The East, notwithstanding all that travellers

indite and poets sing, is a naked, barren, forbidding region, over far the greater part of the surface of which there is nothing to glean—not even a supper for the insect. But this is made up by the extreme richness and fertility of certain valleys, and sheltered well-watered and well-situated spots. Upon these happy valleys the traveller stumbles in amazement and delight. If in spring time, he sees the fields alive with labour, the fertilising water carefully distributed, the silk or the fruit harvest proceeding with exultant promise; and he extols the lot of the Oriental peasant. Yet not a wretch crawls the earth more miserable than he. No portion of that rich valley, we may be sure, belongs to him. Even by his very nature, the farmer, as he might be called, is a yearly, or rather a season, tenant. The rich Effendi, who owns his land, will call the peasant to him in early spring, advance him the money to till, prepare, and to sow the land—the money to be repaid out of the crop at harvest time. As to rent, it is not talked of. It is lost in the greater consideration of the money advanced, and the interest of thirty, forty, or fifty per cent. to be paid upon and with the money. By the end of harvest the landlord has swept the whole of the crop into his storehouse. The peasant has lived, but no more; and, instead of paying his debt, he has merely liquidated a portion of it with the interest, leaving himself the bond-servant of the Effendi, who thus swallows up the labourer with the crop. This is the Turkish rule. But are Christians always better? We could, by giving the history of almost any village in Hindostan, show that nearly as bad things take place under a rule, like our own, meant to be humane, and which, no doubt, will one day be so; but which requires wisdom, and the turning of a powerful and leisurely mind to the task, to be raised from the common level of Oriental administrations.

There is an unfortunate proverb in the East—unfortunate from its truth, and from its being the most atrocious libel upon humanity;—I say libel, for libels are not necessarily deprived of truth, however outrageous or insulting. The libel I speak of is, that the more civilised or advanced the government and the social system, the worse is the condition of the peasant. Whether there is room or probability for such an assertion in Europe, we shall not yet consider; but in the East there is no controverting the proposition. The most miserable populations in the East are those whom Mohamed Ali governed, decimated, and oppressed, amidst the plaudits of Europeans and the worship of Franks. As far loftier, nobler, and freer man is the Arab of any of the regencies—as Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli were called—who, living far from the accursed fertility of the Nile, scratched his mountain or his valley in common with his tribe, obeyed his sheik as an equal, paid tribute in common with his tribe in a lump, slung his own carabine upon his shoulder, and mounted his own horse. These are the men whom the French have been striving to conquer for a quarter of a century, and who, with time and God's blessing, will see an end of the French and their jabber about carrying civilisation into Africa.

It is no agreeable admission to make, that the only peasantry in the East who are happy, or who have any security that they shall enjoy a due share of the produce of the soil, are those who carry arms. Sling a musket on the back of the best-tempered peasant, and put a brace of pistols in his girdle, and he will infallibly look upon these instruments as nobler and more efficient modes of earning his livelihood than scratching the earth with either sword or plough. Compare the different populations of Turkey: the Turk wears arms, and he consequently will not dig. The rayah or Greek in Turkey is not permitted to wear arms; he has nothing left to wield but the sickle and hoe.

Do you know the secret of Swiss heroism, Swiss democracy, Swiss repudiation of knights and barons, Swiss resistance to Austria and to Burgundy, and to their legions of mailed chevaliers? Do you know the origin of William Tell, and of the three Swiss farmers who took the oath to free their country—that is, their valley—of lords and masters, and of all who pretended to be lords and masters?

It is a prosaic explanation of a world of heroism, but still it is the plain and naked truth. The cultivators of the Swiss valleys could afford to pay no rent. They drove the plough in vain; they therefore plied the sword. In their inability to pay rent lies the whole secret of their republicanism and of their independence. The soil, and clime, and situation were such as could afford bare subsistence to him who could wield the scythe—the sickle was rarely wanting—who tended the cattle, or who was contented with goats for his only flock. Lords and landed proprietors, therefore, the entire class which lives by rent, disappeared from, or never sprung up in, the high Swiss valleys. In the low ground, at the mouth or entrance of them, you may now and then find the ruins of a *schloss* or castle, as if an attempt were made to blockade the refractory and republican inhabitants. But up the valleys, the only fortifications to be seen are those of nature.

This is the plain history of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden. It was the peasantry of the higher or forest cantons who first set the example of democracy; and for the plain reason, that they could not afford to pay, or fee, out of the produce of the soil, any landlord or aristocratic class. And the cantons of the plains imitated them so far as to establish republics too; but as their cantons had landed proprietors, and could afford to pay them rent, they established republics in which there was a patrician class; and thus, by retaining a strong hold of the places of

authority and influence, grew up good republicans too, and joined the peasantry of Altorf and Stanz in rejecting the supremacy of any sovereign.

When a people will not and do not pay rent, it is difficult to induce them to pay taxes, at least, to a distant sovereign. The English found this to be the case with their colonies in America; and they thought it very new and very strange. History, however, could have shown them an example in the annals of Switzerland. For, though the dwellers in the forest cantons had no landlords or lands, the Austrian princes deemed that they, at least, might raise a revenue from the free peasants. To tax their lands was indeed hopeless; but a bailiff, established in a strong castle at the mouth of the valley, at Altorf, at Stanz, or at Brunnen, might prevent any mountain commodity, such as cheese, from being exported to the plain country to be sold, or any article being brought back in exchange, except by the payment of a duty to him, the Austrian bailiff, who hoisted the sign of the double eagle over his portcullised gateway.

Old chroniclers had a thorough contempt for, and ignorance of, political economy. They never observe, much less hint, why there was no upper, or landlord, or knightly class in the Swiss valleys. They had no idea that nature could be democratic by a mere stinting of produce, or barrenness of soil. So that the lordly annalist attributes all to the perverseness of the Swiss peasant; the Swiss chronicler to the innate nobleness of his nature. Neither do they dwell upon the fiscal pretensions of the bailiff of Austria, nor do they hint at the source of revenue from whence he was to pay his archers and his men-at-arms. They depict Gessler as the villain of the tragedy—insisting that his cap, or the ducal cap of Austria, should be done reverence to in the market-place of Altorf; or else going to live at free quarters in the house of the comfortable Schwytz farmer, and committing the indignity of ordering the farmer's wife to prepare a bath for him. The fact which the chronicler objects to Gessler, is not so much his rapacity, as his cruelty and insolence.

The Niebuhrs and Strausses have been nibbling at the story of Gessler and Tell, and would persuade honest men to doubt its authenticity. Why, or with what view, I am at a loss to conceive. Certainly never did the scent of a tradition lie stronger. The country has been in the hands of the victors ever since the victory. It was not, like Greece or Rome, overrun by barbarians, who threw and who trod down edifices, vestiges, and recollections, all of which had to be raked up and put once more together by conjunction or collation. But there has been nothing to disturb the reminiscences and traditions of the race of Uri. And when they point to the site of Tell's house, or Tell's village, I, for one, no more doubt the correct indication of the fresh countenance and steady finger, than if old Tell himself were the cicerone, who tells us the story.

The canton of Uri consists of the one great valley of the Reuss, which emerges from the Furka and the waters of the St. Gothard. It once evidently formed an immense mountain-lake, at the foot of the St. Gothard, till a convulsion of nature and its own force enabled it to break through a rocky barrier, amidst the ruins of which stands the Devil's Bridge. The river runs for seventeen or twenty miles down to the lake, forming an angle at Amsteg, and pent in on both sides by mountains of the greatest height. About a league before reaching the extremity of the valley, on the falling of the river into the lake, a lateral valley opens perpendicular to the great one, and to the right as one descends. This valley is of small depth and extent, very soon rising into the mountain, which may be traversed to the summit, and which leads into a corresponding valley of Schwytz. The chief man of the little valley, that is, the man with the largest farm and the most cattle, was William Tell. Of course the little valley is formed by a mountain stream. This about half a mile up makes a bound; and on and about its fall stands the village of Burglein. Those who visit it from Altorf ought to be directed by a foot-path, which runs along a mill-stream, and leads through chestnut groves and wooden cottages, to the chapel erected to the honour of Tell, on the site of his house. The church is large, with a tall white steeple and a red top to it. The pilgrimage of every traveller to Burglein is indispensable; yet the villagers seem not to have invented an efficient mode of levying black mail, although the view from the churchyard is one of the finest in the valley. The village is now, especially in the day-time, noisy with visitors, with children, and with sawing-mills, that take advantage of every fall in the stream. Of evenings it is more primitive, when the mill ceases, and the church begins its *Ave Maria;* for Uri is a strictly Catholic canton, as the fine convent over Altorf sufficiently attests. The monks remain still the sole aristocracy of the district. The Franciscans, with their cowls on or off their heads, look picturesque in boats in the flush of evening on the calm lake; sometimes going on ghostly errands, with an awning and certain symptoms of their paraphernalia and profession. Such sights are growing rare throughout Europe: it is in few places the traveller meets with them. Besides the convent at Altorf, there is a splendid monastery high up in the valley of the Unterwalden; it is called the Engelberg. These monasteries are poorer than they were; for monks are like other landlords: they can live on their rents in rich districts, as did the monks of Thergovia and Argovia, till the radicals secularised them; but in

poor countries, like Uri, the monks cannot undergo the hard struggle of plying scythe and tending flocks amidst snows and frosts. They exist in a good measure by voluntary contributions; which monkish produce has rather increased than declined in value, whilst the wants of all men have increased.

The same rule of property which prevailed of old, prevails still. This is, that property in land, and the consequent division of it, is confined to the valley; while he that owns a certain portion of the ground of the valley, is entitled to send a proportionate number of cattle to the hills. The reason assigned for this apparent monopoly is specious. Cattle can only be nourished in the valley in winter, and unless a man have the means of feeding his cattle in winter, there is no use in his being able to feed them in summer. Were they to be allowed to buy in spring and sell in autumn, and to avoid the winter keep, the valley would thus be deprived of the power of keeping its herds the year through, and thus maintaining its permanent stock and wealth. So reason the Swiss economists.

The poorer people, who are without land, are, however, permitted to keep goats, and to send them to the mountains; accordingly, there are numerous flocks of this more plebeian kind of property, the produce of which, if not toothsome or saleable, is still wholesome and profitable in the maintenance of a family. It has been mentioned how the poverty of the soil in Uri, and its inability to afford rent, has driven from the region — or, indeed, never allowed to rise within it—that class which lives upon rent. But here another peculiarity arises; for the poverty and division of the soil has created a marked distinction between two classes—the proprietor and the non-proprietor of land. This would not be so much felt, were there many families of artisans; but the poverty of the region forbids the formation of this class, too. The artisans hie to the town on the other side of the lake, from whence, on market-day, the good farmers of Uri can bring home shoes, or utensils, or any item of his non-agricultural wants. It is a dogma of Free Trade, that this procuring of their shoes and nails from the other side of the lake is advantageous to the men of Uri. This, however, is what the political economists of Uri can never be brought to agree to; and gladly would they re-set up their guilds and corporations of tailors, smiths, and shoemakers at Altorf, if they knew how to manage it.

The distinction between the two classes of havers and non-havers of land, has given rise to terrible feuds, and, indeed, almost to civil war, in the neighbouring canton of Schwytz. This war is carried on between the party of the Horns and that of the Claws. The Horns, of course, comprise the owners of horned cattle, and of the land required to support them. The Claws mean the owners of goats, and families who durst not vest their savings with larger cattle, that they are forbidden to send to the mountain pastures. They, therefore, confine themselves to goats, and "such small deer." In Schwytz—which is a semi-open country, and where there are considerable towns, as well as artisans, nay, some manufacturers—the party of the Claws, reinforced by a large body of townsmen, who felt themselves marked with a stigma, and excluded from the range of their own mountains, mustered very formidable; indeed, so formidable, as to commence and bring to accomplishment a kind of revolution. But this very revolution, as is often the case, led to an aggravation, not an alleviation, of the evil complained of. It produced a total separation between town and country districts; and this, if it put an end to hostilities, put also an end to anything like real compromise. The Horns enforced their law in the mountains and adjoining valleys, whilst the repeal of such a by-law in the open country was of neither use nor result.

In our large societies, in towns and kingdoms, the great interests of life—marriage, population, and provision—are left to chance, to Providence, and to selfishness. In small and patriarchal communities, like those of the Swiss mountains, authority interferes. The landlord is the poor-law guardian. He can give a roof, or refuse a roof; and without not only a roof, but considerable space for storage and for animals beneath it, a family in the mountains cannot live through the winter. The William Tells of the present century, therefore, are lords of all they survey, and are the Gesslers of their villages—at least in the respect paid them, and sometimes in the authority they exercise—quite as much as the Austrian bailiff of old time. And yet all is done in the name of the republic.

I resided for a week in the wooden establishment of one of these peasant-lords of Uri. It was more like Noah's Ark than a house. All the animals of Swiss creation entered by a large folding-door and a wooden causeway into the mansion, in November, and there abode for several months. The noise of them, as they moved and masticated, sometimes came like subterranean thunder through floor and rafter. The human inmates, involved in a thick and hot atmosphere of steam, were as restless and as noisy, and as much given to eat and drink, as their herds. It, however, was to all intents an inn, though it had no sign; but guests came and went, and slept and baited, and paid their reckoning in some shape or another. The period was one of great excitement. The Liberals—masters of all cantons and cities of the plains, except Lucerne—were meditating an attack upon it, whilst the men of Uri and the other mountain cantons were as determined to fly to its defence: so that on the mount the sword was sharpening as well as the scythe; and the rifle was taken down, cleaned, contemplated, and used with that tender

respect that arms inspire, when they are destined to take or to defend human life.

I had heard that it was a religious quarrel—a sort of polemic warfare between Protestants and Catholics; and as such I had resolved on stopping my ears, and listening to neither side. But I soon found religion to be the mere stalking-horse. Land tenure, and the authority springing from it, formed a far more vital point of the question. It was the destruction of the patriarchal rule that terrified the great house and landholders of Uri. It formed a political and religious revolution, chiefly because it would be a revolution in property, also; or, what is the same thing, in the laws and privileges that affect property.

There were found traits and circumstances, too, in the family of Furstlein, that would have given materials for a novel, had one been inclined to expand truth, or embellish it, by adding the *might be* to the *was*. For, whilst the males of the family were known as high mountaineers and high churchmen, the daughter of the house had been betrothed to a Moderate of Lucerne, and persisted in remaining true to him, despite the madness on either side; she was, of course, anathematised by all. The circumstance added mildness, tenderness, wisdom, and conviction to the female voices of the great wooden house; and this so increased the anger and impatience of the lords of the creation, as to require a very large consumption of sour wine and indigenous tobacco to allay the super-excitement.

What added to the spirit and the choler of the male Furstleins was, that they were a military family. Their ancestors had no doubt marched, at the sound of the horn of Uri, to Morgarten and those other great fields of Swiss victory. Latterly, however, they had served the Kings of France and Naples, and the Pope; and the younger brothers Furstlein had led forth companies of the tall youth of the valley, where their labour and appetites could well be spared, to receive the military pay of such sovereigns as preferred foreign to native troops. Though nominally for the service of court and parade, this was not without its risks. In 1790 and 1830, the Swiss Guards perished for the Bourbons—a Furstlein upon each occasion. But this service of honour and profit was already stopped, as far as France was concerned; and the Swiss Diet had passed a law, forbidding the levy of mercenary legions in any of the cantons for foreign service. This was one of the complaints of the mountaineers against the deputies of the plain, who enacted the part of philanthropists at the expense of the poorer cantons. The youth of other regions had something to emigrate upon: some were watchmakers; some, travelling valets; some, pastrycooks, or wood-carvers. But the mountain-shepherd was by nature a soldier; his rude language and education unfitting him for almost any other calling. It was as economists, as well as Royalists, that the Furstleins complained that the mountain-valleys were not permitted to send their youth to foreign military service.

This had been the subject of most vehement orations uttered in the Swiss Diet by the mountain deputies. But the low countries of Switzerland abound in political economists; and they answered the mountaineers by arguments that brought no consolation. They said, that although land could not increase with the natural increase of population, yet that capital might, and ought to do so; and that capital so saved and augmented, would set the increased population to work even in the forest cantons. They had water-power, and a hundred species of industry to which it might be turned. To this the rustic economists of the mountains replied, that the amassing of wealth was impossible in their region; that the herds could not be increased beyond the limits of the pasture; that the extent of land growing the better kinds of corn, had to be yearly preserved or rescued from the river, which was as destructive below as avalanches above; that agricultural improvements which succeed in rendering the fields of the plain country more productive, were inapplicable in the hills; that the labourer, though little employed in the winter, must be fed; that nature had thus decreed, that the inhabitants of the mountains should be stationary in every way, growing neither richer, nor more numerous, nor more vicious, nor more free. They were what they had been four hundred years before, and would be four hundred years hence: at all of which the philosophers of the plains snapped their fingers in no very tolerant derision. They even went further, and threatened the mountaineers with a railroad through the valley, that would supersede their high roads, and their carts, their turnpikes, and travel, and place their most remote habitations within ten minutes' distance of the town and its influence, and a few hours' distance from Milan and other capitals. At this threat the men of Uri grew pale; for that, indeed, they imagined, would be the end of the world, as well as of their property, their authority, their old habits and beliefs of life. They had fought hard for years, against steamers on their lake, and now to have it threatened to fire them up their valleys, was, indisputably, the triumph of Satan.

I ventured once on this wordy occasion to give utterance to an argument that gave terrible offence, and very nearly caused my being turned out of the house as a heathen and a radical. And yet it was my determination then, as now, not to trespass upon politics. I merely hinted the expediency of a portion of mountain and a portion of plain being linked together by the closest ties of being the same race and the same government. One always having and supplying what the other wants, forms a natural course of interchange greater than even that between town and

country. The one naturally collected wealth, whilst the other could not without participating in the prosperity of the plain. And I attributed the extreme poverty of Uri and Unterwalden to their being exclusively mountain cantons; whilst Schwytz, for example, that was mixed in its condition and nature, was far happier, more progressive, and more wealthy. This was, however, pure heresy to the good folk of Uri, who considered their first privilege that of forming an independent canton steeped in poverty; even the rule of its pastoral government hanging like a millstone around the neck of the few proprietors. Such a proposition as that made them, seemed as unwelcome as the marriage of their sister with the Moderate of Lucerne. The marriage, however, took place; for women in the mountains have a will. But whether years have wrought further changes in the social habits and landed tenure of Uri, is yet to be discovered.

HYDE PARK.

I remember once to have been shown by a celebrated living physiologist, the breathing lung of a frog—to have watched, focussed in the microscope, the apparatus at work which supports the ever-burning lamp of life. Distinctly within the narrow field of vision I could see the dark red blood globules, rushing in a tumultuous tide along the transparent veins, then pacing slowly as the veins broke up into a delicate net-work of little vessels, so narrow that they could only pass in Indian file; then again I beheld them debouching into the widening arteries, where they commenced once more their mad race, one over the other: no longer purple, but—under the influence of the air, which in their slow progress had permeated them—a brilliant scarlet.

With that curious spectacle fresh in my recollection, I will, in imagination at least, change "the field" of the microscope for that of the air, and suspend myself in a balloon over this mighty city of millions. Slowly, as I rise, casting out sand in the ascent, the earth seems to recede from me, and at last all is gray mist, and a few fleecy clouds. A little adjustment of the sand bags and the escape valve, and I can focus London as the physiologist did the frog's lung in the microscope. Directly underneath me, hemmed in by a huddled mass of brick and stone, lies a large open space, traversed by wide white lines, along which crowd and jostle a flood of small dark spots, no bigger than the heads of pins—out of these wide lines branch an infinite net-work of small lines across the open space, sprinkled with many dots, which fall in crowds once more into the wide white lines. The small dots which enter the open space look pale and worn; as they circulate about, their colour changes; they move quicker and lighter, and at last roll out of the great space, florid and bright.

Surely I have only been looking at the frog's lung again, magnified a little more!

No, I have been peering at Hyde Park, watching Rotten Row, and the drive, and the different pathways crowded with holiday people. I have been looking at a lung, too; for what are all these dark points, but people representing blood globules, which, in the aggregate compose the great tide of life? And what is this park but an aërator to the race, as the one I before looked at was to the individual?

Let me descend to a more minute anatomy of the great pulmonic space: dropping myself just inside the beautiful screen of Hyde Park corner. Five o'clock, and Rotten Row alive with equestrians! Far away between majestic elms, now gently dipping into the hollow, now slightly ascending the uneven ground, made as soft and as full as horse-traps can make it, runs, in the very eye of the setting sun, this superb horse promenade. And here comes a goodly company, seven abreast, sweeping along with slackened rein; the young athletes on the Elgin marbles yonder upon the frieze of the screen, do not seem more a portion of their horses than these gay young fellows, whispering courtesies to the ladies so bright-eyed and supple of waist, who gently govern with delicate small hands their fiery-eyed steeds. Single riders trot steadily past as though they were doing it for a wager. Dandies drawl along, superbly indifferent to everything about them, with riding-sticks "based on hip." And when I reach Albert Gate, all Belgravia seems pouring out through the narrow streets on prancing, dancing, arch-necked steeds. Where all the horses come from is the wonder to me. As far as the eye can see, out far into Kensington, where the perspective of the road is lost in feathery birch-trees, I see nothing but prancing, dancing horses, tossing their heads, caracolling, humbly obeying the directions of delicate wrists, or chafing at the curb of powerful bridle-hands. Nor do they end here; over the bridge and round the drive, the contingents from Tyburnia pour along in troops; and now, as I come to the corner of Kensington Gardens, there is a perfect congestion of equestrians, listening to the band of the Life Guards playing a waltz. There they are, ranged round the great trees, English men and maidens, and English horses, all thoroughbred—as noble a group as the wide world can show, whilst over all the thick fan-like green leaves of the chestnut trees cast a pleasant shade.

Meanwhile the drive is gorged with carriages moving along at a footpace. Let me constitute myself (for the nonce) a young man about town, and comfortably resting my arms over the railings, take a good stare at the passing beauty. I need not feel bashful. As far as I can see, for hundreds of feet on each side of me, there is nothing but young men leaning over

the railing, tapping their teeth with their dandy little sticks, and making the most powerful use of their eyes. Here I watch moving before me the great portrait gallery of living British beauties. Every instant a fresh profile passes in review, framed and glazed by the carriage window. Onward rolls the tide of vehicles—of dashing cabs with pendant tigers—of chariots with highly-groomed horses—of open phaetons, the reins of faultless white, guided by lady whips—of family coaches ancient and respectable. Now and then some countryman and his "missus," in a home-made chaise-cart, seem to have got accidentally entangled among the gay throng, and move along sheepishly enough. On they all go to where Kensington Gardens leans, like a sister, beside her bolder brother, Hyde Park; and here all alight, and pour in a bright flood of moving colour upon the emerald turf.

Country people pity us poor town-people, and wonder how we can exist! Did anybody ever see such a public park as this in the country? *I* never did. Indeed, I question if there be a prettier promenade in Europe than the north bank of the Serpentine, with its mimic beach of broken shells, washed by its freshwater lake. Here, where I stand, might be called the port; underneath tall sycamore trees which cast a pleasant shade upon the edge of the water—are grouped the various boats which hail from this place. There is a cutter with flapping sails just come off a cruise; another, is beating up in the wind's eye a quarter of a mile off; a third, comes sweeping in with her gunwale under water. There is some respectable sailing to be picked up on the Serpentine, I suppose. Near the picturesque little boat-house, which, with its weather-beaten carved gables, and moss-grown roof, looks as though it had been an old inhabitant of some Swiss valley, lie grouped a dozen light skiffs, dancing on the water, and reflecting on their sides the twisting snakes of gold cast from the sun-lit little waves.

But what are all those mimic skiffs I see, coasting from shore to shore—cutters, sloops, and schooners, now on their beam-ends, now sliding in between the swans, which scarcely deign to turn aside their feathery breasts, bent back like Roman galley beaks. These, at least, are playthings. Not at all. One of the boatmen, with a straw in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, informs me that they form the squadron of the London Model Yacht Club, and that they are testing their powers for the next sailing-match. I am not quite sure that those grave-looking men with long poles, watching the performances of the different craft, are not the members of the Club. That big man there, may be for anything I know, the Commodore—for they have a Commodore, and rules, and a club-room, and they sail matches for silver cups! Look into Bell's Life in London, a week or two since, and there you will find full particulars of the next match of the Yacht Club, "established in 1845," which is to come off in June next for a handsome twelve-guinea cup, and which informs us that the measurements must be as follows: "The length multiplied by the beam not to exceed five hundred inches over all; the keel for cutters or yawls, not more than two feet, six inches; and for two-masted vessels, two feet ten inches, on the level of the rabbit, with not less than four inches counter." It is a very serious sporting matter. The Vice-Commodore of the sister Club at Birkenhead having proposed, by advertisement, to change the flags of the Club, "the white ensign to be without the cross," &c., the editor of our sporting contemporary gravely objects, "that the alteration of our national ensign cannot be legally made without the written sanction of the Admiralty." Fast young boats, these!

For the cup last autumn, fifteen yachts started, and the different heats lasted the whole day; the America, modelled on the lines of the famous Yankee boat, coming off victorious. It is a pretty sight to see these little cutters driving along under full sail; and many an old gentleman, standing amid his boys, I have noticed enjoying it to his heart's content. After watching them for some little time, one's ideas of proportion get confused; they look veritable ships sailing upon a veritable great lake; the trees, the men, the sheep on the shore, swell into immense proportions, and it seems as if one were contemplating the fleet of Lilliput from the shores of Brobdignag.

A little farther on, stands the boat-house belonging to the Royal Humane Society; and in it are seen the awful-looking "drags" with which the drowning are snatched from death's black fingers. Across the road, is the establishment for recovering those who have been rescued from the water. Over the door is the bas-relief of a child attempting to kindle with his breath an apparently extinguished torch, and around it is the motto: "Lateat forsan scintilla,"—Perhaps a spark still lingers. Baths, hot-water beds, electrifying machines, and mechanism by which artificial breathing can be maintained, are ranged around the rooms.

The majority of poor creatures carried beneath these portals are persons who have sought their own destruction. The bridge across the Serpentine is the Westminster "Bridge of Sighs." Who would think this bright and sunny spot could be the haunt of suicides! They are mostly women of the better order, who have been brought to shame and abandoned,—at least five women to one man being the proportion. The servants of the Society, who form a kind of detective water police, and are always on the look out, scarcely ever fail to mark and to watch the women who contemplate self-destruction. They know them

by their usually sitting all day long without food, grieving; towards evening, they move. When they find they are watched, they sometimes contrive by hiding behind the trees to elude observation, and to find the solitude they desire. The men, less demonstrative and more determined, escape detection, and but too often succeed in accomplishing their purpose. Those who have been restored to life, after hours of attention in the receiving house, frequently repay the attendants with, "Why should I live against my will?" Nevertheless it very rarely happens, here, at least, that a second attempt at suicide is made.

While I have been dwelling upon this melancholy subject, the shades of evening have been coming on. The last carriage has driven off, and the last young man about town has tapped his teeth with his cane for the last time, and departed to his club. The water's edge is only thinly dotted with people, and the old gentlemen who have been sitting reading on the seats have gone in to escape the night air.

Gradually, however, I perceive a gathering of boys upon the opposite shore; they thicken apace, and soon the hum of hundreds of small voices is wafted over towards me; they line the whole shore for a mile, like little black dots. As I look, the black dots gradually become party-coloured.

What are they doing here in the boat-house? Getting ready a flag to hoist on the pole; three boats are also putting off. What is it that excites and moves to and fro the living multitude on the other side? The whole mass is turning white with frantic rapidity; up runs the red bunting, and a thousand youngsters dash simultaneously into the water, driving it in a huge wave before them. As far as can be seen along the bank, the water is studded with heads, like pins in a pin-cushion; some of the heads move out into the middle; the great majority remain timidly near the shore, splashing and dashing with hands and feet The boats have taken up their different stations, and here they will remain, ready to go to the rescue so long as the bathing continues. At nine o'clock the flag drops, and "All out!" roared from stentorian lungs booms over the water; "All out!" is echoed by many silvery young voices. The opposite bank is again a moving mass of white specks: these deepen to grey, soon become black, and then move off across the green, and all is quiet. Morning and evening, during the summer months, the Serpentine is thus made a huge bath for the children of the labouring classes. The better classes also, make use of it early in the morning. One party of gentlemen who have formed themselves into a club, bathe here all the year round; and when the frost is very hard and the ice is very thick, a space is cut for them with hatchets, to enable them to take their diurnal dip.

The twilight deepens. A few children, feeding the swans upon the margin of the water, is all the human life to be seen of the vast tide rolling along so incessantly a short time ago. Across the glass-like lake the waterfowl, here and there, are gently sailing, leaving long trails of silver as they go. On the opposite bank, so lately thronged, crowning the gently rising green, and seen through clusters of elms, the Crystal Palace rises like an exhalation. Over the bridge, the foliage seems to float in a bath of purple haze, and across the deep amber of the sky a flight of wildfowl go, in softly moving line. Danby should be here to paint from it one of his delicious pictures of evening.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

RICHARD, son of the Black Prince, a boy eleven years of age, succeeded to the Crown under the title of King Richard the Second. The whole English nation were ready to admire him for the sake of his brave father. As to the lords and ladies about the Court, they declared him to be the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best—even of princes—whom the lords and ladies about the Court, generally declare to be the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best of mankind. To flatter a poor boy in this base manner was not a very likely way to develop whatever good was in him; and it brought him to anything but a good or happy end.

The Duke of Lancaster, the young King's uncle—commonly called John of Gaunt, from having been born at Ghent, which the common people so pronounced—was supposed to have some thoughts of the throne himself; but, as he was not popular, and the memory of the Black Prince was, he submitted to his nephew.

The war with France being still unsettled, the Government of England wanted money to provide for the expenses that might arise out of it; accordingly a certain tax, called the Poll-tax, which had originated in the last reign, was ordered to be levied on the people. This was a tax on every person in the kingdom, male and female, above the age of fourteen, of three groats (or three fourpenny pieces) a year, clergymen were charged more, and only beggars were exempt.

I have no need to repeat that the common people of England had long been suffering under great oppression. They were still the mere slaves of the lords of the land on which they lived, and were on most occasions harshly and unjustly treated. But, they had begun by this time to think very seriously of not bearing quite so much; and, probably, were emboldened by that French insurrection I mentioned in the last chapter.

The people of Essex rose against the Poll-tax, and being severely handled by the government officers, killed some of them. At this very time one of the tax-collectors,

going his rounds from house to house, at Dartford in Kent, came to the cottage of one WAT, a tiler by trade, and claimed the tax upon his daughter. Her mother, who was at home, declared that she was under the age of fourteen; upon that, the collector (as other collectors had already done in different parts of England) behaved in a savage way, and brutally insulted Wat Tyler's daughter. The daughter screamed, the mother screamed. Wat the Tiler, who was at work not far off, ran to the spot, and did what any honest father under such provocation might have done—struck the collector dead at a blow.

Instantly the people of that town uprose as one man. They made Wat Tyler their leader; they joined with the people of Essex, who were in arms under a priest called JACK STRAW; they took out of Maidstone prison another priest named JOHN BALL; and, gathering in numbers as they went along, advanced, in a great confused army of poor men, to Blackheath. It is said that they wanted to abolish all property, and to declare all men equal. I do not think this very likely; because they stopped the travellers on the roads and made them swear to be true to King Richard and the people. Nor were they at all disposed to injure those who had done them no harm, merely because they were of high station; for, the King's mother, who had to pass through their camp at Blackheath, on her way to her young son, lying for safety in the Tower of London, had merely to kiss a few dirty-faced rough-bearded men who were noisily fond of royalty, and so got away in perfect safety. Next day the whole mass marched on to London Bridge.

There was a drawbridge in the middle, which WILLIAM WALWORTH the Mayor caused to be raised to prevent their coming into the city; but they soon terrified the citizens into lowering it again, and spread themselves, with great uproar, over the streets. They broke open the prisons; they burned the papers in Lambeth Palace; they destroyed the DUKE OF LANCASTER'S Palace, the Savoy, in the Strand, said to be the most beautiful and splendid in England; they set fire to the books and documents in the Temple; and made a great riot. Many of these outrages were committed in drunkenness; since those citizens, who had well-filled cellars, were only too glad to throw them open to save the rest of their property; but even the drunken rioters were very careful to steal nothing. They were so angry with one man, who was seen to take a silver cup at the Savoy Palace, and put it in his breast, that they drowned him in the river, cup and all.

The young King had been taken out to treat with them before they committed these excesses; but, he and the people about him were so frightened by the riotous shouts, that they got back to the Tower in the best way they could. This made the insurgents bolder; so they went on rioting away, striking off the heads of those who did not, at a moment's notice, declare for King Richard and the people; and killing as many of the unpopular persons whom they supposed to be their enemies as they could by any means lay hold of. In this manner they passed one very violent day, and then proclamation was made that the King would meet them at Mile-end, and grant their requests.

The rioters went to Mile-end, to the number of sixty thousand, and the King met them there, and to the King the rioters peaceably proposed four conditions. First, that neither they, nor their children, nor any coming after them, should be made slaves any more. Secondly, that the rent of land should be fixed at a certain price in money, instead of being paid in service. Thirdly, that they should have liberty to buy and sell in all markets and public places, like other free men. Fourthly, that they should be pardoned for past offences. Heaven knows, there was nothing very unreasonable in these proposals! The young King deceitfully pretended to think so, and kept thirty clerks up, all night, writing out a charter accordingly.

Now, Wat Tyler himself wanted more than this. He wanted the entire abolition of the forest laws. He was not at Mile-end with the rest, but, while that meeting was being held, broke into the Tower of London and slew the archbishop and the treasurer, for whose heads the people had cried out loudly the day before. He and his men even thrust their swords into the bed of the Princess of Wales while the Princess was in it, to make certain that none of their enemies were concealed there.

So, Wat and his men still continued armed, and rode about the city. Next morning, the King with a small train of some sixty gentlemen—among whom was WALWORTH the Mayor—rode into Smithfield, and saw Wat and his people at a little distance. Says Wat to his men, "There is the King. I will go speak with him, and tell him what we want."

Straightway Wat rode up to him, and began to talk; "King," says Wat, "dost thou see all my men there?"

"Ay," says the King. "Why?"

"Because," says Wat, "they are all at my command, and have sworn to do whatever I bid them."

Some declared afterwards that as Wat said this, he laid his hand on the King's bridle. Others declared that he was seen to play with his own dagger. I think, myself, that he just spoke to the King like a rough, angry man as he was, and did nothing more. At any rate he was expecting no attack, and preparing for no resistance, when Walworth the Mayor did the not very valiant deed of drawing a short sword and stabbing him in the throat. He dropped from his horse, and one of the King's people speedily finished him. So fell Wat Tyler. Fawners and flatterers made a

mighty triumph of it, and set up a cry which will occasionally find an echo to this day. But Wat was a hard-working man, who had suffered much, and had been foully outraged; and it is probable that he was a man of a much higher nature and a much braver spirit than any of the parasites who exulted then, or have exulted since, over his defeat.

Seeing Wat down, his men immediately bent their bows to avenge his fall. If the young King had not had presence of mind at that dangerous moment, both he and the Mayor to boot, might have followed Tyler pretty fast. But, the King riding up to the crowd, cried out that Tyler was a traitor, and that he would be their leader. They were so taken by surprise, that they set up a great shouting and followed the boy until he was met at Islington by a large body of soldiers. The end of this rising was the then usual end. As soon as the King found himself safe, he unsaid all he had said, and undid all he had done; some fifteen hundred of the rioters were tried (mostly in Essex) with great rigour, and executed with great cruelty. Many of them were hanged on giblets and left there as a terror to the country people; and, because their miserable friends took some of the bodies down to bury, the King ordered the rest to be chained up—which was the beginning of the barbarous custom of hanging in chains. The King's falsehood in this business makes such a pitiful figure that I think Wat Tyler appears in history as beyond comparison the truer and more respectable man of the two.

Richard was now sixteen years of age, and married Anne of Bohemia, an excellent princess, who was called "the good Queen Anne." She deserved a better husband; for the King had been fawned and flattered into a treacherous, wasteful, dissolute, bad young man.

There were two Popes at this time (as if one were not enough!) and their quarrels involved Europe in a great deal of trouble. Scotland was still troublesome too; and at home there was much jealousy and distrust, and plotting and counter-plotting, because the King feared the ambition of his relations, and particularly of his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, and the duke had his party against the King, and the King had his party against the duke. Nor were these home troubles lessened when the duke went to Castile to urge his claim to the crown of that kingdom; for then the Duke of Gloucester, another of Richard's uncles, opposed him, and influenced the Parliament to demand the dismissal of the King's favourite ministers. The King said in reply, that he would not for such men dismiss the meanest servant in his kitchen. But, it had begun to signify little what a King said when a Parliament was determined; so Richard was at last obliged to give way, and to agree to another Government of the kingdom under a commission of fourteen nobles for a year. His uncle of Gloucester was at the head of this commission, and, in fact, appointed everybody composing it.

Having done all this, the King declared as soon as he saw an opportunity that he had never meant to do it, and that it was all illegal; and he got the judges secretly to sign a declaration to that effect. The secret oozed out directly, and was carried to the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of Gloucester, at the head of forty thousand men, met the King on his entering into London to enforce his authority; the King was helpless against him; his favourites and ministers were impeached and were mercilessly executed. Among them were two men whom the people regarded with very different feelings; one, Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice, who was hated for having made what was called "the bloody circuit" to try the rioters; the other, Sir Simon Burley, an honourable knight, who had been the dear friend of the Black Prince, and the governor and guardian of the King. For this gentleman's life the good Queen even begged of Gloucester on her knees; but Gloucester (with or without reason) feared and hated him, and replied, that if she valued her husband's crown, she had better beg no more. All this was done under what was called by some the wonderful—and by others, with better reason, the merciless—Parliament.

But Gloucester's power was not to last for ever. He held it for only a year longer; in which year the famous battle of Otterbourne, sung in the old ballad of Chevy Chase, was fought. When the year was out, the King, turning suddenly to Gloucester, in the midst of a great council said, "Uncle, how old am I?" "You highness," returned the Duke, "is in your twenty-second year." "Am I so much?" said the King, "then I will manage my own affairs! I am much obliged to you, my good lords, for your past services, but I need them no more" He followed this up, by appointing a new Chancellor and a new Treasurer, and announced to the people that he had resumed the Government. He held it for eight years without opposition. Through all that time, he kept his determination to revenge himself some day upon his uncle Gloucester, in his own breast.

At last the good Queen died, and then the King, desiring to take a second wife, proposed to his council that he should marry Isabella of France, the daughter of Charles the Sixth: who, the French courtiers said (as the English courtiers had said of Richard), was a marvel of beauty and wit, and quite a phenomenon—of seven years old. The council were divided about this marriage, but it took place. It secured peace between England and France for a quarter of a century; but it was strongly opposed to the prejudices of the English people. The Duke of Gloucester, who was anxious to take the occasion of making himself popular, declaimed against it loudly, and his

at length decided the King to execute the vengeance he had been nursing so long.

He went with a gay company to the Duke of Gloucester's house, Pleshey Castle, in Essex, where the Duke, suspecting nothing, came out into the court-yard to receive his royal visitor. While the King conversed in a friendly manner with the Duchess, the Duke was quietly seized, hurried away, shipped for Calais, and lodged in the castle there. His friends, the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, were taken in the same treacherous manner, and confined to their castles. A few days after, at Nottingham, they were impeached of high treason. The Earl of Arundel was condemned and beheaded, and the Earl of Warwick was banished. Then, a writ was sent by a messenger to the Governor of Calais, requiring him to send the Duke of Gloucester over to be tried. In three days he returned an answer that he could not do that, because the Duke of Gloucester had died in prison. The duke was declared a traitor, his property was confiscated to the King, a real or pretended confession he had made in prison to one of the Justices of the Common Pleas was produced against him, and there was an end of the matter. How the unfortunate duke died, very few cared to know. Whether he really died naturally; whether he killed himself; whether, by the King's order, he was strangled, or smothered between two beds (as a serving-man of the Governor's, named Hall, did afterwards declare), cannot be discovered. There is not much doubt that he was killed, somehow or other, by his nephew's orders. Among the most active nobles in these proceedings were the King's cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, whom the King had made Duke of Hereford to smooth down the old family quarrels, and some others: who had in the family-plotting times done just such acts themselves as they now condemned in the duke. They seem to have been a corrupt set of men; but such men were easily found about the court in such days.

The people murmured at all this, and were still very sore about the French marriage. The nobles saw how little the King cared for law, and how crafty he was, and began to be somewhat afraid for themselves. The King's life was a life of continued feasting and excess; his retinue, down to the meanest servants, were dressed in the most costly manner, and caroused at his tables, it is related, to the number of ten thousand persons every day. He himself, surrounded by a body of ten thousand archers, and enriched by a duty on wool which the Commons had granted to him for life, saw no danger of ever being otherwise than powerful and absolute, and was as fierce and haughty as a King could be. He had two of his old enemies left, in the persons of the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk. Sparing these no more than the others, he tampered with the Duke of Hereford until he got him to declare before the Council that the Duke of Norfolk had lately held some treasonable talk with him, as he was riding near Brentford; and that he had told him, among other things, that he could not believe the King's oath—which nobody could, I should think. For this treachery he obtained a pardon, and the Duke of Norfolk was summoned to appear and defend himself. As he denied the charge and said his accuser was a liar and a traitor, both noblemen, according to the manner of those times, were held in custody, and the truth was ordered to be decided by wager of battle at Coventry. This wager of battle meant that whosoever won the combat was to be considered in the right; which nonsense meant in effect, that no strong man could ever be wrong. A great holiday was made; a great crowd assembled, with much parade and show; and the two combatants were about to rush at each other with their lances, when the King, sitting in a pavilion to see fair, threw down the truncheon he carried in his hand, and forbad the battle. The Duke of Hereford was to be banished for ten years, and the Duke of Norfolk was to be banished for life. So said the King. The Duke of Hereford went to France, and went no farther. The Duke of Norfolk made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and afterwards died at Venice of a broken heart.

Faster and fiercer, after this, the King went on in his career. The Duke of Lancaster, who was the father of the Duke of Hereford, died soon after the departure of his son; and, the King, although he had solemnly granted to that son leave to inherit his father's property, if it should come to him during his banishment, immediately seized it all, like a robber. The judges were so afraid of him, that they disgraced themselves by declaring this theft to be just and lawful. His avarice knew no bounds. He outlawed seventeen counties at once, on a frivolous pretence, merely to raise money by way of fines for misconduct. In short, he did as many dishonest things as he could; and cared so little for the discontent of his subjects—though even the spaniel favorites began to whisper to him that there was such a thing as discontent afloat—that he took that time, of all others, for leaving England and making an expedition against the Irish.

He was scarcely gone, leaving the Duke of York Regent in his absence, when his cousin, Henry of Hereford, came over from France to claim the rights of which he had been so monstrously deprived. He was immediately joined by the two great Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland; and his uncle the Regent, finding the King's cause unpopular, and the disinclination of the army to act against Henry, very strong, withdrew with the royal forces towards Bristol. Henry, at the head of an army, came from Yorkshire (where he had landed) to London and

followed him. They joined their forces—how they brought that about, is not distinctly understood—and proceeded to Bristol Castle, whither three noblemen had taken the young Queen. The castle surrendering, they presently put those three noblemen to death. The Regent then remained there, and Henry went on to Chester.

All this time, the boisterous weather had prevented the King from receiving intelligence of what had occurred. At length it was conveyed to him in Ireland, and he sent over the EARL OF SALISBURY, who, landing at Conway, rallied the Welshmen, and waited for the King a whole fortnight; at the end of that time the Welshmen, who were perhaps not very warm for him in the beginning, quite cooled down, and went home. When the King did land on the Coast at last, he came with a pretty good power, but his men cared nothing for him and quickly deserted. Supposing the Welshmen to be still at Conway, he disguised himself as a priest, and made for that place in company with his two brothers and some few of their adherents. But, there were no Welshmen left—only Salisbury and a hundred soldiers. In this distress, the King's two brothers, Exeter and Surrey, offered to go to Henry to learn what his intentions were. Surrey, who was true to Richard, was put into prison. Exeter, who was false, took the royal badge, which was a hart, off his shield, and assumed the rose, the badge of Henry. After this, it was pretty plain to the King what Henry's intentions were, without sending any more messengers to ask.

The fallen King, thus deserted—hemmed in on all sides, and pressed with hunger—rode here and rode there, and went to this castle, and went to that castle, endeavouring to obtain some provisions, but could find none. He rode wretchedly back to Conway, and there surrendered himself to the Earl of Northumberland, who came from Henry, in reality to take him prisoner, but in appearance to offer terms; and whose men were hidden not far off. By this earl he was conducted to the castle of Flint, where his cousin, Henry, met him, and dropped on his knee as if he were still respectful to his sovereign. "Fair cousin of Lancaster," said the King, "you are very welcome" (very welcome, no doubt; but he would have been more so, in chains or without a head). "My lord," replied Henry, "I am come a little before my time; but, with your good pleasure, I will show you the reason. Your people complain with some bitterness, that you have ruled them rigorously for two-and-twenty years. Now, if it please God, I will help you to govern them better in future." "Fair cousin," replied the abject King, "since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me mightily."

After this, the trumpets sounded, and the King was stuck on a wretched old horse, and carried prisoner to Chester, where he was made to issue a proclamation, calling a Parliament. From Chester he was taken on towards London. At Lichfield he tried to escape by getting out of a window and letting himself down into a garden; it was all in vain, however, and he was carried on and shut up in the Tower, where no one pitied him, and where the whole people, whose patience he had quite tired out, reproached him without mercy. Before he got there, it is related, that his very dog left him and departed from his side to lick the hand of Henry.

The day before the Parliament met a deputation went to this wrecked King, and told him that he had promised the Duke of Northumberland at Conway Castle to resign the crown. He said he was quite ready to do it, and signed a paper in which he renounced his authority and absolved his people from their allegiance to him. He had so little spirit left that he gave his royal ring to his triumphant cousin Henry with his own hand, and said, that if he could have had leave to appoint a successor, that same Henry was the man of all others whom he would have named. Next day, the Parliament assembled in Westminster Hall, where Henry sat at the side of the throne, which was empty and covered with a cloth of gold. The paper just signed by the King was read to the multitude amid shouts of joy, which were echoed through all the streets; when some of the noise had died away, the King was formally deposed. Then Henry arose, and, making the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast, challenged the realm of England as his right; the archbishops of Canterbury and York seated him on the throne.

The multitude shouted again, and the shouts re-echoed throughout all the streets. No one remembered, now, that Richard the Second had ever been the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best of princes; and he now made living (to my thinking) a far more sorry spectacle in the Tower of London, than Wat the Tyler had made, lying dead, among the hoofs of the royal horses in Smithfield.

The Poll-tax died with Wat. The Smiths to the King and Royal Family, could make no chains in which the King could hang the people's recollection of him; so the Poll-tax was never collected.

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GOING TO THE DOGS.

LAST year, just before grouse-shooting set in, I had occasion to call one evening on John Rowleigh, the jolliest of our English engineers. I found him surrounded by a troop of friends and clients, gossiping after dinner over cold drinks and tobacco on the large lawn of his little bachelor house. Rowleigh's dinners are as well liked as his railway works, and for the same good qualities—a judicious plan, the best available materials, perfect execution, and no frivolous extravagance. As for the people to be met at his round table, some are old friends: like his wine; and some are fresh, like his dessert. Some of his associates are fruity and full-bodied, like his port: others, light and cool, like his claret. While exchanging salutations with all the friends I found on John Rowleigh's lawn, my attention was directed to a stranger who approached us from the greenhouse with slow steps, and eyes intently studying the grass. He was a wiry young fellow, with a compact head, short curly light hair, well cut features, thoroughly well bronzed; and enough eyebrow and whisker for the tyrant in a pantomime (afterwards clown). By his loose throat, wide white trousers, and excessive garniture with studs and chains over the chest, I should have taken this young man to be a sea-captain with a flush of prize-money, or the successful master of an opium clipper; but, if he had been a sailor he would have had his nose turned upward to the wind, and not downward to the daisies.

The good people on the grass had been amusing themselves—and gratifying their taste for the horrible—with stories of attornies, and their ingenious devices for rendering difficult and devious the straightest railway routes; tales of desperate struggles in Parliamentary Committee-rooms; romantic (but true) anecdotes of prodigious fees to barristers; and narratives of ingenious jockeyship, by which rival lines were crushed, and utterly rased from the railway map.

From railway attornies the talk glided to robbers in general, and, as engineers visit all corners of the world, we had tales of the robbers of all nations. When the Bronzed Man contributed his share, it turned out that he had been spending eleven years in Australia. The tale he told I will endeavour to repeat.

"In another ten years," said he, "if things continue on their present footing, tales of blacks and bushrangers will exist only as nursery stories in Australia, but when I first went out to the colony, the case was very different indeed. Black tribes, flourishing by hundreds, were like bands of angry wolves where they now limp like lame foxes by ones and twos. As for the bush-rangers, they were generally convict servants too lazy to work, or, driven out by the cruelty of unjust masters, had fled into the bush to avoid repeated flogging, and lived by plundering the stations or by lifting cattle. When heifers used to be worth five pounds to ten pounds it was worth while to be gully-raker—that is, cattle-stealer; but when they fell to forty shillings, the profit on a robbing speculation was not worth the risk.

"At that time, some of them made little parties to go out and stop the drays on any unfrequented road, or rob passengers near towns; while others, who desired to have exclusive privilege of pocketing the booty and were desperate enough for the adventure, went alone. But, a good horse formed an essential part of the bush-ranger's equipment, whether he were a thief in his own right, or a member of a troop of sable banditti.

"Desire to save my property from reckless plunder caused me to pay a sort of black mail to these fellows. When my drays were about to travel nearly two hundred miles over a very bad road, I used to remind the bullock drivers that if they should meet with any one upon the road in very urgent want of tea or flour, they had better be good-natured, and supply them with a little. In this way my stores travelled safely when those of my neighbours were rifled, and when even their drays were often wantonly backed over the edge of some precipice. This, no doubt, was chiefly due to the black-mail I paid; but I had managed to get the good will of these fellows, by earning a character for humanity.

"During the assignment time I never was a flogging master. If a man was saucy to me I might perhaps knock him down, but that was a proceeding taken in good part; the convict looked upon it as a very different thing to

being taken before a magistrate and forfeiting a year of liberty.

"One evening, when returning from a three days' journey, I found myself within fifty miles of my station—at that time recently established—on the extreme borders of known land; my horse was exhausted, for we had been travelling since daybreak. I had dismounted, and was steering by the Southern Cross, until I noticed the reflection of a fire, and heard an echo of rude laughter in the neighbourhood. Here, I thought, are some bullock drays encamped, I shall light my pipe and get a quart of tea. I passed from the shadows of the trees and stooping down impatiently to light my pipe with a "Well mates, how goes it?" was welcomed by the pointed muskets of a couple of shaggy men, in garments wonderfully patched. Four others at the same time ran to their arms, but seeing that I puffed away at the lighted brand, apparently concerned about no greater matter than the lighting of my pipe, and noticing perhaps that my horse was exhausted, they exchanged their proposed warm reception with the muskets for a "Halloo, stranger, where do you come from? Have you any tobacco?" "I am going," I said, "to my station on Pelican Creek, and I have been up to the Crownland Commissioner, to see about the boundaries of my new run. I have plenty of tobacco, but not a skerrick of tea or sugar." So saying I pulled out my tobacco-pouch, which I had taken care to supply well; for it is the best purse to carry on a journey in the bush; and then, unbuckling my horse's girths, threw my saddle down before the fire. To have quitted my new friends upon a tired horse would have been quite impossible; my safety lay, therefore in treating them with confidence.

"The first thing to which they attended was the filling of their pipes from my pouch; the next thing to which they attended was lighting them. They then inhaled and puffed the smoke with an eagerness that I can compare only to the zest with which men swallow water after a long journey in a drought.

"Presently they consulted apart; while I, preparing for the night, hobbled the fore-legs of my horse, rubbed his ears dry, and shook out my blanket. After a few minutes, having made an end of whispering, one of the men handed to me a quart pot of tea—there were three such pots boiling at the fire—and, scraping back the wood-ashes, he took out and fairly divided a huge damper among us all, to which he added, for my share, the hind-quarters of a kangaroo-rat. There were frizzling on the fire, at the same time, certain bits of meat, which at once I concluded to be rough mutton-chops. After my hosts had smoked their first pipes, they attended to the supper and commenced a running fire of questions. Which way had I gone? Whom had I seen? Was not my name Lawdon? Oh, it was not. Was the Commissioner coming up to my station? And did I know a man by the name of Bald-faced Tom? Yes; he was my best bullock-driver. Who was my stockman? Red Irish Dan. Then they again whispered together, and I could overhear such comfortable words as 'The swell's all right;' 'He's *jammock;*' 'He won't split.' Finally they came back; and when they had continued smoking and eating far into the night, they packed up the unused tea and flour in the two sleeves of a shirt; asked me to oblige them with the whole of my tobacco; and advised me to sleep away from the fire, since it was possible that the blacks might creep up and throw in a shower of spears. I took the hint, rolled myself in my blanket, and, in spite of all misgivings, fell asleep. At sunrise, awaking stiff and chilly, I found my blanket gone. Fortunately, I had nothing else worth taking, about me; and my friends had not robbed me of my horse. The great hollow gum-tree which had formed the fire still smouldered; so I warmed myself before it, and nibbled a bit of the damper left behind by my departed hosts.

"On the evening of the same day, I reached my station. A fortnight afterwards, Bald-faced Tom came up with the light cart from Maitland, and there was great mirth in the prisoners' hut. The joke was in due time imparted to me. Moody's overseer—who had the credit, like his master, of serving out short rations, and getting the men too freely flogged—had met six "boys" in the Tea-tree Flats, had been taken off his horse, stripped, tied to a tree, and presented with a service of three dozen lashes. Of course he was then left to get home as he might be able, naked and on foot. From the description, I at once knew that these six men had been my supper companions in the Bush.

"That was my first adventure: nothing very terrible. The next, however, you will find, was serious enough; and these two are all the stories of bush-peril that I can tell you from my own personal experience.

"I was going down to Sydney, after two years in the Bush, only varied by an overland journey to South Australia. My hool had gone on a week before, and my intended companion, Charley Malcolm, had disappointed me, being suddenly prevented from travel by affection of the heart. He had seen (and married within the week) a pretty Scotch girl, who had come into our district as nurse in the doctor's family. I set out, accordingly, alone; with a carbine at my back, and two of the best kangaroo dogs in the country for my escort; riding such a horse as no man ever can own twice in a single life. I bought him, at two years old, from the stockman by whom he was bred (at a very long price), and had spent a great deal more pains in training him than we generally can afford, in the Bush, to spend on horse-flesh. We set out, as usual, at a foot-pace, to do thirty-mile stages, which would bring us to

Maitland in five or six days. On the very first day I was tempted foolishly to chase a stray emu, because I had promised a few feathers to some Sydney friends. The emu was caught; but Moonlight, my horse, putting his foot into a wombat hole, gave me a fall over his head, by which the stock of my carbine was snapped asunder. So, for the rest of the journey, I was doomed to go unarmed.

"Before getting to Liverpool Plains, at a Bush inn where I passed the night, there was a great talk about a certain One-eyed Dick, a bush-ranger, whom the mounted police had been seeking for the last three weeks. In chase of him, a few days before my arrival, they had shot his horse; but he had, nevertheless, contrived to get away into the scrub, and to find a hiding-place among the rocks. It was supposed he was by that time driven to extremities, as no one would dare to help him, if there had been any one inclined; and he could not venture so much as to light a fire to cook his food lest the smoke or flame might betray his whereabout to the pursuers. He was a murderous fellow, for whom no one had a good word; and it seemed to be agreed on all sides, that, if he did not find means to get another horse to carry him into another district, his life could not be worth many weeks' purchase. Being tired, and knowing full well that bush-travellers were given to ornament their narratives, I paid little attention at the time to all this gossip, and went drowsily to bed.

"Crossing the ranges on the following day, I had to pursue a narrow track along the steep side of a hill which went down by steps into the valley. Before I reached the open forest, as I was winding round a long peninsula of rocks, my dogs dashed after a kangaroo. In another minute I was hailed by a voice immediately overhead, shouting, with wild oaths, "Bail up, or I'll blow out your brains!" I caught a glimpse of an extremely ugly face, and of the muzzle of a rusty musket. There was no time for consideration. The gentleman above, required my horse; I regarded that horse as my choicest treasure. Therefore I pressed the said horse's sides, threw myself flat on his back, and away we went tumbling, rather than galloping, along the narrow pathway of uneven stones. The musket, of course, was discharged, and the slugs whistled round me, raking up the skin of my neck and shoulders; but we soon turned the jut of the peninsula from which the bush-ranger had fired. The narrow defile into the open forest being partly blocked up by a small tree that had fallen across it, the gentleman of the bush was taking a short cut to meet me at this point, holding his musket clubbed ready to deal, when he could get at me, a desperate blow. He had evidently set his mind upon bestriding Moonlight.

"We got to the barrier nearly at the same time. Moonlight went at and cleared the tree like a kangaroo; but, as he alighted on the other side, he tripped and struck upon his head among the brambles. I rolled over him, still holding firmly by the reins. It was well for me that the bush-ranger, being out of breath, missed the blow aimed at my devoted head. It was parried for me by the strong arm of an overhanging tree, which caused the musket to recoil at an unexpected moment with so much force as to fly out of the ruffian's hand, and to tumble down the hill side. My horse rose, and the man ran to seize him, shouting threats and oaths against me which I do not think it needful to repeat. I still maintained my hold upon the reins and the stirrup; my blood was up; and with all my force I cut my assailant across the face with my doubled stockwhip. Then, he grappled with me, and we fell. He was a bigger, broader man than I, but starvation had weakened him, and I was in the better condition for a wrestle. We rolled over and over; at first each trying to get the other down. I had his left wrist grasped in my right hand; my left hand, missing his throat, tugged at his chin and beard. He clenched my neckerchief in his fist and dug his knuckles into my throat, and would certainly have strangled me, had not my neckerchief—which was thin—given way. Then he attempted to get out his knife; but in the moment when he put down his right hand—being then undermost—I threw back my own hand and struck him a stout blow on his only eye. I do not know how long the struggle lasted, but my strength began to fail. His knees were once or twice upon my chest, and although I threw him off, my hands were losing power rapidly.

Until I felt that his endurance surpassed mine—until I despaired—I had been silent, while my antagonist most vehemently swore: I summoned however at last my failing strength for a loud shout. In a very little while his cursing took the form of a wild howl of rage and pain, his grasp relaxed, and I saw him fighting at the jaws of my two fierce and faithful dogs. Supporting myself on my hands and knees, I, like a savage, urged them on in feeble whispers—they were my last hope, and my strong hope. One dog had the robber by the throat, the other had plunged his sharp muzzle into his side. Shrieking horribly, he writhed and fought with them. As soon as I could gather strength I arose; and with faltering steps followed my horse, who waited, trembling, for his master. I mounted, and without looking back pushed over fifteen miles, until we halted at a cattle station. My dogs did not follow me. I waited an hour for them before they came in. Refusing the offal of a sheep that was presented to them, they went to sleep before the fire.

"While I was in the colony, I never mentioned the matter to any man except to the head of the police. One-eyed Dick was never heard of more. The dingoes, and eagle-hawks, soon provide decent burial for

any dead body of man or beast left in the Bush. I sold Moonlight for India—he was too good a horse for my rough work. In India he soon rose to merited distinction, and trotted about with a Governor-general upon his back."

DUMBLEDOWNDEARY.

Down in the pleasant Kentish county, where there are hops, and apples, and ruddy women; where an unobtrusive little railway runs through luscious orchards of pears and cherries, and gooseberry-bushes so overburdened with juicy fruit as to require little crutches for the support of the laden branches; where fat little meadows, in which fat cattle graze, are intersected by those green lanes so pleasant to the English eye, and which you will find in no other country save this our England; where, all day long, "the lyric choristers," as good Master Donne calls them—"the lyric lark, the grave whispering dove, and the household bird with the red stomacher," are blithe subscribers to Nature's great Sacred Harmonic Society; where there are May-meetings of bees, humming and buzzing quite as much (and quite as profitably, perhaps,) as some of your London May-meeters; where, mount to whatever eminence you will, the horizon bounds for you on every side one great English garden, with the river Thames, innocent of dead dogs hereabout, running through the midst—down in this pleasant smiling land, where you could almost imagine that such things as poor-rates were unknown (but they are not), I light upon a town. A little town it is, though of considerable pretensions—a town that means to do a great deal some day, but has not done much yet—an embryo town grown out of an obsolete village—a baby town in brick long clothes, with a bedridden old grandfather dozing in a cottage by the river-side. Shall I be accused of personality if I call it Dumbledowndeary? I hope not.

My town, like Beau Brummel's valet, has had its failures. It is on the famous Thames river, and tried hard, once, to be a watering-place. It came out with a pier, a Pier Hotel, a bazaar, and a pleasure-garden; but the soil, I suppose, was not favourable to the growth of shrimps, crusty bread and butter, donkies, circulating libraries, and other productions of a quasi-marine watering-place; and it came to naught. There is nothing but a blurred bill pasted on a pump to tell of the bazaar that was; the steamboat, though it still calls at the pier-head, takes up and lands but very few passengers, and the Pier Hotel has been numbered long since in the great category of "Houses to let."

Dumbledowndeary afterwards tried the coal trade, which showed a sanguine and commerce-loving temperament on the part of its inhabitants; but, as there were no coal-fields in the neighbourhood, and very few coal purchasers (the bulk of the population preferring to use, as fuel, sticks from the hedges, portions of barges past service, and any stray bits of their own houses or furniture that came handy), the import and export trade in black diamonds never became very brisk. A timid little collier loiters about an out-of-the-way creek sometimes, but she never seems to load or to discharge cargo; and in the window of the grocer's shop (which also serves as a post-office) you may see, from month's end to month's end, faded letters addressed to collier captains, which letters have been there so long, and have grown so yellow and so fly-blown, that I am inclined to think the commanders to whom they are addressed must all be first cousins, or bosom friends of Captain Vanderdecken, and have never been able to double the Cape yet, and come and fetch them.

These, with a frantic though puny attempt to do something in the boat and barge-building line, and an impotent plunge into the mash-tub, with a view to the brewing of strong ale, have been among the failures of Dumbledowndeary.

Suddenly, however, she (Dumbledowndeary) had a mission. Everybody has a mission now-a-days—actors, authors, commercial travellers; and my town had *hers*. She discovered that her mission was Bricks. The Dumbledowndereans threw themselves upon bricks with an ardour and an intensity of purpose really surprising; and it is doubtless due to their extensive operations and speculations in bricks that there are so many brick-fields and so many brick-barges in Dumbledowndeary—so many brickmakers, bricklayers, and bargees—and more especially, that Dumbledowndeary may be called without much exaggeration a Town to Let.

Before I treat of the yet infant town, I may be allowed to take a bird's-eye view of the ancestor of this brick-baby, the *old* town, or, rather, village of Dumbledowndeary. It is not extensive. It has no market-place, parks, squares, or fountains; nor has it, with the exception of a church, a charity-school, and a cage, any public buildings. It has a "common hard," a straggling street, a back lane, and there an end. Public-houses are pretty numerous. There is no gas out of doors. There are three policemen who appear to pass their time in the consumption of tea under the shadow of their sergeant, or in inviting him, in rotation, to the same social meal. These members of the force are all, I opine, modest and reserved men, averse to mixing much in public. I have, indeed, never set eyes upon one of them during a fortnight's sojourn; but, as I occasionally see a little chubby boy, three years old, with whom I have a pat-on-the-head acquaintance, riding cock-horse to Coventry on a formidable looking cutlass with a brass hilt, and which he says is "father's," I conjecture that the police are accustomed to the use of weapons; and that, although ad-

dicted to the cultivation of the household virtues, they are ready to sally forth, and do terrific execution when they are wanted (which they very seldom seem to be), and when Dumbledowndeary and the rest of England expect them to do their duty.

The architecture of Dumbledowndeary is peculiar. Plumb-lines, levels, and squares were unknown when it was built; and the houses seem to have grown, rather like pollard willows and gnarled oaks with windows in them, than to have risen by the legitimate agency of scaffold-poles, trowels, and hods of mortar. Timber, lath and plaster, thatch, and an anomalous composition, in which mud, shingle, rushes, and fragments of tile are visible to the naked eye, appear to form the principal materials of which the queer little houses—half cottage, half barn—are composed. There is no pavement, and the roadway itself is distressingly eccentric, now sinking so low as to require an embankment on either side for the footway, now rising so pretentiously that the houses seem to be in danger of being swallowed up, causing the first floor fronts to be in the area, and the soles of the by-passer's boots nearly on a level with the garret windows. Window sashes are unknown, and the picturesque little lozenges of bottle glass, fertile in bull's-eyes, are still in vogue. Chimney pots sprout up indifferently, not necessarily on the roof, but wherever it has been found convenient to make a fireplace and an aperture for the smoke. Knockers to the doors there are none, and—seeing that doors themselves are not numerous, and that three-fourths of the male population and the whole of the female and infant ditto are always loitering in the doorways or sprawling amicably in that part of the road where there should be a gutter, but there is'nt—where would be the use of knockers, I should like to know? It is a pretty sight, on a fine afternoon, to peep through one of these doorways, and catch the Dumbledowndereans in the full luxuriance of their *ménage*, which serves them for "kitchen and parlour and all:" three generations enjoying their family souchong or serviceable bohea. A grizzled old grandfather, eighty years old, perhaps, so bent and twisted by the rheumatiz that he cannot have seen his shoes or the ribbons at the knees of his small clothes for a score of years; a hale husband, the bread winner of the family, just come home from the brickfield, very clayey and strawy, enjoying a basin of tea and a pipe of tobacco, an amalgamated refreshment somewhat distasteful, it may be, to cockneys; but than which country people and travellers in Australia will tell you there are few things more grateful and refreshing; a comely wife (with the arm of Milo for cutting bread and butter) and a whole tribe of ruddy children, varying in size and stature like the row of stew-pans ranged in a large kitchen. Talk about political economy — what sort of economy can it be that out of sorry and precarious wages can give the grizzled old grandfather his snuff and his beer, the sturdy brickmaker his bacon, the tribe of little children clean pinafores unconscious of tatters and hobnailed shoes with whole soles, can fill their little bellies with bread and butter, can give them each the weekly twopence for their instruction at school; can keep up the subscription to the burial club and father's lodge of Foresters, or Druids, or Shepherds; can even, on high days and holidays enable mother to astonish the Dumbledowndereans in a bonnet—a marvellous bonnet of white chip, with rainbow ribbons—and a parasol as green as a gooseberry? All these things are done; but *how* are they managed? What subtleties of finance, what Machiavelic evolutions of domestic diplomacy must be resorted to to give all these young ravens their food, all these little foxes their holes, all these babies their raiment? To be sure, father has his beer at home instead of going to the "Cross Keys," the "Traveller's Joy," or the "Jolly Brickmakers" for it, and water is good and plentiful in Dumbledowndeary, and the inhabitants seem to be naturally fond of washing themselves and each other; so there may be something in that.

Dumbledowndeary does not possess a public promenade, although its environs afford the most beautiful walks to be found anywhere, perhaps, in England. Within the walls the lounger is confined to the common hard I have named, and to a little quay commanding at low water, and in calm weather, nothing more picturesque in the way of a view than a considerable expanse of mud, the flat shores of the opposite Essex coast, the phantom collier playing at loading ballast, and one or two cutter yachts belonging to "city men," who take an occasional holiday from consols for account and bills payable, to run social little matches for snuff-boxes and silver mugs from Dumbledowndeary to the Nore, and whose crews (one man and a boy I think to each yacht) appear to me to have no duties more arduous to perform than to scrape carrots for their *pot-au-feu*, and to polish the masts and bowsprit with beeswax. But at high water, in fine weather, and above all, in fresh breezy weather, you shall see a sight from Dumbledowndeary's shabby little quay, that I, for one, would not change for any number of Panoramas of the Mississippi, nay, nor for Venice, the Golden Horn, or the Bay of Naples with Mr. Southby's most brilliant fireworks bursting from Vesuvius in the background. For then you shall see the highway of nations and of the world, thick sown with winged carriages. The majestic Indiaman bursting with live stock appertaining to the Honourable Company; the great Canadian timber-ship; the humble colliers, smacks, and hoys, by fleets; the portly steamers bound for Antwerp and Hamburgh, puffing and blowing as though conscious of their importance in

society; the screw steamers, whose long low black hulks and flaunting ensigns at the main, tell them to be Government vessels from Woolwich Dockyard, fresh from the study of steam, and the ironing and mangling of their boilers and machinery, and which glide sinuously and quietly (though with a vicious twist) through the maze of vessels; and, for all their smooth ebony sides, could show some sharp and ugly teeth, and scream and bellow as other vixens do upon emergency. Vixenish names have they, too, these little war-steamers. "Scourges," or "Spitefuls," or "Spitfires," or "Retaliations." They forage cunningly all over the world, poking their sharp noses into out-of-the-way ports and harbours—bringing home African kings with more epaulette than broadcloth—taking out useful presents to uncivilised nations: such as baby-jumpers, Revalenta Arabica, and ministers plenipotentiary—landing lieutenant-governors on uninhabited islands, and consuls-general at tiger-frequented jungles—and, ever and anon, kicking up a terrible dust on some imperfectly known coast, with a king and people seldom heard of, and to avenge some inexplicable national wrongs: all of which invariably end, though, by a list of killed and wounded (mostly on the unknown side), and a declaration of prize money by some patriotic navy agent in a street out of the Strand, by which is adjudicated to "flag" two or three hundred pounds, or a trifle of that sort, and to "thirteenth class" something like one and tenpence half-penny. *I* would rather be "flag."

Also, in fine weather and in summer, besides shoals of pleasure boats on this same water, you see the Gravesend steamers, rather uncomfortably crowded, on their way to "Town-pier, Terrace, or Rosherville" (pronounced *Ros*erville). Popular melodies float gently through the summer air, and on your quay at Dumbledowndeary you have, in addition to the opportunity for improvement in the Euterpean art, the gratification of being exempted from the periodical visits of the trombone player on board; from whom few men can withhold half-pence, or, withholding, can bear the glance of deadly meaning that, during the remainder of the voyage, darts from his (slightly bleary) eye. Finally, the great river Yacht Clubs, the clubs that have Commodores, and costly cups and purses of sovereigns for prizes, do not disdain Dumbledowndeary as a starting place, nor, returning thither when the battle has been lost and won, do they refuse to refresh themselves at the "Lee Scupper," which is *the* yachting house. Mighty dinners are cooked here; great toasts are given and responded to; fierce arguments take place as to whether the Grampus ran foul of the Solan, or the Seagull can go closer into the wind's eye than the Waterduck; guns are discharged, shouts rend the air, and many men and many boys, the crews of many yachts, are wheeled, towards midnight, down the common hard on barrows to where their boats await them. Then the rejoicings terminate. The yacht owners — from formidable looking mariners in alarming pea-coats, and glazed hats: with eye-glasses, telescopes, and a slight perfume: full of brave words of belaying and heaving to: smoking short pipes to a maritime degree of blackness—subside into quiet, clean-shaven stockbrokers, or merchants, as the case may be, go back to town by train, and leave their crews, once more, to scrape their masts and carrots, and leave Dumbledowndeary to solitude and bricks. And as yet, I have unwarrantably neglected Bricks, by the bye!

I don't mean the bricks in the brickfield, exactly—long avenues of tubes of greyish clay, called "clamps," with heaps of straw between; heaps of broken bricks spoiled in the making or the baking; smoking kilns, with glowing masses of burning cinders and "breeze" within, whose caloric is gradually doing the bricks to a turn, giving them, though, ere they attain the orthodox hue of dull red or yellow suitable to a well-done brick fit to be cemented, a thousand rainbow hues of crimson, and chrome, and purple; the mighty brick-stacks thatched in like wheat or hay, and awaiting purchase or removal. I don't mean the bricks which the toiling workmen are moulding in iron cubes; the rude masses of clay and sand which the children are kneading into useful dirt pies, ready for the finishing touch of the brick-maker; the women, wheeling barrows of earth and ashes; the burners, stackers, or carters. The bricks I mean, and to which I would desire to call your attention have, though contiguous to the brickfield, and owing their very existence to its beneficent soil, no connection with it now. For with the aid of mortar, "compo," and cement, lath and plaster, carpenter and joiner's work, rule, bevel, and square, they have become Houses. Scarcely have you escaped from the old fashioned little village with its lean-to roofs, its thatch and lead-paned casements, ere a little Babylon of bricks stares you in the face. Streets, terraces, rows, gardens (brick ones), crescents, lodges, villas, squares, groves, cottages, all in brick. The Royal Family of this island, the victories won under the meteor flag of Britain have given their names, or have stood sponsors, willingly, to these little red and yellow strangers. Miniature conservatories, lilliputian bow-windows, infinitesimal area railings, microscopic street doors with knockers to match, baby-house bells, dwarf-house garden entrances, are in abundance. All is very complete though very small. There is an unexceptional foot-pavement, gas-lamps of exquisite symmetry, corner-posts rigidly spiked *à la* Burton Crescent. I have no doubt that the view of the river and surrounding country is beautiful from all the front and back windows; that water is plentifully laid on; that the fire-places and kitchen fixtures possess all the latest improvements; that this little paradise

of bricks offers every element of felicity for a whole town-load of small families. I can fancy the lilac and geranium and mignonette, smelling sweetly in the little front gardens; lusty cabbages and bold-faced cauliflowers in the back ditto; jocund young butchers pulling their fast-trotting ponies short up opposite the street doors; insinuating bakers, whispering flowery nothings to rosy cooks at the area railings; smiling tax collectors, with fat little red books, knocking at all the doors and never having to knock twice; pleasant caps and ribbons enshrining pretty matron's faces at the first-floor windows; virtuous tenants, with salaries varying from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds a year, working very hard all day in London, then hastening by the rail to their well-beloved Brick-Edens at Dumbledowndeary; the pavement checquered with parasols, chubby legs, go-carts, and little dogs; little masters and misses, preternaturally inducted into the mysteries of Bradshaw and railway time-bills, and knowing to a second what time papa's train is due; a pleasant odour of baby, and flowers, and home, and dinner ready precisely at half-past five o'clock. I can fancy all these things, I say; but——

But! ah, fatal word! ah, woeful pivot on which all things human turn! Nobody lives alas, in these pretty little houses; there is no population for these cleanly, fresh-coloured, airy little streets and terraces. The surveyor's ban, the anathema maranatha of the house-agent is upon them all. "These Houses are to be Let or Sold;" and nobody comes to hire or to purchase them. The cosy little windows are besmeared with the dread announcement in whitewash; rude bills to the same effect are posted on the street doors; tall posts with placards, like gibbets, rear their ugly heads where rose-trees and laburnum ought to grow. Dumbledowndeary is a Town to Let.

No butchers pull up their fast-trotting ponies, no bakers whisper flowery nothings; for there are no joints to be ordered, and no loaves to be delivered. Spikes are useless to the posts, for there are no boys to "over" them. The foot-pavement is a work of supererogation, for there are no passengers to tread it; the tramps and agricultural labourers preferring to walk in the road. There are no nursemaids, and no babies to nurse; no youthful students of railway time-bills: for there is no papa's train due. Dumbledowndeary is another name for desolation. The spider has not woven her web, nor does the owl shriek through these deserted halls, as the Eastern poet informs us they were in the habit of doing, abroad; but there is desolation, notwithstanding. Next to a house long inhabited and then deserted; a house never tenanted, almost new, yet old in solitude, is the most melancholy house I know. The mortar scarcely dried, the paper on the walls yet fresh, the fire-places unconscious of fire, the chimneys innocent of smoke, the staircases untrodden by domesticated feet, the bed-rooms unslept in, the dining-rooms undined in, the doors into which no bride has entered, out of which no coffin has passed: the house unsanctified by the smiles and tears, the pickles and preserves, the sweets and sours, that go to make up the leaven of humanity. And yet to be let or sold, year after year, with nobody to bid! Such is Dumbledowndeary. Unless somebody comes to take it, it will fall to ruin through sheer desuetude. An uncut cheese will grow musty; the dress too long secluded in a drawer will become motheaten. The whitewash must be effaced from its window-panes, the bills torn down, the ugly gibbets levelled. Even a succession of bad tenants, running away on the eve of quarter-day without paying their rent, and carrying off the lead piping and brass door-handles with them, would be better than none. They would be something in the way of a house-warming. They would oil the hinges of the area-gates, and refresh the knockers and bells. They would brush up the front gardens (even though the flowers were never paid for), and take from them the doleful aspect they have now—an aspect generally resembling a portion of a stone-mason's yard run to seed in a pigless pigstye, littered with fragments of scaffold-poles, chips of dried mortar, broken brickbats, clay pipes of by-gone bricklayers, strands of decayed ropes, and the ghost of a trowel.

The truth is, that the good people of Dumbledowndeary have, in the articles of bricks, houses, and tenants to inhabit them, occupied themselves rather too much with the question of supply, without quite enough regarding the question of demand. Seduced by the mammoth London up the line, and the smaller, but still vigorous leviathan in miniature, Gravesend, down the line; dazzled by Greenwich, getting bigger and bigger every day; forgetful of the ominous example of that city of unfulfilled promises, Herne Bay; they have dabbled in houses as stock-jobbers dabble in shares. They have projected streets with people to inhabit them, as, during the railway mania, lines were projected to carry passengers where there were no passengers to be carried, and to traffic where there was no commerce. They would have a metropolis when, as yet, their ancient village had no suburbs. They would build their Rome in half a day. They have laid out their capital in bricks, and seem to draw but sorry interest (to say nothing of a bonus) therefrom. There is not a door-knocker in this wo-begone little town to let, but what seems to me muffled in bank-notes. The deserted parlours are papered with transfer tickets. The stair-carpets (where there are any) should be of Exchequer Bills. The whole town seems to me one grim brick mausoleum of dead capital—a tomb erected to the sinking funds of Dumbledowndeary.

If the Dumbledowndereans had looked

at home, they would have built one-storey cottages, or large houses, if you will, divided into little tenements fit for the occupancy of the poor brick-makers, and bargees, and labourers who swelter in crowded kennels in the back lane and narrow alleys of the village—paying rents, too, which would secure them clean, wholesome, airy lodgings elsewhere. But no, the Dumbledowndeary capitalists must needs build villas, residences; the lord of the manor has said nay to small tenements. The rents demanded are from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds a year, of which none avail themselves; while the brick-makers and bargees, who could, and who do, pay four and five shillings a week for their styes, can't move into better houses, because there are none built for men of their degree. They *should* have looked at home, you say; but, alas! who can—who does? I say again. Hearken to Doctor Goldsmith writing wisdom among the beggars of Axe Lane, perchance: "Were I to be angry with men for being fools," he says, "I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?" Let us hope that Dumbledowndeary, the rashly built, will not longer lack tenants, and that it will not always be a town to let.

We go for a walk out of Dumbledowndeary. We leave the church on our right, cross the railway by a pretty bridge, close to which a large railway hotel has driven away the orchards and gooseberry bushes which two years before flourished in its place, and plunge into a sweet-smelling, shadowy lane. Mine host of the Railway Hotel is with us, a cheerful man and portly, who sings a song and does not despair of Dumbledowndeary yet. He carries a lantern; I carry a lantern; Mr. Caps, the gamekeeper, who has started up somehow from somewhere, in a velveteen frock and leather gaiters, carries a lantern. "What is this for?" you ask, seeing that it is yet broad day. "We are going to see the lion of Dumbledowndeary, the wonder, and terror, and admiration thereof. We are bound on a voyage of discovery to a haunted house—a house that has been nailed and boarded up since the battle of Waterloo, and which must be consequently rather dark and gloomy inside."

Now, if you be anything of an amateur in haunted houses, a connoisseur in domestic ghosts, you will, doubtless, begin to form in imagination some very charming pictures of Elizabethan chambers, mouldy tapestry, and a stain of blood on the oak flooring which all the scrubbing and washing, the scouring, scraping, and planing in the universe will not efface. You will be disappointed. You will at least conjure up a house of passable antiquity, dating from Queen Anne's reign, we will say. You will again be disappointed. Passing through a beautiful park, and over what was once a lawn, but is now ploughed up and sown with wheat, you come suddenly on a substantial brick mansion, so fresh, so neat, so comfortable in appearance, that, but for the doorstep overgrown with weeds, the heavy chains and padlocks on the gates, and a dismal screen of planking before every window, you would take it to be in full occupancy now. In good sooth, it has not been built more than seventy years; and Mr. Caps's father-in-law, an apple-cheeked veteran, some ninety odd, helped to make the bricks from which the House was built. It belongs to the lord of the manor; it has been shut up nearly forty years, and it is haunted. These bald and unsatisfactory fragments are its whole history. The very ghost of Dumbledowndeary is a disappointment. There is no authenticated legend of a spectre in a white sheet, of an apparition carrying its head under its arm—no deaths'-heads, no cross-bones, no blood, no groans. Everybody agrees, though, that it is haunted. Mr. Caps's father-in-law says that there were "noises" heard in the year '32. Mr. Caps, the gamekeeper, has himself heard "noises." "Were they ghosts?" we ask, breathlessly. Mr. Caps scratches the knee of his corduroys, and says simply, "Poachers." Even as we wait for his answer, a pheasant gets up with a whirr, near us, and we shudder.

Mr. Caps, who is master of the ceremonies *pro tem.*, has the key of the haunted mansion with him, and we enter. We pass through room after room, dark and sombre, in which our lanterns conjure up fantastic, Rembrandt-like effects. We see the gay paper torn from the walls, and the flooring gradually yielding to the dry rot—the nests which the jackdaws have built in the fire-places. Now and then mine host punches out a plank from the window with his walking-stick, and shows us a glorious view of the country side. We descend into the kitchens, stumbling over a decapitated rabbit at the stair-head; we sigh over the mighty kitchen range, where the mark of the meat-jack still shows on the mantel-side; we peep into the larder, where the ropes to which the joints were hung still remain; into the scullery, the deserted wine-cellars, the bins looking like the shelves in a vault. The house is young and lusty, and strongly built—why should it go thus to decay? Mine host whispers something about the battle of Waterloo, and the lawyers, and the long minority of the young lord. So we extinguish our lanterns in the entrance-hall, thinking that when the House is occupied again, the spell may be taken off Dumbledowndeary, and it may be no longer a town to let.

Small as the commerce of Dumbledowndeary may be, it is amazingly fertile and successful in one respect—in ghosts! There is the vaguely haunted house to begin with. There is Lady Ruff; who, as I have mentioned, lies in marble in the church, but who was accustomed to ride nightly (headless, of course) in a coach and four, round about

Hollyhill House. All the navvies saw her while making the railroad, which accounts for their obstinately refusing to work after sundown, and drinking till past two in the morning at the "Bull and Bagpipes." Happily, she is laid in the Red Sea now, the Dumbledowndearians averring that it took thirteen clergymen to perform the operation, and that she is laid till "as long as oaken ash grows." There is another ghost, by the way, who was only laid for ten years and a day, and, as his time is nearly up, may be expected shortly. There is the legend—which no true Dumbledowndearian dare gainsay—of a demon chicken always running before you at night, which you may fall over, twist the neck of even, occasionally, but which still continues to run. There is a white rabbit, with never a head, which leaps palings in an astonishing manner. There was "Toby Munns afore he was drounded," who, being of a loose and dissipated habit, met his mother (dead half-a-dozen years before) "full butt" in the back lane, and, going on board his barge, said to his mate, "Bill, I'm done;" then, going up the river to St. Katherine's Docks with a cargo of bricks, *was* "drounded" accordingly. There is the undoubtedly true legend of Jack Cripps and the snake. How Jack Cripps saw the snake crawl from the churchyard into his mother's house; how it changed into a cat, and jumped out of the window; and how Jack Cripps thereupon went "off his head," or stark-staring mad, and is now in a lunatic asylum at Barnardo Heath, which is indeed an additional confirmation of the story. Teddy Beadle, the bargee, has seen scores of ghosts: one, that unaccountably sunk into the pavement close by a gas-lamp at Woolwich; one, that struck three distinct blows on his shoulder "as he was a smoking his pipe aboard, going with ashes to Peckham." Teddy Beadle is, indeed, the hereditary ghost-seer of Dumbledowndeary. None of his family ever "died in their bed," he says, and he supposes he shan't. "Drounded" is the lamentable summary of all his ancestors' careers.

THE SCHAH'S ENGLISH GARDENER.

The facts of the following narration were communicated to me by Mr. Burton, the head gardener at Teddesley Park, in Staffordshire. I had previously been told that he had been for a year or two in the service of the Schah of Persia, which induced me to question him concerning the motives which took him so far from England, and the kind of life which he led at Teheran. I was so much interested in the details he gave me, that I made notes at the time, which have enabled me to draw up the following account:—

Mr. Burton is a fine-looking healthy man, in the prime of life, whose appearance would announce his nation all the world over. He had completed his education as a gardener at Knight's, when, in 1848, an application was made to him, on behalf of the Schah of Persia, by Colonel Sheil, the English envoy at the court of Teheran, who proposed to Mr. Burton that he should return to Persia with the second Persian secretary to the embassy, Mirza Oosan Koola, and take charge of the Royal Gardens at Teheran, at a salary of a hundred pounds a year, with rooms provided for him, and an allowance of two shillings a day for the food of himself and the native servant whom he would find it necessary to employ. This prospect, and the desire which is so natural to young men, to see countries beyond their own, led Mr. Burton to accept the proposal. The Mirza Oosan Koola and he left Southampton on the twenty-ninth of September, 1848, and went by steam to Constantinople. Thence they journeyed without accident to the capital of Persia. The seat of government was removed to Teheran about seventy years ago, when the Kujur dynasty became possessed of the Persian throne. Their faction was predominant in the North of Persia, and they, consequently, felt more secure in Teheran than in the ancient southern capital. Teheran is situated in the midst of a wide plain, from two to three hundred miles long, which has a most dreary appearance, being totally uncultivated, and the soil of which is a light kind of reddish loam, that becomes pulverised after a long continuance of dry weather, and then rises as great clouds of sand, sometimes even obscuring the sun several hours in a day for several successive days.

Bad news awaited Mr. Burton on his arrival at Teheran. The Schah, who had commissioned Colonel Sheil to engage an English gardener, was dead. His successor cared little either about gardening or his predecessor's engagements. Colonel Sheil was in England. Mr. Burton's heart sunk a little within him; but, having a stout English spirit, and great faith in the British embassy, he insisted on a partial fulfilment of the contract. Until this negotiation was completed, Mr. Burton was lodged in the house of Mirza Oosan Koola. Mr. Burton was, therefore, for a month, a member of a Persian household belonging to one of the upper middle class.

The usual mode of living in one house seemed pretty nearly the same in all that fell under the range of Mr. Burton's observation. They get up at sunrise, when they have a cup of coffee. The few hours in the day in which the Persians condescend to labour in any way, are from sunrise until seven or eight o'clock in the morning. After that, the heat becomes so intense (frequently one hundred and eight or one hundred and nine degrees in the shade) that all keep within doors, lying about on mats in passages or rooms. At ten they have their first substantial meal; which consists of mutton and rice, stewed together in a rude saucepan over a charcoal

fire, built out of doors. Sometimes, in addition to this dish, they have a kind of soup, or "water-meat" (which is the literal translation of the Persian name), made of water, mutton, onions, parsley, fowls, rice, dried fruits, apricots, almonds, and walnuts, stewed together. But this, as we may guess from the multiplicity of the ingredients, was a dainty dish. At four o'clock, the panting Persians, nearly worn out by the heat of the day, take a cup of strongly perfumed tea, with a little bitter-orange juice squeezed into it; and after this tonic they recover strength enough to smoke and lounge. Dinner was the grand meal of the day, to which they invited friends. It was not unlike breakfast, but was preceded by a dessert, at which wine was occasionally introduced, but which always consisted of melons and dried fruits. The dinner was brought in on a pewter tray; but Mr. Burton remarked that the pewter dishes were very dingy. A piece of common print was spread on the ground, and cakes of bread put on it. They had no spoons for the soup, "water-meat," but soaked their bread in it, or curled it round into a hollow shape, and fished up what they could out of the abyss. At the Mirza's they had spoons for the sour goat's milk, with ice, which seemed to be one of their delicacies. The ice is brought down from the mountains, and sold pretty cheaply in the bazaars. Sugar and salt are eaten together with this iced sour goat's milk. Smoking narghilahs beguiles the evening hours very pleasantly. They pluck a quantity of rose-blossoms and put them into the water through which the smoke passes; but the roses last in season only a month. Mirza Oosan Koola had a few chairs in the house for the use of the gentlemen of the Embassy.

At last the negotiation respecting Mr. Burton's engagement was ended. His friends at the Embassy had insisted that the present Schah should install him in the office of royal gardener at the salary proposed by his predecessor. Accordingly, about a month after his arrival at Teheran, he took possession of two rooms, appropriated to his use, in the garden of El Kanai. This garden consisted of six acres, with a mud wall all round. There were avenues of fruit trees planted, with lucerne growing under them, which was cut for the food of the horses in the royal stable; but the lucerne and the trees gave this royal garden very much the aspect of an English orchard, and must have been a very disenchanting prospect for a well-trained gardener, accustomed to our flower beds, and vegetable gardens. The fruit trees were apricots, apples, pears, and cherries—the latter of the same description as ours, but finer in quality; the apricots were of a kind which Mr. Burton had never seen before, with large sweet kernels. He brought some of the stones with him to England, and gave them to his old master, Mr. Knight. If this square plot of orchard-ground, surrounded by a mud-wall, was the cheerless prospect outside, the two rooms which Mr. Burton was to inhabit were not much more attractive. Bare of all furniture, with floors of mud and chaff beaten together, they did not even contain the mats which play so many parts in Persian houses. Mr. Burton's first care was to purchase mats, and hire a servant to market and cook for him. The people at the Embassy sent him the various bales of seeds, roots, and implements, which he had brought with him from England; and he hoped before long to introduce some improvements into Persian gardening; so little did he as yet know the nature of the people with whom he had to deal. But before he was well settled in his two rooms, while he was yet unpacking his English bales, some native plasterers told him that, outside of his wooden door (which fastened only with a slight chain), six men lay in wait for him to do him evil, partly prompted by the fact of his being a foreigner, partly in hopes of obtaining possession of some of the contents of these bales.

It was two miles to the Embassy, and Mr. Burton was without a friend nearer; his very informants would not stand by him, but would rather rejoice in his discomfiture. But being a brave, resolute man, he picked out a scythe from among his English implements, threw open the door, and began to address the six men (who, sure enough, lay couched near the entrance) in the best Persian he could muster. His Persian eloquence, or possibly the sight of the scythe wielded by a stout, resolute man, produced the desired effect: the six men, fortunately, went away, without having attacked him, for any effort at self-defence on his part would have strengthened the feeling of hostility already strong against him. Once more he was left in quiet to unpack his goods, with such shaded light as two windows covered over with paper and calico could give. But when his tools were unpacked—tools selected with such care and such a hoping heart in England—who were to use them? The men appointed as gardeners under him would not work, because they were never paid. If Mr. Burton made them work, he should pay them, they said. At length he did persuade them to labour, during the hours in which exertion was possible, even to a native. Mr. Burton began to inquire how these men were paid, or if their story was true, that they never were. It was true that wages for labour done for the Schah were most irregularly given. And when the money could no longer be refused, it was paid in the form of bills upon some gate to a town, or some public bath, a hundred or a hundred and twenty miles away, such gates and baths being royal property. Honest payment of wages being rare, of course stealing is plentiful; and it is even winked at by the royal officers. The gardeners under Mr. Burton, for instance,

would gather the flowers he had cherished with care, and present them to any chief who came into the Baugh-el-Kanai; and the present they received in turn constituted their only means of livelihood. Sometimes Mr. Burton was the sole labourer in this garden; and he had the charge of Baugh-el-Colleza, twenty square acres in size, and at some distance from El Kanai, where he lived. When the hot weather came on, he fell ill of diarrhœa, and for three months lay weary and ill on his mat, unable to superintend, if there had been gardeners, or to work himself, if there were none.

After he recovered, he seems to have been hopeless of doing any good in such a climate, and among such a people. The Schah took little interest in horticulture. He sometimes came into the gardens of El Kanai (in which his palace was situated), and would ask some questions, through an interpreter, in a languid, weary kind of way. Sometimes, when Mr. Burton had any vegetables ready, he requested leave to present them himself to the Schah; when this was accorded, he wove the twigs of the white poplar (the tree which most abounded on the great barren plain surrounding Teheran), and filling this with lettuces, or peas, or similar garden produce, he was ushered with much ceremony into one of the courts ("small yards," as Mr. Burton once irreverently called them) belonging to the palace. There, in a kind of balcony projecting from one of the windows, the Schah sat; and the English gardener, without shoes, but with the lamb's-skin "fez" covering his head, bowed low three times, as he gave up his basket to be handed to the Schah. Mr. Burton did not perform the Persian salaam, considering such a slave-like obeisance unbefitting a European. The Schah received these baskets of vegetables, some of which were new to him, with great indifference, not caring to ask any questions. The spirit of curiosity, however, was alive in the harem, if nowhere else; and one day Mr. Burton was surprised to receive a command to go and sow some annuals in one of the courts of the harem, for such was the Queen-mother's desire. So, taking a few packets of common flower-seeds, he went through some rooms in the palace before he arrived at the courts, which open one out of another. These rooms Mr. Burton considered as little better, either in size, construction, or furniture, than his own garden-dwelling; but there are some apartments in this royal palace which are said to be splendid; one lined with plate-glass, and several fitted up with the beautiful painted windows for which Persia is celebrated. On entering the courts belonging to the harem, Mr. Burton found himself attended by three or four soldiers, and two eunuchs—all with drawn swords, which they made a little parade of holding above him, rather to his amusement, especially as he seems to have had occasional glimpses of peeping ladies, who ought rather to have had the swords held over them. Before passing from one yard to another, one or two soldiers would precede him, to see that the coast was clear. And if a veiled lady chanced, through that ignorance which is bliss all the world over, to come into the very yard where he was, the soldiers seized him, huddled him into a dark corner, and turned his face to the wall; she, meanwhile, passing through under the cover of her servant's large cloak, something like a chicken peeping from under the wing of the hen. Whatever might have been their danger from the handsome young Englishman, he, at least, was not particularly attracted by their appearance. The utmost praise he could bestow was, that "one or two were tolerably good-looking;" and, on being pressed for details, he said that those ladies of the harem of whom he caught a glimpse resembled all other Persian women, in having very large features, very coarse complexions, with large eyes. They (as well as the men) paint the eyebrows, so as to make them appear to meet. They are stout-made. Such were the observations which Mr. Burton made, as he was passing through the yards, or courts, which led into the small garden where he was to sow his flower-seeds. Here the Queen-mother sat in a projecting balcony; but as soon as she saw the stranger she drew back. She is about thirty-five years of age, and possesses much influence in the country; which, as she is a cruel and ambitious woman, has produced great evils.

One day, Mrs. Sheil's maid, who had accompanied her mistress on a visit to the ladies in the harem, fell in with a Frenchwoman who had been an inhabitant there for more than twenty years. She seemed perfectly contented with her situation, and had no wish to exchange it for any other.

Every now and then Mr. Burton sent flowers to the harem; such as he could cultivate in the dry hot garden, with no command of labour. Marvel of Peru, African marigolds, single stocks, and violets planted along the sides of the walks between planes and poplars, were the flowers he gathered to form his nosegays. But all gardening was weary and dreary work; partly owing to the great heat of the climate, partly to the scarcity of water, but most especially because there was no service or assistance to be derived from any other man. The men appointed to assist him grew more careless and lazy than ever as time rolled on; he had no means of enforcing obedience, or attention, and if he had had, he would not have dared to use it, and so to increase the odium that attached to him as a foreigner. Moreover, no one cared whether the gardens flourished or decayed. If it had not been for the kindness of some of the English residents, among whom he especially mentioned Mr. Reade, his situation would have been utterly intolerable.

There was nothing in the external life or

the place which could compensate for his individual disappointment; at least, he perceived nothing. One day, in crossing the market-place, he saw eight men lying with their heads cut off; executed for being religious fanatics, who had assumed the character of prophets. At another time, there were six men put to death for highway robbery; and the mode of death was full of horror, whatever their crimes might be. They were hung head downwards, with the right arm and leg cut off; one of them dragged out life in this state for three days. Even the minor punishments are cruel and vindictive, as they always are where the power and execution of the laws is uncertain. One of the penalties inflicted for slight offences, is to have a string passed through the nostrils, and be led for three successive days through the bazaars and market-places by a crier, proclaiming the nature of his misdemeanour. Blindness is very common; Mr. Burton has often seen six or eight blind men walking in a string, each with his right arm on the shoulder of his precursor; partly caused by ophthalmia produced by the dust, and partly because the Schah has it in his power to inflict the punishment of pulling both or one of the eyes out. The great-grandfather of the present Schah, Aga Mohammed, the founder of the Kujur dynasty, had large baskets-full of the eyes of his enemies presented to him after his accession to the throne.

Let us change the subject to attar of roses; though all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten the memory of that last sentence. Attar of roses is made and sold in the bazaars; the rose employed is the common single pink, which must be gathered before the sudden rise of the hot sun causes the dew to evaporate. By the side of the attar sellers may be seen the Jew, selling trinkets; the Armenians (Christians in name, and, as such, bound by no laws of Mahomet), selling a sweetish red wine, and arrakee, a spirit made from the refuse of grapes, and resembling gin; while through the bazaars men go, having leathern bags on their backs containing bad, dirty water, and a lump of ice in a basin, into which they pour out draughts for their customers. Ice is brought down from the mountains, and sold at the rate of a large lump for two or three pools—a pool being a small copper coin, of which thirty make one koraun (silver), value eleven-pence; and ten korauns make one tomaun, a gold coin of the value of nine shillings. The drinking-water is procured from open drains, or from tanks, in which all the washing the Persians ever give their clothes is done. They use no soap even for shaving; but soapy water would be preferable to the vermin which float on the surface of the beverage obtained from these sources. No wonder that the cholera returns every three years, and is a fatal scourge; especially when we learn that the doctors and barbers in Teheran, as formerly in England, unite the two professions and that the great resource in all cases of illness is the lancet.

Besides the shops in the bazaars, where provisions and beverages of various kinds are sold, there are others for silks, carpets, embroidered pieces, something like the Indian shawls, but smaller in size, and purchased by the Europeans for waistcoats; and Cashmere shawls, which even there, and not always new, bear the high prices of from fifty pounds to one hundred pounds. Those which were presented to the ladies of the Embassy were worth, at Teheran, one hundred pounds apiece. There are also lamb's-skin caps, or fezes, about half a yard high, conical in shape, and open, or crownless, at the top; heavier than a hat, but much cooler, owing to the ventilation produced by this opening. No Europeans wear hats, except one or two at the Embassy. Cotton materials are used for dresses by the common people, manufactured at Teheran. There are very few articles of British manufacture sold in the bazaars; but French, German, and Russian things abound. A fondness for watches seems to be a Persian weakness; some of the higher classes will wear two at a time, like the English dandies sixty years ago; and sometimes both these watches will be in the state of stand-still. It is therefore no wonder that a little German watchmaker, who is settled at Teheran, is making his fortune. The mode of reckoning time is from sunrise to sunset—prayers being said by the faithful before each of these. The day and night are each divided into "watches" of three hours long; subdividing the time between sunrise and mid-day, mid-day and sunset.

Mr. Burton saw little of the religious ceremonies of the Persians. He had never been inside a mosque; but had seen people saying their prayers at the appointed times (at the expiration of every watch through the day, he believed), on raised platforms, erected for the purpose, up and down the town. The form of washing the hands before they say their prayers is gone through by country-people on the dusty plain, using soil instead of water; the more purifying article of the two, one would suppose, after hearing Mr. Burton's account of the state of the drains and tanks in Teheran. The priests are recognised by the white turbans which they wear as a class distinction; and our English gardener does not seem to have come in contact with any of them, excepting in occasional rencontres in the streets; where the women, veiled and shrouded, shuffle along—their veils being transparent just at the eyes, so as to enable them to see without being seen; while their clumsy, shapeless mantles effectually prevent all recognition even from husband or father. The higher class (the wives of Mirzas, or noblemen) are conveyed in a kind of covered hand-barrow from place to place. This species of rude carriage will hold two ladies sitting upright, and has a small door on either side;

it is propelled by one mule before and one behind.

As long as these national peculiarities were novel enough to excite curiosity, Mr. Burton had something to relieve the monotony of his life, which was very hopeless in the horticultural line. By-and-bye it sank into great sameness. The domestic changes were of much the same kind as the Vicar of Wakefield's migration from the blue bed to the brown: for three or four months in the hot season, Mr. Burton conveyed his mat up the mud staircase which led from his apartments through a trap-door on to the flat roof, and slept there. When the hot weather was over, Mr. Burton came down under cover. He felt himself becoming utterly weary and enervated; and probably wondered less than he had done on his first arrival at the lazy way in which the natives worked: sitting down, for instance, to build a wall. Indifference, which their religion may dignify in some things into fatalism, seemed to prevail everywhere and in every person. They ate their peas and beans unshelled, rather than take any unnecessary trouble; a piece of piggism which especially scandalised him.

Twice in the year there were great religious festivals, which roused the whole people into animation and enthusiasm. One in the spring was the Noorooz, when a kind of miracle-play was acted simultaneously upon the various platforms in the city; the grandest representation of all being in the market-place, where thirty or forty thousand attended. The subject of this play is the death of the sons of Ali; the Persians being Sheeah, or followers of Ali, and, as such, regarded as schismatics by the more orthodox Turks, who do not believe in the three successors of Mohammed. This "mystery" is admirably performed, and excites the Persians to passionate weeping. A Frank ambassador is invariably introduced, who comes to intercede for the sons of Ali. This is the tradition of the Persians; and although not corroborated by any European legend, it is so faithfully believed in by the Persians, that it has long procured for the Europeans a degree of kindly deference, very different from the feeling with which they are regarded by the Ali-hating Turks. The other religious festival occurs some time in August, and is of much the same description; some event (Mr. Burton believed it was the death of Mohammed) being dramatised, and acted in all the open public places. The weeping and wailing are as general at this representation as the other. Mr. Burton himself said, "he was so cut up by it he could not help crying;" and excused himself for what he evidently considered a weakness, by saying that everybody there was doing the same.

Sometimes the Schah rode abroad; he and his immediate attendants were well mounted; but behind, around, came a rabble rout to the number of one, two, or even three thousand, on broken-down horses, on mules, on beggarly donkeys, or running on foot, their rags waving in the wind, everybody, anybody, anyhow. The soldiers in attendance did not contribute to the regularity or uniformity of the scene, as there is no regulation height, and the dwarf of four feet ten jostles his brother in arms who towers above him at the stature of six feet six.

In strange contrast with this wild tumult and disorderly crowd must be one of the Schah's amusements, which consists in listening to Mr. Burgess (the appointed English interpreter), who translates the Times, Illustrated News, and, occasionally, English books, for the pleasure of the Schah. One wonders what ideas certain words convey, representative of the order and uniform regularity of England.

In October, 1849, Colonel Shiel returned to Teheran, after his sojourn in England; and soon afterwards it was arranged that Mr. Burton should leave Persia, and shorten his time of engagement to the Schah by one-half. Accordingly, as soon as he had completed a year in Teheran, he began to make preparations for returning to Europe; and about March, 1850, he arrived at Constantinople, where he remained another twelvemonth. The remembrance of Mr. Burton's Oriental life must be in strange contrast to the regular, well-ordered comfort of his present existence.

BREAD OF LIFE.

ALBEIT for lack of bread we die,
Die in a hundred nameless ways—
'Tis not for bread *alone* we cry,
In these our later days.

It is not fit that man should spend
His strength of frame, his length of years,
In toiling for that daily end—
Mere bread, oft wet with tears.

That is not wholly good or gain
Which seals the mind and sears the heart,
The life-long labour to sustain
Man's perishable part.

His is the need, and his the right
Of leisure, free from harsh control,
That he may seek for mental light,
And cultivate his soul;

Leisure to foster into bloom
Affections struggling to expand;
So shall his thought, with ampler room,
Improve his skill of hand.

And he should look with reverent eyes,
Sometimes, on Nature's open page;
Not solely are the wondrous skies
For school-man and for sage.

Earth's flower-hues blush, heav'n's star-lights burn,
Not only for the happy few;
To them the toiling man should turn,
For lofty pleasure, too.

But if ye take his blood for bread,
And drive him in one dreary round,
Since he and his must needs be fed,
Ye crush him to the ground.

His mind can grow no soaring wing,
His heart can feel no generous glow;
Ye make of him that wretched thing—
A slave, and yet a foe.

THE WIDOW OF SIXTEEN.

MADAME DE BUFFON, niece of Daubenton, and widow of the only son of the great naturalist, is just now dead—so the newspapers of the day announce—at her country seat of Montbard, in Burgundy. Until the railway from Paris to Dijon was projected, few persons, even in France, knew more of Montbard than its name; and as the French, up to a very recent date, were singularly ignorant of the situation of any place removed from the capital, they troubled their heads but little to ascertain the whereabout of the shabby village-town where the illustrious Buffon was born, and where he died. It is different now; for Montbard, as well as Tonnerre, has a railway station, and its name is shouted out by the zealous officers of the great Dijon line; whence the pretty spire of the rural church, and the majestic form of the Great Tower de l'Aubespin can be plainly seen. The stranger's curiosity is excited, when he hears that the huge building, apparently uninjured by time, which peers haughtily over the surrounding country from the height of its woody hill, stands in the grounds of the house where Buffon the naturalist formerly lived.

It has fallen in my way to visit this spot three several times. The first time I came upon it was during a rambling excursion through Champagne and Burgundy, before I reached Auvergne, which was my destination; My reason for turning out of the road was rather a sentimental one. A friend in England had related to me a history of her acquaintance with the niece of Daubenton, the great naturalist and comparative anatomist, whose fame is only eclipsed by that of his collaborator.

My friend was sent, when just emerging into womanhood, with two sisters to Paris, to be placed under the care of Madame Daubenton, the sister-in-law of the naturalist, who, being a widow in indifferent circumstances, was not sorry to accept the charge of a few English girls, belonging to a rich family, to be educated with her own daughter Betsy. A strict friendship sprung up between my friend and the pretty, round, rosy, cheerful, and affectionate little girl, who learned English readily "from lips that she loved," and imparted in return her own animated accent to the French of her "dear Sophy." When the time came for them to part, both being then about fifteen, little love tokens were exchanged amidst their tears; and the then broad ocean, unknown to narrowing steam, separated them. The marriages of Sophy and Betsy took place almost immediately after; the latter had become the bride of young de Buffon. Then came, before she had been a wife a twelvemonth, the terrible consequences of several ages of oppression and misrule; Buffon himself did not see the Revolution, and the young couple were living tranquilly in their charming and happy country-house at Montbard, when the Reign of Terror burst upon them. In the madness and confusion of the time, the friends of humanity suffered alike with tyrants, and the young bridegroom was torn from his home and dragged to the guillotine. Poor Betsy was also destined to suffer, and had already gone through hardships and terrors which might appall the most courageous; had lain in damp dungeons, been exposed whole nights in a cart full of condemned prisoners, and had given up all but the hope of rejoining her husband, when a turn of the wheel set her free.

After a time, the widow of sixteen regained part of her property and returned to Montbard, where little remained that had formerly adorned her home, except one room, the walls of which were covered with coloured drawings of birds, executed under the eye of the great Buffon himself—the originals of those engravings published in his great work. These had been condemned to add to the bonfire which, kindled in the market-place of Montbard, had devoured almost all the carved chairs, tables, and curious cabinets with their contents, which had belonged to the château; but, luckily, it was difficult to get these feathered friends from the walls, and delay saved them.

Here, till her seventy-seventh year, suffering in health and sight in consequence of the treatment she had experienced, lived Bets de Buffon, as far as her slender means allowed, the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood.

Once, twenty years ago, the friends met in Paris. I was charged, many years after that, not to pass Montbard without paying a visit, and bearing a portrait of her beloved Sophy to the Countess. My welcome was the warmer for my errand, and as a surprise to her friend I sketched the likeness of Betsy; who, even at her advanced age still retained much of her former beauty, and whose ancient cheerfulness was renewed while she told me stories of her days of childhood.

"See here," she said, opening a little cabinet; "look at this relic, and tell my Sophy how faithful to our childhood I have been throughout my life. I shall never part with this little needle-case and these small drawings, given me when we first parted, by Sophy and her sisters."

When I considered that the minute red morocco, old-fashioned article she prized so much, must have been preserved from pillage, and fire, and blood, and ruin of all kinds, I could not but look with reverence on the little old lady whose tender heart had been able to keep an early friendship so long warm and glowing. Betsy

delighted in speaking English, and was not a little proud to show off that accomplishment in her circle, where not a word but pure Burgundian was understood. She had forgotten almost all she had ever known of our language; but, the few sentences she spoke were in an almost perfect accent, and so nearly in the tone of her friend Sophy, as to be startling to my ear. I indulged her in the notion that she had lost none of her former facility, and never reminded her of the fact that the greatest part of her words were French, as she ran on laughing and talking to the amazement of her friends.

"How well she must speak!" exclaimed one of the demoiselles Bussy, as the two antiquated sisters, her especial favourites and frequent visitors, sat elevating their hands at her prowess—"how very well! I declare it seems to me that even I understand half she says; after all, English is not such a barbarous jargon when Betsy speaks it!"

These ladies, who were so impressed with respect for her acquirements, lived in the village, and spent every evening of their lives at the château; possessing the key of a certain garden gate, which admitted them without question or trouble to the terrace on to which the drawing-room opened. The fourth hand at the invariable "whisk," in which Betsey delighted, and without which she could not have slept, was supplied by Doctor Le Franc, who, as regularly as the time came, entered also unannounced, and took his seat at the table. The Doctor had lived all his life at Montbard, and had never found time to leave the province. What he may or might have been induced to do when the then dreaded railroad cut up his native valley, I know not; but, if he be still living, he can run up to Paris once a week without the inconvenience that a journey to Dijon, the only metropolis he knew, used to cause him.

The Doctor was almost the only eligible single man to be found in that secluded region; and report said—indeed the Countess with numerous sly winks and nods herself hinted to me—that there was *some* truth in the rumour that Mademoiselle Clorinde Bussy had laid siege to his heart for at least forty years. *Why*, it had been in vain I afterwards conjectured—but if my suspicions were true, the ambitious aspirings of the good and obedient doctor had been forced to subdue themselves into the purest platonism. Beyond these guests the widow had no society; and her infirmities rendering it impossible for her to enjoy the beautiful hanging gardens of her domain—which almost exclusively belonged to the peasantry and the towns-people—she seldom left the house except for her yearly visit to the capital, where she always passed the winter—Montbard being too damp a residence. In fact the situation of the house is peculiar. It stands at the foot of a very high hill, the chief entrance being in the street of the slovenly little ragged town; behind it, a well-like court is surrounded by wings on three sides, and the mountain rises sheer from a lofty terrace, the first of several which reach to the summit, crowned with the fine old tower and a few walls of the ancient feudal castle that once occupied the site. Buffon laid out the whole of these charming gardens himself, and was the first to throw them open for the convenience of the townspeople; a custom continued to the end by the Countess Betsy.

The benevolent naturalist had first conceived the idea of thus beautifying his ground for the purpose of giving employment to the people: many hundreds of whom derived their support from the works which he watched and directed with extreme interest. He fitted up a part of the old tower as a study; and there, most of his great labours were carried on. At the revolution his chair and table were burnt; and, some feeling not to be conquered, prevented his daughter-in-law from ever refurnishing "Buffon's study," although the bare walls are still one of the lions of the place.

Scarcely a week passed without the gardens of Montbard being enlivened by a fête of some kind. Before her infirm health obliged her to relinquish the custom, it was usual for Madame de Buffon to sit out on the first terrace in an easy chair and witness the gaieties; but, of late years, she had discontinued to do so, and sometimes, from her windows, looked out at the lively parties who made her grounds their own, and whose hilarity and pleasure she enjoyed as much as they. I saw several wedding processions ascend the numerous steps to the terraces; and very gay and bright all the peasants in their finery looked, as they went laughingly along, preceded by their violin, scattering themselves in groups amongst the orange trees and flowering shrubs, with which the garden walks are bordered, in the usual formal style of French gardening taste. When these parties reached the solitary spot where the antique tower rears its giant height amongst the huge grey rocks, of which it seems a part, they unpacked their pic-nic baskets, uncorked their bottles, and regaled themselves at their leisure; after which they danced on the green sward shaded by the fine trees, beneath the castle walls.

Every Sunday the gardens are filled with the residents of the town and its vicinity; and the Countess used to ask, with great interest, how many had come to visit her from week to week. When stray travellers appeared, which was not unusual, they wrote their names in a book in the porter's lodge, and then it was that the eloquence of the female gardener, who had chief charge of, and who exhibited and boasted of the flower gardens, came into notice. This functionary is the daughter of the worthy likeness of Adam who lived there in the time of Buffon himself, and who died at the age of ninety: she apologizes for a good deal of slovenliness

by observing that she has not hands enough to do the parterres justice, and is very jealous of the personage who has charge of the kitchen garden, on which all the care of the establishment is showered, the truth being, that part of the revenue of the château depends on its cultivation and productiveness. The fruit is certainly magnificent here; the peaches in particular being of an incredible size, and the flavour, as well as the aspect of the grapes, admirable.

Of all the statues, monuments, fountains, and ornamental buildings, which the taste of Buffon erected in his favourite bowers and groves, nothing remains but a simple column, which the filial attention of his son raised close to the study of the naturalist, once, on occasion of his absence from home. The widowed Betsy never failed to ask all visitors, if they had observed that memorial, which she had caused to be re-erected, after it had been thrown down by the unthinking rabble, to whose love of destruction the château and grounds had been given up as a prey.

The death of the widow will probably change everything at Montbard: as she has no direct heirs, the house and grounds will perhaps be sold, and the estate divided. It would take a good deal of trouble to destroy the old tower which, it is to be hoped, will be left as a point of view from the railroad, and, as it could not serve any utilitarian purpose, there is no reason why it should not be left to its own reflections of the mutability of things; for the grand old ruin has seen a variety of changes, since Roman brick and mortar were employed to seat it so firmly on the rock in which it is embedded. The lords of Montbard, who looked out from its loopholes, were some of the most powerful of their time, and served their sovereign masters, the Dukes of Burgundy, in many a war, regardless of the will of the vassals whose arms and lives were their property to do what they pleased with. One of them, a certain Hugues the Fourth, was, in the thirteenth century, a great benefactor to his native town, reserving for himself, in consequence of want of money—an excuse acknowledged in all ages — fifteen days' credit with the bankers and wine merchants, beyond which time they were not bound to supply him, until he had paid his debts. How many of his tradespeople disputed their rights with a lord who lived in such a domicile, is not recorded; but it would have been rather an imprudent act to send up the bill too often to a spot, whence not only a precipice descended, but where numerous dungeons completed the architecture. Philip the Bold, of Burgundy, lived occasionally in this castle, and there received his bride, the mother of his violent son, Charles the Rash, whose frantic ambition an army of Swiss peasants put an end to—scattering his jewels beneath the wheels of their rough waggons, and cutting up his golden tapestry into aprons for their wives. Henry the Fourth besieged Montbard and took it, and here he drank confusion to the League, in some of the best wines of the best wine district in France.

The modern hero of the village is doubtless the barber. In his old age he boasted to me that, on one memorable morning, he shaved before breakfast, the chins of "three men capable of ruling a world"—Buffon, Rousseau, and Voltaire! Rousseau, who had been invited by the master of the château to meet his great rival, in the hope that the two spirits would become reconciled, was seized, on that occasion, with a fit of sentimental enthusiasm as he was conducted to the study in the grove, where his host was wont to write, and, prostrating himself on the threshold, kissed the steps which so often gave support to his feet.

> "What a pity a man of such exquisite notions
> Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!"

Both the Countess Betsy and her beloved Sophy are no more; and the episode of this friendship between the English and French woman is at an end. Two more amiable, faithful, and true-hearted beings never existed. The memory of their virtues should add another charm to the locality.

CHIPS.

HIGHLAND EMIGRATION.

In alluding to the special instance of the Isle of Skye, we have already called attention to the subject of emigration from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. That families should hunger on one side of the world, while on the other side mutton for want of mouths goes to the tallow-boiler, is an absurd fact in social economy. On one side of the world men cry for labour, and on the other side men cry for labourers. The work cannot come to the workmen by the very nature of the case; and the workmen, starving here, cannot get over to the work without assistance. In our present modes of furnishing assistance of this kind, there are many things fairly calculated to excite discussion, but while we are talking we need not be idle: we may keep our hands employed. Whatever ought to be done by the mother country, and whatever ought to be done by the colonies, whatever ought to be done by the government, and whatever ought to be done by private enterprise, it is quite certain that there now exists among us a great deal of wretchedness that will continue to be wretchedness for years to come if private energies be not exerted.

In the Scotch Highland and Island districts the breaking down of the system of small holdings, and the failure of potato cultivation, have left a large part of the population in a destitute condition, dependent upon charitable gifts during a considerable part of the year, or hungrily searching for cockles on the shore. With strong predilection and complete fitness

for a pastoral life, these people are the very men and women needed—and most needed at the present hour—in our Australian colonies. Gold diggings would scarcely tempt them from the charge of cattle; they are strongly attached to their homes and families, are not people of gregarious habits otherwise, and know little or nothing of English. To assist them in conveying themselves, with their own free will, accompanied by their families, to a scene of life-long activity and comfort, is a work commenced by Scotchmen in the afflicted districts, which has of late met with a great deal of co-operation in this country.

A "Society for Assisting Emigration from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," has recently obtained the patronage of the Prince Consort, and looks abroad for general support. It will promote, as much as possible, the emigration of entire families, in accordance with the rules of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners. Requiring, in the first place, that each emigrant who asks for aid, shall assist himself to the full extent of his available resources, the Society proposes then to advance, as a loan, the sum that may be necessary for the outfit and deposit stipulated for by the Commissioners—who defray other expenses of the passage, justly or unjustly, from colonial funds. One-third of the amount lent to each emigrant will be expected to come from the owner or trustees of the property vacated. The money repaid by the emigrant, after he shall have settled prosperously in Australia, will be spent in assisting others to pass over. Any emigrant, when he shall have repaid the whole of the amount borrowed from the Society, will be entitled to claim priority of assistance for one friend at home, whom he may name.

When the surplus population of the Highlands shall have been quietly settled in Australia, and live, for their own part,

> "From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
> Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,"

they who remain behind may live at peace in districts that suffice for their support. At present there is in the north of Scotland a great multitude sitting down on the grass and waiting in vain to be fed with the five loaves and two fishes that belong to them in their own right. They satisfy their cravings upon garbage, or they eat bread from charitable hands, when, if they could but cross to the other side of the water, from which they are so eagerly beckoned, each man might be lord of his own pantry. To step across the pool, however, these men need a bridge—just such a bridge, in fact, as that which is now being built under the name of the Highland and Island Emigration Fund.

DARKNESS IN DEVONSHIRE.

Our Devonshire is a delightful county. At rest after a day's shooting in the cottage of a labourer, the eldest girl being at her lace-pill (so they call lace-pillow), I asked, "How many of you are there, Mary?" "Five of us children, sir, besides father and mother." "What are your father's wages?" "Seven shillings a week; but he pays a shilling a week to the farmer for this cottage, and he is obliged to buy his wheat of him at six shillings a bushel," (the price at the time was under five shillings,) "and we eats a matter of three peck a week. I gets eighteenpence a week at my lace-pill, that is, I get sugar and butter; for if they pay me in money they expect seven pennyworth of lace for sixpence, and fourteen pennyworth of lace for a shilling." Will anybody by a process of arithmetic discover how much labourers in Devonshire are able to expend on education?

The sun is very bright in Devonshire upon our leaves and flowers. Our myrtles flower, and our magnolias climb to the house-top, but our human minds—nothing enlightens them, they do not flower, they do not rise above the level of the dust. There are to be found amongst us even farmers, paying rent at the rate of three or four hundred a year, who cannot spell or write, better than dogs or horses can, the names to which they answer. There is among us much vague religious feeling, and that, added to ignorance, makes superstition. Nothing is more common here than to consult the White Witch when a sheep or a spoon has vanished; assaults against some poor old woman who has been suspected of Black witchcraft are of continual occurrence. I speak advisedly, as one who, being a magistrate, has for twenty years, had the best means of becoming acquainted with these things.

"If your Honour please, will you see me righted," said a feeble crone. "I am seventy years old, and as I was a walking on the Queen's highway last evening, a man and woman whom I did not know came up and asked me why I hurt the daughter. I said I don't know your daughter; with that she said that she must have my blood, and so she falled at me, and tore my face all over, till I could not see for blood, and the man drove a great nail into the ground under me at the same time." The parties accused confessed the truth of the whole statement: the woman observing that it was necessary she should have the witch's blood, and the man saying that he had himself forged the nail, which he had driven into the ground to stop the witchery. The daughter was suffering from epileptic fits.

This is the fourth instance of this kind which has come under my notice within the last few months. In another case an old woman had looked into her neighbour's pigstye, and stroking the back of a young porker, had remarked, that "she did not know when she had seen so fine a pig." The pig died on the succeeding day, and, on the day after that, there died another little pig in the same stye.

The bereaved owner, meeting the old woman in the street, deliberately knocked her down, for having "witched his pigs."

Some time since, a woman applied to me for a summons against her husband. She said, "My husband is on his death-bed—the parish doctor says he cannot live a week; so I told him, as soon as he was dead, I should marry again: and he says, so sure as I do, he will come down the chimney and tear me abroad; so I wants a summons against him, your Honour!"

Our sky is propitious, and our orchards bear much fruit, but the human orchard does not quite grow or flourish, as one might desire, in Devonshire.

BOLD ADMIRAL BLAKE.

It has often excited my wonder that we have never had, until to-day, for the benefit of Her Majesty's navy, anything like a competent and copious account of the life and career of the renowned Admiral Blake. Little is really known about him in the navy, or out of it. In the navy (and I appeal to my old messmates in the Bustard, two obstacles interfere with his due reputation. One of these is the glory of our latest batch of heroes—the Nelsons and Collingwoods—which is too brilliant for it to be easy to see back through it. The other obstacle is, that the times are so very different. Benbow (who represents the period between Blake and Nelson) is as dead as the Dodo, and now enjoys a semi-facetious reputation, something like that of his pig-tail. And still more is it difficult to picture to one's self the old Puritan officers and the old sailors of the Civil War times. It is particularly difficult to do so in a midshipman's mess, with a cask of Madeira in the corner; or when leaning against the orange-coloured bulwarks of a dandy brig, you listen to the polka which is being played in the captain's cabin, by that captain himself, the Honourable Alfred de la Bayliffe, son of Earl Gruntis. You find your notions of the Blake period particularly vague, I say, when you are dodging off the town of Naples, waiting for De la Bayliffe's cousin the duke, who is about to take a passage in the Patchouli with you to Sicily. Nor can you readily fancy a grand, grim, worn-out old admiral, with scurvy devouring him, when you pass the admiral's house at Malta, and reflect on the amount of his "table-money." Nevertheless, the very "swellest" uniforms of this period have English hearts under them still, and will be glad to hear once again of an admiral of the "old school." We purpose, therefore, to give a sketch (merely in water-colours) of the life and story of the "Puritan Sea-King," dipping our pencil frequently into the tints supplied by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his recently published life of the good old admiral. Blake, as we shall see, was something more than a mere great captain, either by land or sea, and indicated repeatedly the capability of being anything that was wanted of him—being a scholar, theologian, adviser of his friends and neighbours, according as his duty seemed to dictate; and having, especially, a faculty for waiting, which mark the man who ripens and "bides," and of whom anything may with confidence be expected in an easy, natural way, at a future period.

Robert Blake was the eldest son of Humphrey Blake, gentleman by birth, and merchant by profession, and Sara Williams, a lady of good descent; and was born in Bridgewater, in August, 1599—"Cromwell's year." There were several children, and Blake senior was not a particularly prosperous man; but Robert, having been duly brought up at the town's grammar-school, proceeded at sixteen years of age to the University of Oxford. He was of highly intellectual promise, from his youth upwards, and with a decided turn for reading, which his father naturally hoped high things from. As he lived his youth in a comfortable, honourable old house, his mind fed by old traditions of past times in England, and paternal anecdotes of the wonders of foreign lands, both elements to feed the natural wonder of a fine-minded youngster, Blake's youth was surely a happy one. The house in which he lived, it seems, still exists, in a venerable and beautiful age, and you see the site of the two acres of garden which belonged to it, and in which Robert played as a boy, and afterwards paced about seriously enough as a man. As a boy, one does not, however, picture him as very particularly vivacious; but, though genial enough, composed, thoughtful, and mild. The fine dark eyes, which his portrait shows, have much capability of tender and inquiring softness, and help us to fancy him listening to Father Humphrey's stories of his mercantile cruises in his vessel with curiosity tempered by awe. The world round him was so wonderful, and all so holy to young Blake, as he grew into Puritanism; and here was Father Humphrey with stories about new, far-off wonders and beauties—of a Spain where Cervantes was still alive; of the dusky pirates of Africa dashing about the Mediterranean; of the stern, mailed knights of Malta; and the slave-markets of the South.

Blake went to college, and there studied hard—whether by way of recreation, also indulging in "stealing of swans," is doubtful—and to the present writer highly improbable. Blake ripened into scholarship, and it seems, always retained a certain turn for a literary species of sarcasm—delighting to launch a quotation from Horace and Juvenal as heartily as a shot, when it seemed the proper weapon. He failed in his contest for a scholarship at Christ Church, but stuck to the College of Wadham, where they still show his portrait. In the interim, his father's prospects had been darkening; Robert resolved to try to

mend matters by getting a fellowship at Merton College;—did try, and missed. There seems no doubt that he did not get fair play; indeed, the predominant, the all-important fact about the youth was now, we may say, grown. He was known to "profess Puritan sentiments." For, by this time, in all parts of England, in colleges, inns of court, in polite circles, in country towns, a certain number of the young men began to be distinctly noticeable for what was called "Puritanism." What was it? Whence came it. Nobody could tell exactly, though everybody had his explanation somehow. One thing was clear, they had a decided objection to anything "Papistical," loved not the Rubric according to the pedant Laud—were an earnest, melancholy, high-aspiring set of men. Most people could judge about the surface, and there was great laughter at the movement from many quarters, and much persecution, especially from head-quarters. But still the movement grew, and the young sucking Cavaliers—brilliant boys with love-locks like the "little rings of the vine" (to use an expression of Jeremy Taylor's)—laughed on, and were getting more angry. Blake, although not "Fellow," became Master of Arts, remained five years at Oxford, indeed, after missing the fellowship. He had been at college nine years, and was twenty-seven years old, when his father was taken with his death-illness; and he became head of the family, with a sadly wrecked property to manage for the widow and the children.

Blake was now a fully-developed man, and taking up his residence at home at Bridgewater, was soon a very noticeable man among his townsmen. And the towns of England wanted noticeable men, then. The Revolution was coming on. Organisations, on one side or another, were forming themselves all over the country. And surely there was no more deep-hearted man than Blake, who, seeing all this movement going on from his quiet Bridgewater retreat, had quite made up his mind to his duty. He was soon potent in Somersetshire, in opposition to the now infatuated Court. There is nothing more clearly evident about Blake, be it said, than a fact well known about others of his party; than a natural earnest tranquillity! Anywhere he would have stayed in peace; where a holy peace was possible. But when the ear-clipping, nose-slitting, &c., and other "cookery" (as Swift would call it) was rampant, he could only say with Oliver, "What are we to expect?" All England was anxiously asking the same question.

Blake sat in Parliament for Bridgewater in the Short Parliament; sat in Parliament for Taunton in the "Say Parliament," to which he was elected in 1645. When the Revolution fairly began, his troop was one of the first in the field; and he fought in "almost every action of importance in the western counties." Dashing across the country with his dragoons, his blow and his flash fell terribly together. But there was always about Blake a reputation distinct from his military one. People early learned that he was a good, high-minded man, spotlessly beautiful in character; who might be trusted by friends and enemies. Fighting was not a task he was born for. He had quiet habits of business which were ready to go through all manner of disagreeable duties, such as sequestrations of delinquents' estates, and so on. Especially, one sees him to be a man of excellent temper and singularly modest, so that his genius, displaying itself always, always came in a shape so attractive, so homely, that you may say that the royalty of his nature seemed inclined to travel *incog.* He went about like Thor on his travels, leaving great things done if there were need of them, but superficially noticeable only as a homely voyager.

Rupert of the Rhine came thundering down to the West—a man of the fiery, dashing temperament needful to war; but his was not the splendid sort of terror. He did not gleam like lightning—rather volcanically, and scattering mud and ashes. There was something unholy about his apparitions; he was a kind of "headless horseman," and suggested thoughts of sulphur. When he attacked Bristol, Captain Blake commanded the fort called Prior's Hill, and kept it to the last, an impregnable little spot, alive with fire when enemies approached. Rupert had an intention, so he said, of hanging Blake; which to Blake, from Rupert, was a high compliment. After Bristol had, in spite of Blake, surrendered, Parliament gave him new appointments. He was made lieutenant-colonel to Popham's regiment, the finest militia in the country. It was about this time that his brother Samuel lost his life. The daring young Samuel, hotly chasing two Royalist officers, came up with them at Strenchill, and was killed. When the news came to Bridgewater, the officers hesitated to tell their colonel; but of course the news had to come out. "He had no business there," was the first sentence. And then Blake retired to a room in the Swan inn, and poured out his heart in such tears as we may fancy. "Died Abner as a fool dieth," he said, in the grim Puritan language—"Died Abner as a fool dieth!"

His next feat was the defence of Lyme against Maurice; one of the most splendid achievements of the war. The Cavaliers lost two thousand men here, and were unable to take the town. Blake was now made full colonel, and had the highest reputation in the west country. In the west country the king had still a stronghold, when it occurred to Blake that now was the time to take Taunton. Taunton being a central place, and controlling the great western highway; standing like an island of Malta—a key of a place—which, once in proper hands would be invaluable. Down swooped Blake to the gates; offered

capitulation; marched Colonel Reeves out, and himself and Sir Robert Pye in, amidst the pealing of bells, on the eighth of July, 1644, six days after Cromwell had defeated Rupert at Marston Moor.

This was an achievement done "cleanly," in proverbial phrase. Blake by this had got snugly into the very heart of the king's best country. Unfortunately, the Earl of Essex's capitulation was to be put against it, but Blake could make up for many failings. He was quite determined to hold Taunton, come what might. Colonel Wyndham came, with his Royalist forces, and really appealed quite pathetically to our hero to surrender. "I neither fear your menaces nor accept your proffers," answers Blake (no doubt "curling his whiskers," which was his rather oriental habit, when excited); and the storm began.

The defence of Taunton ranks among our best English military achievements. It was defended against superior forces, assaults, starvations, cordons, concentrations, and military expedients of all sorts, until relief came from London. The succouring forces found Taunton black, battered, and with inhabitants starving among ruins; but still impregnable; unconquerable by the world, the flesh, and the devil, as a Puritan's will! Next spring, Blake blew open Dunster Castle, a "virgin fortress" of royalty, so called.

The Revolution was by this time at its critical period. As usual nothing is so remarkable in Blake as his utter personal moderation. Returned as a member to Parliament, he preferred his quiet government at Taunton. The "suspicions" we hear of, about his treatment by this party or that party, never came from himself. Others have supplied them for him, gratuitously. But Blake, whatever were his speculative "opinions" on government (concerning which it is not easy to get definite knowledge), had the sentiment of duty to the cause predominant in his heart, and assumed the "naval command," when he was ordered, with his usual quiet loyalty. We know that he was opposed to the execution of Charles; we may suppose, if we please, that he would have preferred a republic to the rule of Cromwell. But Blake was no system-monger; Blake did not come into the strife with any little bundle of theories which the facts of the movement were to be made to suit. He was pre-eminently loyal and open-hearted to the duty which the day brought with it. For instance, when his captains were for some opposition to Cromwell and the army: "No," said Blake; "it is not for us to mind affairs of state, but to keep foreigners from fooling us." How like a sentence of Nelson's or Collingwood's that reads! The same pious loyalty distinguishes them all. No matter who was running after pudding, places, or republics. They were always at their duty.

Blake went to sea at the middle age of life as a "General of the Fleet." He cannot have been a sailor in the sense in which Nelson was one. But neither had Cromwell been bred a soldier. Blake had, however, the talent and practice of governing; the heart of a brave man; and an eye for sweeping the horizon! Then, may we not say that he was a born sailor? Born with the murmur of the sea humming in him, did he not revel on it, like a wild sea-bird, that has reached it at last, across long tracts of the dull-coloured hard land? There is no violent improbability in supposing him born with a turn for being afloat, as the oak is; ready to strip his leaves and bark, and swim, unconquerable, anywhere.

The navy seems to have been almost neutral, hitherto. But the time was come when the navy was to be a very important arm, and there needed important preliminary reforms. For dockyards were infamously conducted, and ships were scarcely seaworthy; as, indeed, people say of some of them even in our own enlightened days. Rupert and Maurice were blooming into piracy, and as lively afloat as water-rats. So Blake had to begin, in his own quiet, determined way, reforming the fleet; removing idle, vicious, dissipated fellows, and seeking out able captains. He hoisted his flag on the 18th April, 1649, at the age of fifty. Fancy him passing down the Channel with his division of ships that summer; not a dandy squadron; but clumsy-looking and seedy vessels, with a certain semi-barbarous gorgeousness too: the plain white flag with a red cross flying from the mast-head.

First, Blake began by blockading Rupert in Kinsale, and kept him there the whole summer. Rupert was in a pretty position by winter time, with Cromwell advancing southward by land, and the immoveable Blake waiting for him at sea. Heavy gales scattered Blake's fleet, blowing them away in the offing, and by the end of October, Rupert got to sea with seven vessels, and made for Portugal, picking up vessels, corsair-fashion, of all nations as prizes, with a swoop like an albatross's. Blake, after co-operating with the land forces in Ireland some time, was sent on a winter cruise after the prince with five ships, with names that sound eccentric now-a-days: Tiger, John, Tenth Whelp, Signet, and Constant Warwick. Blake was in the Tiger. More vessels joined him in the beginning of the year. Rupert went up the Tagus with his squadron; the Portuguese court were inclined to aid him; but here was the famous admiral, representing that the said piratical squadron of Rupert's belonged to the "Parliament of England," and waiting in that beautiful river (where we so lately had a fleet enjoying the opera!) to lay rude hands upon it! The Court temporised; at last Blake, now tired of talking, seized the "Brazil fleet of nine sail," and put trusty men into them, *sans phrase*. The

fact was, that mild, modest way of Blake's quite deceived his majesty, who thought he could tickle the lion's nose as he pleased—he looked so good-natured. Blake attacked another of the Brazil fleets at the river's mouth; sunk the admiral's ship like a stone; captured the vice-admiral, and eleven vessels laden with cargoes of great value. At last, Rupert came out with the fleet, and got away; the king glad enough to get rid of so dangerous a guest.

Rupert seems now to have become a corsair by profession, and to have pursued it, to do him justice, like a Byronic hero. His first wish was to make the Scilly Islands his "pirate's isle," where he could have plenty of supplies to return to after each cruise. The obstinate Puritanism of the Council of State made them oppose this project. Rupert was chased to the Mediterranean; and, finally, the home branch of his business being knocked on the head, fled to the West Indies with his brother. Blake having achieved this, also subdued the "pirate's isle," and was now ready for the next achievement ready for him—the Dutch War.

We come now to the war with the fleets of that great people, the fleets which figure on the canvas of Vandevelde. The Dutch were great sailors, with a splendid commerce; whose recent history had been all triumph; every acre of whose land was a victory. They had admirals, such as Van Tromp and De Ruyter, of a fame that spread wherever there was a sea-breeze. In truth, the Republic, fat with immeasurable commerce, was beginning to "kick." They did not like the notion of our sovereignty of the narrow seas; still less our Navigation Act. They declined to strike to our flag; and Van Tromp took the Channel with a fleet of forty-two sail. That fleet showed in the Downs. Blake stood to sea too, and there, like two lightning-charged clouds, the fleets streamed over the blue water together. Blake's eye lights on the Dutch flag. No dip! The halyards remain still. Then, there is a flash, and a wreath of smoke, and a booming sound, for Blake calls attention to the necessity of dipping the colours. Still no such politeness! And at last Van Tromp "wears,"—as they call it at sea—swims round to leeward. He approaches the English squadron with a steady onward pace. The English "lay-to," backing the main-top sails in the orthodox way; and now the thunder-clouds are coming together. Blake was standing out from his squadron to hail the Dutch admiral, when there is a thunder and a crash. His own cabin windows shatter beside him. He twirls his whiskers ominously, with a bitter saying about Tromp; and now the thunder-clouds have met! Broadsides began to roar about four o'clock; shot plashed into the hulls; through the smoke, as it clears away, you see the torn rigging dangling about, and the masts shattered and raw. The action was a very sharp one; Van Tromp had the advantage in numbers; but the squadrons parted after a drawn battle. Blake anchored that night off the Ness, with his vessel, the James, much cut up; but next morning the Channel was clear.

There was some diplomatic shilly-shallying even after this, but with no success. Blake was lord in the Channel; his cruisers darting from the squadron brought in prizes daily. Both nations made gigantic struggles for the campaign; and there were splendid pickings for privateers. Blake sailed northwards to catch the Dutch horde of herring-ships. While he was on this mission, Van Tromp put to sea from the Texel, and hovering over the coast of England spread great anxiety there. Blake returned, and the squadrons met; but a gale of the most terrible character blew friends and enemies away from each other. The Dutch suffered more than Blake; and Van Tromp soon after retired into private life in disgust. Soon afterwards De Witt joined De Ruyter. About this time Blake made a dexterous backhanded blow at a French fleet under the Duke of Vendome, and brought them into Dover Roads. This was a noteable instance of his terrible promptness; for it was an evolution only justified to the authorities by supreme success; but seen into by Blake, decided on, and done, at once.

He was now off again after De Witt and De Ruyter, and came up with them off the North Foreland, on the 28th September; both squadrons had a terrible dose of shot, for they were at close quarters. In the very outset two of the Dutchmen went down; and the Dutch were defeated with severe loss of life. As may be supposed, Blake was now of the highest naval reputation, had made his laurels look brighter and fresher than ever, from the salt water. The Dutch found it necessary to call out Van Tromp again, and put him at the head of their fleet.

The two great admirals began the war over again on a cold and stormy night, and Blake, in the Triumph, with a small fleet, got a check; the matter was a suspicious one, for Blake was obliged to complain of misconduct among some of his officers, and he even desires a "discharge from this employment," as "far too great for me .... so that I may spend the remainder of my days in private retirement, and in prayers to the Lord for blessings on you and on this nation." As, indeed—he had led a life of storm and fire by sea and land, and was not in good health, and inwardly had his solemn sorrows, and wished for a time of prayer, other than in his black old ships on the high sea! The Council of State paid extreme attention to his suggestions (of course excepting his request for retirement), and disciplinary movements were carried on, according to his judgment.

Meanwhile, Van Tromp had been performing that curious exploit of sailing down

the Channel with a broom at his mast-head. There was a dash of humour in the Dutchman; and they were wont, as the old pamphlets constantly assert, to keep up their courage with "brandy-wine;" whence came the phrase "Dutch courage," and whence, doubtless, Van Tromp was "elevated" as well as his broom. But there was a very awful day coming off soon, for the battle of Portland took place in February—it being now the spring of 1653—in which the English and Dutch had the most terrible naval contest of modern times. The Dutch had their Van Tromp, Evertz, De Ruyter, Floritz, and De Wilde, present; the English, their Blake, Deane, Penn, and Lawson. This battle lasted three days. The Dutch lost seventeen or eighteen men-of-war and a large fleet of merchant-ships. The English loss in ships was slight. But both sides lost men terribly; the Dutch had seven captains killed, for example, and the English, three. Blake himself was wounded severely.

Such were the exploits which Blake performed in the Channel, and no man did his work more thoroughly; for, after one more fight, De Witt told the Assembly of the States that the English were masters both of them, and of the seas. The Dutch had calculated that some disruption would follow after Cromwell's seizure of power; but, "to prevent foreigners from fooling us," was, as has been said already, Blake's leading notion—and his eminence and our English success he owed to the noble fidelity with which he stuck to it. After blockading the coasts of Holland in an ill-provided squadron, he was carried on shore and lay at home, ill with a dangerous fever. The western breezes gradually brought him round, and he had an interval of seclusion near Bridgewater, where the imaginative eye may behold him, loitering about the fields, pensive, taciturn, waking into good-humour out of his meditative and somewhat gloomy abstraction. On the whole Blake was a melancholy man, with all beautiful, affectionate qualities, but with them all saddened somewhat. We may think of him as with a shade of pedantry, but with the pedantry of a Shandy. It ran in him like the thread in the centre of the dockyard rope, which is of one colour in one dockyard, and one in another. There was a black thread in the centre of his strong, fine nature, which gave gloominess to his piety, taciturnity to his manner. When he was facetious he quoted the classics; doubtless loving them for what Stoicism and Puritanism have in common. Juvenal's grim humour must have suited him admirably, and the beautiful flashes of stoicism in Horace's Odes.

When Cromwell determined to strike a blow at Spain, Blake was sent southward in the St. George, with twenty-four other sail, carrying four thousand one hundred men, and eight hundred and seventy-four guns. Penn and Venables sailed for the West Indies. Blake anchored at Cadiz, sailed to Leghorn, and dragged from the terrified authorities "instant redress" for the owners of vessels which had been piratically sold there by Rupert and Maurice. The very Pope's Fiscal had to come down with twenty-thousand pistoles. He brought the Dey of Tunis to his senses in a terrible manner, and put the whole Mediterranean to rights. The Spanish War was now ripe; and on Blake's return to England, he was appointed to the Nazeby (February, 1656), and sailed again to the southward. He had a most tedious blockade to go through in hopes of catching the Spanish silver fleets. At last they turned up, and were taken after six hours contest, under the eyes of their countrymen. Eight-and-thirty waggon-loads of silver went rolling along London streets, among universal jubilee, and in due time were satisfactorily "coined into money."

Blake's last great victory at Santa Cruz, was perhaps the most remarkable action of his career. The narrow harbour was like one huge dragon's mouth. It was fortified by line upon line of forts, by a regular castle, and by men-of-war; it's horse-shoe-shaped entrance bristled with power. Blake looked at it—sailed right up to the mouth of it; and stormed it with fire and shot, till it all burned like one blazing house. It was a crowning effort of supreme human daring, and ended in triumphant victory, being received with immense joy in London at a time when England was supremely glorious in the eyes of all Europe.

Blake received a letter from Cromwell, the thanks of Parliament, and a jewel, as a present of honour. But his health was now gone; and he had lost everything but his piety, that belonged to his power. Languishing in a cabin, which was less comfortable than admirals' cabins are now-a-days—he frequently asked if England were yet in sight; and the vessel was just entering Plymouth Sound when he breathed his last. One may suppose that a man so pious was anxious to leave his bones in his native land: they did lie there till the Restoration, when they were disinterred, and "flung" somewhere, in conformity with the manners of the period.

The following paragraph from the writer of his "History," a "gentleman" who had "been bred in his family," and whose book was published before the middle of the last century, gives a curious picture of his manners:—

"The last thing he did, after he had given his commands and word to his men, was to pray with the above-mentioned Mr. Bear (his servant); when that was done, he was wont to say, 'Thomas, bring me the pretty cup of sack;' he would then sit down, and give Thomas liberty to do the same, and inquire what news he had heard of his Bridgewater men that day, and talk of the people and affairs of the place. Then, eating

a little bread, with two or three glasses of canary, he, with Thomas's assistance, went to bed."

A CHINAMAN'S BALL.

Singapore, February 21st, 1852.

Such of your readers as have visited the Golden Chersonese, with the pretty and thriving little island situated at its southern extremity, must have observed with some curiosity the confluence on that spot of a hundred different streams of population. From the west and from the east, from the south and from the north, strangers are perpetually arriving in search of health, pleasure, or profit. Chief among these immigrants are the natives of the Celestial Empire; who, allured by rupees (although an emigrant from China makes an outlaw of himself), would, at any time of the day or night undertake the circumnavigation of the globe. At Singapore they have long formed the most active and important class of inhabitants. Arriving frequently with an empty purse, they apply themselves fearlessly and without the least fastidiousness to any kind of labour that presents itself. They live sparely, lie on boards, and display an example of economy which in Western Europe would inspire even misers with despair. The consequence of all this, is, that in some cases they amass large fortunes, and either return to China, or remain where they are already comfortable, resolving for the remainder of their days to feast on the juiciest of dogs.

Yet, though these hardy adventurers abound not only here in Singapore, but in every other part of the East, few things appear to be less understood than their real habits and character. Sometimes, one finds them represented as a pacific and timid, but industrious people, with little of the spirit of enterprise, and no feeling of independence. Elsewhere they are regarded as fierce, turbulent, insatiable; addicted to material indulgences; faithless, cruel, and seldom touched with sympathy for other men.

There are certainly some contradictions in the character of the Chinese, which will supply colour to either of these sketches. Vain they certainly are, of being, according to their own theory, the only nation that is gifted with two eyes. At the same time, they often condescend to use, in a most servile way, the eyes of Europeans. Until the present time, however, they would seem to have resisted all temptation to indulge in balls and routs, to enliven their time by familiar social colloquies with ladies, or to give champagne suppers. At length, however, even in this respect the time has come when the ethics of Confucius have proved too weak to resist the demoralising impulse of example. Civilisation makes sad havoc among the principles of Buddhism. Instead of approaching through opium the joys of Nibbân, or absolute quietude, the men of long tails and angular physiognomy have entered with a horrible energy upon the career of Western dissipation: late hours, fiddling, dancing, and rich collations liberally sprinkled with champagne.

Kim Sing, a merchant well-known as an Antonio on the Rialto of Singapore, conceived a few weeks ago the intrepid design of giving the first Chinese ball ever beheld in this part of the world. Having recently erected a spacious Godown, or suite of chambers and warehouses, he resolved to convert one of these into a magnificent banqueting-hall and dancing-room. Europeans probably aided him in organising the preliminaries of the entertainment, in selecting the musicians, and in the judicious provision of refreshment for his guests. Numerous invitations were issued to gentlemen and ladies of all tribes and tongues, who were requested to be present in their respective costumes on the appointed evening at the Godown of Kim Sing. A detail of the ethnological display made at this party might be taken for a bad joke, but I am perfectly serious and deliberate in stating generally that the company included Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Portuguese from Malacca, Spaniards from the Philippines, Malays, Klings, Bombayises, Cambodians, Tonquinese, Mandarins from Cochin China, Siamese, Peguans, Arabs, Javanese, Jews, Parsees, Chinese, and half-castes.

I considered myself extremely fortunate to have arrived just in time to be present at this entertainment. I had of course about me (as every body else had) the usual prejudices of my own race, and therefore, on being presented to the master of the house, with his pig-tail, sharp features, and Mongolian eyes, it was with much difficulty that I kept my mirth under polite restraint. I had been introduced under the best possible auspices, and soon felt myself quite at home, both with the Celestial and the terrestrial visitors. The ladies of the company being in a decided minority, each having about two gentlemen to her fair share, I, being quite a stranger, began to apprehend a paucity of partners. I was mistaken: a young lady of Dutch descent, but dark in complexion as a Malay, soon found herself, I know not how, my vis-à-vis, and away we went, whirling and pirouetting down the apartment, to the great amazement of the Asiatic neophytes. I must pause here to observe, by way of parenthesis, that the ball-room was not smaller than the body of a good-sized English church, with a row of pillars on each side under the galleries, behind which the spectators thronged. Next after us, followed a Jew in the costume of Bengal with a delicate young damsel fresh from England. Then, came a fire-worshipper with a Parisian belle, and then a multitude of unimaginable combinations, until the floor was crowded with dancers glancing hither and thither beneath the glitter of the splendid chandeliers.

The harmony of dance and music was, however, presently disturbed by an uncivil French-

man (a rare creature), who suddenly discovering that he had lost his partner, plunged about the room in search of her, and found her actively pointing her toes at a young English lieutenant of gigantic stature. Jacques Bonhomme, being small, had some trouble to strike his rival in the face; the rival with much courtesy requested him to walk downstairs, and promised a sufficient explanation when the dance was over. Jacques remained upstairs, wandering about the room like a wolf in a cage. A duel impended, and the Asiatics very much enjoyed the prospect of this unexpected addition to their evening's entertainment. Somebody, however, procured the intervention of police, and in a corner of a ball-room there took place the episode of arrest, bail, and those other details preliminary to civil action against Jacques Bonhomme for assault and battery.

Having shared several dances with my young Asiatic Netherlander, I next found myself opposite a Spanish lady, from Manilla, who smoked between the figures, and spoke very bad English. This, however, she declared to me was her favourite language, though she knew both Malay and French; I was therefore bound, in politeness, to conceal my ignorance as to the import of about two words in every three with which she favoured me.

The cluster of faces peering out from between the pillars was now and then lighted up with laughter, as odd groups of dancers whirled past; even the dancers themselves often found it impossible to preserve their gravity. Some little awkwardness, moreover, was occasionally displayed by the strangely united couples. For example, a young lady from Calcutta, dressed after the most elaborate fashion of the city of palaces, got fearfully entangled in a Schottische with a Chinese Mandarin, whose large, jet-black tail descended considerably below his waist. As he hopped and frisked, the tail flew about in the most dangerous manner. No doubt could be entertained, however, that the gentleman had been taking lessons for a fortnight or three weeks, because he really went through the business of the dance very respectably. At length, however, as ill-luck would have it, one of his red slippers came off. A burst of laughter, which it was impossible to restrain, shook the fat sides of the host at this disaster, while the unhappy How-Guim-Foo quitted his partner, and rushed, with his long tail like a comet, to regain the shoe—for to be shoeless is to be disgraced in Celestial eyes.

At another time, and in another part of the room, the tails of two of the Chinese, as they passed one another, back to back, hooked together: perhaps by the strings which tied them. While the gentlemen butted forward with their heads, after the manner of rams, to dissolve their involuntary partnership, their chosen partners ran into each other's arms, and whirled on in the waltz without them.

Becoming by degrees a little tired, I slipped behind the pillars for rest. Here I observed neat little tables in front of luxurious sofas, on which several Celestials reclined at their full length, smoking opium. They appeared to be in a delicious state of dreaminess, imagining themselves, perhaps, in the vicinity of the Lake of Lilies, with orange and tea-trees blossoming around them. Near these, were two or three Hindoos smoking the hookah; in their neighbourhood a solitary Turk, who bore in his countenance an expression of infinite disdain for the infidels of all colours whom he saw around him. As I had recently come from his part of the world, I accosted him at once, and great was his delight, when he heard a greeting in the language of Stamboul. The whole economy of his features immediately underwent a complete change. He would gladly have prolonged our conversation until morning, had I not been reminded of an engagement to waltz with a houri from Manilla.

To describe fitly the supper which followed, I ought to have studied for three years under some Parisian gastronome. It was a chaos of dainties, each more tempting than the other. All the fruits of the Indian Archipelago, of India, China, and the West—some in their natural state, others exquisitely preserved, were piled around us. There were birds' nest soups, puppy ragouts, pillaus of kangaroos' tails, fish of all kinds, and pastry in profusion. And then for the wines—all the wines that France, Germany, and Hungary could produce, sparkled on the board, and the most anxious care was taken that every one should be supplied with what he most desired. While we were regaling ourselves, delicious strains of music, issuing from I know not where, stole into the apartment. This I thought much better than a noisy band, destroying or bewildering one's appetite from a gallery immediately over-head. In this case, the music seemed to form part of the flavour of the fruits and wines, so finely did it steal into the air. Two or three songs, sung by female singers from Italy, forcibly carried me back by association to old happy days in Europe. By way of variety, we had a little Asiatic music also, which several of the Europeans present thought themselves compelled, by the laws of taste, to pronounce detestable. I differed from them greatly. Though inartificial, it seemed to me full of sweetness, and strikingly characteristic of wild, fierce, and impassioned races. Not, however, being a connoisseur in these matters, I may of course be wrong. Besides, I judged (after such a supper) in a spirit of extreme good humour towards all the world.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we separated; and as I had to take a ride of three or four miles into the country before going to bed, I felt so refreshed by the cool night air, that on reaching home, I lay down to rest as tranquilly as a child might, after no more fatiguing pleasure than a frolic in the garden.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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BETTING-SHOPS.

IN one sporting newspaper for Sunday, June the fourteenth, there are nine-and-twenty advertisements from Prophets, who have wonderful information to give—for a consideration ranging from one pound one, to two-and-sixpence—concerning every "event" that is to come off upon the Turf. Each of these Prophets has an unrivalled and unchallengeable "Tip," founded on amazing intelligence communicated to him by illustrious unknowns (traitors of course, but that is nobody's business) in all the racing stables. Each, is perfectly clear that his enlightened patrons and correspondents *must* win; and each, begs to guard a too-confiding world against relying on the other. They are all philanthropists. One Sage announces "that when he casts his practised eye on the broad surface of struggling society, and witnesses the slow and enduring perseverance of some, and the infatuous rush of the many who are grappling with a cloud, he is led with more intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all." He is also much afflicted, because "not a day passes, without his witnessing the public squandering away their money on worthless rubbish." Another, heralds his re-appearance among the lesser stars of the firmament with the announcement, "Again the Conquering Prophet comes!" Another moralist intermingles with his "Pick," and "Tip," the great Christian precept of the New Testament. Another, confesses to a small recent mistake which has made it "a disastrous meeting for us," but considers that excuses are unnecessary (after making them), for, "surely, after the unprecedented success of the proofs he has lately afforded of his capabilities in fishing out the most carefully-hidden turf secrets, he may readily be excused one blunder." All the Prophets write in a rapid manner, as receiving their inspiration on horseback, and noting it down, hot and hot, in the saddle, for the enlightenment of mankind and the restoration of the golden age.

This flourishing trade is a melancholy index to the round numbers of human donkeys who are everywhere browzing about. And it is worthy of remark that the great mass of disciples were, at first, undoubtedly to be found among those fast young gentlemen, who are so excruciatingly knowing that they are not by any means to be taken in by SHAKESPEARE, or any sentimental gammon of that sort. To us, the idea of this would-be keen race being preyed upon by the whole Betting-Book of Prophets, is one of the most ludicrous pictures the mind can imagine; while there is a just and pleasant retribution in it which would awaken in us anything but animosity towards the Prophets, if the mischief ended here.

But, the mischief has the drawback that it does not end here. When there are so many Picks and Tips to be had, which will, of a surety, pick and tip their happy owners into the lap of Fortune, it becomes the duty of every butcher's boy and errand lad who is sensible of what is due to himself, immediately to secure a Pick and Tip of the cheaper sort, and to go in and win. Having purchased the talisman from the Conquering Prophet, it is necessary that the noble sportsman should have a handy place provided for him, where lists of the running horses and of the latest state of the odds, are kept, and where he can lay out his money (or somebody else's) on the happy animals at whom the Prophetic eye has cast a knowing wink. Presto! Betting-shops spring up in every street! There is a demand at all the brokers' shops for old, fly-blown, coloured prints of race-horses, and for any odd folio volumes that have the appearance of Ledgers. Two such prints in any shop-window, and one such book on any shop-counter, will make a complete Betting-office, bank, and all.

The Betting-shop may be a Tobacconist's, thus suddenly transformed; or it may be nothing but a Betting-shop. It may be got up cheaply, for the purposes of Pick and Tip investment, by the removal of the legitimate counter, and the erection of an official partition and desk in one corner; or, it may be wealthy in mahogany fittings, French polish, and office furniture. The presiding officer, in an advanced stage of shabbiness, may be accidentally beheld through the little window—whence from the inner mysteries of the Temple, he surveys the devotees before entering on business—drinking gin with an admiring client; or he may be a serenely

condescending gentleman of Government Office appearance, who keeps the books of the establishment with his glass in his eye. The Institution may stoop to bets of single shillings, or may reject lower ventures than half crowns, or may draw the line of demarcation between itself and the snobs at five shillings, or seven and-sixpence, or half-a-sovereign, or even (but very rarely indeed), at a pound. Its note of the little transaction may be a miserable scrap of limp pasteboard with a wretchedly printed form, worse filled up; or, it may be a genteelly tinted card, addressed "To the Cashier of the Aristocratic Club," and authorising that important officer to pay the bearer two pounds fifteen shillings, if Greenhorn wins the Fortunatus's Cup; and to be very particular to pay it the day after the race. But, whatever the Betting-shop be, it has only to be somewhere—anywhere, so people pass and repass—and the rapid youth of England, with its slang intelligence perpetually broad awake and its weather eye continually open, will walk in and deliver up its money, like the helpless innocent that it is

> Pleased to the last, it thinks its wager won.
> And licks the hand by which it's surely Done!

We cannot represent the head quarters of Household Words as being situated peculiarly in the midst of these establishments, for, they pervade the whole of London and its suburbs But, our neighbourhood yields an abundant crop of Betting-shops, and we have not to go far to know something about them. Passing, the other day, through a dirty thoroughfare, much frequented, near Drury Lane Theatre, we found that a new Betting shop had suddenly been added to the number under the auspices of MR. CHEERIUL

Mr. Cheerful's small establishment was so very like that of the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, unfurnished, and hastily adapted to the requirements of secure and profitable investment, that it attracted our particular notice. It burst into bloom, too, so very shortly before the Ascot Meeting, that we had our suspicions concerning the possibility of Mr. Cheerful having devised the ingenious speculation of getting what money he could, up to the day of the race, and then—if we may be allowed the harsh expression—bolting. We had no doubt that investments would be made with Mr. Cheerful, notwithstanding the very unpromising appearance of his establishment; for, even as we were considering its exterior from the opposite side of the way (it may have been opened that very morning), we saw two newsboys, an incipient baker, a clerk, and a young butcher, go in, and transact business with Mr. Cheerful in a most confiding manner.

We resolved to lay a bet with Mr. Cheerful, and see what came of it. So, we stepped across the road into Mr. Cheerful's Betting-shop. and, having glanced at the lists hanging up therein, while another noble sportsman (a boy with a blue bag) laid another bet with Mr. Cheerful, we expressed our desire to back Tophana for the Western Handicap, to the spirited amount of half-a-crown. In making this advance to Mr Cheerful, we looked as knowing on the subject, both of Tophana and the Western Handicap. as it was in us to do: though, to confess the humiliating truth, we neither had, nor have, the least idea in connexion with those proper names, otherwise than as we suppose Tophana to be a horse, and the Western Handicap an aggregate of stakes. It being Mr. Cheerful's business to be grave and ask no questions, he accepted our wager, booked it, and handed us over his ruled desk the dirty scrap of pasteboard, in right of which we were to claim—the day after the race; we were to be very particular about that—seven-and-sixpence sterling, if Tophana won. Some demon whispering us that here was an opportunity of discovering whether Mr Cheerful had a good bank of silver in the cash box, we handed in a sovereign. Mr. Cheerful's head immediately slipped down behind the partition, investigating imaginary drawers; and Mr. Cheerful's voice was presently heard to remark, in a stifled manner, that all the silver had been changed for gold that morning. After which, Mr. Cheerful reappeared in the twinkling of an eye, called in from a parlour the sharpest small boy ever beheld by human vision, and dispatched him for change. We remarked to Mr Cheerful that if he would obligingly produce half a-sovereign (having so much gold by him) we would increase our bet, and save him trouble. But, Mr. Cheerful, sliding down behind the partition again, answered that the boy was gone, now—trust him for that; he had vanished the instant he was spoken to—and it was no trouble at all. Therefore, we remained until the boy came back, in the society of Mr. Cheerful, and of an inscrutable woman who stared out resolutely into the street, and was probably Mrs. Cheerful. When the boy returned, we thought we once saw him faintly twitch his nose while we received our change, as if he exulted over a victim; but, he was so miraculously sharp, that it was impossible to be certain.

The day after the race, arriving, we returned with our document to Mr. Cheerful's establishment, and found it in great confusion. It was filled by a crowd of boys, mostly greasy, dirty, and dissipated; and all clamouring for Mr. Cheerful. Occupying Mr. Cheerful's place, was the miraculous boy; all alone, and unsupported, but not at all disconcerted. Mr. Cheerful, he said, had gone out on "tickler bizniz" at ten o'clock in the morning, and would'nt be back till late at night. Mrs. Cheerful was gone out of town for her health, till the winter. Would Mr. Cheerful be back to-morrow? cried the crowd. "He won't be *here*, to-morrow," said the miraculous boy., "Cos it 's Sunday, and he always

goes to church, a' Sunday." At this, even the losers laughed. "Will he be here a' Monday, then?" asked a desperate young green-grocer. "A' Monday?" said the miracle, reflecting. "No, I don't think he 'll be here, a' Monday, coz he 's going to a sale a' Monday." At this, some of the boys taunted the unmoved miracle with meaning "a sell instead of a sale," and others swarmed over the whole place, and some laughed, and some swore, and one errand-boy, discovering the book—the only thing Mr. Cheerful had left behind him—declared it to be "a stunning good 'un." We took the liberty of looking over it, and found it so. Mr. Cheerful had received about seventeen pounds, and, even if he had paid his losses, would have made a profit of between eleven and twelve pounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Cheerful has been so long detained at the sale, that he has never come back. The last time we loitered past his late establishment (over which is inscribed Boot and Shoe Manufactory), the dusk of evening was closing in, and a young gentleman from New Inn was making some rather particular enquiries after him of a dim and dusty man who held the door a very little way open, and knew nothing about anybody, and less than nothing (if possible) about Mr. Cheerful. The handle of the lower door-bell was most significantly pulled out to its utmost extent, and left so, like an Organ stop in full action. It is to be hoped that the poor gull who had so frantically rung for Mr. Cheerful, derived some gratification from that expenditure of emphasis. He will never get any other, for his money.

But the public in general are not to be left a prey to such fellows as Cheerful. O, dear no! We have better neighbours than *that*, in the Betting-shop way. Expressly for the correction of such evils, we have The Tradesmens' Moral Associative Betting Club; the Prospectus of which Institution for the benefit of tradesmen (headed in the original, with a racing woodcut), we here faithfully present without the alteration of a word.

"The Projectors of the Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club, in announcing an addition to the number of Betting Houses in the Metropolis, beg most distinctly to state that they are not actuated by a feeling of rivalry towards old established and honourably conducted places of a similar nature, but in a spirit of fair competition, ask for the support of the public, guaranteeing to them more solid security for the investment of their monies, than has hitherto been offered.

"The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club is really what its name imports, viz., an Association of Tradesmen, persons in business, who witnessing the robberies hourly inflicted upon the humbler portion of the sporting public, by parties bankrupts alike in character and property, have come to the conclusion that the establishment of a club wherein their fellow-tradesmen, and the speculator of a few shillings, may invest their money with assured consciousness of a fair and honourable dealing, will be deemed worthy of public support.

"The Directors of this establishment feel that much of the odium attached to Betting Houses, (acting to the prejudice of those which have striven hard by honourable means to secure public confidence) has arisen from the circumstance, that many offices have been fitted up in a style of gaudy imitative magnificence, accompanied by an expense, which, if defrayed, is obviously out of keeping with the profits of a legitimate concern. Whilst, in singular contrast, others have presented such a poverty stricken appearance, that it is evident the design of the occupant was only to receive money of *all*, and terminate in paying *none*.

"Avoiding these extremes of appearance, and with a determination never to be induced to speculate to an extent, that may render it even probable that we shall be unable "to pay the day after the race."

"The business of the club will be carried on at the house of a highly respectable and well-known tradesman, situate in a central locality, the existence of an agreement with whom, on the part of the director, forms the strongest possible guarantee of our intention to keep faith with the public.

"The market odds will be laid on all events, and every ticket issued be signed by the director only, the monies being invested," &c. &c.

After this, Tradesmen are quite safe in laying out their money on their favourite horses. And their families, like the people in old fireside stories, will no doubt live happy ever afterwards!

Now, it is unquestionable that this evil has risen to a great height, and that it involves some very serious social considerations. But, with all respect for opinions which we do not hold, we think it a mistake to cry for legislative interference in such a case. In the first place, we do not think it wise to exhibit a legislature which has always cared so little for the amusements of the people, in repressive action only. If it had been an educational legislature, considerate of the popular enjoyments, and sincerely desirous to advance and extend them during as long a period as it has been exactly the reverse, the question might assume a different shape; though, even then, we should greatly doubt whether the same notion were not a shifting of the real responsibility. In the second place, although it is very edifying to have honorable members, and right honorable members, and honorable and learned members, and what not, holding forth in their places upon what is right, and what is wrong, and what is true, and what is false—among the people—we have that audacity in us that we do not admire the present

Parliamentary standard and balance of such questions; and we believe that if those be not scrupulously just, Parliament cannot invest itself with much moral authority. Surely the whole country knows that certain chivalrous public Prophets have been, for a pretty long time past, advertising their Pick and Tip in all directions, pointing out the horse which was to ruin all backers, and swearing by the horse which was to make everybody's fortune! Surely we all know, howsoever our political opinions may differ, that more than one of them "casting his practised eye," exactly like the Prophet in the sporting paper, "on the broad surface of struggling society," has been possessed by the same "intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all," and has solemnly known by the lamp of light that Black was the winning horse—until his Pick and Tip was purchased; when he suddenly began to think it might be White, or even Brown, or very possibly Grey. Surely, we all know, however reluctant we may be to admit it, that this has tainted and confused political honesty; that the Elections before us, and the whole Government of the country, are at present a great reckless Betting-shop, where the Prophets have pocketed their own predictions after playing fast and loose with their patrons as long as they could; and where, casting their practised eyes over things in general, they are now backing anything and everything for a chance of winning!

No. If the legislature took the subject in hand it would make a virtuous demonstration, we have no doubt, but it would not present an edifying spectacle. Parents and employers must do more for themselves. Every man should know something of the habits and frequentings of those who are placed under him; and should know much, when a new class of temptation thus presents itself. Apprentices are, by the terms of their indentures, punishable for gaming; it would do a world of good, to get a few score of that class of noble sportsmen convicted before magistrates, and shut up in the House of Correction, to Pick a little oakum, and Tip a little gruel into their silly stomachs. Betting clerks, and betting servants of all grades, once detected after a grave warning, should be firmly dismissed. There are plenty of industrious and steady young men to supply their places. The police should receive instructions by no means to overlook any gentleman of established bad reputation—whether "wanted" or not—who is to be found connected with a Betting-shop. It is our belief that several eminent characters could be so discovered. These precautions; always supposing parents and employers resolute to discharge their own duties instead of vaguely delegating them to a legislature they have no reliance on; would probably be sufficient. Some fools who are under no control, will always be found wandering away to ruin; but, the greater part of that extensive department of the commonalty *are* under some control, and the great need is, that it be better exercised.

FOUR STORIES.

I MUST express my belief that a Frenchman's rooms have far greater claim to be considered his castle than an Englishman's house has. There are no landladies, there are no maids-of-all-work, there are no door knockers (none are used at least), and no parish fire engines. The law, as represented by the Commissary of Police, is the only visitor you, as an occupant of a French house, are *compelled* to admit; and, though in times of commotion you are certainly subject to an irruption of cocked hats, jack boots, and clinking sabres into your domicile, a general turning over of your papers, and ripping up of your feather beds, to facilitate the discovery of treasonable documents, you may at all other seasons proudly call your house (whether it consists of saloon, bedroom, antechamber, and boudoir, or simply of a *mansarde au sixième*, or garret on the sixth floor,) your castle. You have the key of it, and as long as you pay your rent you are absolutely master therein. If you choose to have your bed made, the lodge keeper will make it for the consideration of twentypence paid monthly; if you choose to make it yourself you can do so; if you prefer it not made at all, and choose to keep pigs and a few live rabbits under the pillow, you may. Only, if your *concierge*, or porter, doesn't see you pass the lodge once in a week or so, he smells a rat, and fetches a Commissary of Police. The Commissary arrives; makes the customary summons in the name of the law, and breaks the door open, legally. Suppose you have died of starvation: suppose you have suffocated yourself with the fumes of charcoal: justice informs itself, a *procès verbal* is drawn up, and if you have no relations and no friends, you are put into a wooden box and driven off in a something like an omnibus with the sides knocked out, by a driver in a cocked hat, and put into a grave in the cemetery of Montmartre.

The house I live in is four stories high and a perfect citadel of separate little fortalices. The inhabitants are subjected, it is true, to domiciliary visits, and to the complaints of their neighbours should they practise the big drum, or the Sax-horn, rather too loud or too often; but setting these little matters aside, they are as completely masters at home, as ever baron of old was in his battlemented barbican. There is a staircase common to the whole house (and not very clean) which is neutral ground; a very place of *réunion* for the cats of the different stories, and for quiet afternoon gossips, should number twelve feel conversationally inclined towards number five. But the castles themselves are inviolable.

There is a great deal of social kindliness, and

cheerful neighbourship in our four stories; but our castles are our castles irrevocably and intact, and we have our more than Eleusinian mysteries. In an English lodging-house, a tenant could not reside three weeks without his avocations, his friends, and general social position being more or less known, or certainly assumed. But in our four-storied house, the first-floor might be occupied by a wild beast tamer (with his menagerie occupying the boudoir), the second by a secret society of Illuminati, and the third by a private lunatic asylum, for aught the fourth-floor knew, and so *vice versa*. Sometimes, after a three or four years' sojourn, it is bruited about that in one of the garrets lives an old lady who has known Voltaire, Rousseau, and Pilatre de Rosier, has supped with Sophie Arnauld, and danced with M. de Mirabeau. Sometimes (as happened the other day), a little old gentleman belonging to the second floor, very fond of snuff-taking, and leaning on a stick, dies; and the neighbours hear, amazed, that the defunct is such a person as Don Manuel Godoy, prince of the peace, a man whose fame has filled all Europe, whose name (for good or evil) is in every mouth, whose memoirs are on every bookstall on every quay in Paris. Everybody has heard of the Hermit of the Chaussé d'Antin, and Paris is the only place where such a hermit could dwell. I should like to see a hermit in High Holborn, or New Bond Street! Though the street door of our four-storied house stands wide open, the porter and the police are the sole depositaries of the secret of our whereabouts; for which reason I would specially recommend one of our four stories to all persons fond of retirement or encumbered with too numerous an acquaintance.

But I, the indigent philosopher, whose vocation is to observe, and from the kennel of social peculiarities, fish, with the crook of reflection, queer fragments of life and manners—I, the ragged moralist, may know more about my neighbours than my neighbours about me. Perhaps I have won the porter over to my interests, perhaps I am one of that numerous, astute, indefatigable, but ill-paid class, the subordinate police spies of Paris. At all events I know my four stories by heart, and can (and hereby do) present a prose paraphrase of Beranger's jovial lyric, *les quatres étages*.

To begin at the beginning: the house itself. It is an hotel with a small court-yard in the Rue Coquelet, which, as everybody ought to know, is in the historical Faubourg St. Germain. The Rue Coquelet is a silent street made up of similar hotels, interspersed with little milk shops, fruiterers', bakers', and wine shops. For a mile on every side extend equally silent streets, some half shops, half hotels, as ours; others occupied solely by gloomy *portes cochères*, through which, when they open (which is rarely), you may catch glimpses of gloomy hotels. Silent streets, little shrunken shops, gloomy gates, shabby little carriages, street-porters sleeping in the sun, devout old ladies trotting to early mass, stealthy priests gliding along in the shadow of the walls, Dukes and Marquises, chevaliers and abbés, yet abide there—black silk small clothes, hair-powder, pig-tails, and satin calashes yet linger in its solemn hotels—but the *ancien régime*, the old school is dying fast, oh! how fast away.

Our house, in the old times of wigs and rapiers, *petit soupers* and the *droit de jambage*, belonged to a Farmer-General of the French finances. John Law and the Mississippi scheme were the ruin of *him*, and he was forced to sell his house to Mademoiselle Catin of the Comédie Française, who suffered three months' imprisonment at the Madelonnettes for refusing to sup with the Cardinal Archbishop of Carpentras, and who subsequently married Milord Peef, "*gentilhomme anglais*," who was no other than Tom Pilfer, who turned his wife's four-storied hotel into a gambling house, and had here that famous duel with the Chevalier de Rougeperd which compelled him to fly to America (with Mademoiselle Catin's diamonds), where the war of independence had just commenced; and where he was hanged at Saratoga springs for deserting seven times backwards and forwards, in three campaigns. The community of St. Bumptious afterwards settled down in the hotel, where they set a brilliant example of orthodoxy to the neighbourhood, and burnt an octavo edition of the works of Jean Jacques Rousseau with great solemnity; but the revolution of 1789 supervening, they were summarily ejected by a Republican chief of the sections, who gave a lecture every evening to a select assembly of fish-women, and administered justice to the aristocrats on the premises. He however retired, alleging that the monks had left so many fleas behind them that the place had become unbearable; and as the house had by this time got a bad name, it remained shut up and deserted till 1806, when, as it belonged to nobody in particular, the Emperor Napoleon conferred it on one of his senators, who furnished it from head to foot in marble, mahogany, crimson, and gold, had gilt eagles stuck on all the ceilings and over all the doors, and a portrait of the "Emperor" hung in every room. Came 1815, notwithstanding, and the downfall of the empire. The senator sold his house to a boarding-school master, who sold it to a dyer, to let it to a retired perfumer, who converted it into what it is now—an Hotel Garni, or furnished lodging-house, let out in separate floors and tenements like the "Flats" of a house in the old town of Edinburgh.

Our house is of no particular form or shape, the four stories being piled one a-top of another, very much in the fashion of packing cases in a railway booking-office. A certain number of rooms was what the architect seemingly had in view, preferably to symmetry of arrangement, so that if any order of

architecture does prevail in our house, it is the higgle-piggledy. We have rather a superabundance of lath and plaster, too, compared with party walls, and in wet weather you had better look out of window as seldom as possible, as there is a species of Penelope's web of waterspouts outside, which produce perplexing cascades from window to window.

There is a porter's lodge just inside the *porte cochère*, within whose marble halls (stuccoed brick, in plain prose) the porter of the hotel has his abode. His name is Monsieur Stidmann, and to his high and responsible post of porter, he adds the supplementary calling of tailor. A print of the fashions for 1824 hangs over his porcelain stove, which, if the illustrative portraits thereof are to be taken as evidence, would prove him to be an adept in the confection of habiliments for the dignitaries of the Church, the State, and the Army, of ladies' riding habits, and of liveries of the highest style and fashion. I rather think, though, that Monsieur Stidmann, if he ever exercised the above-named branches of the profession, has long since abandoned them; for I cannot discover that he exercises any more important branch of the sartorial art, now, than the repair of dilapidated galligaskins, and other garments rent by accident or by age. I have even heard his skill as a "botcher" (if I may be allowed to apply that familiar term to the mystery of clothes' mending) called into question; for M. Adolphe, the notary's clerk, on the fourth floor, assures me that, confiding to him, on an emergency, a dress coat for purposes of repair, he absolutely sewed a green cuff on to a black sleeve, besides leaving a box of lucifer matches in the left tail pocket, which together were the means not only of M. Adolphe's becoming a subject for universal risibility to a select society in the quarter of the Marais, but also very nearly caused him to set fire to himself and the company in the most critical portion of the *Pastorale*. Adolphe, to be sure, laughed at the mistake and forgave it; but for reasons which I may afterwards feel myself called upon to explain.

This unsuccessful tailor is always known as Father Stidmann, probably from the habit the Parisians have of attributing paternity to every man above the middle age, but he also rejoices in the appellation of father to Mademoiselle Eulalie Stidmann, a remarkably pretty little blonde (Stidmann is an Alsatian), eighteen years of age, who, to the confusion and envy of all the grisettes of the quarter, has lately abandoned the little round lace cap, as distinguishing a mark of the grisette as the yellow head-dress of the Jews in Turkey, and has taken to wearing a real bonnet, in which, and with a roll of music under her arm, she goes daily to the *Conservatoire de Musique*, of which institution she is a pupil. Her generous father bought her a dreadful old square piano (Raclet, 1802), which I should like to see broken up for fire-wood, confound it; but which she punishes tremendously every evening, setting Meyerbeer and Thalberg to hard labour till my ears are pierced through and through, and the old porter weeps with pride and pleasure. Besides the piano and the stove, and the print of the defunct fashions I have spoken of, the lodge boasts also a framed and glazed portrait of Beranger, an old caricature by Carte Vernet, representing some notable intrigue of some notable political personage, whose intrigues and whose notability have been smoke as his body has been dust, these thirty years; and a print crimped like a fan, presenting at one point of view an effigy of Napoleon, and at another, that of the Duc de Reichstadt. Above hang a rusty sword and cartouch belt (for Stidmann has served, and in the grand army too); round the pipe of the stove are twined some palm branches, which here remain from Palm Sunday to Palm Sunday; and from nails on the wall hang two withered laurel wreaths, old trophies of prizes for good conduct and application, won by pretty little Eulalie when she was at school. Then, close to the door, a considerable portion of the wall is covered with the keys of the different occupants' castles, here deposited (if they like) when they go out; underneath these is a little shelf for the respective wax night-lights (wax candles are cheap in France, and even the tenant of a garret would blush to consume vulgar tallow). Monsieur Stidmann is of an indefinite age, and has a face so seamed with the small pox, that it is all holes and knots like a cane-bottomed chair. I am inclined to think that he wears a fur cap, but I could not undertake to point out which is his cap, and which his natural head of hair, both are so curiously alike. He is a decent man to speak to, doing all sorts of things for you, and about the house, without ever seeming to move his short pipe from his lips or himself from his stool, or a greasy number of the *Constitutionnel* from before his eyes. I think his political opinions verge towards Orleanism. Orleanists are good tenants, and give handsome New Year's gifts. Socialists he looks upon with abhorrence, as persons who run away the day before their rent is due, and burn, in the composition of pestilential works, wax candles which they never pay for. A lodger without a trunk he always sets down, before-hand, as a rank socialist. Carpet bags and republicanism are inseparably connected in his mind. He grumbles a little if you ring him up after midnight, and has a weakness for losing letters sent to you by post, and for telling you that somebody has called to see you a week or ten days after the visit has taken place. But this is an advantage if you wish to be retired.

I can but spare a line to Madame Stidmann, who wears a preposterous cap, and is always maddling over a *pot au feu* or some other savoury dish, the smell of which continually pervades the lodge and its approaches;

She has a rabid reverence for the memory of the emperor; and, I am certain, must have belonged to the grand army; for she has the voice of a grenadier, and the walk of a sapper and miner, and swears like a trooper. I would rather not say anything more about her, here, for on a disputed question of reckoning once, she pursued me with a stew-pan, and she is a formidable person for a nervous man to deal with.

At the door of our house stands, night and day, a little fellow about four feet seven inches high, with a terrific moustache, and clad in a greyish blue coat, brickdust-coloured trousers, gaiters instead of stockings, a black leathern belt round his waist, and a knapsack covered with something resembling the pie-bald top of a travelling trunk. He carries a musket and bayonet much taller than himself, and is full private in the hundred and fiftieth regiment of the line. It is not through any special merit or respectability possessed by our house that he is here stationed, but simply because in the first floor lives M. le colonel de la Gamelle, commanding the hundred and fiftieth, whose right it is to have a sentry at his door.

The colonel is a stout, a very stout warrior, with grey whiskers and moustaches, and a wife who always puts me in mind of the giraffe at the Jardin des Plantes, for she has a meek eye, a distressingly long neck, and persists in wearing a yellow dress with crimson spots. They have one son, who is at the Lycée Louis le Grand now, and wears a semi-military uniform. He was born in Algeria, and nursed by a soldier's wife. He comes home on Sundays, when his father gives him lessons in fencing, and in the broad-sword exercise; and, in the evening, takes him to the *café* to play billiards or dominoes. When he is old enough he will go to the school of St. Cyr, or to the Polytechnic. *His* career is marked out plain enough. Born and bred, he will probably die in the purlieus of a barrack—the roll of drums in his ears, and harness on his back. As for the colonel, he rose from the ranks, and tells you so. Why should he be ashamed of being what Soult or Ney were, and what Bedeau and Reille have been? Also his language savours a little of the guard-room, and he spits and swears a little too frequently in company. He is quite a different sort of colonel to the commanding officer of one of our regiments. He has neither cab nor tiger. He has his horse (found by the Government), but I doubt whether he knows the favourite for the next Chantilly cup, or has made up a book on the Versailles steeple-chase. He is uneasy in plain clothes, which, to the British warrior, are garments of delight. He lives on his pay; and, not having anything beside it to live on, does not eke out a supplementary income by betting, kite-flying, or horse-dealing. He knows every man in his regiment by name, and stops to speak to his privates in the streets, and rates them soundly if he finds them slovenly, or frequenting the wine-shop immoderately. They call him "*notre colonel*," and the kindly familiarity he entertains with them does not breed contempt, but rather love and affectionate respect. Yet I am bound to add that colonel de la Gamelle is *not*, what we in England call, a gentleman. He is rough, boorish, and often brutal in his manners; he smokes a short pipe in his drawing-room; and his only relaxation is the *café* where, with other colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors, he plays innumerable pools at billiards for drops of brandy, just as the captains do in their *cafés*, and the lieutenants and sous-lieutenants in theirs. As for Madame, his wife, she is of a meek and somewhat lachrymose temperament, and reclines all day on a sofa, reading the novels of the admired M. de Balzac. She is perfectly contented with her husband, whom she scarcely ever sees, but who always leaves her a touching souvenir in the shape of stale tobacco-smoke, which she bears with patience. The colonel's swords, kepis, burnouses, shabragues, Algerian pipes, camel-saddles, guard-papers, boots, and dressing-gowns, are strewed about the apartments in loving confusion with her caps, shoes, and paper-covered novels. She has a *femme-de-chambre*, Mademoiselle Reine, who has already refused a drum-major, but is suspected of a tenderness for one of the light company, who is attached to the colonel in the capacity of body-servant, and is eternally brushing a uniform coat in the yard, on a temporary gibbet formed of two broom-handles.

On the same floor as the colonel, but in a much larger suite of apartments, lives M. Ulysse de Saint-Flamm, forty-five years of age, decorated, wearing a white neckcloth, and living at the rate of fifty thousand francs per annum, which is a pretty high figure to exist on in Paris. Were a census paper to be sent to him, I doubt whether he would not be puzzled as to what to describe himself. He is not a man of independent fortune, for he works like a carthorse. He is not a stock-broker, though he is every day on the Bourse, frantic with financial combinations, bursting with bargains. He is certainly not a shop-keeper, nor is he a merchant. He does not discount bills, though he is up to his neck in stamped paper at various dates. He does not borrow money, for he is always borrowing prodigious sums. He does not live by the play-table, for he spends half his gains there. He is one of those financial anomalies to which the revolution of 1830 gave birth—a walking incarnation of agistage, shares, dividends, and per centage. He is a projector—a speculator. He is on a great scale (and avoiding the Court of Assize) what the immortal Robert Macaire was; what the admirable Mercadet, of De Balzac (put into an excellent English dress in the "Game of Speculation"), was; what hundreds of eager, bustling, astute, unprincipled, successful men, are this moment

in France He is a speculator. We can scarcely realise the character in England to its full extent, speculative as we are, for the English projector generally confines himself to one or two branches. The mammoth of the ring stakes his thousands on the chances of a horse race, the mastodon of the Stock Exchange risks his tens of thousands in bonds and loans; the leviathan of the share market leaps madly over railroads to plunge into gold mines; the colossus of Mark Lane gambles furiously in corn These speculate in philanthropy; those in religion, these in sending treacle to Jamaica, those in carrying coals to Newcastle. But M de Saint Flamm is all and everything All is fish that comes to his net; wherever there is a chance (and where is there not?) he speculates upon it. He speculates in asphalte pavements, in gold mines railways, water-works, home and foreign funds, theatres, agricultural societies, winter gardens, newspapers, pleasure gardens, steam boats, charcoal burning, loan contracting, marsh draining, and so on He is chairman of an Association for marrying couples in humble life at reduced rates, of a Company for conveying emigrants to California, for supplying lucifer matches at half the usual price, of the "Literary Pantechnicon" or Society for publishing translations of Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, and Xenophon at two sous per volume He is the sort of man that if you took him a proposal for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or supplying the blind with green spectacles, would clap down a provisional committee on the back of an envelope, and register the scheme before you could say Jack Robinson

I never knew but one Englishman who had the same Crichtonian aptitude for speculation He was always, when he met you, going to borrow twenty-seven thousand pounds for the Duke of Seedyland, which must be had before seven o'clock this evening, by Jove, and was the first newspaper proprietor who gave a gingham umbrella and a bottle of blacking to each quarterly subscriber. He broke his heart in an unsuccessful attempt to establish a soup kitchen in connection with a Dental Surgery for the Million and General Tooth-drawing Company, and I have never seen his equal.

M. de Saint-Flamm's apartments are magnificently furnished There might be a little more elegance, perhaps, and a little more good taste; but you could not find a greater profusion of gilding, crimson damask, marble-covered furniture, and plate-glass (taking space into consideration) anywhere out of the Tuileries. There is a deluge of clocks, all of different size and make, which, as they all strike the hour at different times, produce a charming diversity of effect. Engravings of rather questionable taste and execution, enshrined in costly frames, hang on the walls Porcelain monsters and curiosities crowd the mantel-pieces and consoles. There is a circular table on claw feet, with a marble top, inlaid with Italian mosaics, like a tailor's book of waistcoat patterns. There are ottomans, *causeuses*, *dormeuses*, refinements of couches for every depravity of lolling, lounging, sitting, or reclining. Finally, there is M de Saint-Flamm's bed-chamber (which he never sleeps in), a little paradise of Persian carpets, lion-skins, alabaster, and satin, and muslin curtains held up by gilt Cupids. The ceiling was painted by Henri Baron, and cost five thousand francs A genuine Raphael hangs in the embrasure of the window, with a genuine Correggio as a pendant M de Saint-Flamm speculates largely in pictures

The speculator keeps a brougham, a cabriolet, an English groom and a *valet de-chambre*, who wears elaborately embroidered shirts, and whom I took for a marquis, meeting him on the stairs one day M de Saint-Flamm dines usually at the Cafe Anglais, or at the Rocher de Cancale, but he gives sumptuous dinners, occasionally, at home (there is a kitchen in his suite of apartments), when some friendly duke lends him his cook, and he dazzles his guests with a gorgeous service of plate He is a bachelor, but no man ever had a larger collection of three cornered notes on pink paper than he has, nor possessed, I suppose, a larger female acquaintance Is he rich? Are the grand dinners paid for? Is the furniture his own? *Ma foi*, the questions are facile to ask, but difficult to answer He is a speculator, and though perhaps he may be worth a million of francs to day, he may sleep in the debtor's prison of Clichy to-morrow M Stidmann looks upon him as a Crœsus, and, as I saw him throw a five-franc piece to a ragged little organ grinder the other day, I don't think that he is avaricious

We must mount another flight of stairs, for we have to do with the second floor lodgers And *imprimis*, of these let me introduce M le Docteur Jaconnet, a mild pale, elderly young man, with a prematurely bald head, gold-rimmed spectacles, an olive coloured surtout reaching to his heels, and a broad-brimmed hat Each of his wan cheeks is ornamented with a scalene triangle of hay-coloured whisker, met at the apex by the straggling tufts of his straw-coloured hair He is blessed with a wife, a sparkling little brunette from the Pays des Vosges, who has the olive complexion, the piercing black eyes, and symmetrically arched eyebrows of Lorraine, and who has borne him six children—all alive, all with shock heads of straw-coloured hair, and to find bread and soup for whom the worthy Doctor must, till lately, have been sorely puzzled. He was, when a medical student, one of the noisiest and most racketty in the Quartier Latin; was the admiration of the *grisettes*, the terror of the Chaumière, and the cynosure of *cafés* in the Place de l'Odéon, and the Rue de la Harpe He wore the longest beard and the nattiest velveteen gabardine, with the broadest

brimmed hat in the Quartier; he was a dab at billiards; a neat hand at smoking clay pipes to a jetty black; an unrivalled singer of students' songs and chorusses; and an adept at the difficult and ingenious art *de tirer la carotte*, or science of extracting (under pretexts of book-purchasing, sickness, or other extraneous expenses) more than the stipulated monthly allowance from the parents and guardians of the student. But when all his examinations had been passed, and he was received Doctor of Medicine, when he had sold his *cornet-à-piston*, and broken his blackened tobacco-pipe, shaved off his beard, and, finally, buried the beer-imbibing dancing student in a decorous coffin of black broad cloth, with white wristbands and shirt front; when he had taken to himself a wife, and so become a respectable man with a definite social position, he found that there were yet several items wanting to complete his sum of happiness: namely, patients. He certainly had an opportunity of studying infantile maladies in his yearly increasing family; but the Quartier was an obstinately healthy one, or else he was not sufficiently known in it, for few or none came to invoke his healing knowledge. Our poor Doctor was almost in despair, and had begun to think of emigrating to Nouka-hiva, or turning travelling physician, in a red coat, a cocked hat, and top-boots, with a horse and gig, and a black servant, after the manner of the famous Doctor Dulcamara—when he was one evening summoned to attend M. de Flamm, who was suffering from a slight indigestion, brought on by eating too many truffles, washed down by too much Sauterne. He so effectually relieved that capitalist, as to awaken within him something like a sense of gratitude, patronising, of course, as from a millionnaire to a poor devil of a patientless physician, but which was productive of good fruits. M. de Flamm took Doctor Jaconnet in hand; he "formed" him, as he called it. After debating whether his *protégé* should resort to Homœopathy or Animal magnetism, he finally decided upon the Puff-Specific mode of obtaining popularity; and one fine morning all the walls and posts in Paris were stencilled, and all the advertising columns of the newspapers inundated with high-flown announcements of the marvellous properties of the "Water of long life" of the Doctor *en médecine* Jaconnet. Since that period I have observed a sensible improvement in the dress and general appearance of the family; whether they drink the *Eau de longue vie* themselves, or whether they profit by the sale thereof—(in family bottles, price twelve francs: none being genuine unless they bear the signature of the inventor, Paracelse Caraguel)—they are certainly much better for the water cure. Jaconnet's colleagues call him a quack; but, bless you, they have all *their* little specifics. Doctor Galen has an infallible paste for catarrh; Doctor Hippocrates has a cure for the rheumatism; and Doctor Esculapius one for corns and bunnions. Medical quackery, when unauthorised by a diploma, is so rigidly pursued, and so severely punished in France, that it takes refuge, occasionally, in the ranks of the profession itself.

The Doctor's neighbour on the second floor is one M. Bonfons, a retired perfumer, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour—why, I am unable to tell, (the Doctor has got *his* scrap of red ribbon since the water of long life)—an old gentleman of intensely regular habits, a mild and placid demeanour, and, I should say, of some fifty years of age. He goes out every morning at the same hour, breakfasts at the same *café* off *café au lait* and a *flûte*, or long soft loaf; takes a walk in the Tuileries gardens, or reads the papers in a reading room if it rains; breakfasts *à la fourchette* at another *café*; takes another walk on the Boulevards; dines at the same *traiteur's*, and, generally, off the same dishes; goes to another *café*, where he has strong coffee without milk and *petit verre*, the evening papers, two games at dominoes, one at piquet, and one glass of *absinthe*. Winter and summer he goes to bed at ten o'clock. He seems to have no relations,—no friends, save coffee-shop acquaintance, and he appears to be perfectly happy. I dare say he is.

The third floor of the Hotel Coquelet is likewise divided into two tenements, in each of which lives a different tenant. Both are single: one an old spinster, the other an old bachelor. Mademoiselle de Keraguel lives on the right hand side of the staircase. She is seventy years of age, and has been very beautiful once, and very unhappy. Her brother was a marquis of the old *régime*, and she comes from Brittany; but she is the last Keraguel now. She has outlived friends, relatives, fortune, happiness, everything but religion. So she is what the Parisians call a *dévote*. She goes to matins, complins, high mass, and vespers. She has an occasional assemblage of old friends in her plain salon; two or three old priests, an old countess whose children were weaned from her by the guillotine, and a weasened old chevalier with the cross of Saint Louis. These she regales with tea and snuff. They talk politics of the year 1780, and of the year 1816 to 1850 inclusive. All intervening years are to them a blank. The reigning king is at Frohsdorf, as he was at Holyrood and at Goritz. With them Napoleon is always M. de Buonaparte; Louis Philippe, the Duke of Orleans. They never mention the name of Robespierre, they speak of him as "*lui*."

Mademoiselle de Keraguel has for neighbour an old gentleman with a bald and polished head, who would be one of the most amiable of mankind, were he not so enthusiastic a naturalist. He is as modest as a girl of fifteen, yet I elicited from him one day an admission that he was a member of half-a-dozen European academies, and had written half-a-score

of erudite volumes on some much desiderated spiders, of which nothing but a portion of a fossil hind leg was as yet known to naturalists. It is precisely his erudition and enthusiasm in the cause of science that render him so unpleasant a neighbour. He has a huge collection of live black beetles, the habits of which he is busy studying just now; several tame snakes, an arsenal of spiders, some abominable bluebottles, and some rare and hideous specimens of the lizard tribe, to say nothing of a Norwegian rat or two, and three Siberian toads. If he kept rabbits, cats, dogs, mice, owls, a happy family of animals in short, we should know what to expect; but it is in reptiles, vermin, noxious insects, that he delights. His loathsome lodgers crawl about the stairs; they invade the sanctity of Mademoiselle de Keraguel's apartments; they frighten Doctor Jaconnet's children, and drive the martial Madame Stidmann to a state of culinary frenzy.

Ouf! I am out of breath. Only one pair of stairs yet remain. One peep into the trim little chamber of M. Adolphe, the notary's clerk, who hopes to be a notary himself some day. He has a neat little bed in an alcove, a little bureau in walnut-wood, and a bookshelf on which repose his "Code Civile," his treatise on Roman law, his "Parfaissien complet," &c. Adolphe is a decently conducted young fellow; does not wear moustaches, smokes in moderation, makes quiet and unobtrusive love to Mademoiselle Eulalie, in the lodge below, and will be quite a model of a chief clerk, when he is elevated to that responsible situation.

I wish I could say the same of Timoleon Cassemajou, *artiste-peintre*, who occupies the next room. Of all the able, idle, witty, pipe-smoking, worthless professors of the fine arts, this lazy colossus with a red beard is the very king and kaiser. He would have won the *prix de Rome* at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, if he had tried, but he wouldn't; he might make ten thousand francs a year by portrait-painting, but he won't; he won't do anything save smoke, and fence with vagabond geniuses like himself, and lie on the bed in his boots, and scrawl careless, clever sketches on the walls.

But, enough of my four stories at present. There are other rooms to be visited, other sequestered little cabinets, such as where I, the scribe, dwell; where sleeps the shabby little man in the green coat, of whose identity I was for a long time ignorant, but whom I ultimately discovered to be the proprietor of the house; where works and sings, and sings and works, Mademoiselle Bijou, the dressmaker; where lives (in misery I am afraid) Count Schalingski, the Polish refugee; where the mysterious man holds out who copies manuscripts and music, and finds out genealogies, and hunts up dates, and is a gentleman by birth, doing anything for a crust. Some day, perhaps, we shall change our lodgers, and I may have something more, and something better to tell you of the four stories.

QUARTER-DAY.

In a great office at the East End of London, where pens move so rapidly, that you wonder whether the clerks could ever identify their own correspondence, but where no other visible signs of traffic appear, there is a little, plain, snug inner counting-house; and in that counting-house is a burly, snug, rather pompous looking gentleman. Mark the bland tranquillity with which he is surveying that heap of calculations. Would it not frighten us to have to do with so many figures? Is it not enough to make one fancy one's self in debt to an extent only to be measured, like Ali Baba's gold pieces? And still the burly gentleman seems quite satisfied. His eye flinches not, and his countenance wears an easy smile. Yet, it is Quarter-day to-morrow. The boys are coming home from school, and their "extras" and book bill at Switchington House are always heavy; the rent of the villa at Highgate is due; so are the taxes, to say nothing of the insurances, rent, and no one knows what, of the large warehouses at the Docks. Mrs. Dipper is talking about the "girls," "the season," and the small size of the drawing-rooms; and bills are coming due that make us shrivel into our four-roomed house, and our insignificance. No matter, Mr. Dipper is unmoved. What cares he for Quarter-day. If it has any demands upon him, he simply refers Quarter-day to his cash-box, or to stamp, bill, and bullions; and Quarter-day pockets the gold, or cashes the check, and goes away rubbing its hands with satisfaction, and says something about "respectable men."

Quarter-day walks on its route, and knocks at the door of Blatherton and Company, the great publishing-house—the whole firm is in a bustle. Half-a-dozen Christmas books, full of pretty pictures to gladden little hearts, must be put in hand; and between petitions to recreant authors for "more copy," looking up of artists, engravers, fancy binders, advertising and "subscribing" books already out, there is confusion enough to drive chaos itself mad with envy. Everything must be out by a certain time, and everything depends upon somebody else, and that somebody is again quite at the mercy of a third party.

A sadder picture follows, as Quarter-day knocks at the door of the mechanic, on whom sickness has laid its hard hand. The sale of some cherished articles of furniture, perhaps of some little refinements which industry had purchased, stares him in the face. But he belongs to a club, and he can command so much a week; his landlord is not a hard man, and will give him time; and there is a chance that Tom or Jack will be able to pick up some work, now that the busy time has

commenced. Quarter-day passes on, and seems less out of humour than had been feared.

But dissipation has been doing its evil mission in another house, and the stupified drunkard is staring gloomily at the bare walls of the dwelling in which he has been, with difficulty, suffered to remain since the "distress," soon after last Quarter-day. Pale half-starved children, whose limbs are as scanty as their clothing, are seated on the floor, and looking—with a piteous anxiety, and with a dread which they can scarcely understand—at the worn-out form of a mother, stretched on the ground, in one of the last stages of consumption. The parish doctor has just directed removal to the Hospital; the hopeless drunkard and the destitute children will seek the streets or the workhouse; and Quarter-day quits the scene of misery.

Easter and Lady-day, Midsummer and plum-pudding Christmas, must not be forgotten among Quarter-days. Easter, with its dreams of lamb and peas, with its revival of old games and fun, which even Christmas cannot make its exclusive property; Easter, with all its pleasant suggestions of warmer weather, budding trees and hedges, cooling salads, and burlesques crammed full of puns and hits at everything and everybody,—Easter is not less an anxious time than its goose-eating fellow Quarter. Winter is a heavy time, and papas and mamas are giving inward thanks that coal bills will now begin to be reduced; and are, at the same time, ominously thinking of the muslins and shot-silks, for which the pretty mouths of Ellen, Emma, and Emily are watering. George is at Oxford. He is a clever youth, but somehow or other, Oxford men spend more money than papa did when he was at Saint Howard's; and when George was last in town, he spent very little time at home, and talked of nothing but the Regatta. Then there are other anxieties; the house in Baker Street is expensive; and the farmers on the Dingle Dangle property are very backward; and the house in Burford Street has been to let for half-a-year and more; and some tenants are bothering about repairs; and Mrs. Curzon Wires would take the large house, but will not pay for the fixtures; so that, although people without property are in trouble about Quarter-day, Quarter-day punishes even the well-to-do people, and makes human beings pay for what they enjoy, as well as for what they do not.

Dr. Stilton, rector of two livings, and holder of three sinecures, is rather anxious also. Easter-offerings are things of deep interest! but the people in Walcot-upon-Dunstead do not seem to feel much interest in paying them, although the vicar absolutely preached a sermon there not more than seven months ago, while the seventy pounds a year curate attends quietly to his pupils, the young Stiltons, and never troubles the inhabitants about book-clubs, ragged schools, or improvements in the condition of the poor. However, the Dumbiedykes tithes are prolific, and the Easter sermon of Doctor Stilton, at Saint Mildew's, Rotten Row, exhibits a contentment which even Quarter-day does not unruffle.

Great are the anxieties of the Reverend Keelson Timber. He has several boys leaving, and vacancies and the columns of the "Times," are taking an anxious juxtaposition in his mind. Mrs. Timber is in a chaos of darned stockings, towels, silver forks, spoons, and butchers' bills; so is her eldest daughter, who, moreover, has other anxieties. She is to marry the Reverend Grave Pumice, who has taken to reading the very books which sent poor Mr. Mildfellow over to Rome. Why could he not have spent the holidays at home, without making that ridiculous tour through Italy, in company with the Reverend Epitaph Bronze, who is always kicking up a dust about candlesticks, eagle reading-desks, and the Bishop of Bullington?

But the boys themselves—what genuine exultation gladdens the heart of young Bob Thornton, who has walked off with the two best prizes, and who is thinking of double firsts, pulling sticks, and the "drag," all at once! He has beaten every boy at everything, and is all hope and restlessness. Yet, we should not wonder if his pale, quiet, companion, Harry Lisle, who only stands second, will not prove the safer and sounder of the two, three or four years hence.

Perhaps there are a few unhappy boys, who have never known a parent's face, and who are to stay at school during the vacation. Guardians may pay liberally for their comfort, but the school-room, with its blank walls and its now empty "lockers," is a poor equivalent for the cheerful home, the happy faces, and the hearty holiday fun, which awaits their going home. They are a dull half-dozen, and their dull condition makes them find a sort of cheerfulness of their own growth. The large playground and the dull school-room are all their own for a long six weeks, and they form a small republic of solitudinarians; while their more fortunate companions depart, one by one, to revel in expected theatres, parties, or trips to the sea-side.

Nor is Quarter-day without its interest at the Young Ladies' "Seminary," or "Establishment." One schoolmistress is in pain at the doubtful French accent of Miss Georgina Clavering, and dreads its effect on her West Indian connections. Miss Georgina is thinking of something much more agreeable; to wit, her forthcoming nuptials. Less brilliant are the prospects of Clara Mabella, the "articled" pupil. Alas! even young ladies can be persecutors; and poor Clara feels her qualified position and doubtful duties. But she is a favourite, despite her humble apprenticeship. She has nursed one in sickness; has been the faithful, silent confidante of another's pretty distresses; and has

done the work of the idle, and concealed the faults of the careless too often, not to be loved. The school has been her home for years and years, and she feels that her forthcoming engagement as governess in Lady Bab Fitz-hassoon's family—although it may contribute to support her weakly sister, and even educate little Frity, who is just seven years old—will be a trial fit for harder natures than Clara's.

She and Georgina are close friends, and true friends; and young ladies, even in fashionable life, do not always forget their friends. Georgina insists on Clara being her bridesmaid; and young George Clavering once said that Clara was the sweetest girl in the world. George is a generous fellow; but we will not pretend to pry into futurity Perhaps Quarter-day has a smile in store for the "articled pupil."

Little, dark eyed, laughing Fanny Mauprat, who talks French like a Frenchwoman, and is never still except when she is waltzing or playing the pianoforte, is musing over a similar fate in prospect. Will that "dear old John," as she styles her affianced, give up reading so much, and run about with her all day, as they used to do, when making hay was so much more delightful than practising "La Violette?" A happier couple will not be found. The steady curate of St. Deverex wants enlivening, and Fanny can do that, if anybody can; Fanny wants a little—a very little—calling to order, and "dear old John" holds the reins tightly enough over her little heart to pull up short whenever it is needed It is a paradox to say so; but they are so unlike one another now, that they must agree. Quarter-day smiles at the very notion; but Fanny has a little money, and John has a little learning and application, and we believe Quarter-day will call on them a good many times, and go away satisfied.

Quarter-day has got into a scrape. The Dean and Chapter of St. Rochford have been too stupid to hold their tongues; and the tumble-down schoolhouse and the defrauded scholars of the foundation have "a heavy sum to make up." We thought these old nightmares had paid their debts, and purchased a little honesty. We thought they would have taken care of the small amount of credit which remained to them. But, alas!—such is the infatuation of getting into debt—so far from trying to meet Quarter-day with a clean breast, they are absolutely spending the money in going to law. May the next Quarter-day sign their warrant.

Quarter-day comes round, and finds thousands, and tens of thousands of people, no richer, wiser, or better than they were last Quarter-day. Quarter-day finds people equally bigotted or stupid. Quarter-day cannot teach the advantage of being "a little beforehand;" but Quarter-day praises the conduct of the clergyman, who doles out the offertory-money to poor, hard-working people, as a quarterly assistance towards paying their rent, instead of fluttering it upon those who run after seven o'clock services, and neglect work, because alms are forthcoming.

But there is a class of persons to whom Quarter-day comes as an almost unqualified blessing. The city clerk, the banker's clerk, the foreman,—if they do not receive their salaries by the week or the month—all, hail Quarter-day. Living, for the most part, in a regular irregularity (we speak of the unmarried party, of course), they "run short," "borrow five shillings," time has just set in, when Quarter-day appears; the quarter's salary dispels doubts and anxieties, and the Adelphi half-price becomes as attractive as ever. Perhaps one clerk has got a brief leave of absence, and Quarter-day comes to him with delightful visions of Margate, Brighton, excursion trains to Jersey, and that enlarged experience of men and things learnt in a week's visit to the sea side. Some clerks are gay; and the al fresco dancing at Rosherville or Cremorne, with the combined attractions of fireworks, fountains, and the chase homeward in quest of a steamer or an omnibus, totally discompose the brain that has been in a continued state of calculation for weeks past. Cheap tailors hail Quarter-day, and put forward fresh puffs. The literature of Schneider and Company is more perseveringly thrown through the windows of the Great Western omnibuses; and our city clerk's appearance at an evening party at Peckham or Islington becomes wondrous, if his salary be considered.

Quarter day cuts up the year into small pieces, and is a quieter informant as to the progress of time than New-Year's Day. Yet, three months is a long time to think of. How many books may be read by the student, how many schemes brought into effect, and how much profit realised, in three months, is only known by practice and experience. Yet, to how many does the three months' run round, and present a barren account of nothing done? Term after term does the collegian put off those studies which are to be the groundwork of his whole fortunes; time after time does Quarter-day remind the idle boy at school that he is three months older, and not three weeks more accomplished; and yet both go on—the one with extravagance, the other with idleness; and each passing Quarter-day cuts off something of fair fame and profit from their future life.

Quarter-day has no terrors for those who have the prudence to prepare for it. It does not frighten people for the sake of frightening them, but often for their own good. It does not make certain pecuniary demands on its own account; nor does it come down upon moveable property, or personal liberty, for its own satisfaction. Quarter-day is only a representative tyrant—a sort of "reminder;" but woe be to those who, time after time, forget its admonitions!

Although Quarter-day is the almost universal standard of business, it has become a comparative fiction, by courtesy. What landlord will call for his rent precisely on the day it is due? What schoolmaster sends in his bill, or expects to be paid, much before the end of the vacation? Quarter-day has its "days of grace;" but, although so far a nominal, it is a necessary and valuable standard. Everybody ought to know what their credit and that of their neighbour's is worth, and to take or give the days of grace proportionately.

It is sometimes to be wished that all transactions were capable of reduction to this one standard—just as a decimal currency would save so many of the financial botherations of the account-book, counting-house, and exchange-office; but so long as speculation exists it is impossible. Bills will be given, and will become due, at all sorts of eccentric times of all sorts of months. Ships' cargoes are too much at the mercy of wind and wave, to think of Quarter-day; and so we must have two sets of calculations—one, as regards the regular demands which the four divisions of the year bring with them; the other, as concerns the intermediate transactions. No small portion of confusion, even in the simplest matters of private life, arises from this compound system of financial chronology.

Again, there are many people upon whom Quarter-day presses with greater inconvenience and severity than others. One class of these, namely, Government pensioners, can always manage well enough; for, although their incomes are paid sometime after they are nominally due, they are certain, and creditors only wish all their customers were pensioners.

Would that the genius of Quarter-day could inspire the will, and furnish the means to enable us all to meet its visits with open faces and purses!

May Quarter-day ever come to us with a smile, and go away satisfied!

THE LADY AND THE CHILD.

THERE lived a lady, beautiful and dear,
  Amongst us once, yet utterly apart;
For Grief's rude hand had closed her spirit's ear,
  And love and hope—those ventures of the heart—
Had settled in a blank and soundless sea
The wrecks, the buried wrecks, of memory.

For she had seen beneath a breezeless main
  Her husband sink—and she was scarce eighteen;
And lightly on the sunny life had lain
  The shadow of the distant grave, till then:
So its approach, thus swift and unaware,
The unaccustom'd spirit could not bear.

Years brought no change; the hovering of that death,
  Ere it could fall, had turn'd the dark hair grey.
And when at last it match'd the brow beneath,
  The inner shadow had not pass'd away.
Earth had *one* touch to rouse the slumb'ring brain,
And that but woke the consciousness of pain.

For, ever by all calm and sunlit seas,
  She shudder'd as with *his* death-agony,
And closed her ears, as though the shoreward breeze
  Still had not lost the echo of his cry.
But else her life lay buried, and each year
Brought a fresh stone to raise the sepulchre.

She never smiled or wept: a marble face
  Hath often been to more expression wrought:
And in the restless eyes we could but trace
  A wishful, weary looking-out for thought
That never came, and Love sat grieving by—
For even *Love* could find no remedy.

At last a child upon that lady cast
  The finer vision of its clear blue eye,
And thought (few years from God, it had not pass'd
  Beyond the wisdom of simplicity)
It might be good for her to see those flowers
She used to gather in her childhood's hours.

It was a sight for tears—that blessed child
  Kneeling beside the aged woman's chair,
With daisy, violet, and primrose, piled
  'Mid fresh green leaves, in wild luxuriance there
While the bright face upon the dimpled arm,
Watch'd earnestly the working of the charm:

And watch'd not long—for the poor wandering eye
  Glanced from the wild growth to the human flower
Perhaps they stirr'd some secret sympathy;
  Perhaps it was the Great Physician's hour;
For, delicately touch'd, the still heart stept
Into the light of heaven—and she wept:

And bent her head to catch their mingling breath,
  That to her like a soften'd whisper spoke
Of many a meadow walk and dewy wreath,
  Of ready gardens 'neath the forest oak.
And then, though most unlike itself the while,
We knew returning Childhood by its smile.

And ever after, from that gracious day,
  Her wither'd life put forth its early green;
The unlifted cloud, rose-tinted, o'er it lay,
  And 'twixt her and the past a lovely screen.
All memories blithe and innocent came back,
And blossom'd o'er the soiled and rugged track,

Till e'en the faded cheek began to wear
  Of childhood's blush the pictured memory,
And morn and eve she went to say the prayer
  That she had lisp'd beside her mother's knee.
Her life became a pastime, and each day
Closed with the sleep of infants after play.

And God, who taught the tiny hand to draw
  From His disorder'd harp that pleasant tone,
Proclaim'd that in the gentle child she saw
  An old pet playmate long erst dead and gone.
Playmates so sadly match'd, 'twas strange to view—
More strange the love that sprung between the two.

But aye she placed wild flowers in her bosom,
  Turning from roses in their gorgeous prime,
And had no lack between the pale spring blossom
  And the red berries of the Christmas time;
For, as the child her testimony bore,
These never grew so plenteously before.

Once more we heard her of her husband speak,
As though he stood all clothed in light before her.
We thought the pleasant spell was growing weak,
But the child said 't was Heaven was opening o'er her.
And so she died; and on her grave we set
Only the primrose and the violet.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOWS OF PHILIP SIDNEY AND FULKE GREVILLE.

THERE has been high revelry in Shrewsbury in 1569. Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President of the Council of the Marches, has made his annual visit, during an interval in his government of Ireland, in which he had returned to his favourite Ludlow Castle. Philip Sidney, his son, is a boy of fifteen, at the Free Grammar School of Shrewsbury. In the same form—of the same age—is his devoted friend, Fulke Greville. The ceremonies are over. Sir Henry has sate in the ancient hall of the Council House, to hear complaints and to dispense justice. He has gone in solemn procession to St. Chad's Church, with bailiffs, and aldermen, and wardens of companies. He has banquetted with the masters of the school in the great library. He has been present at a stage-play in the Guildhall—the Mayor's play. But more welcome than all the pomp of office is a quiet hour with his boy Philip, as they sit in the cool of a May morning on the terrace of the Council House, and look over the bright Severn towards Haughmond Hill, and muse in silence, as they gaze upon one of those unrivalled combinations of natural beauty and careful cultivation, which have been the glory of England during many ages of comparative freedom and security. It is the last of Philip's school years. He is to proceed to Oxford. His friend Greville afterwards wrote of him:—"I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years." Proud is the father of his noble son. He is "the light of his family." They talk as friend to friend. The father—a statesman and soldier—is not displeased to see that, beneath the gravity of the precocious boy, are fiery glances of feeling almost approaching to rashness. They become one who in after years exclaimed, "I am a Dudley in blood—the duke's daughter's son."

The Lord President has departed. There is holiday at the school; and Sidney and Greville walk forth to the fields in that spring-time. Shrewsbury is a place in which the young Sidney lives in the memories of the past. Few of the public buildings and private houses of the town are of the more recent Tudor architecture. The Market-Square and Pride Hill are rich in the black oaken timbers, and gabled roofs, and panselled carvings of the fifteenth century. The deserted Abbey is not yet in ruins. The Castle has a character of crumbling strength. The High Cross is perfect. There, were beheaded the last of the British Princes of Wales: and there, suffered some who had the misfortune not to fall with Hotspur in the battle of Hateley Field. At the Augustine Friars, and the Grey Friars, are still seen the graves of many who had perished in that fight. The Welsh Bridge, with its "great gate to enter into by the town, and at the other end, towards Wales, a mighty strong tower, to prohibit enemies to enter into the bridge" (as described by old Leland), has its associations of border hostilities. Sidney's mind is formed to luxuriate in the poetry of history.

The young men take their course into the country by the Castle Foregate. They are in earnest talk.

"What a monster these players make of Richard the Third," says Sidney. "Maugre my loyal reverence for her Highness's grandfather, I have a liking for the venomous little Yorkist. Even the players couldn't show him as a coward."

"Not when they make him whimper about revenge, suns, moons, and planets; silly lambs and croaking ravens—all crying for revenge upon him? Heavens! what stuff!"

"Rare stuff! How is it that these play writers cannot make their people talk like Englishmen and Christians? When the board is up—'Bosworth Field'—and two armies fly in, represented by four swords and bucklers—and the usurper dashes about, despite his wounds,—hear how he wastes his precious time. Do you remember?"

"Yes, yes—"

"'Fly, my lord, and save your life.'

"I have it—"

'Fly, villain! look I as though I would fly?
No, first shall this dull and senseless ball of earth
Receive my body cold and void of sense.
Yon watery heavens scowl on my gloomy day,
And darksome clouds close up my cheerful sound.—
Down is thy sun, Richard, never to shine again.—
The bird whose feathers should adorn my head
Hovers aloft and never comes in sight.'

There's a Richard for you."

"Bravo, Philip! You should join a fellowship of players. You would beat the varlet with the hump that mouthed it on Tuesday. But why so hard upon the rhetoric of the vagabonds? Your favourite Gorboduc is full of such trash!"

"Yes, and faulty even as this True tragedy of Richard the Third, in time and place. In two hours of the Mayor's play, we had Shore's wife in Cheapside, and poor dead Richard about to be drawn through Leicester on a collier's horse."

"Suppose there were painted scenes, as some of the playhouses have, instead of the door painted in great letters—couldn't the imagination go from Cheapside to Leicester in spite of Aristotle? and can't it, even with

the help of the painted board! But here we are at Battlefield."

"I never walk over these meadows," exclaimed Sidney, "without deep emotion. I was reading Hall just before my father came. How graphic these chroniclers are, compared with the ranting players."

"What you read, I read, Philip."

"As we walked through the Eastgate, I could not but think of that day when Henry came with his host into Shrewsbury, and being advertised that the earls were at hand with banners displayed and battles ranged, marched suddenly out by the Eastgate, and there encamped."

"An evening of parley and defiance, followed by a bloody morning."

"The next day, in the morning early, which was the vigil of Mary Magdalene, the king set his battle in good order—and so his enemies. There, on that gentle rise, Greville, must the rebel hosts have been arrayed. Then suddenly the trumpets blew. The cry of St. George went up on the King's part—and that cry was answered by Esperancé Percy. By Heaven, the tale moves me like the old song of Percy and Douglas!"

"Here is a theme for the players. Write the tragedy of Hotspur, Philip."

"Nonsense. What could I do with it, even if I were a maker. The story begins with the deposition of Richard. It is an epic, and not a tragedy. And yet, Fulke, when I see the effect these acted histories produce upon the people, I am tempted, in spite of Aristotle, to wish that some real poet would take in hand our country's annals. The teaching of our day is taking that form. The Players are the successors of the Bards."

"What a character is that young Harry of Monmouth—the profligate and the hero! Something might be made of these contending elements."

"Yes, the players would do it bravely. How they would make him swagger and bully—strike the chief justice and slaughter the Welshmen. Harry of Monmouth was a gentleman, and the players could not touch him."

"If the stage is to teach the people, surely right teachers will arise. Look at our preachers. They stir the dull clowns and the sleepy burgesses with passionate eloquence, and yet they preach as scholars. They never lower themselves to their audiences. And why should the stage be the low thing which we see, when it addresses the same classes?"

"There may be a change some day; but not through any theorick about it. England may have her Æschylus—when the man comes; perchance in our age—more likely when all the dust and cobwebs of our semi-barbarism are swept away—for we are barbarians yet, Greville."

"Come, come—your fine Italian reading has spoiled you for our brave old English. We have poetry in us if we would trust to nature. There is the ancient blind crowder that sits at our school-gate, with his ballads of love and war, which you like as much as I do. Has he no poetry to tell of? As good, I think, as the sonnets of Master Francis Petrarch."

"Don't be a heretic, Greville. But see; the sun is sinking behind that bosky hill, from which Hotspur, looking to the East, saw it rise for the last time. We must be homeward."

"And here, where the chapel bell is tolling a few priests to even-song, forty thousand men were fighting, a century and a half ago—for what?"

"And for the same doubtful cause went on fighting for three quarters of a century. What a sturdy heart must our England have to bear these things and yet live!"

"Times are changed, Philip! Shall we have any civil strife in our day?"

"Papist and Puritan would like to be at it. But the rule of the law is too strong for them. Yet my father says that the fighting days will come over again—not for questions of sovereign lineage, but of vulgar opinion. The reforms of religion have produced sturdy thinkers. There is a beast with many heads called the Commonalty, growing stronger every day; and it is difficult to chain him or pare his claws."

"Well, well, Philip, we are young politicians, and need not trouble our heads yet about such matters. You are going to Oxford. What will the good mother make of you—a statesman, a soldier, or a scholar?"

"Must the characters be separable? Whatever I am, dear Fulke, I will not shame my ancestry."

"And I, dear Philip, will never abate my love for you; and that will keep me honest."

LAW IN THE EAST.

It is one of England's proudest boasts that wherever her flag is unfurled, wherever her supremacy is established, there she carries the blessings of liberal institutions: she conquers but to set free. The same justice which is provided for the proudest son of Albion, is sent forth across the waters to attend on the meanest swarthy subject of Her Majesty, in distant India. At the same time this beautiful feature of our constitution, admirably as it reads on paper, excellent as it sounds to the ear, but too frequently fails in its mission of mercy, and in one way or the other proves rather the reverse of an unmitigated blessing to those for whose especial benefit it was wafted over the seas. In India Proper, as we have endeavoured to point out in a previous number,* the way to justice, open though it is intended to be, becomes so overgrown with rank bribery and extortion, that the

* No. 96.

poor Ryot has small chance of passing the threshold: the very attempt to do so subjects him to cruel, undying persecution. In other places, Ceylon amongst the rest, matters are widely different. There, so broad and open is the highway to the law, that none are shut out from it; but unfortunately the Cingalese are fond of disputation in every shape: having a natural dislike to *do*, they make up the deficiency in talk. In addition to which, their innate love of importance is gratified by the reflection that for their sake, and at their instance, the "great Europe master," as they term the judge, is busily occupied, wig and gown included, for days together. So powerful has this Cingalese passion for litigation become, that it is matter of notoriety, in that country, that legal proceedings are instituted in cases involving no greater stake than the one-fourth part of a cocoa-nut tree, or the sixteenth share of a ricketty mud dwelling. Nor is this the worst feature in this state of things. the litigious spirit begets a host of evil passions in family circles, leading not unfrequently to acts of violence and even bloodshed. So strongly has this passion for law taken hold of the native population that there are very few Cingalese who will not willingly risk their little *all* to carry some frivolous point against a neighbour, or a near and dear relation. This state of society has raised up a race of harpies of the law, whose name is truly Legion, who thrive on the follies of the litigants, and who too frequently fan the slumbering embers into a blazing flame.

Of all the strange scenes which in the East strike a new comer with their novelty, few appear so remarkable as a Cingalese court of justice. There is in it such an odd jumble of western and eastern life—of European forms and Oriental fashions, that the beholder, gazing on the scene for the first time, feels rather at a loss to know if he be in a court of law, at a mock auction, or a debating club.

Nor is it only in externals that there is this curious kaleidoscoping of things. The internal condition of the law itself is a mass of patchwork, made up of Kandyan law, Roman-Dutch law, Scotch law, and English law. The judges are often as perplexed as the advocates, to say by which law a case should be tried, consequently there is not a little curious pea-and-thimbling amongst the sharp practitioners to serve their own purposes, and perplex dame Justice.

The Quarter-Sessions were on at Colombo with a rather smart sprinkling of cases for the three judges who were sitting in full tribunal, when I paid my first visit to the legal quarters situated outside the fort, at some little distance. The origin of these Courts being removed from the precincts of the fort is curious. It is said that during the Dutch sway in Ceylon, when the Supreme Court held its sitting within the fortified walls of Colombo, an attempt was made by the then governor, Rip Van-something, to overawe the judges in some case in which he was officially interested, whereupon they claimed from their High Mightinesses of the Netherlands the privilege of holding session without the walls, which was granted, and has been continued ever since.

A ride to the Courts at Hulfsdorp, overlooking the long busy town of Colombo, is by no means a pleasant affair on a hot, choking day, during the dry weather. The red, scorching dust blinds and burns one like so much quick-lime. The stench from many a dried up ditch and stagnant drain blends harmoniously with the effluvia from the bazaars around; where fish and meat blister and blacken in the burning sun, while files of dozing, oily natives lay steaming upon heaps of filth, adding their own unclean aroma to the hot sickly atmosphere.

The neighbourhood is dense, teeming with dirt and children. The coffin-makers are driving a roaring trade, especially one by the arrack tavern, for half of the street round the corner died the night previously of putrid fish, sour pineapples, and stagnant drains, and the other half were expected to die on the next day. I urged my sorry hack on at the top of his speed, fully five miles an hour, past the crazy old Dutch houses and the dusty tumble-down Moormen's dwellings, up the steep hill, on the brow of which stood a whole colony of buildings, large and small, old and new. This spot was Hulfsdorp, whence, in days long past, the Dutch army which besieged ancient Colombo—then in the hands of the Portuguese—poured a storm of shot upon the fortifications. It was, afterwards, the country residence of the Dutch governors, the present Supreme Court-House having been tenanted by a long line of sovereign Mynheers.

The spot is pleasant enough after the dreadful streets below, commanding a fine view over the fort to seaward, and enjoying an occasional breeze, when there is any. A portion of the great square block of buildings behind the large gates, facing the road, is devoted to the Supreme Court, another part to the District Court, and a third to the Court of Requests, and sundry offices of Record. Around and about this pile of law has sprung up a busy mass of quaint, queer-looking edifices of all shapes, styles, and sizes. These are the houses of business of the fraternity of proctors, Dutch, Portuguese, Tamil, and Cingalese, who, if they, as some malicious people say, be really inflicted on the natives as a chastisement for their shortcomings, certainly do their best to fulfil their mission. Each doorway was choked up by hungry applicants for law: groups of litigants squatted beneath the clumps of dusty bananas in the little nubbly court-yard in front, counting up their witnesses bought at a dollar a head. In the East, witnesses are commercial articles, not for export it is true, but for home use, and are valued by a well

understood sliding-scale. A witness in a murder case, if he be a stout swearer, costs five rix-dollars; in a land suit, witnesses may be had for two or three dollars; burglary or cattle-stealing witnesses are cheaper; they cost about a dollar each; whilst a few copper coin will obtain all the swearing you want and something over, in an ordinary assault case.

I hastened on, past all these scenes, to the Supreme Court, whose sitting was just commencing for the day. The Court House, wherein sat the Chief Justice and his brother judges, was a long rambling shed of a place, not unlike a paved barn with a tiled roof. Making my slow way into the body of the Court, I found it filled with the representatives of almost every nation in the Eastern hemisphere, blended with Dutch, Portuguese, and English. I might have taken it for a masquerade by day-light, were it not for the Court on the little raised stage at one end, with the dirty lion and unicorn, and the figure of Justice looking quite knocked up by the climate. The judges wore a very comical appearance in spite of their gravity. Seated upon an open platform on a level with our faces, I could see plainly enough, as one crossed his legs, that he wore high-lows which required mending; another, wore queer-looking worsted socks; while the third appeared to have discarded hose altogether. In a ricketty sort of sheep-pen on one side sat the jury—a motley blending of white, black, and whitey-brown. The foreman was studying the coat of arms over the judges' heads, wondering when the lion and unicorn would finish fighting for the crown. The rest of the jurors were either dozing or amusing themselves in the best way they could. Opposite the jury was a large parrot's cage without any top; this was the witness-box. Further away there was another parrot's cage, in which the crier of the Court tried to keep order by creating more noise than all the other disturbers put together.

Grouped about a shabby-looking ale-house table, covered with a rusty cloth of some impossible colour, were the European auditory and some three or four barristers and proctors, the former of mixed races, the latter native. An important case was on: a native was being tried for an act of High Treason, committed during the recent rebellion, and the court was crowded to suffocation. The prisoner, a poor, haggard, broken-spirited man, was "docked" opposite the judges, and glanced in a wild, frightened manner, from his counsel to the Court, and then to the jury, wondering what it all meant; he had confessed his guilt, and why need they take so much trouble with him? The counsel for the prisoner was on his legs about to say something; he was an European, a hale, portly, bold man, with a twinkling cunning eye and a shining face. I was rather at a loss to know if he were going to make a speech, or sing a comic song, but it ended in his challenging the best part of the jurors—the best part in every sense, for when he sat down, the foreman, who had been studying the lion and unicorn so deeply, and all his fellow Europeans had disappeared, replaced by others of a kindred hue with the prisoner.

It was a long and tedious affair, that trial, despite the man's confession, and as all the intricate native evidence had to be translated and re-translated, I soon grew tired of the scene, and bent my steps towards the minor courts close by. Between the two localities were long dusty verandahs opening into little dens of offices, where I saw through the dirty barred windows, a strange collection of rotten wooden cupboards, ricketty desks and armless old chairs: heaps of dusty papers were there too, and with them smoke-dried old natives that were fretting and fuming amongst the heat and the dirt, as though they were convicted criminals—Cingalese lawyers condemned for their enormous crimes to toil for the rest of their lives over perplexing suits and ghostlike documents. These were deputy-registrars, and translators, and process clerks, and a host of other legal subordinates, caged up like wild beasts at a fair. How different from the vicinity of the law courts at home. There everything is cool, solemn, silent, orderly; here it is all glaring, sunshine, dirt, noise, dust and effluvia. The very Pariah dogs curl up their sickly noses and scamper hastily past.

Forcing my way through a mob of rather moist Malabars and steaming Cingalese, I reached the District Court, where the provincial judge sits all the year round in civil jurisdiction. The court-yard in front, the enclosed space in the rear, the filthy verandahs at the two ends—all were densely studded with anxious groups of natives, smoking, talking, drinking, quarrelling, crying. Under the gloomy shade of some bread-fruit trees, were ranged the many members of some Cingalese family who had evidently travelled from some far-off village, to be present at the hearing of their case. The grey old grandfather, the sturdy parents, the two grown-up, idle-looking sons, the pretty dark-browed daughters, and the children scarce able to walk, had all left their rice-field and their tobacco-garden to try for the disputed half-share of a Jack tree.

Out rushed a Peon from the crowded Court, and bawling out some dreadfully singular name, he rushed back again as suddenly as though he just remembered having left all his earthly treasures within reach of those rascally lawyers, and there was no time to lose. The family group watched the summoned witness as he vanished amidst the army of suitors at the doorway, envying him the brief importance he was about to assume in open court.

Around the entrances to this crowded seat of justice, were wedged in compact masses hundreds of curious and anxious listeners.

Amidst that crowd of Arabs, Moors, Malays, Parsees, and many other races, I observed an old woman seated by the lintel on the brick floor, with clasped hands, grasping some curious little bunch of leaves and flowers; and as she rocked her body to and fro, muttering half aloud some wordy jumble, I observed too that she cast her eyes at intervals upon a tall man, her son doubtless, who, raised somehow above the crowd, could both see and hear what was passing in Court. Their case was then on, and the man was evidently telegraphing to her the progress of the suit. The bunch of flowers in her hands was a Buddhist charm, given by their village priest to ensure success. I failed, however, in ascertaining the value of the case. The last witness was not needed. The judge summed up but briefly; there was a momentary silence in that Babel-place, the assessors concurred—the old woman ceased to rock herself, she dropped the flower-charm, it was an evil omen to do that; a busy hum in Court told all was over; the dark scowl on the tall man's brow needed no interpretation: he sprang down from his elevated perch, and ran to the poor old woman. She had fallen down in a fit, and lay apparently lifeless on the pavement, the blood flowing from her nose and mouth: one of many victims self-immolated beneath the Juggernaut wheels of the Law in the East.

My dress and colour obtained for me an entrance within the doors, and after a time, a seat near the judge, whence I could watch the proceedings, and note the many strange actors. Perched in a rather roomy, but low pulpit, the judge was listening to the opening of a fresh case from a young but leading proctor, who leant over with his elbow resting on his Honour's desk in the most familiar manner imaginable, just as one might be discussing the state of the weather, or the quality of a yesterday's dinner. A long table was before "the Court" at a short distance, at which were seated the "Colombo Bar," a motley group, and curious to look on. They were Dutch, Portuguese, Tamil, and Cingalese: some were steady-going business-like men, and some were very sharp gentry indeed, especially one little ape-looking fellow with close-cropped hair and careworn features: but there were several whom you could not, by any imaginative faculty, connect with the Bar, unless indeed it be the bar of a low pot-house. One miserable object, all out at elbow, shirtless, and unshaven, leant listlessly over the dirty table, staring at the sparrows up in the roof, whilst another briefless member of the fraternity amused himself by emptying the contents of an ink-stand into his trowsers-pocket.

The morality of some of this craft is not more wholesome than their linen; and cases are not wanting, wherein, having recovered sums of money for clients, they have taken such care of the amounts, as to render a second action necessary, to compel them to disgorge the suitors' due. Some again, fearful of their clients running too rapidly through the monies they are in the habit of receiving for them, convert the rupees into snug dwelling-houses, in which they do their said clients the honour of residing, rent free. Altogether the native practitioners of Ceylon, as a body, are an interesting race.

The case then on, though one of very common occurrence, seemed to me a rather prepossessing one, from the fact of its being a question of a Bond Debt: a suit which, however easily to be settled by actual documentary proof, nevertheless afforded ample scope for a vast deal of very hard Cingalese swearing on both sides, and, of course, in precisely opposite directions. It involved a rather smart amount for a native to meet—not less than one hundred and twenty-two pounds British currency; I'm afraid to say how much it was in the benighted coin of the island, but more than I should like to count. Well, the plaintiff swore as hard as a curry-stone that the defendant owed the money, and the defendant vowed rather harder, I thought, that he did not owe so much as a single copper challie. Plaintiff chuckled all over as he produced the defendant's bond for the precise amount. It was examined, and conned over, and looked at in all possible ways by every one interested, until at last the judge was on the point of deciding, as a matter of course, when the defendant produced a document very similar in appearance and handed it to the judge. It was a release in full for the amount, duly signed by the plaintiff, and as duly witnessed.

Never shall I forget the strange look of humbled mortification and disappointed rage visible in the plaintiff's face, nor the glow of merry bursting triumph that puckered up the oily countenance of the successful defendant. The case was suddenly made as clear one way as the moment before it had been equally lucid. The Judge decided against the plaintiff with all the costs and a severe lecture; which, as it afterwards appeared, he deserved in a far more serious point of view than was at the time believed. I was a good deal puzzled at the stupidity of the man who could thus bring an action for a debt for which he had granted a discharge; but the puzzle was cleared up a day or two afterwards, when I learnt all the particulars from the English Advocate who had acted as counsel for the defendant in the matter.

The Barrister had been waited upon in his office by his client in the Bond case, who came to thank him for the trouble he had taken in getting up his defence. After a few introductory civilities, the Advocate congratulated his native friend on the success which had attended him in his recent suit, and remarked on the great necessity that existed for carefully preserving all documents

relating to cash transactions, not less than such as bore reference to property. The Cingalese looked at his counsel very hard, with a peculiar expression of deep cunning stealing over his sable countenance. He drew his chair somewhat nearer to him, and glancing cautiously round the room to ascertain if any one was within ear-shot, told him in a low half-whisper that he "had never paid the money." The Advocate, as may easily be imagined, was astounded at this admission; although from his long acquaintance with the native character he was generally prepared to hear a good deal of rascality and duplicity. He begged his client to explain what he meant; how he came by the discharge which the plaintiff had not attempted to disprove or set aside, if, as he said, he had not paid the money.

The late defendant drew still more confidently near to his counsel's seat, and looking him steadily in the face as if to watch the effect his communication would have on him, he whispered in his ear that he had not only never paid plaintiff the money in dispute, but that he had never owed him the amount, nor any sum of money whatever! This was a fearful staggerer to the Englishman, who looked all sorts of questions at his client. The latter perceiving that his riddle was not likely to be solved without his own assistance, condescended to detail every particular relating to the recent suit. He had been on bad terms, he said, with the plaintiff, who was a neighbour, for some months past, owing to his having obtained an judgment against the latter in a trifling land case. The plaintiff had been heard to say, that he would one day be revenged on him, and as the Cingalese are tolerably true to their word in all these matters, the attempt was expected. The revenge taken was to forge a bond from the defendant to plaintiff for such an amount as must have effectually ruined the former; the deed was well drawn up, properly attested, and duly witnessed by men who, for a rupee a head, were in Court for the purpose, and actually did swear to the genuineness of defendant's signature The man would assuredly have been ruined as was intended, but that he happened to be as clever a rogue and as unscrupulous as his adversary. He had heard the old proverb about sharp instruments cutting two ways, and acted upon it, for he concocted a forged discharge to the forged bond, signed by twice as many witnesses as the bond itself, and some of whom were the same parties who professed to have witnessed the execution of the latter, and who, for a little higher bribing, came into Court to swear by the sacred Tooth of Buddhoo, that they had seen the plaintiff sign and deliver the discharge! The Advocate went home that day a wiser man, by a great deal, than when he entered his little office in the morning, and deeply impressed with the difficulties flung round the path of justice by the crookedness of the native character.

Having related the *denouement* of the above little plot, I must terminate my day at the Colombo Courts. After the decision of the case just alluded to, I bent my steps back to the Supreme Court, which was at that moment in a state of intense commotion. It was evident that something of great interest had happened, for every tongue was in action, every bare arm was flung about, as though there had been a general attack of St. Vitus's dance amongst the native population. Great white eyes glared fiercely on their neighbours; black hair streamed over excitable, oleaginous shoulders; muslin turbans and snow-white scarves danced about, and blended madly with Turkey-red cloths and chintz sarongo; bloodthirsty-looking mustachios curled to their uttermost tips in rank defiance, while tobacco and betel-juice flew about in copious showers, and much nearer to me than I could have desired. What did it all mean? Was the poor wretch of a traitor, self-condemned as he had been, about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, then and there, on the spot, just to give Dame Justice an appetite for her afternoon meal! I ventured to question a respectable-looking man by my side, in clean, white raiment; but the poor creature muttered something that might have been Ethiopic or Sclavonic. I tried a thin weazen-faced old man in spectacles and cloth garments, and the wretch replied in high Dutch!

Forcing my way into the body of the Court, I at length ascertained from a half-caste proctor, that although the prisoner had pleaded guilty, and the evidence and the summing-up of the Judge were dead against him, the jury had acquitted the man. They knew far better than he did whether he was or was not guilty, and in their wisdom had decided that he was mistaken in his self-condemnation. The prisoner—the prisoner no longer—could not be persuaded that he heard aright; when I reached the thronged table facing the dock, I found him staring vacantly about him, with his long, bony hands clasped firmly together; the person in charge of him in vain tried to move him from the spot. The Judges were conversing together in deep, earnest, whispers, evidently as astonished as the poor creature they had just been trying; after a brief time they dismissed the jury, having probably had sufficient of their labour for that day, and for many days to come; and eventually the Court rose and adjourned over until the following morning, to allow themselves time to digest their astonishment.

As I drove home from witnessing these strange scenes, I could not resist pondering upon the crooked ways of Orientals—upon the dim moral perceptions of our fellow-subjects in the East. I called to mind the hackneyed Exeter Hall phrase of "We are all brethren," and thought how much better for the true

advancement of the human family it would be, if, whilst admitting the abstract truth of the above sentence, men paused awhile ere working out the theory by one universal rule of legislation; if they would bear in mind that there "is a season for all things." Such worldly-wise philanthropists have yet to learn that in regard to their "We-are-all-brethren" idea, what is "sauce for the goose," is not always "sauce for the gander."

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF US?

MANY people, after peeping into a geological book, or listening to a geological lecture, take away the impression that it is all very well for such ups and downs *to have* taken place, before they did the world the honour to come into it, but, thank Heaven! all those unpleasant circumstances are over now. The earth is quiet at last, and has subsided into a well-behaved composure. What would people think, indeed, if a new chain of mountains were to rise up, one night, the whole length of Regent Street, London? or an unheard-of crater were to swallow up the greater part of Hertfordshire? What would cousin Nimrod say, if the hares and pheasants in papa's preserves were to be changed into the state of anoplotheriums and pterodactyls, like those which the Professor explained to us on his black board with his long stick? What would the gamekeeper fancy was come to the world, if, instead of pike, perch, or eels, he found some of Agassiz's specimens in his nets, or at the end of his lines? Oh no! Geological changes in the nineteenth century are out of the question. They would cause great inconvenience. Our settlements are secured on the family estate, and that, of course, ought to be a sufficient security. No one expects his park, timber, or mansion to be either lifted halfway up to the moon, into an air-pump atmosphere, above breathing-point, like a range of the Himalayas; nor to be dropped into a great deep hole, as if we deserved to belong to the Dead Sea. Such ideas are contrary to common sense. Still, the lecture was very amusing, and the illustrations to the Professor's book are exceedingly curious.

It has, however, fallen to my lot to frequent a district where the securest jointure might be of little value, and the strictest entail useless to the rightful heir. An usurper has fixed himself in that region, who, though he seldom suddenly seizes an entire inheritance at once, is the most encroaching grasper, the most untiring enemy that ever persevered in making unwelcome intrusions. The commination, "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark," has no terror for, nor power of, restraining him. Bit by bit, and yard by yard, and acre by acre, and field by field, he obtains possession of property which does not belong to him. He undermines his helpless victims in the most insidious manner. Their very house is not their castle—or their castle only in ruins. There is no redress. We may talk of British justice, but he defies all actions at law, and cannot be restrained, or injunctioned, by the Court of Chancery itself. Heavy damages would be awarded against him, were he not beyond the reach of Acts of Parliament. When you reproach him with doing you all the mischief in his present power—for his means of aggression are endless and inexhaustible—he will be calm, and smile as if nothing had happened; and I fear it can be taken as no proof of his repentance, that he does not unfrequently look very blue. His character ought, therefore, to be exposed for the good of the public His name is—Guess! —Sir Giles Overreach? No!—GERMAN OCEAN!

A few years since, I saw at Cromer, in Norfolk, a cottage standing on the edge of the cliff. Seaward of the building stood a well for the use of the inmates. But our unscrupulous intruder had claimed that patch for his own—and had got it The earth was washed away, and the brickwork of the well stood eminent on the precipitous slope, like a half-finished factory chimney. To the cottage was affixed a board on which were painted the memorable words,

TO BE SOLD, OR LET,
WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION,
THIS VERY DESIRABLE
FREEHOLD TENEMENT.
INQUIRE WITHIN.

Short, however sweet and immediate, would be the possession of such a residence. It struck me as being the very place whereto a man might bring home his bride some stormy night, with the wind north-west, and sing, with an allusion for which the lady might not be prepared, "Fly, fly from the world, dear Bessie, with me!"

I lately went to look again at this desirable freehold tenement, to the excitement of the lodging-house keepers, who took it for granted that some very eligible family was shortly to arrive. I found its site in mid-air, the freehold of the butterfly and the humble-bee. The cliff, as far as the village extends in that direction,—that is, westward—had been cut away into a steep grassy bank, and based with a handsome and substantial terrace. But this mode of "doing" the sea cannot, under present circumstances, on account of its expensiveness, be made to protect more than a most inconsiderable portion of the threatened territory.

Four or five miles further is a village, called Lower Sheringham, standing on the very verge of the ocean, and half-eaten up by it, whose entire male population are fishermen,

with the exception of a very few of necessary trades, as, a water-miller, a baker, a shop-keeper, a rope-spinner, and two or three publicans. The youngsters take to the waves as naturally as the cow to the meadow, or the sheep to the down. At ebb tide, the Sheringham children throw their little toy-boats as far as they can into the surf, and then wade after them, mid-person deep. Here, if they did not indulge in such freaks, they would be suspected to be changelings, and not to belong to the true water-dog breed. But the roaring tyrant wants to shift their play-ground. In front of the Crown Inn at Lower Sheringham there once was a bowling-green to recreate the seniors;—the weather-beaten crab and lobster-catchers, when they took a holiday. But the sea has long since rolled and bowled "the green" out, and played pitch-and-toss with it likewise. The very narrow strip of grey shingle between the house and the beach, is nevertheless still called "The Green." They say that the original Lower Sheringham is now at the bottom of the sea. If this be really true, as it doubtless is, then there are three, not two Sheringhams, to be distinguished, according to the three degrees of comparison, as Upper Sheringham, Lower Sheringham, and Lowest Sheringham. Unhappy trio! What is to become of you?

> "Which way I fly is Sea; myself am Sea;
> And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me opens wide."

Cottages and buildings hereabouts are to be seen half-pulled down—on the fireman's principle—to save the remaining half from "the devouring element," the other "good servant, but bad master." The tenure of the Crown Inn is considered so precarious, that its owner hesitates to put out a second bow-window, to add to the attractions of that fashionable resort; but the Lower Sheringhamites ought not to have their "pleasaunce" thus whisked away from them, for they are plucky fellows. One afternoon, when the weather was too "coarse" to fish, they got up a little sailing-match between themselves—though it was blowing what landsmen would call a gale, but what was to them simply a nice breeze—all for love and good-will, and a drop of beer. They went off like race-horses let loose, galloping over the waves; tough work, however, to get back, with the wind all but due east. The whole town, including women and children, came to the edge of the cliff to see them in, like one large family party. The sea looked very savage soon after: shewing its white teeth most furiously, sharklike, in thrice-triple row.

Along the whole line of coast from Happisburgh to Lower Sheringham, and beyond it, the walks of my boyhood are not. The cliff-skirting path that I once trod has been swallowed up, and a new track is successively beaten, to be soon engulphed in its turn. Every year, every half-year, every month, makes changes at certain points with the most impressive relentlessness. Leave the cliff but for a week; return to some familiar point. "Hah! what's this? Something fresh carried away?"—"Yes, sir;" in an of-course tone of voice, "the high tide the other day, and the land-springs after a fortnight's rain." In the interval between the writing and the printing of these sentences, acres may be swept away; and acres more may follow before they are offered to the perusal of those who dwell contiguous to the scene of destruction. At Trimingham, a plantation of trees, about six feet high, has a large corner cut away and gone. What could the planter be thinking about? Timber, or flotsom and jetsom? "Papa!" said a little girl, wondering at these things, "if all the world were washed away, except one island, how the people would throng to it, and what pushing, and crowding, and quarrelling there would be!"

It is well for the human race that *all* the dry land, which was made to appear on the earth, is not like the portion of it which I am now describing; else we should soon have to live in boats (if at all), like certain Chinamen, when house-rent is dear. *This* part of the world is certainly being fast washed away. At Hasbro', as it is pronounced, the tradition is that Happisburgh, as it is spelt on the maps, is far out at sea, and moreover, at the bottom of it. And one or two churches, for instance, Sidestrand, Mundesley, and, perhaps, Beeston Regis, may coolly defy all sorts of Papal attempts at appropriation; for a greater than the Pope seems to have fixed the day when the last sermon, tractarian or anti-, shall be preached within their walls. Till that time arrives, the respective and respected officiating ministers doubtless frequently remind their flocks, both literally and figuratively, of what they must be only too well aware; namely, the folly of the man who, without a foundation, built his house upon the earth, within reach of the raging waves. The sea will have these churches, dead bodies and all, unless a tolerably bold effort is made to save them. To Sidestrand church the danger is quite definite and imminent. It is not a stone's throw from the edge of the cliff. And yet the foolish parish has dressed up its expiring existence with a smartly renovated steeple, instead of making, like a sensible parish, a breakwater or two on the beach below. I should be sorry to be bedridden, or kept close prisoner in a house built on the ground occupied by this natty steeple. Indeed, I do not give the fabric, the chancel especially, ten years to stand, if the ravages of the ocean be permitted to go on unchecked, as they are at present. In Mundesley churchyard, an epitaph on an unknown body washed ashore, otherwise appropriate, is somewhat *mal-à-propos*, from its assuming the impossibility of

this contingency of the waves playing the part of bone-grubbers and resurrection-men:

"[September 8th, 1832.]

"Sleep, stranger, sleep within thy narrow bed,
Till earth and sea shall both give up their dead."

At Beeston Regis is a wooden gravestone, with a painted inscription to the memory of one Ann Platen; which I could, but will not, bring in as evidence of the belief, that a stone one might outlast the land between it and the approaching enemy; neither will I adduce it in proof of the very Platon-ic affection that caused such a perishable monument to be erected, because poverty, perhaps, was stronger than love. The sum of all is, that the maps of Norfolk and Suffolk, to be correct, require to undergo an annual paring and clipping.

In Evelyn's Diary for October 17, 1671, he mentions his visit to Sir Thomas Browne, who, "amongst other curiosities, had a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country (especially the promontory of Norfolk) being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and a variety of water-fowl." A future diarist, writing as many years after the present date as John Evelyn wrote before it, will have to describe—not the promontory—but the Bay of Norfolk, frequented by lobsters and crabs, soles and turbots, shrimps and sand-dabs, fishermen and dredging naturalists. The Bay of Norfolk is already formed; as is visible to the naked eye of any one who will take a view, from the Sheringham hills, of the low point stretching out into the sea beyond Weybourne from Cley, and will then cast a bird's-eye glance from the Paston Hill near Mundesley, on the Happisburgh Ness to the eastward. It seems a paradox that lofty shores should fall before the sea, the loftiest the fastest, as at Trimingham and Sidestrand, while the low shingly and sandy beaches resist its inroads, and even gain upon it. This, however, is always the case. In the description of lands appropriated to the Priory of Broomholme, the ruins of which still stand in Bacton, are the names of many places which are now quite obsolete, the sites on which they once stood being now occupied by the ocean. The greater part of Eccles, with the Manor of Gilham Hall and Whimpwell, have been swallowed up by inundations of the sea. It is calculated that Happisburgh Church will be engulphed before the close of the present century. The village of Shipden, with its church, dedicated to St. Peter, which lay between Cromer and the sea, has wholly disappeared.

The altitude of this line of cliffs is very various. At Bacton they are, in places, only a few feet high—so low, that an active boy would jump from their top to the sandy beach beneath, without presuming to consider that he had performed any great feat. Elsewhere, as at Trimingham, Cromer, and Sheringham, they attain from two to three hundred feet above the level of the sea. In such cases, they become really fine objects of scenery. There are not only hills to vary the landscape, but those hills are split in halves for the convenience of our inspecting their contents. But multitudes of respectable East Anglians are quite ignorant that such grand operations of Nature are to be witnessed, within reach of half a day's drive. I only became aware of the phenomena by personal discovery.

The cliffs themselves are composed of different earths (or "till," containing boulders) deposited in irregular strata, which look as if they had been formed at the bottom of some ancient lake, or sea, or estuary; for a certain portion of the mass cannot be distinctly referred to either the fresh water or marine formations. The whole of its organic remains appear to have been washed from other formations to be deposited in it, and it contains, mingled with them, fragments of almost every rock of the secondary and primary series; comprehending immense blocks of granite, porphyry, greenstone, oolite, lias, chalk, pebbles, trap, and sandstones of various kinds, besides others. The beach, therefore, is a perfect museum for the lapidary and the specimen-hunter to ransack free of charge. Cornelians and agates often come to hand; fragments of belemnites, or thunderbolts in local phrase, are common. Now and then, beneath the whole mass, sometimes below high water mark, is a stratum of peat, or even of fossil wood and lignite. How the enormous load was laid above it, or that beneath it, is a puzzle to wiser heads than mine. The remark of Sir Charles Lyell is, that in no other part of our island, or perhaps in Europe, are there evidences of local disturbances on so grand a scale, and of an equally modern date.

Loam, various clays, gravel, sand, chalky marl, brick-earth, and chalk itself, are the main component parts of this Pelion piled upon Ossa. It is curious to observe the different behaviour of the different ingredients that have fallen from the cliff, during their prostrate degradation on the beach. Large fragments of stiff clay lie undissolved for days and weeks, like lumps of half-sucked barley-sugar undergoing the process of melting in a giant's mouth. Peculiarly tough and obstinate heaps will stand out, isolated on the beach, for months, as gravestones to the memory of the departed cliff, showing where solid land once was. It seems a hard case. Here is the substantial earth; there the insidious parasitical sea, eating into its very vitals! And is there no help for it? Where the cliff is in great part composed of sandy gravel, its destruction is there most rapid, as between Bacton and Mundesley. Besides the more massive slips, or "falls," as they are termed, every fine and windy day causes the sand to pour down in fluid streams, as

continuously as the pulverised contents of an hour-glass. But here, there is no hand to turn the glass and raise the sand to its former level. It disappears with the first tide that touches it. Every week sees displaced some portion of arable materials. The plough, next spring, cannot work so close to the brink of the precipice, as it has this season. The year after, it will have to retire still further inland:—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Will creep the stealthy sea from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have shown the cliffs
The way to dusty death."

"They fence here with bush faggots!" said an astonished rustic to whom the scene was new. Yes; for (not to mention the sea-breezes) whitethorn would be swallowed up before it had time to get half its growth. The mouldering track sometimes requires a cautious foot, and is no place for a man *plenus Bacchi* (*aut Beeri*) on a dark night, with a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. He might as well, without practice, try to perform the "main truck" exploit. And yet I do love to tread (by day) in these evanescent paths. It is the last look of a friend bound for Sierra Leone. We bestow our affections on such things all the more vehemently, that we *must* soon part with them for ever.

And the worst of it is, that the land thus cruelly arrested and transported for life, is about the best in the county. Some thirty years ago I was acquainted with a yeoman of that neighbourhood, who had on his estate a field which he and his men always called "The Sugar Close." One day I ventured the question, What was the reason for such an odd name? "Why," said the old man, "I bought that piece ready sown with wheat; and after harvest (it was the war time) the crop paid the purchase money. That was so sweet, that I called it The Sugar Close." That field is not quite melted yet; but will take its turn.

The causes of the continued fall of the cliff are two-fold. First, the action of the waves below and in front; and, secondly, of the landsprings, above and behind. Where the first is the more active agent, as in gravelly cliffs, the ruin mostly takes place from above, in an earthy avalanche. When the second cause is the more potent, as in loamy and clayey strata, (by the hydraulic pressure, as well as by the eating in of the landsprings,) the mass usually slips from below, in a sort of semifluid state, with decidedly marked waves or huge wrinkles, reminding one of Professor Forbes's description of the slow, forward-flowing of Alpine glaciers. It then leaves vast, semi-craterlike, or shell-like hollows, that are very grand, as picturesque objects, displaying in their concavity the contrasted tints of various earths, and here and there sparkling with a patch of bright verdure, or a gay tuft of flowers that have descended from the upland, never to return, but to be suddenly withered one day by the contact of salt water.

Where the stream of earth reaches the beach, it undergoes at its extremity the progress of melting and absorption by the ocean; and this is sometimes so gradual, and the procumbent mass of earth so enormous, that its surface has time to become clothed with green pasturage; and a second, minor, subsiduary cliff is formed in front of, and as a shoulder to, the original one;—a low cliff next the sea, having a verdant slope backward to the taller and parent cliff whence it sprung. The offspring has then first to undergo destruction, but its sacrifice affords only a temporary protection to the hill in its rear. The same effects recur from the same causes. The sea is inexorable and insatiable.

At the village of Mundesley it is calculated that the cliff is cut away at the rate of a yard a year. I am convinced that this estimate is much less than the annual demolition at other parts of the line. But take it at a yard per annum along the whole series, which comprises a distance of about twenty miles. This gives an annual loss of thirty-five thousand two hundred square yards of surface, in a country which complains that its area, even while not on the decrease, is insufficient to maintain its increasing population, where we are treading on each other's toes most inconveniently, and whence we are making continual shipments of our fellow countrymen, because we have not room for them at home! The cubical waste of good earth is enormous, if we take a yearly slice a yard thick and twenty miles long, from the face of a cliff a hundred and fifty feet high, as a rough average. But numerous instances can be adduced where the waves have taken away twenty-one yards of land in three tides. At Trimingham, upwards of fifty acres of land have been removed during the last sixty years; and, on one occasion, four acres and a half were taken away in one tide.

What has urged me to put pen to paper on this subject is the prevalence of an unresisting acquiescence in this ruinous state of things. Not to hold one's own as long as possible—to die and give no sign—is so thoroughly un-English, as to call for remonstrance and rebuke. We shall probably spend not a few millions at the Cape, to prevent the Blacks from driving us out of Black-Land, which we might re-conquer, even after it had once got quite clean rid of us: but we won't lay out a five-pound note to resist the German ocean, from whom there are no reprisals obtainable. Were any foreign potentate to seize upon Sidestrand, drive off its inhabitants, and convert the church into a little garrison, we should by some means soon pitch the impertinent aggressor and his soldiers over the cliff into the sea, and re-induct the frightened

incumbent into quiet possession of his pulpit. But so long as Sidestrand, its church, and its incumbent, are fated to be struck very shortly out of the Clergy List, what does it matter how they are made to disappear? The discredit of yielding them still attaches to us, so long as we say to the aggressor, "Pray come and help yourself to that which best pleases you."

Two methods only have been adopted to prevent the spoiler from excavating a most tremendous hollow into this goodly county. One is by cutting the face of the cliff into a smooth slope, and facing it with stone cemented by mortar (as has been done at Brighton), taking care at the same time to drain off the land-springs, and prevent them from nibbling at and forcing out of place the foundations of the work. The wells in the neighbourhood require special attention. Great benefit would be derived from sinking wells on the inner or land-side of the cliffs, subjected to the influence of the land-springs; for the loss of the four-and-a-half acres before mentioned is attributed primarily to a foolish individual, who a few months before filled up three wells close by. The town of Cromer has been kept standing by well-sinking; so also have a single house and grounds at Mundesley. It seems to be quite forgotten that these fortifications, as the sea eats away the cliffs on each side of them, right and left, will first become promontories, and then islands, unless the whole line of twenty miles is similarly encased with stone-work—a costly scheme, which is not likely, although it ought, to be undertaken by the nation; for Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, as well as Norfolk and Suffolk, are also yearly becoming less and less.

In 1844, a surgeon resident near the seat of mischief, invited public attention by a remarkable "Essay on the Encroachments of the German Ocean," which met with the usual attention bestowed upon Cassandric warnings. The second mode of checking injury from the waves, is that advocated by Mr. Hewitt; namely, to fix on the beach break-waters, or groins, of boards and stakes, running straight into the sea as far as or beyond low water mark, and commencing above high water, to meet the case of unusually high tides. The more of these, and the more substantial they are, the better; but it is surprising what a resistance to evil is given even by a frail and paltry barrier, so long as it lasts. Until a sea-wall shall save our contracting shores, groins are clearly the only possible conservators of the entire coast—the sole preventers of the further deepening of the crescent of the bay. And yet, there are not half-a-score of them, on the whole line threatened with destruction. All these I have made a point of inspecting at various seasons. At such points, the cliff falls less, if it do not cease to fall entirely. A set of groins, planted at small intervals, would, I believe, be perfectly effectual. In every case, an accumulation of sand and pebbles takes place on the north-west side of the groin, as high as itself. Make a higher groin, and you get a higher accumulation, and of course a more solid and effectual barrier. Upon sand heaped on the beach by any agent, the Marram grass grows, and binds the whole into a firm mass. The French plant this wonderful herb in such situations, and forbid its injury under a penalty. The cliff thus protected at its base, would, by the influence of winds and rains be worn into a grassy slope, and the sea would at last meet with a firm denial to his exactions.

But, who is to pay the cost of this multitude of groins, or long length of sea-wall, and bear the burden of keeping them in repair? The answer is simple; nothing will do it but some national measure, for which there are patterns and precedents abroad, if not at home. Tens of thousands of pounds are forthcoming for vast projects of reclaiming land from the sea, as at the Lynn estuary and the talked-of Morcombe bay scheme; but hundreds are hardly to be raised for saving *terra firma* from inglutition by the vastest of boa-constrictors. Even at Cromer, the local rate is paid reluctantly by many whom it saves. A voluntary rate for the general protection of the coast of England would be gathered with about the same amount of uncertainty and trouble to the collector, as would a voluntary subscription for the raising of an army or a navy;—that is, it would remain most unscrupulously unpaid.

"Of course," says Upper to Lower Sheringham (and I beg that this may be considered as a general, rather than an individual utterance); "Of course, we are very sorry for you! We are truly grieved to see your bowling-green and your cottages drop, one after another, into the sea, especially as you are such clever, industrious fishermen, and supply our uplands with most excellent manure—dogfish and seaweed—not to mention the ingredient without which lobster-salad does not deserve to be named. Yours is a hard case. But you cannot expect us to pay for your breakwaters, at the present prices of corn. Certainly not! The sea must eat you up entirely, before it can get at us; and that will be a long while hence. Things will last our time. We should be Lower Sheringham then, and might approve of the rate. Still, we like to see you doing your best as well as you can, without asking for assistance. You know, self-dependence is a virtue much respected by near relations."

Upper Sheringham can afford to be the mouth-piece of the selfish interior; for Upper Sheringham is good and kind. She gives a church to her lower neighbours, a fountain to her upper brethren, visits sailors' wives that have been shipwrecked, and sends them on their way in private carriages. But, for want of national aid, the coast is sinking by rapid consumption, and is fast falling into a watery grave.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE POPULAR POETS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I HAVE long since renounced an old habit of loitering at book-stalls; but I was lately betrayed into a halt and a purchase—a large one of forty-two volumes. A collection of Poems met my eye—not printed as a series, but of uniform size, and uniformly bound. Many of the single volumes have been reprinted in the general works of their authors, and were already in my possession. Other of the volumes have gone to the same oblivion that shrouds the dulness of the minor poets of a previous age, embalmed though they be in Johnsonian Prefaces. Why, then, did I bring these volumes home? Why do I keep them on my table, and take them up at vacant moments, and turn over the leaves, and look, with something of uncritical admiration, at their frontispieces and their wood-cuts? It is because they are the identical editions in which I read when a boy. Here is "The Pleasures of Hope," printed at the Glasgow University press in 1800. All the old local associations of my first joyful reading of that book come across me, when I look again upon that familiar print of the mournful mother watching over the cradled child, and that of the old man who leans o'er the cottage gate, and wishes for such a home and hamlet shade. Here is my "Minstrel"—my school prize-book—long since lost. Young Edwin was my model of a poet—"the visionary boy"—and there he sits, as he sate when I first knew him, on a black rock,

> "Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
> Of the wide weltering waves."

Here is Southey—whose "Joan of Arc" I did not much care for; but whose Eclogues and Ballads look young again as I glance over them—and I rather dread to dream, as I must have dreamt, of that horrible wood-cut, "Showing how an old Woman rode double, and who rode before her." "The Pleasures of Memory," though popular, was rather old reading at the beginning of the century, and is not amongst my recently-acquired collection; but how well do I recollect that jewel of an edition, some ten years later, with Stothard's wood-cuts. Cowper has been a sixty years' favourite; but he seems to have held a divided empire with his friend Hayley—for "The Task" and "The Triumphs of Temper" are here close companions, as this series has an arrangement of its own. Burns, too, is here, in a London edition, with a Life, which begins "This celebrated Bard." "Thomas Little, Esq.," has his due place; and the Reverend W. L. Bowles does not scorn to stand beside him. I confess to an innocent boy preference of the layman.

Thus far of those who have endured. But there are some others who are almost forgotten—perhaps undeservedly—George Dyer, Bishop, Mary Robinson, Holloway, Harrop, Warren, Gisborne, Graham, Leyden, Bloomfield. The last name is suggestive of memories of early scenes and antiquated manners; and I must dwell on it.

Does any one now read "The Farmer's Boy," by Robert Bloomfield? I have before me the edition which I read in 1803, at which time it is recorded that twenty-six thousand copies had been sold since the first publication of the poem in 1800. Byron has left a contemptuous notice of Bloomfield in the "English Bards." But "The Farmer's Boy," for all that, will not be wholly forgotten. It is a truthful poem, founded upon accurate observation of common things, and describing the most familiar incidents and feelings with a rare fidelity—rare, amidst the conventional generalities of the verse-making of that day. At that early age I had means of testing the truth of its descriptions. Let me give, from my own recollections, a picture of a farmer's household, not long after the time when Bloomfield's poem was first published.

On one of the roads from Windsor to Binfield, in the parish of Warfield, stands, or stood, a small farm-house, with gabled roof and latticed windows. A rude woodbine-covered porch led into a broad passage, which would have been dark had not the great oaken door generally stood open. To the right of the passage was a large kitchen, beyond which loomed a sacred room—the parlour—unopened except on rare occasions of festivity. To this grange I travelled in a jolting cart, on a spring afternoon, seated by the side of the good wife, who had carried her butter and eggs and fowls to market, and was now returning home, proud of her gains, from whose accumulations she boasted that she well-nigh paid

the rent of the little farm. I was in feeble health; and a summer's run was decreed for me, out of the way of school and books. My life for six months was very like playing at Farmer's Boy.

That small bed-room where I slept, with its worm-eaten floor and undraperied lattices, was, I suspect, not very perfect in its arrangements for ventilation; but then neither door nor window shut close, and the free air, redolent of heath and furze, found its way in, and did its purifying offices after an imperfect fashion. The first morning began my new country life—and a very novel life it was. It was Sunday. The house was quiet; and when I crept down into the kitchen, I found my friend the farmer's wife preparing breakfast. On one side of that family room was a large oaken table covered with huge basins, and a mighty loaf; over a turf fire hung an enormous skillet, full to the brim with simmering milk. One by one, three or four young men dropped in, jauntily dressed in the cleanest smock-frocks—the son of the house had a smart Sunday coat, with an expansive nosegay of daffodils and wallflowers. They sat quietly down at the oak table, and their portions of milk were distributed to each. Now entered the farmer—of whom I still think with deep respect—a yeoman of simple habits but of large intelligence. He had been in the household of the Governor of Pennsylvania before the War of Independence; and could tell me of a wonderful man named Franklin, whom he had known; and of the Torpedo on which he had seen Governor Walsh make experiments; and of lightning drawn from the clouds. The farmer, his wife, and the little boy who had come to dwell with them, sat down at a round table nearer the fire. Sunday was a great day in that household. There was the cheerful walk to church; the anticipations of the coming dinner, not loud but earnest; the promise of the afternoon cricket. Returned from church, the kitchen had been somewhat changed in appearance since the morning; the oak table was moved into the centre, and covered with a coarse cloth as white as the May-blossom; the turf fire gave out a fierce heat, almost unbearable by the urchin who sat on a low stool, turning, with no mechanical aid, the spit which rested upon two andirons, or dogs, and supported in his labour by the grateful fragrance of the steaming beef. To that Sunday dinner—the one dinner of fresh meat for the week—all sat down; and a happy meal it was, with no lack even of dainties: for there was a flowing bowl of cream to make palatable the hard suet pudding, and a large vinegar-bottle, with notches in the cork to besprinkle the cabbage, and a Dutch cheese—and, if I dream not, a taste from a flask that emerged mysteriously from a corner cupboard. Then came the cricket and trap-ball of Southern England, yawns in the twilight, a glimmering candle, the chapter in the Family Bible, and an early bed.

The morning of Monday was a busier scene. I was roused at six; but the common breakfast was over. The skillet had been boiled at five; the farmer was off to sell a calf; the ploughmen had taken their teams a-field. The kitchen was solitary. I should have thought myself alone in that world, but for a noisy companionship of chickens and ducklings, that came freely in to pick the crumbs off the floor. I wandered into the farm-yard, ankle-deep in muck. In a shed I found my hostess, not disdaining to milk her petted cows. Her hand and her eye were everywhere—from the cow-stall to the dairy, from the hen's nest to the fatting coop. Are there any such wives left amongst us? Bloomfield has described the milking-time, pretty much as I saw it in those primitive days:—

"Forth comes the Maid, and like the morning smiles;
The Mistress, too, and follow'd close by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray—
Begins their work, begins the simple lay;
The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
While *Mary* sings some lover's amorous dreams;
And crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side pulloms a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.
As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The Mistress yields beside her rosy Maid;
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door;
Her cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recall them loaded home."

After the milking-time was the breakfast for the good wife and for "Mary." Twice a week there was churning to be done; and as the butter came more quickly in the warmth of the kitchen, the churn was removed there in that chilly spring-time. There was no formal dinner on week-days in that house. The loaf stood upon the table, with a vast piece of bacon, an abundant supply of which rested upon a strong rack below the ceiling. Some of the men had taken their dinner to the distant field, another or so came carelessly in, and cutting a huge slice of the brown bread and the home-cured, pulled out what was called a pocket-knife, and despatched the meal with intense enjoyment. At three, the ploughmen returned home. That was an hour of delight to me, for I was privileged to ride a horse to water in a neighbouring pond. The afternoon, as far as I remember, was one of idleness. In the gloaming (why should we not Anglicise the word?) the young men slid into the kitchen. The farmer sat reading, the wife knitting. There was a corner in the enormous chimney, where I dwelt apart, watching the turf smoke as it curled up the vast chasm. There was no assumption of dignity in the master when a song was called

for. How well do I remember that song of Dibdin—

"I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep."

That song told of a war-time, and of naval dangers and glories; and the chorus was roared out as if "the inconstant wind" was a very jolly thing, and "the carpenter," who tempted the ploughman "for to go and leave his love behind," not at all a bad fellow.

I read "The Farmer's Boy" after I was familiar with the farmer's kitchen. It is worth reading now, if it were only for its pictures of a past age. Even at that time the Harvest Home was becoming ungenteel:—

"Here once a year Distinction lowers its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
When Pride gave place to mirth without a sting;
Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
To violate the feelings of the poor;
To leave them distanc'd in the madd'ning race,
Where'er Refinement shows its hated face:
Nor causeless hated; — 'tis the peasant's curse,
That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns;
Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.
* * * * *
Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,
When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,
The aspect still of ancient joys puts on;
The aspect only, with the substance gone:
The self-same Horn is still at our command,
But serves none now but the plebeian hand;
For home-brew'd Ale, neglected and debased,
Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,
The separate table and the costly bowl,
Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring,
A mockery of gladness round them fling."

Were I to see that homestead once more, I have no doubt I should find, like the grandsire of Crabbe's poem, that "all is changed." The scenes which live in my recollection can never come back; nor is it fitting that they should. With the primitive simplicity there was also a good deal of primitive waste and carelessness. Except in the dairy, dirt and litter were the accompaniments of the rude housekeeping. The fields were imperfectly cultivated; the headlands were full of weeds; there was one meadow close to the house, called the Pitle (still a Norfolk word), in which I assiduously, but vainly, worked with a little hoe at defying thistles. I have no doubt that "all is changed," or the farm would be no longer a farm. The neglect belonged to the times of the dear loaf. The "refinement" of Bloomfield really means the progress of improvement.

THE THREE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"GABRIELLE, you should not stay out so late alone."

"It isn't late, sister dear, for a summer's evening. The church clock struck eight just as I turned into the little path across the field."

The first speaker, who was the eldest, raised her head from her work, and, looking at Gabrielle, said:

"For you it is too late. You are not well, Gabrielle. You are quite flushed and tired. Where have you been?"

"Nowhere but in the village," Gabrielle said.

She paused a moment, then added rather hurriedly:

"I was detained by a poor sick woman I went to see. You don't know her, Joanna, she has just come here."

"And who is she?" Joanna asked.

"She is a widow woman, not young, and very poor. She spoke to me in the road the other day, and I have seen her once or twice since. She had heard our name in the village, and to-night I promised her that you or Bertha would go and call on her. She has been very unhappy, poor thing. You will go, sister?"

"Certainly. You should have told me before. Go, now, and take off your bonnet. You have walked too quickly home on this hot night."

Another lady entered the room just as Gabrielle was leaving it, and addressed her almost as the first had done:

"You are late, Gabrielle. What has kept you out so long?"

"Joanna will tell you," Gabrielle answered. "I have only been finding some work for you, sister," and with a smile she went away.

They were two stern, cold women—Joanna and Bertha Vaux. They lived together—they two and Gabrielle—in a dark old-fashioned house, close to a little village, in one of the southern counties of England. It was a pretty picturesque village, as most English villages are, with little clusters of white-washed, rose-twined cottages sprinkled through it, and a little rough stone country church, covered to the very top of the spire so thickly with ivy that it looked like a green bower. Here and there were scattered a few pleasant houses of the better sort, standing apart in sunny gardens, and scenting the air around with the smell of their sweet flowers.

But the house in which Joanna and Bertha and Gabrielle lived was always gloomy and dark and cold. It was a square brick

house, with damp unhealthy evergreens planted in front, upon which the sun never shone—summer or winter; the flags which paved the front of the door and the steps of the door were greened over with cheerless moss; and fungi grew up in the seams of the pavement. The windows, with their thick black clumsy frames, almost all faced the north, so that the cold dark rooms were never lighted up with sunshine; but looked even more dreary in the summer time, with the empty fireless grates, than on winter days. Yet the house seemed to suit well the tastes of the two elder of the Misses Vaux.

It had stood empty for some years before they took it; for its last occupier had committed suicide in one of the rooms—it was just the house for such a thing to have happened in—and the superstitious horror which the event created in the neighbourhood, coupled with the dark and cheerless appearance of the house, were the causes why it remained so long unlet and so much neglected.

About six years ago, the Misses Vaux had come quite strangers to the village; and, in a short time, were settled as tenants of the lonely house. They were young women then—not more than three and four-and-twenty; but already grave, severe, and stern. They dressed always in mourning, and rarely was a smile seen on their cold lips; but they spent their time almost entirely in performing acts of charity, in visiting the sick, and in making clothes for the poor. For miles round they were known and looked up to with mingled reverence and awe. But theirs was a strange soulless charity—more like the performance of heavy penance than of acts of love.

There was a mystery about their antecedents. No one knew whence they came, or who they were; they had neither relations nor friends; they lived alone in their gloomy house, and only at long intervals—sometimes of many months—did they receive even a single letter. They were two sad, weary women, to whom life seemed to bring no pleasure, but to be only a burden, which it was their stern duty to bear uncomplainingly for a certain number of years.

Gabrielle—the beautiful, sunny-natured Gabrielle—was not with them when they first came to the village; but three years ago she had joined them, and the three had lived together since. She was then about fifteen;—a bright, joyous, beautiful creature, without a thought of sadness in her, or the faintest shadow of the gloom that rested on her sisters. Even now, although she had lived for three years in the chilling atmosphere that surrounded them, she was still unchanged, almost even as much a child—as gay, thoughtless, and full of joy, as when she first came. It reminded one of a snowdrop blooming in the winter, forcing itself through the very midst of the surrounding snow, to see how she had grown up with this cold, wintry environment. But the gloomy house looked less gloomy now that Gabrielle lived in it. There was one little room, with a window looking to the south (one of three that had a sunny aspect), which she took to be her own, and there she would sit for many hours, working by the open window, singing joyously, with the sunlight streaming over her, and the breath of the sweet flowers that she had planted in a garden as close under her window as the sun would come, stealing deliciously into the room. It was quite a pleasant little nook, with a view far over green undulating hills and yellow waving corn-fields, which sparkled and glittered like plains of moving gold in the deep bright rays of the setting sun. And Gabrielle, sitting here and gazing on them, or roaming alone amongst them, was quite happy and light-hearted. Even her stern sisters were thawed and softened by her presence; and, I think, felt as much love for her as it was in their nature to feel for any one, for indeed it was impossible to resist altogether her cheering influence, which spread itself over everything around her with the warmth of sunshine.

On this evening on which our tale begins, and for some days previous to it, Gabrielle had been graver and quieter than she often was. She joined her sisters now in the common sitting-room; and, with her work in her hand, sat down beside them near the window, but she answered their few questions about her evening ramble with only feigned gaiety, as though she was occupied with other thoughts, or was too weary to talk; and, presently, as the twilight gathered round them, they all sank into silence. The one window looked across the road in which the house stood, to a dark plantation of stunted trees that grew opposite: a very gloomy place, which, even in the hottest summer day, had always a chill, wintry feeling, and from which even now a damp air was rising; and, entering the open window, was spreading itself through the room.

"How unlike a summer evening it is in this room!" Gabrielle suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming almost impatiently. "I wish I could, even for once, see a ray of sunshine in it. I have often wondered how any one could build a house in this situation."

"And do you never imagine that there are people who care less for sunshine than you do, Gabrielle?" Bertha asked, rather sadly.

"Yes, certainly, sister, but still it seems to me almost like a sin to shut out the beautiful heaven's sunlight as it has been shut out in this house. Winter and summer it is always alike. If it was not for my own bright little room up stairs, I think I never should be gay here at all."

"Well, Gabrielle, you need not complain of the gloominess of this room just now," Miss Vaux said. "At nine o'clock on an

August evening I suppose all rooms look pretty much alike."

"Oh, sister, no!" Gabrielle cried. "Have you never noticed the different kinds of twilight? Here, in this house, it is always winter twilight, quite colourless, and cold, and cheerless, but in other places, where the sun has shone, it is warm and soft and beautiful; even for an hour or longer after the sun has quite set, a faint rosy tinge, like a warm breath, seems to rest upon the air, and to shed such peace and almost holiness over everything. That was the kind of twilight, I think of it so often, that there used to be at home. I remember, so very, very long ago, how I used to sit on the ground at my mother's feet in the summer evenings, looking out through the open window at the dear old garden, where everything was so very still and quiet that it seemed to me the very trees must have fallen asleep, and how she used to tell us fairy stories in the twilight. Sisters, do you remember it?" Gabrielle asked, her voice tremulous, but not altogether, so it seemed, with emotion that the recollection had called up.

"I do," Miss Vaux said, in a voice clear and cold, and hard as ice. From Bertha there came no answer.

"It is one of the few things I recollect about her," Gabrielle said again very softly, "the rest is almost all indistinct, like a half-forgotten dream. I was only four years old, you say, Joanna, when she died?"

"You know it; why do you ask?" Miss Vaux said, harshly and quickly.

There was a pause. It was so dark that none of their faces could be seen, but one might have told, from the quick nervous way in which unconsciously Gabrielle was clasping and unclasping her hand, that there was some struggle going on within her. At last, very timidly, her voice trembling, though she tried hard to steady it, she spoke again.

"Sisters, do not be angry with me. Often lately I have wished so very much to ask you some things about my mother. Oh, let me ask them now. Dear sisters, tell me why it is that you never speak to me, or almost allow me to speak, of her? Is it because it grieves you so much to think of her death, or is there any other cause"—her voice sank so low that it was almost a whisper—"why her name is never mentioned amongst us? I have kept silence about this for so long, for I knew you did not wish to speak of it; but, oh sisters, tell me now! Ought I not to know about my own mother?"

"Hush!" Miss Vaux said, in a voice stern and harsh. "Gabrielle, you do not know what you are asking. Let it be enough for you to learn that anything I could tell you of your mother could give you nothing but pain to hear—pain which we would gladly spare you yet, knowing, as we so well do, the great bitterness of it. I ask you for all our sakes, yours as much as ours, never again be the first to mention your mother's name!"

She had risen from her seat, and stood upright before Gabrielle, the outline of her tall dark figure showing clearly against the window. In her voice there was not one trace of emotion; her whole manner was hard and cold and unimpassioned; like that of one who had, long ago, subdued all gentle feelings.

Gabrielle's tears were falling fast, but she made no answer to Miss Vaux's words. She stood much in awe of both her sisters, especially of the eldest, and knew well how hopeless all remonstrance with her would be.

After a few moments Bertha laid her hand on Gabrielle's shoulder, saying, with something of gentleness in her voice:

"You distress yourself too much, my child. Trust more in us, Gabrielle. We would try to keep sorrow from you; do not make it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I know it is meant kindly towards me," Gabrielle said gently, "but you forget that I suffer from being in ignorance. I cannot forget that you are concealing something from me."

"Which I would to God I could conceal from you for ever," Miss Vaux said. "Gabrielle, foolish child, do not seek for sorrow; it will come quickly enough of itself;" and she turned from her with some muttered words that her sister could not hear.

Gabrielle tried to speak again; but Bertha raised her hand warningly, and they were all silent; Gabrielle with her face bowed down upon her hands in the thick twilight.

"We will close the window and have lights," Bertha said, after some time had passed; "the night air is getting cold."

With a deep sigh Gabrielle rose, and drew down the open window, standing there for some minutes alone, and looking out upon the dark evergreen grove.

CHAPTER II.

"I am going into the village," Miss Vaux said. "If you will tell me where that poor woman lives you were speaking of last night, Gabrielle, I will call upon her now."

"Let me go with you," Gabrielle said quickly. "I told her we would come together. Wait for me one minute, and I will be ready."

"I scarcely see the need of it. You are looking pale and ill, Gabrielle. I would advise you to stay in the house and rest."

"I have a headache, and the air will do it good," Gabrielle answered. "Let me go, sister."

"As you will, then," Miss Vaux said, and Gabrielle went away to dress.

She had not yet recovered her usual gay spirits; but was still grave, quiet, and apparently occupied with her own thoughts, and the two walked side by side, almost without speaking, along the little path over the field which lay between their house and the village. It was a very bright sunny summer's day, too hot, indeed, for walking, but beautiful to look at. The heat seemed to weary

Gabrielle, she walked so very slowly, and was so pale.

"This is the house, sister. We go through the kitchen; she has the room above."

They raised the latch and went in. No one was in the lower room; so they passed through, and ascended a low narrow staircase, almost like a ladder, which rose abruptly from a doorway at the farther side, until they reached another door which stood facing them, without any landing between it and the highest step. Gabrielle knocked, and a faint voice from within answered, "Come in;" and she entered, followed by her sister. It was a very small room, and very bare of furniture; for there was little in it but a deal bedstead, an old table, and one or two odd ricketty chairs, in one of which—that boasted of a pair of broken arms and something that had once been a cushion—sat the woman they had come to visit.

Gabrielle went quickly up to her, and taking her hand said in a low voice:

"I have brought my sister, as I promised—my eldest sister."

The woman bowed her head without speaking; then tried to rise from her seat, but she seemed very weak, and her hand trembled as she leaned on the arm of her chair

"Do not rise, my good woman," Miss Vaux said, kindly, and her voice sounded almost soft—she was so used to attune it so as to be in harmony with a sick chamber—"do not rise; I see you are very weak," and she drew a chair near, and sat down by her side.

"You have come quite lately to the village, my sister tells me?"

"Quite lately, less than a week ago," was the answer; but spoken in so low a voice that the words were scarcely audible.

"Were you ever here before? Have you any connection with the place?" Miss Vaux asked.

"No, none."

"But you had probably some motive in coming here? Have you no relations or friends?".

"No, no," the woman cried, suddenly bursting into tears, "I have no friends, no friends in the wide world!"

A gentle hand was laid on her shoulder; a gentle voice whispered some soft words in her ear, and the woman looked up into Gabrielle's dark eyes, and murmured something between her sobs. Then they were all silent for a few moments.

"I think you are a widow?" Miss Vaux asked, gently, when she had become calmer.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, as though the word had been dragged from her, so much it seemed to pain her to speak it.

"And have you any children?"

A moment's pause, and then another "yes," hardly intelligible from the choking sob which accompanied it.

Miss Vaux was silent, looking inquiringly into the woman's face. It was partly turned from her, partly shaded with her thin hand; her large eyes looking up with a strange agonized look into Gabrielle's eyes, her pale lips moving convulsively. Gabrielle's face was almost as pale as hers; her look almost as full of agony.

Miss Vaux glanced from one to the other, at first with pity; then suddenly a quick change came over her face; a deep flush mounted to her brow, she darted from her seat; and, calm as she ordinarily was, her whole figure trembled as she stood before them, with her fierce gaze turned on them.

Pale as death, neither of them speaking, they bore her passionate look; quite motionless too, except that Gabrielle had instinctively clasped the widow's hand in hers, and held it tightly.

"Speak to me, Gabrielle!" Miss Vaux cried; and her voice, harsh, loud, and quivering with passion, echoed through the room, "tell me who this woman is?"

From the widow's lips there burst one word—one word like a sudden bitter cry—"Joanna!"

She stretched out her arms imploringly, trying to grasp even her daughter's dress; but Miss Vaux sprang from her, and stood erect in the centre of the room; her tall figure drawn to its full height; her burning eye still turned with unutterable anger upon the crouching woman near her.

"You have dared to do this. You have dared to seek us out here, where we had hoped to hide ourselves from the scoffing of the bitter, heartless world; where we had tried by acts of charity, by suffering and penance, to blot out the recollection of the shame that you have brought upon us! Are we nowhere secure from you? What have we to do with you? You cast us off years ago."

"Sister, sister!" cried Gabrielle's imploring voice, "oh, remember, whatever she has done, that she is still our mother. Have mercy on her, for she cannot bear this!"

But sternly and coldly came Miss Vaux's answer:—

"Did she remember that we were her children when she left us? Did she remember that our father was her husband? We all loved her then—she was very dear to us—but she turned all our warm love into bitterness. She destroyed our happiness at one stroke, for ever; she blighted, without a pang, all the hope of our young lives; she branded us with a mark of shame that we can never shake off: she plunged an arrow into the heart of each of us, which lies festering there now. Are these things to be forgiven? I tell you it is impossible! I will never forgive her—I swore it by my father's deathbed—never while I live! Gabrielle, this is no place for you. Come home with me!"

"Hear me first!" the mother cried, creeping from the seat in which she had sunk

back, and cowering, with hidden face, had listened to her daughter's words, "hear me before you go! I have deserved everything—everything you can say; but oh, from you it is bitter to hear it! Oh, my daughter, listen to me!" She flung herself at Miss Vaux's feet on the bare floor.

"You speak of the sorrows I have brought upon you—the sorrow and the shame; but have they equalled what I have endured? Day and night—day and night—through months and years—fourteen long years—oh, think of it! I have wished to kill myself, but I dared not do it; I have prayed fervently to die. Oh, no, no, stay and listen to me! My last hope—my last hope in heaven and earth is only with you. Oh, my daughter! you say you loved me once—will not one spark of the old love live again? I will try yet once more to move you to pity. I have not told you all. I have not told you how, in my agony, I tried to find rest and peace; how I sought it everywhere—wandering from place to place alone, in hunger and thirst, in cold and weariness, in poverty and wretchedness; finding none anywhere, until at last, worn out with misery, I wandered here. And here I saw Gabrielle, my beautiful child, my love, my darling!"

The wan face lighted up with passionate love as she looked at her who was kneeling by her side.

"She believed me when I told her of my sorrow. She comforted me with such sweet words, that they sank like healing balm into my soul, as though an angel's voice had spoken them. Do not take her from me!"

"Mother, do not fear," Gabrielle's soothing voice whispered, "I will stay with you—did I not promise it?"

"Gabrielle!" cried Miss Vaux. "Come with me, and leave her. The tie that once bound us to her she herself has severed for ever: we have nothing further to do with her. Gabrielle, come!"

"I cannot come! She is my mother. I cannot leave her."

"And we are your sisters. To whom do you owe most? We have watched over you through your life; we have shielded you from sorrow; we have loved you almost with the love that *she* ought to have given you. You have been the single joy that we have had for years. Have you no love to give us in return for all we have given you? Oh, Gabrielle—my sister, I pray you!—I, who am so little used to entreat any one, I pray you for the sake of the love we have borne you—for the sake of the honour that is still left us—for the sake of all that you hold sacred—come, come back with us!"

A low moan burst from the mother's lips; for Gabrielle, weeping bitterly, rose from her knees, and threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Heaven bless you for this!" Miss Vaux exclaimed; but, interrupting her in a broken voice, Gabrielle cried, "You do not understand me. I cannot return with you! No, sister. Anything—anything else I will do, but I cannot forsake her in her penitence! Can you do it yourself? Oh, sister, will you not take her home?"

"I will not!"

There was a long pause, broken once or twice by the deep sobs that seemed bursting the mother's heart. Then Miss Vaux spoke again, earnestly, even imploringly:

"Gabrielle, I ask you once more, for the last time, to return with me. Foolish child, think what you are doing. You are bringing down your father's dying curse upon your head—you are piercing the hearts of those who love you with new and bitter sorrow; you are closing—wilfully closing—against yourself the door that is still open to receive you: you are making yourself homeless—a wanderer—perhaps a beggar. Oh, my dear sister Gabrielle, think once more—think of all this!"

"Sister, spare me further: your words wound me; but I have decided, and I cannot return with you. My mother's home is my home."

"Then I say no more," Miss Vaux exclaimed, while her whole figure shook. "May God forgive you for what you do this day!"

The door closed, and Gabrielle and her mother were left alone.

Gently and lovingly Gabrielle raised her from the ground, led her to her seat, and tried to calm and soothe her—though she wept herself the while—with cheerful, tender words:

"Mother, are you not glad to have me with you—your own little Gabrielle? You said it would make you happy, and yet see how you are weeping! Hush, mother dear, hush! I will be always with you now, to nurse you, and take care of you, and comfort you, and you will get strong and well soon; and some day, mother, some day perhaps their hearts will soften, and they will forgive us both, and take us home to them, and we will all live again together, loving one another." And Gabrielle tried to smile through the tears that were falling still.

"My child, I am weak and selfish," the mother said, "I should have told you to go back to your home, and to leave me; but I could not do it. Yet even now my heart is reproaching me for what I have done. How are we to live? My Gabrielle, you do not know how I have struggled and laboured, sometimes, only for a crust of bread!"

"Mother, you shall labour no more. My sisters are very just: all that is mine, they will give me. We will live on very little; we will find out some little quiet village, where no one will know who we are, or where we come from, and there we will rest together. I will never leave you more—never more until death parts us."

She hung upon her mother's neck, kissing

the pale brow and sunken cheek, and wiping away the tears that were yet falling: though more slowly and more calmly falling, now.

CHIPS.

WHAT TO TAKE TO AUSTRALIA

"The great majority of the army of emigrants who are now wildly rushing to Australia, know no more about the proper preparations and the qualities and arrangements essential for comfort on a four months' voyage, than they do of working a steam-engine, or selecting the tools for an engineer's shop. In a little book just published—"Murray's Guide to the Gold Diggings"—are some useful hints on outfit and passage, which we quote with additions from a practical and experienced source.

The common practice of an intending emigrant is to discard all he has, and set out with a bran new stock of everything. The reverse is the better plan—"Begin by mustering what you have got, and see how much will do." A single man should be in light marching order, and should endeavour to take no more clothes than he could, at a pinch, make up in a bundle and carry, groaning, on his back for a mile.

A family should take no cumbrous furniture, no pianos, no mangles, unless proceeding to settle near friends in a sea-port of the colonies where labour has become too dear to pay for making chairs and tables. A chair that folds up flat may be useful for "mamma," so may a light metal bedstead; knives and forks, pewter plates and tea-pots will be useful on the voyage, and in town or bush; so will plated articles, and many little household things that weigh little, take up no great room, and sell for nothing at an auction.

Beware of ingenious costly cabin fittings; consult some experienced sea-going friend; half the articles that look tempting in a show-room are useless at sea. It is well for a family party to have just enough to enable them to enter the first suitable empty house in Melbourne or Sydney, and commence housekeeping at once, with a trunk for a seat and a tea-chest for a table. But persons going to the interior should remember that carriage is dear at all times. Three pounds were paid in December for half a horse load, for thirty miles—to the Shoalhaven diggings over a mountain track.

Every party of not less than four should take a small three-pole tent without the poles. A workman may take his tools—a digger a navvy's spade, a pick, and a heavy crowbar; but cradles and carts, and all the heavy paraphernalia, recommended in ironmongers' lists, are better bought in the colony, to which first-rate merchants are largely shipping from the advices of their own correspondents. Half such outfits will be found useless, and half the remainder unserviceable. Clothes are nearly as cheap in the colonies as in England. They should be selected with a view to very cold as well as warm weather. The mining districts are subject to snow, sleet, and torrents of rain. A large loose coat of the best pilot cloth, made after the fashion of a soldier's great-coat down to the heels, with a large waterproof cape, loose sleeves, and capacious pockets inside, is a capital travelling companion. For Bush travelling, a full-sized blanket is indispensable.

On board ship any old trowsers, if warm or light enough, according to the weather, will do. Shoes without heels on board. In the colonies good strong Wellington boots of the best materials, and not too tight. Waterproof boots are a mistake, the water comes in at the top, and stays there until let out by a hole. In the Bush, and at the Diggings, woollen Jerseys, blue or red, are the wear, and blue-striped shirts, where woollen is not worn. In the chief towns of Australia, gentlemen dress exactly as they do in England, allowing for the difference of climate, and, except boots, the prices are about the same. Both woollen and cotton stockings are needed. Hats can be bought in the colony cheap enough; two caps, one to be blown away, will be sufficient for the voyage. The following is the lowest scale of outfit required by the Government commissioners from free passengers:

FOR MALES	FOR FEMALES
Six shirts	Six shifts
Six pairs stockings	Two flannel petticoats
Two ditto shoes	Six pair stockings
Two complete suits of exterior clothing	Two ditto shoes
	Two gowns

Towels and soap.

And they supply each emigrant, in return for the deposit of one or two pounds, with a mattrass, bolster, blankets, counterpane, canvas bag, knife, fork, and drinking mug.

In the Family Colonisation Society's ships closets are provided with cisterns, pumps, and taps, in which, with marine soap, the emigrants can wash their clothes without being seen. This saves each emigrant at least thirty shillings in outfit—for two pair of stockings will, for example, do for the voyage—and should be universally adopted, as an extra five shillings a head on the passage-money would pay the ship owner and be cheap to the emigrants. Each passenger is also required to provide a mattrass three feet by six feet for a double bed, and two feet by six feet for a single bed; and the following articles:—

Knife and fork	Half a Bath-brick
Table and tea spoons	Two sheets of sand-paper
Metal plate	Two coarse canvas aprons
Hook pot	Hammer
Drinking mug	Tacks
Water-can	Leathern straps, with buckle to secure the beds neatly on deck, when required to be aired
Washing-basin	
Two cabbage-nets	
One scrubbing-brush	
Half-a-gallon of sand	Three pounds of marine soap

all of which, except the sand, Bath-brick,

and scrubbing-brush, will be requisite for every steerage or intermediate passenger in private ships. The hammer and tacks, with a few yards of list, are most useful. It must be remembered that at sea everything not made fast with cords or nails rolls about.

Luggage should be divided thus: First—Not Wanted on Voyage; and so marked in large letters, packed in sound, watertight cases or barrels. Second—Wanted on Voyage; so marked, and will be hauled on deck, for which cording or handle is needful, about once every fortnight. Third—For Use in Cabin or Berth; for this last purpose, a bag of leather, or two small boxes easily lifted, will be found most convenient.

As to ships and stores, we may state that good ships sail from all our ports, and bad ones. First see that the ship is classed in Lloyd's Register A 1, or at any rate not lower than Æ in red ink; or, as it is called, the red diphthong. Ships not so classed may be fit for dry or damp cargoes, but not for live souls. There is no especial advantage in a very large ship over a moderate size—say from five hundred to seven hundred tons register—if there be a height of not less than six feet between decks, seven feet being better. Ships are sometimes advertised so many tons burthen, instead of register; this is a mere clap-trap deception. Tons burthen refer to cargoes of coal, or ore packed in bulk; tons register are the measurement affecting live freight. The next point is ventilation. Taking a berth in a ship to Australia is like taking apartments with no exit for four months. No man would consent to live for four months in a room without a window, and without a chimney for the escape of foul air. Many fine ships go to sea with passengers, whose berths have no windows; that is to say, in sea language, scuttles opening upon them, and no air-pipes, so that when the hatchways are shut down, in rough weather, the passengers stand the risk of being, if not quite stifled, half poisoned.

By a very simple contrivance at a trifling expense, pipes may be, and are in some ships, arranged to bring in the pure air and carry off the foul air of two hundred souls, eating, drinking, and sleeping "down stairs," as ladies call the 'tween decks. Attention to this point is essential to the health of passengers, but especially to that of young children—and young children are great incentives to emigration. Ships carrying Patent Fuel and other foul cargoes, are not healthy for intermediate passengers—as proved by an arrival last year in Adelaide of a ship-load of sick passengers.

As to provisions, there is the greatest possible difference, and the passengers must trust much to the respectability of the ship-owners and to competition. For from twenty to twenty-five pounds, something equal to the following ought to be supplied, all of the best quality:—

Weekly Dietary Scale for each Full-Grown Person.

Biscuit	per week	3 lbs.	Tea	per week	1½ oz.
Beef	do.	1 „	Coffee	do.	2 „
Pork	do.	1 „	Sugar	do.	½ lb.
Preserved meat	do.	1 „	Treacle	do.	½ „
Soup bouilli	do.	1 „	Butter	do.	½ „
Fish	do.	½ „	Cheese	do.	½ „
Flour	do.	3½ „	Oatmeal	do.	2 oz.
Raisins	do.	½ „	Lime juice	do.	1 gill
Preserved fruit	do.	½ „	Pickles	do.	1 „
Suet	do.	6 oz.	Mustard	do.	½ oz.
Peas	do.	½ of a pint.	Salt	do.	2 „
Rice	do.	½ lb.	Pepper	do.	½ „
Preserved potatoes		½ „	Water	do.	5 galls. 1 qt.
Carrots	do.	½ „	Ditto, each Infant		1 gal. 3 qts.

A wicker-covered stone or glass bottle will be found handy for keeping the supply of water. Thirst is better removed by washing out the mouth and lips than by drinking, when water is scarce. Fathers of families, when making bargains for their children, must take care, or they will get only half or quarter-rations for growing boys and girls, and the same space for the same proportion of price. In the tropics, the children are constantly crying for drink.

A written engagement with the broker is advisable, specifying the name of ship; date at which it is to sail from London and Plymouth, or other port; the exact berth or cabin; and the scale of provisions, and the quantity of luggage allowed, exclusive of the space in the cabin or berth, which ought not to be charged for. All this, if settled with a respectable broker, will save many disputes. Parties have been put to much expense by being compelled to stay, day after day, at the port of embarcation at an hotel or lodging, after the date fixed by advertisement for the sailing of the ship. The amount of luggage allowed each passenger is calculated by superficial feet, a mysterious mode of measurement to the uninitiated. Some brokers include in the allowance of luggage that carried in the cabin:—a most unjustifiable charge, under which a gentleman lately found a man in his cabin measuring not only his cot and violin-case, but his packets of lamp candles.

It is as well to visit the ship before any of your baggage is sent on board, and see that all is as agreed upon; persons going on board at the last moment have found their chosen berths in the possession of a stranger, and themselves condemned to a sort of Black-hole, without air or light. Second class and steerage passengers should see that they have some room for exercise after the cabin passengers and cargo have been attended to. In some ships no space is left. An airy cabin for a hospital is an essential point.

Among extra stores for comfort on the voyage, it is well to name effervescing powders, a few pickles, a bottle of really good lime juice (that usually supplied to emigrants is horrible stuff), a few boxes of sardines or anchovies or potted herrings, and a little tea and sugar of the best quality, for use when

the cook or steward is not ready to serve any out.

On the day the ship sails there is often so much confusion, and the cook is frequently so drunk, that there are no meals to be had: it is therefore well to provide a sort of pic-nic provision in a basket for the first day's dinner and supper.

With these precautions, good-temper, good-nature, and a quiet tongue, the voyage to Australia may be made pleasantly and economically.

A PLAY IN A GREAT MANY ACTS.

I TRUST the benevolent reader never heard of the Sieur Lonvay De Lasaussaye. To biographical dictionaries of all times and nations he is utterly unknown. I have no knowledge of him whatever. He may have been short or tall, dark or fair; and yet he was a man who made some noise, I should think, in his day. In his own opinion, I happen to know, he was one of the cleverest fellows in France. A dramatic poet he must have been, of the most astonishing perseverance; a prose writer, of considerable force and neatness; amiable, if fortune had been a little more propitious; but almost insane in his wrath at neglected merit, and his contempt for the theatrical profession. When a man is insanely angry, and has the power of expressing his anger, he is certain to be entertaining; the insanity evaporates under the cold treatment of types and ink, and only the anger remains. All the people he speaks of have long been dead—actors and actresses, kings and gentlemen of the chamber—and Lonvay De Lasaussaye himself. Of him he speaks most and best—and of his play; his one play, that was to have made him immortal and rich: it made him poor, I am afraid, and certainly did nothing for his fame. No man knoweth his sepulchre. All that has come down of him is an account of a lawsuit in which he was engaged, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end, but in which we learn the struggles, fears, hopes, vanities, and disappointments, that must have made him old before his time, and probably rendered the greater part of his life unhappy. So, Lonvay De Lasaussaye assumes a human appearance, and becomes known to us as the author of an unsuccessful drama. The records of the law have more startling incidents, and more deeply involved plots, than the lawsuit of our playwriting friend; but none that let us so entirely into the inner life of a theatre, and the relations existing between actor and author, as the "*Mémoire à consulter*" of the injured Lonvay, "*contre la Troupe des Comédiens Français ordinaires du Roi.*"

Their offence had, indeed, been great. With a tremendous exertion of wit and learning, the plaintiff had written a play, in three acts, and in prose, called "Alcidonis; or, a Day at Lacedæmon." Correct and classical, as fitted the work of a gentleman and scholar, it was sent to the theatre for perusal; but either its Spartan simplicity did not please the performers, or the author was not polite enough to the favourite actress, or the manuscript was difficult to read, or the fates in some other way were hostile to his hopes, and for several years it lay neglected in the prompter's drawer. The rules of the Comédie Française required a new piece to be recommended by some one actor before it could be submitted to the general company. In obedience to this rule he furnished himself with a patron—whose patronage, however, seems not to have been of the most active kind—and for four years left no art untried to have his work brought on the stage. "The patience and politeness," he says, "which are natural to me, were exhausted by this long delay. Disgusted at last with the obstacles, the put-offs, the lying excuses, with which I was encountered, I gave up all chance of a representation, and determined to appeal to the public against the partialities and injustice of the Theatre. The play was written in 1761; it was sent to the actors in 1764; I printed it in 1768."

He seems to have "shamed the rogues" by this bold proceeding. "The journals," he says, "were favourable, and the interest of the actors, less blind than their taste, made some of them think that "Alcidonis," after all, might not be unworthy of the Théâtre Français. But from one misfortune I fell into another. Actors, of all men, have the greatest amount of vanity, whether because they are foolish enough to confound themselves with the great personages they represent, or because the perpetual praise they meet with ends by intoxicating them. This I sadly experienced in my attempt to conciliate their good humour, for the sake of my play. In order to justify their former disapproval, they recommended the most absurd alterations, and told me that if these were done, "Alcidonis" should certainly be played. By a ridiculous exchange of places between actor and author, the most wretched stick considers himself qualified to give his advice on the composition of a drama, as if a few hours' strutting on the stage entitled an ignoramus—and the general run of players have no education at all—to look down on the greatest efforts of the human mind; and actresses are, if possible, worse. The embarrassment of my situation may easily be guessed. I had only to choose between the most ludicrous suggestions and the rejection of my play. I know not if my docility should be held up as an example for writers for the stage. If they have not the courage to sacrifice themselves as I did, they will not be accepted; if they do, they will be disfigured. For me, I was satisfied, like some heroic soldier, to take the town I besieged, though with the loss of an arm or a leg."

At this point of the narrative we feel a

glow of satisfaction. Here, after a seven years' battle, the victory is gained. We shall hurry off to the theatre and await impatiently the rising of the curtain. "Alcidonis" has at length achieved the object of her life, and we shall see the gallant Spartans in their habits as they lived, and perhaps we shall at last come to the certain knowledge of what their black broth was made of. The reader will scarcely believe that we have five more years to wait. The Sieur Lonvay De Lasaussaye's hair begins to get grey. He has poured out his life into those three acts. He has made all the alterations required. The comic man has become sedate and lacrymose to suit a new performer who excels in the solemn; the short kilt of another has been changed for a flowing toga, as the performer labours under bandy legs. "Alcidonis" is advanced in years; for her representative has left off the juvenile heroines, and undertakes only deserted wives of thirty-three, or, at the most, maiden ladies of twenty-seven. The original hero has lost his teeth, and now is the "heavy father;" the original child of twelve years old is now twenty-four, and about to make her husband happy for the third time. Twelve years have changed everything except the undying ambition of the Sieur Lonvay and the unalterable vanities of the *corps dramatique*.

"Three times," he says, "they had promised me to bring out the play; three times they had made me pay for the music and the writing out of the parts; and three times they forfeited their words on different pretexts. Sometimes it was a *début* that had to take place; sometimes it was something else.

"I had made up my mind to every sacrifice; and my facility only made the actors worse. Some threw up their parts without any reason; some on the most ridiculous pretences; and others did not scruple to insult me in the grossest manner. But worse than this, they ran me into the most absurd expenses. I had recommended, for instance, that no gold or silver should appear among the Spartans. This was in strict accordance with history, of which, however, the performers were, probably, profoundly ignorant; but there was a stronger reason for it than this—that the very plot of the piece depends on the Lacedæmonian Law, by which no freeman is permitted to wear either silver or gold. What do you think they did to conform to this recommendation? They bespangled the dresses of my characters. Instead of bucklers of copper, and spears tipt with iron, they gave them coats of armour brilliantly gilt or silvered; and to complete the absurdity, they ornamented the warriors' shields with rubies and precious stones."

Poor, vain, harassed, pompous, and most ill-used Sieur Lonvay De Lasaussaye! after eighty years of oblivion, to have all your griefs and oppressions recorded by your own hand! Delayed for twelve years; insulted by the actors; mimicked by the candle-snuffers, and held in hopeless contempt by the call-boy; how strong within you must have glowed the love of dramatic fame! What visions by night and day must have risen before you of shouting theatres; the boxes crowded, the pit rising in a tempest of excitement, like a great sea in storm, the galleries tumultuous, and the treasurer drawing an enormous cheque to repay you for all your troubles, sorrows, insults, and disappointments. I will merely call the reader's attention to the painful fact, that the recalcitrant company had it in its power to ruin the aspiring author by the costliness of dresses and decorations, of which, it will appear in the sequel, a large proportion fell to his share. I pass on, in the meantime, to the result of this incubation of so many years.

"After such tricks and insolences, at last came the day of execution; *eh! Dieu*," he adds, "*quelle exécution!* Every word that had been left in my play as it was written, and had been printed in 1768, was listened to with great applause; all that the comedians had added or altered was very ill received. The greater part of the actors, being hostile to me, mumbled their parts rather than spoke them, or gave a different meaning to my words. One of them came up to me and had the politeness to express a very unfavourable opinion of my play. I replied that many persons of sense and talent thought quite otherwise. 'Oh, then,' said he, 'it follows that I am a fool!' The logical conclusion was so evident, that I had nothing to say against it, and left him to the enjoyment of his reasoning powers. Another, on giving out the play for future representation, dexterously misplaced his words, and produced a great shout of laughter by announcing, instead of a *new piece in prose*, a *piece in new prose*. It was a poor triumph, I thought, and many persons of my acquaintance were greatly offended at his buffoonery. However, it was acted four nights. I then wished to withdraw it for alterations and restorations. They persisted in running it the fifth night, and declared it was forfeited to them by the rules of the theatre, and that I had no farther property in my own play."

Up to this point the Sieur Lonvay has evidently the worst of it. Alcidonis, I have no doubt, was as stupid and unimpassioned as Lycurgus could desire; but there seems little room for a law-suit, even under the advice of a jury of attornies. Now, however, comes the curious part of this antediluvian process. The laws regulating the Théâtre Français are quoted as if they were Acts of Parliament. The mode in which authors were paid is clearly expressed, and it is for the purpose of giving these and other details illustrative of the stage of Louis the Fifteenth, that I have unrolled the dramatic mummy, and made him once more revisit the glimpses of the lamps.

In the days of our fathers, the Reynolds'

and Inchbalds were paid by the net receipts of the third, ninth, and twentieth nights, as might be agreed on between them and the manager; at the present time an author is paid either by a sum of money at once, or by an amount spread over a certain number of nights; and in all cases the power of ceasing to present the play is in the hands of the management. If the sum be three hundred pounds, spread over thirty nights, should the run be so long, it is clear that the theatre must produce ten pounds a night above its usual receipts, in order to secure the author his payment. But in Paris the case was different. The manager and the actors had nothing to do with the price of the play, or the number of nights it might run. A rescript of the king in 1757 transferred the entire direction of the Theatre to the First Gentlemen of the Chamber. They were to legislate as well as govern; and, in a short time, a code of laws was published by which the interests, rights, and duties, of all parties were clearly defined.

A play, in five acts, was paid every night a ninth part of the clear receipts; in three acts, a twelfth; and in one act, an eighteenth. The clear receipts were the amount in the theatre, exclusive of one fourth which went to the poor and the hospitals, the nightly expenses of the house, and the payment of such supernumeraries—soldiers, citizens, nobles, and others—as were required in the drama.

If, however, it happened that any two nights consecutively, or any three nights in the course of its run, the clear receipts fell below twelve hundred francs, the property in the piece escheated to the company.

But here there seems a great oversight in the First Gentlemen of the Chamber. There was no check-taker appointed to see what the receipts were; and differences must often have arisen from the want of an officer of the kind. In the case of our friend the Sieur Lonvay, there arose a tremendous conflict between the accounts. The comedians sent in a bill, making so many deductions for ordinary and extraordinary expenses, inclusive of gilded Lacedæmonian shields, that the unhappy author, on the first four nights' balance sheet, was brought in a debtor of one hundred and one francs, eight sous.

He discovered an omission in the comedians' summary, which turned the tables on them with a vengeance. They had given no credit for the private boxes, which, though taken by the year, clearly, in law and equity, ought to be counted at their proportionate value each night. This not only squared the account, but brought in the Sieur Lonvay a creditor to the extent of seven hundred and nineteen francs, ten sous. This also raised the nightly receipts above the fatal sum of twelve hundred francs each representation; and a lawsuit seems to have been entered into, that in all likelihood lasted longer than his twelve years' siege of the stage, to determine to which of the contending parties the play of "Alcidonis" belonged.

Let us dip into the green-room of the Français in 1770, and see how an author was received, and the ordeal he had (and, we believe, still has) to pass. The forty-sixth clause of the theatrical code provides that the stage manager shall furnish each actor and actress with three beans; one white, for approval, one black, for rejection, and one coloured, for acceptance with alterations. "When each performer, in order of seniority, shall have discussed the merits of the play, or made such suggestions as the reading has given rise to, the decision shall be taken by ballot, and the result communicated to the author.

"If any changes have been proposed they shall be explained to the author by the stage manager.

"If the author submits to these recommendations, he can demand a second reading under the same regulations as the former; and the decision will be given at once by a white or black bean.

"After this, if the play is accepted, the Comedians must fix a day for bringing it out, and keep to their agreement on pain of a severe fine."

A dreadful trial had our poor friend the Sieur Lonvay to go through. Imagine him present at the reading—the object of intense dissatisfaction to the whole assembly, listening to the disparaging remarks of the young lover, and the second old man, and the black-eyed chambermaid, and the first Tragédienne. Think how he listened to the rattle of the beans as they fell like lumps of ice into the box. Then, after all this agony, remember his four nights of doubtful success; his fifth of indubitable failure; his years of wrangle about the money; his lawsuit for all his days—and wonder, not at the decadence of the stage, but that any human being has the supernatural courage to compose a play!

CHINA WITH A FLAW IN IT.

The case of Pien-tih (Celestial Virtue) *versus* Yih-chu, Emperor of China, which is at present being argued in the central land, may be decided in a way that will affect very much the interests of European nations. The plot of a drama that is now being performed in Asia, the story of a formidable effort to subvert the Tartar dynasty, and place a pure Chinese upon the throne of China, should be well known to the English, since Britannia takes a large part in the play. Britannia has just now engagements as a leading actress in more Asiatic performances than one; although the theatre of which we are just now about to speak, is one upon whose stage she is not known to be at present acting.

Two hundred and ten years ago, a superstitious, weak man, the last emperor of the Chinese dynasty of Ming, wrote upon paper

his distress at the loss of his empire, pitied his subjects, condemned his mandarins to death, then hacked his daughter's arm in a high-minded attempt to kill her; and going out into the imperial garden, hung himself upon a tree. His prime minister hung himself, and his wives hung themselves in pious emulation. The Mantchou Tartar, who with a seven-pointed charter of grievances had invaded China, held possession of the throne. Eighty thousand men, and women, and children, of the reigning race of Ming, perished in the lifetime of a generation.

A Tartar dynasty was seated on the throne, and ordered Chinamen, on penalty of death, to shave their heads like Tartars, and acquire a pride in pigtails. Before that time the Chinese were proud of cultivating long black hair; and one of the names, says Semedo, by which China was known among neighbours, was the Kingdom of the Black-Haired People. Many resisting the obnoxious order would not allow their hair to be cut at the roots, but preferred that the entire head should be taken with it; nevertheless, in time the custom spread, and as the Tartar dynasty retained its seat upon the throne, the enforced practice of head-shaving came to be quietly followed as a necessary national observance.

Until this time, the Tartars have retained their place; but at this time it is doubtful how far they retain their power. Here are men declaring that the race of Ming is not extinct, and that they will restore it to its old position; one of the rebel chiefs, throwing his tail to the winds, and burying his razor, triumphs in the epithet of hairy. On the pages of a history of China, dynasty is to be seen following dynasty—two hundred years make a fair term to the power of a single race in an empire that is, on the whole, brisk at rebellion. It will not be wonderful, therefore, if in our own immediate day the London newspapers inform us suddenly some morning, that the young Tartar emperor, Yih-chu, has been ousted by a rival of pure Chinese blood. The existing chances are against Yih-chu, and certainly in favour of the rebels.

The Emperor Taou-kwang, who succeeded Kia-king in 1821, was troubled like his predecessor with plots and dissensions in his empire, but in his reign there occurred the mightiest event in Chinese history—the war with England. That war, in its origin, was not a great matter for boasting, and in its progress offered so little trouble to the British arms, was so purely and literally an illustration of the threadbare proverb about a bull in a china shop, that it will suffice if Mr. Bull exalts his horns the least part of an inch in triumph over what he has been doing. The introduction into China of European civilisation, the opening of the country to missionaries and merchants, has been comfortably looked upon by European nations as a blessing more than an equivalent for any losses that the Chinese may have had. The government of China has been beaten and beggared, but if its wits be brightened, what of that? For an Asiatic state to be well thrashed by Europeans must conduce greatly to its future good, and to the total prospects of humanity.

Taking the matter, however, on its own ground, we are disposed to doubt whether the evil of the Chinese war will lead to so much good as our conceit in the character of Europeans caused us to imagine. No wonders have happened in the way of commerce with the external world, and the internal state of China, since the war, and in consequence of the war, seems to have become utterly wretched. We have at hand a work lately published by our excellent plenipotentiary Sir John F. Davis upon "China during the war and since the peace." Depending for recent facts upon this trustworthy informant, we propose now to make out as concisely as we can the chain of events by which the opium war is connected with the internal distractions of the Chinese empire, and the struggle between Yih-chu and Tien-tih, which remains at this hour, probably, undecided.

Before the war with England the Chinese were very ignorant of European ways, and knew little or nothing of European geography. They had no clearer idea of the distance between Manchester and Liverpool, than many of us have of the distance between Ladak and Penjinsk. At the first coming of the English with a hostile front, Yukien, governor of Keang-soo—to the Keang-soo people our ignorance of their province might seem very laughable—Yukien declared "I look upon these enemies as mere bulrushes, having from my youth upwards read military treatises, and spread the terror of my name myriads of miles through Turkistan." If the English "dare to come to our shores," he says, "they will be like the moth in the candle, or the fish in the net." Nobody is to let himself be disturbed about these robbers, "who will instantly be put down by the military."

The lesson taught to the Chinese by contest with European power, when they themselves proved to be moths in the candle and fishes in the net, may, from some points of view, be considered salutary, but as the examples are so very rare (if there be any) of benefit that has accrued to natives by the succumbing of their country before European power, with all our self-contentment we may feel a doubt whether the blessings of war have been realised by the Chinese, and whether it is not by quieter and purer methods that the real influence of civilisation has to be extended.

Some of the Chinese in their ignorance even conceived the idea of removing the seat of war to London. "The Russians," said one of their writers, "are now our friends; their territory is not very far from the English, and joins ours. We should, therefore, spend thirty millions of taels in raising a daring army, and

march directly through the Russian country to England. By carrying the war home to them, and occupying their own country, we should for ever banish them from our shores." Doubtless the writer had in his mind a fine picture of a Chinese army scaling London Wall. As for the English army on the Chinese coast, the Emperor directed Keshen to send "the heads of the rebellious barbarians to Peking in baskets;" and Keshen judiciously replied: "I bear them many a grudge for the difficulties with which they have surrounded me, and only abide my time for exterminating them—whenever it can be done."

Before the Opium War the Chinese people were not allowed to carry firearms, or to purchase iron, except under restrictions which would put a check on its conversion into weapons. During the war the exigencies of defence caused the authorities to urge the people into troops of volunteer militia. The bad fighting of the Chinese soldiers, and the absurdly vainglorious misrepresentations of the Chinese leaders, are sufficiently notorious. The armed people became in a large proportion plunderers, who took advantage of all hours of licence for the commission of detestable excesses. The experience of the English in the Chinese War led them very much to prefer the Tartars to the native Chinamen; they were both braver and more reasonable enemies. "Throughout the war and subsequent pacification," says Sir John Davis, "the implacable hostility, the obstinate persistence, and unwillingness to yield a single point, were, with only a few exceptions, displayed by the mandarins of CHINESE extraction; while the moderate advice, and ultimately the peace itself, were the work of Mantchou TARTARS." If it should hereafter appear, as possibly it may, that the chief result of the Opium War is the overthrow of Tartar influence, and the restoration of the dynasty of Ming, or any other set of Chinese emperors, then it will be pretty certain that the prospects of a friendly commerce with China have not been cleared, but rather clouded, by our thunder.

The arming of the people was the first step towards the internal contest that is just now occupying Tartars and Chinese. Many such proclamations as the following, by Yukien, were issued during the war: "The barbarians have become outrageous, taken possession of Tinghae, slain our mandarins and soldiers, and committed such excesses as to raise a general indignation against them. You, the inhabitants of these districts, have always been famed for bravery, and I now call upon the strongest and most martial among you, to take up arms on your own account in order to repel the enemy. *Assemble from your villages with every possible weapon*, and repair to this station, that I may despatch you to accomplish the work of destruction. Every one enlisting in the militia will receive three hundred tchen a day" (something under two shillings), "and honours and emoluments will wait those who can kill the foreign banditti."

Robbers on land and pirates on the sea, more numerous than they had ever before been, pillaged and murdered their more quiet countrymen after the conclusion of the peace. Against the humiliation implied by the terms of peace the war party, headed by the literati, protested loudly. "An army," said one of them to the Emperor, "has retreated along the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang; the Great Canal is in the possession of the enemy; and the Commissioners even dare to report that Nanking would not be tenable! Instead of inspiring awe and terror, they lose themselves utterly in fear and trepidation, and engage to pay the English above twenty millions in dollars—a sum which is nearly a year's revenue. They, moreover, open to them five ports, and cede territory in order to obtain peace. In addition to this, they likewise crave that the conventions which they have concluded may have the impress of the imperial seal, just as if a debtor were going to give a bond, or the seller of property drawing up a deed! Can such men be aware of what dynasty they serve; and will not the tributary states on hearing of this, look with contempt upon China? This is the detriment which has accrued to the majesty of the empire."

The detriment which has accrued to the majesty of the empire has brought the imperial powers into contempt. The people, during the Opium War, heard the great boastings of the generals, and saw how constantly they ran away; they felt that the Emperor could not defend them, and they who were themselves in arms felt that for all excesses that they might commit, and did commit, there was no law strong enough to bring them to account. Authority fell into contempt. The cost of the defence against the English taxed to the utmost the imperial resources; and when they were still further taxed during the peace to pay for the expense of the attack by which they had been subdued, the Emperor was fairly smothered with pecuniary difficulties, and forced into shifts and schemes of the most perilous description. We will trace presently the consequences which have followed upon such beginnings of the peace. Before we inquire, however, in how far China is the worse for the late war—let us see by how much Europe is the better.

By the commercial treaty between England and China, it was provided, on the one hand, that the advantages secured by it to one European state were to be the common property of all; and on the other hand it was stipulated, that any future additional advantages that might be granted to another state should be considered as extending to the English also. The chief commercial objections to the nature of our former intercourse

with China that have been removed by the English treaty, were the following:—

1. The confinement of trade to the single port of Canton, at the southern extremity of China, far from the tea districts.

It was provided by the treaty, that four ports should be open to our trade in addition to Canton: Amoy and Foo-chow-foo in Fokien province, Ning-po in Che-keang and Shanghae in Keang-nan.

2. The restriction of the privilege of trading with foreigners to a small body of Canton monopolists called the Hong merchants.

It was provided by the treaty that the privileges of Hong merchants should cease, and that we should trade at the five ports with anybody.

3. The oppressive burthens upon foreign trade and fiscal regulations generally.

It was provided by the treaty that there should be a fair and permanent tariff on export and import duties. On this head it ought to be noted, that no article at present entering China is taxed by the Chinese at more than five per cent. of its value, while we repress with a duty of two hundred per cent. the admission of tea into England.

4. Inequality of the Chinese law in its bearing upon foreigners and natives.

It was provided by the treaty that the subjects of England in China should be amenable only to English law, under direction of consuls at the five ports, and the plenipotentiary.

5. Conceits of superiority displayed by the Chinese in holding intercourse with foreigners.

It was provided by the treaty that officers of similar rank in the two countries should correspond on terms of perfect equality.

The treaty obtained by the Americans included all these points, and added a few business privileges to which the English by their compact then became also entitled. It was provided for example,—

That a vessel having once paid her tonnage dues, might go from one of the five ports to another, without being required to pay them a second time.

That a vessel might remain two days at any of the five ports without paying tonnage dues, if she discharged none of her cargo.

That any merchant ship, having landed her cargo and paid the duties thereon, might re-ship any portion of the landed goods and take them to another port for sale, with a certificate exempting them from a second payment of duties.

That Chinese subjects might teach the language of the country, and that the free purchase of all Chinese books might be legalised.

In the French treaty, there was included another important article, namely, that ships of war, cruising for the protection of commerce, should be received in a friendly manner not only in the five, but in all ports of China at which they might touch.

It was further agreed on all sides, that twelve years after the exchange of ratifications, the treaty might be revised through ministers appointed for that purpose by the respective governments. This revision of the Chinese treaty will become due, therefore, in the year 1855, and the peaceful accord of the chief European states in making their requests for the alteration of such plans as have not been found to work well in practice, may lead to very good results, if the internal condition of China be not by that time too seriously altered for the worse.

Russia has increased her overland trade with China on the north; Chinese and Usbeck merchants meet the Russian traders at Kiachta and Kokand, where the Russians sell at a loss large quantities of thick blue cloth, to buy in return tea that will produce an ample profit. After traversing deserts, huge piles, yearly increasing, of this Russian cloth are to be found for sale in Chinese shops at an exceedingly low price. On the other hand, the tea and brick tea bought at Kiachta for seven million dollars, will realise eighteen millions at the fair of Nischegorod, and so the Russian merchants are well satisfied. Russia has courteously made it death to introduce opium over the land frontiers into China. The opium trade along the coast has been connived at, though not legalised, by the Chinese Government ever since the war. Russia declines to trade by sea to the five open ports. Its establishment at Pekin for acquiring the language has been enlarged into a political centre, and a diplomatic envoy from Russia, it is said, has taken up a good position in the Chinese capital. Possibly, in 1855, we too may ask leave to have a political resident established at Pekin.

Our trade with China, since the war, has not increased with any great rapidity. The Chinese authorities do what they can to force the teas down to the port of Canton, where the people are riotous, the geographical situation is inconvenient, and the harbour is bad; ships cannot approach the town itself, but anchor at Whampoa, eight or nine miles lower down. Canton being, moreover, the old trading port to which old-fashioned traders, whose ideas run in a groove, have always been accustomed, ships are still sent out to Canton, that might be dispatched much more wisely to Shanghae.

During the first four years after the opening of the ports, the value of British exports and imports to and from Canton, fell from seven or eight to five or six millions sterling. The exports and imports to and from Amoy never reached two hundred thousand pounds. Foo-chow-foo, which was granted by the Chinese with difficulty, was found absolutely worthless as a port. It was occasionally tried in 1845, and then abandoned by the traders altogether. At Ningpo, the exports and imports were worth, in 1844, a sum of about a hundred thousand pounds, which dropped in

the next year to twenty-seven thousand, and was only twelve thousand in 1847. Shanghae, little tried in 1844, was soon found to be by far the best of the five ports. It is near the tea districts, the inhabitants are very friendly, and the ships can ride close under the town. The value of British trade at Shanghae was represented by about two millions in the year 1845, but in 1847 it had not increased. At the end of the first four years after the ratification of our commercial treaty with China, the exports and imports had not increased at all, but were in the last year of the period a hundred and thirty-five thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight pounds less than in the first. Perhaps when the treaty comes to be revised, we may get another port or two in place of the stagnating Ning-po, and the stagnant Foo-chow-foo. At present, however, it is very certain that the commercial gain to this country following upon our war with China has yet to be realized. We are scarcely richer for the cannonading of the mat-forts and the sinking of the nutshell fleets; let us turn now to the Chinese, and see how much they are the better for our European lessons from the cannon's mouth.

We have spoken of the arming of large masses of the Chinese people into a militia, and of the prostration of the powers of the Chinese government. The leaders of the popular force against the English at Canton, trained their followers and instituted democratic assemblages for the discussion of state matters, and re-organisation of measures of defence. They who entered these associations no longer obeyed the government officers, but their own chiefs. They were powerful enough to expel Yu, the Prefect of Canton, from his office, and they were indignant at the treaty of Nanking. They set fire to the British factories. They attacked the American quarter because the American representative had put an arrow as a vane upon his flagstaff, and the superstitious people took it for a charm to produce sickness in any direction to which it might point. The North-western provinces were permitted to join the armed association. A year after the peace, Chinkentsae inquired into the state of the associated peasantry, and reported to the emperor that their means were so perfect, and their preparations were so complete that nothing need be apprehended for the future. The names of leaders were transmitted to Pekin, with an offer from the South-eastern districts to form a similar association. The offer was graciously received, and the whole movement assisted to the utmost. The central society at Canton met in a hall belonging to the temple of Confucius, received reports from corresponding societies, and formed, in fact, an independent league.

The excesses of the populace of Canton caused an armed visit in 1847, which placed the inhabitants of the English quarter on a more comfortable footing, and led to the blocking up of "Hog Lane," a street of hovels through which the rioters had been accustomed to penetrate, and through which the British quarter was fired in 1843.

In addition to the popular associations called into existence by the exigencies of the war, there have long existed in China secret societies, under such names as "The Triad," "The Water Lily," &c., with the professed object of restoring the Ming dynasty. These societies have mystic rules and a conventional language; they bind their members to close fellowship and secrecy; in many districts they have long since degenerated into bands of outlawed men and robbers, although they all originated in patriotic motives. The members of these societies, pricking their fingers, smeared themselves with blood when they were initiated, and swore never to abandon their principles and objects, to restore the Chinese empire, be revenged upon the Tartars, reveal no common secrets to their nearest kindred, and be brothers to one another. By the help of these societies, riots and troubles have been excited at different times in all parts of China, since the close of the war with us revealed the weakness of the government; but the worst troubles have arisen in the southern provinces. Banditti increased; and the militia raised by the people to resist them, being raised out of their own funds, the people used their arms also in disputing the right of the government to taxes for a defence which it was unable to afford.

The old emperor, Taou-kwang, was an emperor in difficulties. To the exhausting expenses of the war were added the twenty-one million of dollars payable for peace to England. The government had already forestalled a large part of its revenues, trade had been impeded on the belcaguered coast, the receipt of customs was diminished, while the people, hindered in their peaceful occupations, were less able to pay taxes than ever, to say nothing at all of their general unwillingness, and power to dispute the claims of the collectors. The misery was heightened by the accident of an unusually wet year. The Yang-tse-kiang and Yellow River flooded several provinces; in Honan the floods swept away the walls of the metropolis, Kae-foong-foo. There were no funds to apply for public works of drainage; nothing was done towards repairing the injury inflicted; the devastated land was thrown out of use; no land-tax — the chief source of Chinese revenue — could be levied on it; and the occupants were left to complain loudly of neglect.

The Emperor in difficulties, endeavouring to levy funds for payment of the expense incurred by England in the Chinese war, then called for patriotic aids from wealthy people, and gave to them in return nominal rank, and distinctions of etiquette. This system succeeded for a time; but as the number who obtained distinction in this way multiplied, the nominally distinguished became so

undistinguishable in the common crowd, that new devices were essential.

The Emperor in his distress proposed the hazardous plan of selling civil offices for money. Hitherto it is well known that in China the immemorial practice has been to cultivate a literary class, and to make promotion in civil offices strictly dependent upon intellectual ability. The *literati* have thus become a body of the greatest influence and importance in China; and the whole body was insulted and aggrieved when the Emperor deprived them of the hope that by skill and study they, or any Chinese who would do as they had done, might come to hold high office in the state. Offices were to be sold for money. There is no nation that respects wealth less as a merit than the Chinese, because distinctions and ranks have for ages in that country represented various degrees of education.

When it was announced that civil offices were saleable, there appeared so many purchasers to make deposit of their money, that they presently began to calculate that it would take ten years to supply all candidates with the places they had booked and paid for, unless vacancies occurred more frequently than usual. The educated class, therefore, was not more aggrieved than a large body of the monied men. To still the clamour of the purchasers, the Emperor and his advisers were on the alert to make the vacancies as numerous as possible. The slightest misconduct was excuse for the dismissal of a civil officer, and the putting of an impatient expectant in his seat. As the dismissed men had obtained their offices by the old test of education, and were turned out to make room for men with money, these proceedings greatly tended to increase the disaffection, and to alienate the lettered men—the most influential body in the empire—from a weak and failing government that had fallen already too much into popular contempt. But the extremity was urgent; the fear of British men-of-war was great; our "China money" must be paid, though it could be paid only with the heart-blood of the Chinese empire.

By these steps China descended to its present state of internal dissension. Criminals were pardoned for money. To save money, members of the learned class were deprived of the fixed stipend which had always before paid their expenses to the place of public examination. Inhabitants of valleys in Honan, that were reduced by the floods to the condition of marshes or lakes, petitioned earnestly for aid; but Government could not afford to listen to their prayers.

On the 25th of February, 1850, the old Emperor of China died after a reign of about thirty years, and was succeeded by his fourth son, Yih-chu, then under twenty years of age. The substitution of a young and inexperienced for a mature hand, and the young man's unwise dismissal of the most experienced ministers, added greatly to the extent and activity of the spirit of insurrection.

In the middle of 1850 a rebellion broke out in the province of Kwang-se. The leader of this movement, Leting-pang, inscribed on his banners "Extermination to the Tartar and Restoration of the Ming Dynasty." The revolt spread, small towns were captured, and the district of Ho-chow was occupied, government troops were beaten. New leaders arose. One styled himself on his banners Ping Toing Wang, "the King who subdues the Tartars;" another took the name of "Hairy Head," rejecting the Tartar tonsure. At the end of 1850, a Chinese official thus reported to the Emperor the devastations in Kwang-se: "The outlaws have continued to increase in number; officers have been killed by them in their encounters, and they have taken up different positions, mustering thousands at each. The inhabitants pillaged, from first to last, amount to many tens of thousands of families. Hundreds of thousands of fields and lands were lying waste, producing nothing for lack of cultivation. The communications were blocked up, and all the approaches by land and water occupied by the rebels, so that the supplies of Government could not pass."

In 1851 the rebellion in Kwang-se extended to the Canton province, and became the rebellion in "the two Kwang." The expense of the contest with the rebels further distracted the administrators of the ruinous imperial revenue.

The news which arrived in June, 1851, informed us that the troubles were increasing, that a leader in Kwang-se had named the present year the first of Tien-tih, "Celestial Virtue," and had issued copper coin in that name, at the same time that he invited members of the educated classes to come forward and take office under him. The next news told us that the capital of Kwang-se had been sacked, and that the rebellion in the two Kwang, had become the rebellion in the two Kwang, Hoonan, and Keang-se. Tien-tih was afterwards to be heard of as proclaiming to the people that, if his rule triumphed, "the land would become happy, and the governors honest as those in ancient times." At the beginning of the present year, the Emperor's troops continued to be worsted in their contests with the rebels. For the ultimate result of the doubtful struggle, we must look to the news brought by forthcoming overland mails.

If the Tartar dynasty be overthrown, and we are to have pure Chinese to deal with in the year of the anticipated treaty revision, 1855, it is not easy to be very sanguine on the subject of our consequent advantages. So far as Europe is concerned, the owls will have been ejected by the moles, and we shall have to show things to the blind instead of to the blinking. But, of course, the Opium War has opened a grand field for European commerce, and bestowed new lights on China.

Only it happens that the open field is not yet entered, and the lights thrust upon the Chinese with too much abruptness have unfortunately burnt their fingers.

LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

The learned Jesuit, Hardouin, in his work upon Chronology and Coins, published in 1696, somewhat startled the weak minds of his readers, by the bold assertion that the ancient history, which is so dear to the learned men of the present day, through the delightful agency of Doctor Goldsmith and others, had been entirely re-manufactured in the thirteenth century, with the aid of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace—the only works which, according to him, belonged to antiquity—the Bucolics, and the Æneid of Virgil, the Odes, and the Art of Poetry of Horace, and all the collection of poets, historians, and ancient writers in general, whom we are unfortunately addicted to admiring, having been, according to the same veracious authority, fabricated by the monks of the middle ages.

We have not been in the habit of paying much more attention to such erudite speculations as that of our friend, the Jesuit, than they deserve; but the other day, "a very modern instance"—that of the Shelley forgeries—set us wondering upon the subject of literary mystification in general. The Jesuitical hypothesis presented itself with more than usual force, and led us insensibly, through a long catalogue of impostures, some of the most prominent of which we will note for the benefit of our readers.

Before the Revival of Letters, errors, such as those in question, were made through ignorance; but after that period—as befitted a more advanced degree of civilisation—it was by fraudulent means that the learned were misled. It was one of the favourite amusements of the learned of the sixteenth century to mystify one another. In many cases, the only motive seems to have been the gratification of some personal whim, or the bewilderment of some literary associate. But we now and then find examples of elaborate attempts to misrepresent history, and to confuse names and dates to a most mischievous extent.

Of the latter class, a very large number of forgeries and fictions were concocted for political purposes. Among these may be included the false *Decretals* of Isidore, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and, for eight hundred years, formed the fundamental basis of the Canon Law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity; the deception of young Maitland, who, in order to palliate the crime of the assassination of the Regent Murray, drew up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, in which they were made to plan the dethronement of the young king, and the substitution of the regent in his place; and the story of the "bloody Colonel Kirk," related by Hume and others, which was originally told of a very different person in a previous age.

The great majority, however, of deceptions of the kind seem to have been contrived without any other object than the mere artistic love of ingenuity, to which the credulity or mystification of the learned was a flattering and irresistible tribute.

One of the boldest and most uncompromising of a very mischievous class of literary impostors was Annius of Viterbo. Annius published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards, he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from well-known authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged—were gradually detected, and at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Annius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, the declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. One historian died of grief for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of Annius. Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved; and the silence of Annius in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt as to whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings as a forgery, and has been equally rejected and defended.

It should not be forgotten that the statements of Annius received a supposed confirmation in some pretended remains of antiquity which were dug up in the grounds of the Inghirami family. These remains—which were Etruscan—consisted of inscriptions, and some fragments of an ancient chronicle. Curtius Inghirami had no doubt of their authenticity, and published a quarto volume of

more than a thousand pages in their support. Nevertheless, they bore self-evident marks of modern times. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters: it was more difficult to defend the small italic letter, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides which, there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised until the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary. But, Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives.

The only conjecture respecting the origin of these "antiquities," that has any reasonable foundation, is, that they were manufactured by one of the Inghirami family; who, some fifty years previously, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and who might have been influenced by a desire to establish the antiquity of the family estate.

The writing of Christopher Columbus has, on more than one occasion, furnished a subject for fraudulent ingenuity. The Prayer-book presented to him by the Pope, and which he bequeathed to the Genoese republic, contains a codicil, purporting to be in his own hand-writing; but which, apparently on very good grounds, has been pronounced a forgery. Only the other day we were told of a bottle having been picked up at sea, containing, it was alleged, an account of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. This last appears to be a very promising performance of our friends the Americans—not very ingeniously contrived, and classified by comparison with other perversions of human dexterity, not rising much beyond the dignity of a hoax.

Petrarch's first meeting with Laura took place in the church of St. Clair, on a Good Friday, the sixth of April, 1327, so says the well-known inscription in Petrarch's Virgil. Alas for the belief of our youth! This famous inscription is said to be a forgery. The sixth of April, 1327, had, it seems, the perverseness to fall upon a Monday. But facts and figures are proverbially impertinent. The forger seems to have rather obtusely misunderstood the second sonnet in the printed editions (which differ somewhat from the MS.), and never to have got so far as the ninety-first sonnet, which would have informed him that the meeting took place, not in a church, but in a meadow. The Laura of Sade, moreover, is ascertained not to be the Laura of Petrarch, but Laura de Baux, who resided in the vicinity of Vaucluse, who died young, like all those "whom the gods love," and died, we are happy to say, for Petrarch's sake, unmarried.

It is pleasant to find an attempt to impose a fiction upon the world, fail most egregiously. Such was the fate of the nevertheless deeply planned scheme of the Duke de la Vallière and the Abbé de St. Leger. These two notabilities attempted to palm off upon the great bibliopolist De Bure, a copy of a work which had long existed in name, but of which no person had ever seen a copy. This was the *De Tribus Impostoribus*. A work with this name was manufactured by the Duke and the Abbé, who caused it to be printed in the Gothic character, with the date of 1598. Their intention was to sell copies of it by degrees, at very high prices; and De Bure was honoured by being made the subject of their first experiment. That learned man, however, at once discovered the cheat, and the discomfiture of the concoctors was most signal. De Bure made two enemies by this piece of sagacity; who subsequently attempted to write down his reputation.

Spain has produced several very accomplished forgers. About the end of the sixteenth century, a Jesuit, named Jerome Romain Higuera, applied himself to the task of making up for the silence of the historians on the subject of the establishment of Christianity in Spain. By the aid of popular traditions, and of every kind of document which he could collect, he composed several chronicles, and ascribed the most important of them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, but whose histories were lost. He made a confidant of Torialba, one of the brothers of his order; who, going to Germany, lost no time in announcing that he had found in the library of Fulde an authentic MS. containing the chronicles in question. The Jesuits believed this story, and Torialba addressed a copy of the MS. to Calderon, who published it at Saragossa (4to. 1619), under the title of *Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri, cum Chronico Marci Maximi, et Additionibus S. Branlionis et Helecani.* Higuera, who went so far as to pretend to enlighten various parts of this work by notes, did not live to see its publication, nor the controversies caused thereby. Gabriel Pennot, an Augustin, was the first to attack the authenticity of these chronicles, and he had for an adversary Thomas Vargas, whom he soon reduced to silence.

The imposture of Joseph Vella will be long remembered. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador from Morocco in a visit which that diplomatist made to the Abbey of St. Martin, and where he was admitted to see a very ancient Arabic manuscript. Being aware of the desire which existed to find in the Arabic writings materials for the completion of the history of Sicily, in which there was a gap of two centuries, Vella took the hint, and, after the departure of the ambassador, asserted that he had found in the library of the Abbey a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and the sovereigns of Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended

discovery, and to give it additional importance in the eyes of his protector, Airoldi, archbishop of Heraclea, who paid all the expenses of his researches, Vella manufactured a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco, in which he made the latter give an assurance that there existed in the library of Fez a second and more complete copy of the manuscript found in the library of St. Martin; that another work in continuation of the manuscript had been discovered; and also a series of medals, confirmatory of the history and chronology of the document in question.

The imposture had such success, that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation of the supposed manuscript, wished to send him on a mission to Morocco to make further inquiries. This was as unfortunate a turn as the royal favour could take; but, luckily for Vella, circumstances occurred to avert the disaster.

The translation of the Arabic manuscript had been announced in all the journals of Europe. The first volume was published in 1789, under the sanction of Airoldi. The sixth volume appeared in 1792, and was to be followed by two others. Vella was everywhere courted, and loaded with pensions and honours. Airoldi, however, having caused a fac-simile of the original manuscript—which Vella had taken great pains to alter and make nearly illegible—doubts arose as to its authenticity; and finally, after the "translation" had been everywhere read, everywhere celebrated, and everywhere extracted from, the whole was found to be a deception. The original manuscript was nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family, and had no relation to Sicily whatever. Vella was induced to confess his imposture, but not until he had been threatened with torture.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter which he passed at Basle by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena; and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But, this time he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor of Jena, Eichstädt, announced in the following year, that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript, in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody, committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spaniard.

Poetical forgers have been comparatively scarce. One of the most distinguished of these was Vanderbourg, who in 1803 published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a female writer, said to have been contemporary with Charles the Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Surville, who was executed under the directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which perhaps did not penetrate into France until towards 1475; her mention of the seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens, in 1635, and the last by Herschel in 1789; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and delicacy—sufficient, indeed, to induce any person with a love of approbation not simply diseased and fraudulent, to avow the authorship.

About the same period Fabre d'Olivet published the "Poesies Occitaniques," a work which professed to be a translation from the Provençal and Langue d'Oc; and in his notes he inserted fragments of the pretended originals. "These passages," says Raynouard, "written with spirit and grace, and often with energy, have deceived the critics, who believed them original, and have quoted them as such. Wishing to give to these fragments of his composition the advantage of passing for authentic, the author employed a means equally ingenious and piquant. In one of the works professing to be translated, he mingled some passages drawn from the poetical manuscripts of the Troubadours; and by this mixture of veritable and fictitious fragments, he found it more easy to seduce the credulity of the critics. He did more: as the language of the old Troubadours, from whom he had quoted passages in his notes, had some obscurities, which, being cleared away, would perhaps have facilitated the discovery of the fraud, he reduced their language to the idiom which he used himself; and by this means it became much more difficult to doubt the authenticity of these pretended productions, which, for the rest, have a real merit of their own, under any aspect."

The French have from the first been peculiarly felicitous in this dangerous talent. Everybody at one time believed in Varillas, the French historian, until some first-rate scholars succeeded in the difficult task of destroying his great reputation. Varillas was famous, especially, for the *exclusive* nature of his historical and courtly anecdotes; and it was believed that he had the secrets of every cabinet in Europe at his fingers' ends. But notwithstanding his parade of the most minute matters—titles, correspondence, memoirs,—it became apparent, in the end, that he had been indebted to his invention, simply, for all this very exclusive knowledge. Yet it is impossible to read him and to withstand his plain, straightforward semblance of sincerity.

Then there was the celebrated "Voyage Round the World," written by a Neapolitan nobleman, named Carreri, who, it has been said, braved every peril of sea and savages very comfortably in his own chamber, which he never quitted for years, owing to a serious indisposition. There is every probability, however, according to more recent accounts, that Carreri was unjustly accused—that he had previously visited the places he describes. Still, for some years, his book was believed to be an imposture. The Travels of Damberger, which made a great sensation in their day, differed from these last: they were undoubtedly genuine—as a fiction.

Disraeli, the Elder, notices a singular imposition which has been practised by a variety of authors, of announcing a variety of titles of works "preparing for the press," but of which nothing but the titles were ever written. This system seems to have been very considerably practised by Paschal, historiographer of France, "for obvious reasons," as the phrase goes: he received a pension for writing on the history of France, and was obliged in decency to announce titles, at any rate. When he died, it is stated that his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

We find Gregorio Leti mentioned as an historian of the same class as Varillas. "He took everything too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history, which are not to be found elsewhere; and which perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted."

Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, mystified a vast number of persons by the circumstantial and picturesque manner in which he wrote his travels. His book is said to be apocryphal; but it is written with a wonderful appearance of truth.

An anecdote of a very recent date will conclude the list—as far as we are at present in a condition to extend it—of the most curious continental mystifications.

At the commencement of 1836, the French and foreign journals announced that the Greek translation of the Phœnician historian, Sanchoniathon, by Philon de Byblos, had been discovered in a convent in Portugal. This discovery astonished the whole learned world—not a very large body to astonish, by the way—but they were truly astonished, because nothing remained to them of the work in question but fragments quoted by Eusebius. Some months later, however, there appeared at Hanover a German treatise, purporting to be an analysis of the primitive history of the Phœnicians, founded upon the newly-discovered complete translation of Philon, with observations by F. Wagenfield. This publication contained, in addition, a facsimile of the manuscript, and a preface by the learned Grotefend, director of the Lyceum of Hanover. But our "learned friend" last mentioned, soon found that he had been completely the dupe of Wagenfield, a young student at Brema, whose work, however, displayed considerable imagination, and profound knowledge. In spite, however, of the pompous announcements which were several times made, the Greek text never appeared. The fragments, of which Wagenfield has given a German version, have been produced in French. by M. Le Bas.

So much for the exploits of our continental neighbours in this very fruitful field. How far our own countrymen are prepared to contest with them the palm of imposture, we shall show upon an early occasion.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS OF BROAD-BUMBLE.

"WANTED, a master for the parish school of Broad-Bumble; salary sixty pounds per annum, besides the use of a house, coals, and candles. None need apply who cannot produce the most satisfactory testimonials as to competency and moral character."

Such was the advertisement which set forth the educational destitution of the little town of Broad-Bumble. Broad-Bumble was one of those curious towns in which butchers' shops are next door to houses once tenanted by lords, bishops, and other such people, and where the only approach to "the Square" is through an avenue of children, rag-shops, and small undertakers. Like the generality of such parishes, it had a big church of no architectural pretensions, and a very rich incumbent, who was chairman to a great many societies for the benefit of various things and people, and who was neither a Puseyite, an Evangelical, or, in fact, anything that served as an excuse even for a row in the vestry, or a word of pious horror from an old maid.

Broad-Bumble was very populous; and, as in most other places, all the people who contributed least to the parish rates were most liberal in furnishing more than their quota of children, and, as its educational means were small, the number of people to be educated was proportionately great. Indeed, the swarm of children who grew up

with the enlarged notions and refined reflections consequent on an early acquaintance with "winkles," hop-scotch, and Ethiopian serenaders, was wonderful. The freedom from vulgar prejudices in favour of clean faces, combs, and the church catechism, was balanced by the ability displayed in bird's-nesting, occasionally getting run over, and more frequently appearing at the petty sessions.

The parish school-house was situated near the pump;—the grand rendezvous for the horse-holding, organ-blowing, go-of-errands class of unfortunates, who seem always out of regular employment, and yet always looking out for something to do. This happy and contented race, who would not barter the luxury of a chance half-pint of porter for the contents of the Bank of England, look upon the pump as the lares and penates of their out-door life. The pump is the centre of gravity, upon which, and round which their thoughts, feelings, bodies, joys and sorrows ever congregate.

The pump near which our school-house was situated, was fraught with boyish interests. It was oftentimes the tribunal where disputes between rival boatams and boys were settled. Moreover, the parish undertaker, the parish nurse, the parish doctor, the parish sexton, and we cannot say how many other functionaries possessing equal claims upon the sympathies of Broad-Bumble, were all located near the pump. The pump was universally popular.

Our school-house was a sturdy red-brick, stone-cornered and corniced affair, belonging to that age when mortar had time to dry before people thought of hanging up the window curtains, and when cheap contracts were unknown. It was quaint, substantial, and respectable. Its tall arched windows, with their many panes and bold rusticated keystones to every arch; its great oak door, with bars and bolts that would have stood a siege, (now painted black by the unaccountable bad taste of some modern-antique churchwarden) and its couple of grotesque figures of a boy and girl, each dressed in a picturesque fashion, of which some traces remained even in the present livery—all told its meaning and purpose with unmistakeable distinctness. Altogether it was what a young lady, with that pretty and expressive indefiniteness known only to young ladies, would call "a *nice* old place."

Inside it was rough and almost destitute of adornment, unless one or two pictures, in unprepossessing wigs, which hung up in the "board" room, might be considered decorative. But people who thought how those quizzical personages had built hospitals, endowed churches, and—last, but not least—established the parish school of Broad-bumble, pardoned the wigs, the mouldy-looking visages, and the heavy gilt frames.

Two great, heavy staircases, one of them terminating at the door of the "board" room, looked as if their stanch oaken banisters had been born in their present condition, and had never known such things as leaves. The blank, whitewashed, or "coloured" walls (save only the sitting-rooms of the master and mistress, where a little of the decorative spirit displayed itself in fuchsias and birds well known at Painter's, the paper hanger's) presented a tempting surface to the juvenile artist, and many were the names of urchins and urchinesses, many the unsteady, distraught initials, and manifold the representations of the master—unfortunately, for the most part, undergoing the extreme penalty of the law—which decked the plaster walls of Broad-Bumble school. Nor did even the hard oak banisters resist that dangerous, but popular graving tool, the clasp knife. As to the girls, their tastes were less artistic; and the staircase and passage presented comparatively few female memorials.

The great school-rooms were large and lofty, for they had been built when Broad-bumble had grown too large to be trifled with. We have at present nothing to do with the girls' school; but we will proceed at once to the condition of the boys' department, at the time when the advertisement above mentioned appeared.

The late master, who had just departed from the troubles of this world, had been an inveterate champion of the physical force principle. He believed in "cakes"—light stripes of cane across the expanded palm—and held that they were the only species of confectionary likely to promote honesty, truth, or learning. The sound of the cane was heard from morning till night; the boys absolutely missed it, if it had five minutes' rest. If stupidity were at fault, the cane was the prescription; if stupidity were persisted in, it was simply repeated as before; never mind what was the offence, the only distinction, moral or physical, was as to the quantity of medicine to be administered. A few fine cases of water on the brain certainly took place now and then, from this over stimulating of the mental capabilities, but what of that? The best physicians are sometimes deceived.

A grand caning day—when any small public out-of-school or in-school offence had involved the treatment of a large number of patients—was as great a treat to the late master, as an *auto da fé* to a Spanish inquisitor. The energy he displayed in singling out the most tender parts, and in hardening them by a judicious application of cane more or less thick, was the *ne plus ultra* of refinement. His collection of canes at the end of the day's practice, split, snapped, and cracked, was as interesting as the charred stake from which the calcined bones, the last works of man's blasphemy against his Maker, had dropped. He was a good inquisitor lost to the world.

Now, it did happen, that, despite the uniform system of discipline pursued in Broad-Bumble school, the intellectual and moral condition of Broad-Bumble was particularly low. A few philanthropic people, who looked at mankind

beyond their own district, had, from time to time, drawn awkward comparisons of causes and effects, and could not help thinking that the boys under masters from the Training Society were cleaner, sharper, and healthier. Kind-hearted ladies, who could not bear "to see the poor boys knocked about so," kept away from the place, and, in disgust, transferred their subscriptions to non-flogging charities. Of course there were plenty of supporters of the old system, and, curiously enough, even among the parents of the children.

From all discipline to no discipline is as easy a change as many other contrarieties produce. The school was in a state of anarchy, and the parish was, as far as the election of a master was concerned, in nearly the same condition. The candidates were numerous, and possessed just that sort of divided interest among the trustees and subscribers, which is wont to make even the smallest contests doubtful and interesting.

A large quantity of popular sympathy ran in favour of the deputy who had officiated during the illness of the late master. Mr. Tittleton was a fair-faced, small-eyed, small-pox-pitted individual, whose countenance consisted of one perpetual simper, only varied by an occasional dash of deferential gravity. He had a genuine horror of theatres and hard words—things which appeared to form, in his mind, only the component parts of one grand dislike to everything not recommended in the "Weekly Young Man's Consolation." He dressed in black, and occasionally sported a white neckerchief. Mystery hung over his birth and early fortune; but little Mrs. Pincushion, who generally knew more than people either thought or desired, declared that she remembered Mr. Tittleton in connection with a yard measure, at Tape, Stiffening, and Co's., Oxford Street, London, and spoke of him as "a very civil young man"—a compliment which, by the way, did Mr. Tittleton no small harm in the course of his canvass for the situation of schoolmaster.

Mr. Tittleton's system of discipline was the very reverse of that of his predecessor. It was, in fact, little else than a continued series of street music and gymnastics. If the school were in an uproar—a condition which, except the vicar or curate were present, it seldom failed to present—he whistled, and the rioters whistled in reply, and the school was quiet till the next confusion began. If a visitor made his appearance, a whistle accompanied by comparative silence, welcomed the new comer, and enabled him to ask, perhaps, four questions and receive the answers without feeling doubtful of the connection of his mental faculties. Then again, when the boys went to church, they marched as if they were drilled: when they entered the gallery they stood up, and knelt to the opening prayer, and rose again to the psalms, all with a series of military salutes, facings about, and "to order." In fact, one or two people began to suspect that the attainments of the deputy-master were limited to whistling and posture-making. A few awkward mistakes in spelling, and in syntax, which appeared in a memorial soliciting the situation, occasioned the fitness of Mr. Tittleton for the office to appear more and more questionable.

But he had a staunch supporter in old Commander Screamer, who owned half a street and two public-houses in Broad-Bumble; and who, having spent three parts of his life on board a man-of-war, had an unmitigated contempt for anything which was unconnected with "hard service." He was a good old fellow, the Commander, and never blustered long; but, no man was ever more bigoted on the subject of books. "*He* had had no education; *he* never felt the want of it; *he* had got on in life like few men; and *he* would have none of your — nonsense. Teach a boy something that would be useful aboard ship. Talk of our national defences. A pretty coast guard your colleges would make! Give him none of your popular education." The Commander had always looked upon schools as a lawless system of tyranny, calculated to stunt the growth, to cripple the intellects, and to make bad soldiers and sailors. All his sympathies were with Woolwich and Addiscombe; and when his nephew, Horace, left the latter place, and took to Oxford and classics instead of gunnery and the Punjaub, it took all the major's good nature to prevent that young gentleman from being left in the world with a few small debts, and no allowance. But we did hear that a pretty little adopted god-daughter of the Commander's had had something to do both with Horace's abandonment of a military life, and with his escape from the consequences of his disobedience.

The Commander found a new field in Broad-Bumble school, and became so favourably impressed with the "pipe all hands" and "to order" system, that he began to conceive the possibility that a school might be made a decent sort of place, and that boys might really learn something a little worth knowing. Like Uncle Toby, he began to look upon the school-house as a fortification (and it certainly was nearly strong enough), and to calculate the probability of rendering the boys an efficient and well-disciplined garrison, should the French ever invade Broad-Bumble. Accordingly he upheld Mr. Tittleton as *the* man in whom all the arts, sciences, and other qualifications appertaining to popular education were united.

Other patrons had their own little crotchets as well as the tough old Commander. Mr. Stokes, a respectable retired and retiring chemist and druggist, who had been perpetually in difficulties with parish boys, because they insisted on carrying the wrong medicines to the wrong places, was for making writing the main feature. He was naturally desirous that every boy of the Broad-Bumble school should be duly qualified to read the

hand-writing even of Dr. Scratch's prescriptions.

Sir Townley Sparks, Bart., wished for a Progress schoolmaster (loud cheers), but people wanted to know what a Progress schoolmaster was.

Butts, the wealthy butcher, thought that a schoolmaster was wanted who did not make discipline a cover for ignorance. Doffing his bright blue coat, and brushing up the light, stubbly, half-grey hairs upon his broad, good-natured forehead, he would run out and canvass his best customers in favour of plain John Smith, who came up with a high recommendation from a Training School, with the patrons of which Mr. Butts was well acquainted.

Mr. Tittleton grew uncomfortable, especially as the half-quarterly examination drew near. He had got so used to the snug old room papered with fuchsias and painted birds, that any idea of leaving it was far from agreeable. Moreover, the Commander kept capital port, and had often given him a "snack" on half-holidays, besides a ride in a little tub of a chaise, in which he was wont to assert his gentility, and collect his rents; for he hated deputies. But the school was in a very doubtful condition.

The generality of candidates were dull, quiet individuals, recommended rather by their unfitness for anything else, than by any specific attainments. In fact, the committee had always overlooked the fact, that the salary was likely to attract few men of positive ability, and that, except through a regular Society, cut and dried for such purposes, a parish schoolmaster's office was by no means one of the easiest to fill properly. As Mr. Butts observed, "they wanted a man who was not too clever, but was clever enough." And the axiom was true. Half or a quarter part of the learning possessed by the head-master of a grammar-school suffices for any practical purposes to which he may have to apply it; but did he not possess superior and even unnecessary attainments, the humbler part of his work would probably be inaccurate and slovenly.

It is curious, with what facility and with what consistent exaggeration even the lower classes deal with the characters of those who are not many shades removed from themselves in position. Few of them ever said a word against the vicar, who was absent for six months out of the year at his canonry at St. Bullswag; in fact, they rather liked him for staying away, because his curate's sermons were both short and intelligible. But the master of the parish school was under the active observation of a set of critics, who dealt chiefly in general ideas of right and wrong, and who were not at all disposed to enter into the minute particulars of individual cases. Moreover, the poor people had an idea that the parish schoolmaster ought to be a gentleman after a certain manner, and poor Tittleton could not get over the yard-measure story. Consequently, when the report of his incompetency was proved to rest on good foundation, his prospects were settled. Even had the guardians of the school been willing to elect him, the parents would have kept their children from the school. Mr. Tittleton looked at the snug room sorrowfully, and took his departure from Broad-Bumble, with the consolation of having found at least one good friend in the Commander.

The day of election is over, and Mr. John Smith is elected.

There sits the Commander, and his recreant nephew; who, curious to say, wears a white cravat, and near, very near him, is the pretty adopted god-daughter; who, stranger still, wears orange-blossoms in her bonnet. It is wonderful how old people can forget their prejudices in their kindness.

To work! A whistle is heard, and every boy is in his place and at his post in a minute. But without confusion.

Class after class come up; the multiplication-table goes round the junior class. Pounce on which boy you will; ask the most refined and awkward combinations that anything times anything can produce; and still it "comes right." How distinctly are the "parts taken" for that elaborate question about the merchant who wants so many and three-quarters of something or other, at so much and so many fractions the item! What can philosophy expect more accurate than the definition which that small boy in the wide pinafore is giving of latitude and longitude; or what can be a better help than that great, big, black-lined, brightly-coloured map, to which he points as he explains the rules?

And with what clear, manly voices some of those elder youths, and with what equally clear, but less decided tones, those little lads, are reading our English Testament? How plain and straight-forward are the answers, and how plain and sensible are the questions that elicit them!

But, our gymnastics and our whistling have not been cast out. No. In moderation they have their use, and are a capital help to regularity and economy of time. How, withal, do the boys of Broad-Bumble get more half-holidays, more games at cricket, and more trips in tilted waggons, than were heard of even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and yet do more work than they ever did before? Why, it seems that Mr. John Smith knows play to be as much a boy's duty as work, and teaches a boy how to play, how to work, and how to enjoy both.

Another signal, and all are on their knees. It is a beautiful sight, and simple words are wafting upward with a beautiful sound. Another signal; all are erect; a volume of human voices breaks forth in simple unison with "Glory to thee, my God, this night;" and the school is dispersed.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A FLIGHT WITH THE BIRDS.

GOSSIP can scarcely fail to be entertaining when it dwells upon the deeds and habits of bird, beast, or fish. They can do nothing impertinent. When Mr. Dixon tells us how his tame guans in winter sat upon the kitchen fender to enjoy the roasting fire; how if a window or door were left open, they would make themselves at home upstairs and downstairs, and disturb the house with their sonorous outcries; how one morning while busy writing, he heard a great clatter in the adjoining apartment, and on inspecting the cause, found one of the guans on the drawing-room mantel-piece, admiring itself in the glass, and making room for its mate by clearing off the china ornaments;—when we hear such things told we almost think that we should like to keep a pair of guans. They must be pleasant birds.

We have been reading Mr. Dixon's book upon the Dovecote and the Aviary. Our thoughts are fluttering full of guans, curassows, cassowaries, emeus, and the like; it is good for our peace that we should let some of them fly.

The curassow, for example. He is a bird who will follow you about like a dog; his ways are most engaging; he is a large fowl, and pre-eminently eatable. Pheasant is not so exquisite a meat as curassow. Well, there be curassows in England; they will live here, they will fatten here, they will appear to be extremely happy here; why can't they be acclimatised, and bred in our farm-yards as pheasants have been acclimatised, and turkeys? The question has been often asked, and Mr. Dixon gives in answer his experience upon the matter.

The curassows are somewhat smaller than turkeys, and they live in flocks. The guans, which are a genus of the same family—the Oracidæ—are somewhat larger than pheasants, and they live in pairs. When caught young and tamed, the curassows make themselves at home, and become full of sly and sociable ways with us, as is the case with parrots or monkeys. They like to establish themselves in-doors as members of the family, and they live on friendly terms with all the poultry in a farm. Why is it then, that although the curassow has been introduced into Europe for two hundred and fifty years, it still remains a curiosity among us, while the turkey—which was first introduced at nearly the same time—is to be found strutting alive in almost every farm-yard, and boiled or roasted upon almost every dinner table about Christmas time. Why do we not get the curassow to breed among us; that is, in fact, the question. The taming of it is an easy matter.

One difficulty lies in the fact, that they are in this country greenhouse birds during the winter; they may lose their toes through dabbling over cold, wet soil, their home being among the forest trees of a hot climate. It is because of their dwelling in the dense forest, where their forms are closely shrouded in the luxuriant foliage, that these sociable birds are provided with so loud a voice for trumpeting their whereabouts to one another. The wind-pipe of the curassow, or guan, is lengthened out and twisted under the skin of the throat into a form much like that of a trumpet, and on account of this provision the bird is able to produce a large volume of sound. From the hot forests of South America to the cold sloppiness of winter on an English farm, the change is great for the most good-humoured of birds, and it may well come down to be roasted prematurely by the kitchen fire.

But when these birds are placed, by artificial means, in the best circumstances as to climate, they do indeed lay occasional eggs, and now and then rear young; but they do not increase and multiply freely in any natural proportion. Nothing could have been pleasanter than the arrangement for the curassows in the menagerie at Knowsley. Mr. Dixon describes what he found there in the summer of 1849. "The curassows and guans were lodged in a series of lofty and charming aviaries, open to the air and sunshine, and inclosed only by wire netting, except at the back, which consists of a range of houses to which the birds can retire at pleasure, and which in cold and damp weather are kept at an agreeable temperature. Their enclosures are planted with shrubs and flowers; green turf, varied with clean gravel, covers the ground; a small, clear stream of water is ever flowing through each separate little garden; not cleanliness merely, but the most pleasing neatness is preserved." Nevertheless these birds did little in the way of rearing young. "One male bird," we are

told, "yielding a little to the fascination of the spot, had prepared for his mate a bower of love. And where does the reader think it was placed. The gallant cassowar had mounted a tall holly-bush, and thereon made a nest about the size and shape of a peck basket, interlacing the twigs, and then lining them with the prickly leaves, which he had cropped, as a comfortable couch for the hen and her nestlings. The whole thing was an insult to any incubating female, and she treated it with the neglect that such a structure of *chevaux de-frises* deserved."

There seems to be especial difficulty about the acclimatising into Europe the birds of South America. This may be in some degree accounted for by the reversal of the seasons, consequent on a transfer from the southern to the northern hemisphere. Periodicity of moulting time, being established in the body of a bird and suited to its habitat, a change of habitat which turns the seasons upside down, must expose the animal to many risks. In the case, however, of the black swan and some other Australian birds, this difficulty seems to have been overcome.

Then there is the water-hen to talk about; concerning which Aldrovandi wrote during our "good old times." "In the stagnant waters," he says, "which fence the houses of the nobility, and in fish-ponds, it mostly dwells amongst the English." It can skim the surface of the water, run upon the floating leaves of water-lilies, dive, swim in the water or on the water, fly in the air, or climb trees. The young look like mice upon two legs; for on them is rather a fur than a down that keeps the water out. As the bird grows, the fur becomes a downy undercoat, concerning which a friend whom Mr. Dixon quotes discourses pleasantly and profitably. "The linsey-woolsey undercoat of the water-hen is admirably adapted to its amphibious mode of life. Man has been unable hitherto to devise anything approaching to the soft, warm, and elastic waterproof mantle of the gallinule. All our combinations of Welsh flannel, Llama cloth, and Mackintosh are infinitely inferior to the coverings of the duck and the goose. The way in which this clothing is distributed on the body of the water-hen, is well worthy of notice. The whole is warm and waterproof, but the inner garment over the crop, where it meets the brush of the water in the act of running through wet grass and in diving, is much thicker than on the breast, within which the vital organs are well shielded by muscles and bone. Over the belly the thick, close, impervious down covers the intestines, and preserves them effectually from the wet and cold to which they are so much exposed in wading through the moist, rank herbage of their favourite swamps. It has often struck me, in examining waterfowl, that the air enclosed in the delicate network of down must be one provision for keeping the bird dry, as if it were sailing upon a natural air cushion."

Then there is the kingfisher with his glittering metallic foliage—in flight all blue, in repose all ruddy brown. He is a restless fellow: suddenly dashing on the water, he seems to rebound from it in upward flight as a cricket ball from the bat. Then he will settle on the nearest twig, in an impetuous, thoughtless way. A veracious friend of Mr. Dixon's, angling near Norwich, was quietly watching his float, when a kingfisher darted under the arch of an adjacent bridge, and settled on his fishing rod, the nearest twig. Of course he soon flew off again. From a twig the busy bird looks down into the stream till he espies a fish; then with a sure aim he darts upon it, and rising from the water with unwetted wings, flies off to take a dinner in his nest. A surgeon of Uxbridge, Mr. W. Rayner, has kept as a sort of happy family in one aviary, thirty-three feet long, ten wide, and seventeen high, ninety-four species of birds. Trees were planted in the aviary—fir, box, birch, and beech; there was also a fountain, and the birds followed their natural instincts. Among the birds in a separate long cage was a nest of kingfishers confined with two hobby hawks. The young kingfishers acquired a taste for the meat given to the hawks, and when they had a piece of meat they would hold it in their bill and strike each end against the perch for a few seconds, as they are in the habit of striking any fish to stun before they swallow it. The minnows in the fountain were, however, their real diet. Having feasted upon these, a kingfisher, says the surgeon by whom these birds were kept, "becomes inactive for some quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, its feathers rumpled, and sitting all of a heap, sleepy and stupid. This lasts during digestion, which is very rapid; and as soon as it is completed, the bird is observed to be opening its bill very wide two or three times, and at length ejects a pellet about an inch long, composed of bones, beautifully matted together, and not unlike a lump of Epsom salts, (you see I cannot help comparisons which are natural to me). This mass is perfectly inodorous, and forms, in the wild state, the nidus for the deposit of their eggs, in the holes to which they continue to resort, year after year, for breeding purposes."

Mr. Rayner's nest contained seven young kingfishers, but as they approached mature years they fought together until one only survived. The kingfisher is a solitary bird; except about breeding time it is not even seen in pairs. It needs much elbow room, and in a wild state loves to flit from stream to stream. It is curious that, while the kingfishers here live upon fish, and frequent exclusively the water sides, there are kingfishers in Australia which never see water at all, and never drink it. They were to be found, healthy and breeding, on the parched

plains of the interior, during a severe drought, and far removed from water. They feed upon small animals of any kind—quadrupeds, birds, snakes, lizards; and the fluid that they find contained within their prey appears to be sufficient for their nourishment.

Among birds of Australia we should not forget to talk about the emeu, which, together with the kangaroo, is giving place before the dogs and guns of European settlers. The kangaroo is the food of the Australian natives. We punish them if they lay finger on our sheep and oxen, but they cannot punish us for the havoc we commit among the kangaroos. "Almost every stockman," says Sir Thomas Mitchell, "has several kangaroo dogs, and it would be only an act of justice towards the aborigines to prohibit white men from killing these creatures, which are as essential to the natives as cattle to the Europeans."

The natives have not warred against the emeu recklessly, lest it should be destroyed. Emeu's flesh is forbidden to their young men, although it is better meat than kangaroo. The same care is taken of the ducks, which may be eaten only by the married. The Europeans being less particular, hunt emeus down, wantonly, often for no better object than their handsome feathers, or for their flesh, which is said to resemble good beef-steak. Emeus are able with a kick to kill a dog, or break a horse's leg; but dogs are taught to seize them by the neck, and in that way overthrow them easily. The emeu may be destined to become extinct, like the dinornis in New Zealand,—if the dinornis be extinct. About this gigantic bird we have a good deal to say. In 1841, Captain Sir Everard Home wrote: "I feel little doubt that the dinornis exists in the Middle Island of New Zealand, which is very thinly inhabited and almost quite unknown; perhaps, also, in Stewart's Island." Rumours were afloat. The natives of the neighbourhood of Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits, were said to have informed an Englishman belonging to a whaling party, "that there was a bird of extraordinary size to be seen only at night on the side of a hill near there; and that he, with the native and a second Englishman, went to the spot; that after waiting some time, they saw the creature at some little distance, which they describe as fourteen or sixteen feet high. One of the men proposed to go nearer and shoot, but his companion was so exceedingly terrified, or perhaps both of them, that they were satisfied with looking at him, when in a little time he took the alarm and strode away up the side of the mountain." There is a sea-serpenty flavour in these stories; but they smack strongly of truth, too. The following, which is quoted from a paper by the Reverend R. Taylor in the "New Zealand Magazine," has points of credibility about it:—"Mr. Maugrant, employed by the Government as native interpreter, stated to me that in the latter end of 1813, he saw the flesh of the moa (dinornis) in Molyneux harbour; since that period, he has seen feathers of the same kind in the natives' hair. They were of a black or dark colour, with a purple edge, having quills like those of the albatross in size, but much coarser. He saw a moa bone which reached four inches above his hip from the ground, and as thick as his knee, with flesh and sinews upon it. The flesh looked like bull beef. The slaves, who were from the interior, said that it was still to be found inland. The natives told him that the one whose flesh he had seen was a dead one, which they had found accidentally; that they had often endeavoured to snare them, but without success. A man, named George Pauley, now living in Foveaux straits, told him that he had seen the moa, which he described as being an immense monster, standing about twenty feet high. He saw it near a lake in the interior. It ran from him, and he also ran from it."

Science has shown to our wondering eyes in a very remarkable manner, the actual form and structure of a bird which has never been seen, except by the persons above-mentioned. Not many years ago, a sailor presented at the British Museum a huge marrow-bone which he desired to sell, and which he had brought from New Zealand. The officers of that institution not usually dealing in that class of marine stores, referred him to the College of Surgeons, where, they said, he would find a gentleman—one Professor Owen—who had a remarkable predilection for old bones. Accordingly, the sailor took his treasure to the Professor; who, finding it unlike any bone even he had any knowledge of, sent the man away rejoicing with a full pocket—rejoicing himself in the acquisition of a new subject for scientific inquiry. Although the bone had manifestly contained marrow, and was therefore unlike the bones of birds in general, Mr. Owen concluded, from certain structural evidences, that this bone had belonged to a bird, and a bird of a species hitherto unknown. Those who have ever experienced the flutter which the clue to any discovery of a scientific character occasions, will at once understand the excitement which was felt by the little world of naturalists, to whom the Professor displayed his new bone. It was immediately figured and lithographed, and copies, with certain instructions for finding other such bones, were sent out to New Zealand to be distributed wherever Europeans had trod among the ferns of that colony. Years passed. By and bye a very big box arrived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, containing congeners of the sailor's marrow-bone; some of them upwards of a yard long. Professor Owen set to work, and built up from these bones, not one, but five (ultimately eleven) distinct species of an extinct animal, hitherto utterly unknown to natural history. It must have been unable to fly (hence the

marrow, *instead of* air, in the bones), and must have had uncommon pedestrian powers (hence the necessity *for* marrow).* The structure of the beak and neck indicates that its power of wrenching and grubbing up roots must have been tremendous. Its food was fern roots, which in New Zealand are so farinaceous that the natives make bread of them to this day. It has been named the dinornis, because it is the most stupendous of birds (*deinos*, fearfully great, *ornis*, bird).

The disappearance of the dinornis is easily accounted for. When the progenitors of the present native tribes first landed from the South Seas, the dinornis must have been their only animal food; for in New Zealand no quadrupeds are indigenous. As it took no longer than a century for the Dutch to extirpate the dodo from the Mauritius, a couple of centuries would have quite sufficed to kill and cook the dinornis off the face of New Zealand. When these birds had been all eaten up, the Maoris took to killing and cooking one another.

The next great zoological excitement to be looked for is a real live dinornis. If one of these gigantic birds be ever found and brought to Regent's Park, the hippopotamus may accept the Chiltern Hundreds and retire from the representation of the Nile, disgusted at the load that will be taken by the honourable member from New Zealand.

THE THREE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

"... Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? ..

"... earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life. ..

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labours."

It was a burial in a village churchyard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral; stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which, since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house, with its closed shutters—all closed, except one in the room where the dead had lain,—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent cheerless room. It was so very still, not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thoughts seemed springing into life; things long forgotten; feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had faded and been buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had come first to the lonely house where now she was; of a few years later—two or three—when another younger sister had joined them there; and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had sometimes then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern, and unforgiving to the last; meeting death unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold deathbed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and wakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words burst from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then from her sister's deathbed she went far, far back—to her own childhood—and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it

* See page 305 of the present volume.

from her heart, but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn, embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and by her side—with soft arms twining round her, with tender voice, and gentle, loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and true, so patient and so tender, then. Oh! how could'st thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thy own mother, Bertha! think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are alone," she said, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderers in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears,

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I, too, am all alone!"

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they were very poor, and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as, weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and *I* could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I cannot speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, uncomplaining look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But God bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha. Yes—kiss me, sister dear: it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side, with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for in the still evening, as I sat alone, the memories of many years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters, how the one had ever been so good and loving and true-hearted; the other—though she was just, or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I had never done before: and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of her whom we have scorned so many years; such dreams of happy by-gone days; such passionate regrets; such hope, awakening from its long, long sleep—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away: let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!"

"Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it on my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha: poor, kind sister!"

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which, day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there for ever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow, that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp

fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain behind, but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were for ever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

CHAPTER IV.

"We will not stay here, sister," Bertha had said. "This gloomy house will always make us sad. It is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy."

"And I too shall be glad to leave it," Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps, most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with honeysuckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful, quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upwards to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest anywhere: to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground; the bitter, withering, east wind moaning day and night, through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken boughs; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer's days a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen heart, and warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red rose—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

"No, Willie, dear," Gabrielle said, "you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy."

"But, indeed, it isn't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out," poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I won't try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight?"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy, that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before; lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she kneeling so lovingly beside him, listening with a strange commingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry

little voice that, scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more for ever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gaily with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! It's the first spring flower. The very first violet of all! Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little sweet-smelling flowers."

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I shouldn't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now. I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to Papa when he was ill? He liked them too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered softly.

"How long ago that time seems now," Willie said; then after a moment's peace he asked a little sadly, "Mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well once, and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We mustn't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush, Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said, "sing one of the old songs I used to love. I haven't heard you sing for—oh so long!"

Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there and listen, smiling to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that," Willie murmured softly, as the song died away, "It's like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm round her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her towards him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he, stroking her soft hair with his little hand, murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay, she growing calmer presently, for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have staid here long enough," Gabrielle said at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon, mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother, dear, I am so happy to day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you have let me come out here, and lie in the sunlight. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother?"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request? How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer?

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said very softly: then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so for two or three weeks, in the bright sunny morning, Willie was always laid on his couch in the sheltered corner near the elm trees; but though he was very happy lying there, and would often talk gaily of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her—she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart; and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft warm day. But the couch beneath the

trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing by his burning cheek, and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eyes. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest or ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him: she could feel no fatigue: her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble; the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh no, mother, not now. I am so much better!"

So much better! How deep the words went down into her heart!

"I am so sleepy," said the little plaintive voice again. "If I go to sleep, wouldn't you sleep too? You must be so tired, mother."

"See, my darling, I will lay down here by you; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so?"

"Ah, yes, mother; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her rouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little thin, white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving; then said, "Our Father." The little voice, towards the end, was very faint and weak; and as he finished, his head, which he had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child!"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upwards to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed for ever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains, the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking; but before the sun rose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit had passed away. When Bertha came in, after the few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding, folded in her arms, the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and so holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side, when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha as, standing by her side, she sobbed aloud; quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room; and as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years, two gentle, quiet women lived alone, in the little cottage in the dell; moving amongst the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a deathbed with their gentle, holy words; spreading peace around them whersoever their footsteps went. And often in the summer evenings, one of them, the youngest and most beautiful, would wend her quiet way to the old churchyard; and there, in a green, sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-trees waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

OUR DOUBLES.

My philosophy makes no pretence to be elucidative or doctrinal; it is humbly suggestive. I do not presume to explain or to advise; I only crave the liberty, timidly and respectfully to hint.

My philosophy, like my attire, is ragged. It is disjointed, threadbare, looped and windowed with the holes that have been picked in it; patched, pinned instead of buttoned, flimsy and unsubstantial, and consequently undeserving (as all rags must be) of respect. But it may serve to wile away some ten minutes or so, even as a tattered little ragamuffin was wont, in the days of long stages, to amuse the outside passengers by keeping pace with the "spanking tits" for the contingent reversion of a halfpenny.

I have been philosophising lately, after my poor manner, on the dualities of men and women, of the properties we all have, more or less, of casting our skin—of being one man abroad and another at home, one character for the foot-lights and another for the greenroom; of the marvellous capacity with which we are all gifted, in greater or smaller proportions, for playing a part, and not only for playing one radically and fundamentally different from the one we enact in private life, but for playing it simultaneously with the other, and for being (to use a very trite Malapropism) two gentlemen at once. Everybody, so it seems to me, can be, and is somebody else.

You know this already, you say, reader;

but you will not be angry with me for telling you what you knew before. To be told what we know, flatters our self-love, and makes us think, with some self-gratulation, what sharp fellows we are; but to be told what we don't know generally wounds our vanity or excites our scepticism, and inclines us to a suspicion that our informant, though doubtless a well-informed person, is playing upon our credulity or making game of our ignorance. You will, perhaps, object that in my theory of corporeal duality, (I don't hint at the duality of the mind, for that is a subject above my reach, and above my ken), I am but giving another name to the hypocrisy of mankind. But the duality I mean is not always hypocritical. The double man is frequently unconscious of his duality. He is as sincere in one part as he is in the other, and believes himself just as firmly to be the person he is representing, as an accomplished actress, such as Miss O'Neil, would shed real, scalding tears, and sob out words that came really from the heart; or as tipsy Manager Elliston, in the height and glory, the tinsel and Dutch metal of a cardboard coronation, thought himself George the Fourth in reality, and blessed his people with vinous solemnity and sincerity. If people would believe a little more in this duality, this Siamese-twin quality of their neighbours and of themselves, they would be more tolerant; they would not accuse of unblushing disregard of truth the gentleman who, when they had knocked at his door, entered his hall, and felt his oilcloth beneath their very feet, called, himself, over the bannisters, that he was not at home. Mr. Smith, they might thus reason, the working, novel-writing, statistic-hatching, or simply lazy and dun-hating Mr. Smith, may certainly be, and is, on the first floor landing; but the other Mr. Smith, his double, who has time to spare, and likes morning calls, and can conveniently settle the little bill they have called about, is not at home. He is a hundred miles away. He has just stepped out. It is uncertain when he will return. Duality, like charity, would cover a multitude of sins.

Some men are double willingly, knowingly, and with premeditation—who can be both wolves and lambs; and with these, most frequently the lamb's face is the mask, and the wolf's the genuine article. Many put on masquerade knowingly but unwillingly, and curse the mask and domino while they wear them. A great many wear double skins unconsciously, and would be surprised if you were to tell them that they once were some one else than what they are now, and have still another skin beneath the masquerading one. Such is the ploughboy, over whose uncouth limbs has been dragged, slowly and painfully, a tightly fitting garment of discipline and drill. Such is the schoolmaster who has a cricket-loving, child-petting, laughter-exciting, joke-cracking skin for inmost covering, but is swathed without in parchment bands of authority and stern words—bands scribbled over with declensions and perfects forming in *avi*, stained with ink, dusty with the powder of slate pencils, stockaded with a *chevaux-de-frise* of cane and birch. There is the duality donned by the exigency of position. The fat man who knows himself inwardly, and is notoriously at home a ninny, yet, awake to the responsibility of a cocked hat and staff and gold laced coat, frowns himself into the semblance of the most austere of beadles. Necessity is the mother not only of invention, but of duality in men; and habit is the great wet nurse. She suckles the twins, and sends them forth into the world.

Look at Lord de Rougecotfer, Secretary of the department of State for no matter what affairs, and see how double a man habit has made him. To look at him, throning on the Treasury bench, you would think that nothing less than the great cauldron of broth political could simmer and bubble beneath his hat, and that the domestic *pot-au-feu* could find no place there. To hear him pleading with all the majesty of official eloquence the cause of tapeology, irremediably crushing into an inert and shapeless mass her Majesty's Opposition on the other side of the house (he has been crushed himself, many a time, when *he* sat opposite), sonorously tapping the tin box of office, zealously coughing down injudicious grievance-mongers, nay, even imitating the cries of the inferior animals, for the better carrying on of the Government of which he is a member. To watch the wearying and laborious course of his official life, the treadmill industry to which he is daily and nightly doomed, the matter-of-fact phraseology and action to which he is confined; to observe all this you might think that he was an incarnation of Hansard's Debates, Babbage's calculating machines, and Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant, indefinitely multiplied; that his bowels were of red tape, his blood of liquefied sealing-wax, his brain a pulp of mashed blue-books. Yet this Lord de Rougecoffer of Downing Street, the Treasury bench, and the division lobby, this crusher of Oppositions, and pooh-pooher of deputations, has a double in Belgrave Square, enthusiastically devoted to the acquisition of Raphaels, Correggios, Dresden china and Etruscan vases; a double so thoroughly a *magister coquinæ* that he seriously contemplates writing a cookery-book; a double enjoying Punch, and with an acknowledged partiality for Ethiopian serenaders; a double at a beautiful park down in Hampshire, who is regarded as an oracle on all matters connected with agriculture by ill-used and ruined gentlemen with top-boots and heavy gold chains; who has a *penchant* almost amounting to a foible for the cultivation of the *pelargonium;* a double who is the delight of the smaller branches of a large family; who can do the doll trick to a nicety, make plum-puddings in his hat, cut an orange

into a perfect multiplication table of shapes, and make as excellent a "back" at leap frog as any young gentleman from the ages of eight to twelve, inclusive, could desire. The Lord in Downing Street vomits statistics by the column; the Lord in Belgrave Square is an indifferent hand at counting at whist, and never could understand a betting-book. The Lord in private life is a nobleman of unimpeachable veracity, of unquestioned candour and sincerity, and enjoys the possession of an excellent memory; the Lord in St. Stephen's confidently affirms black to be white, shuffles, prevaricates, and backs out of obligations in an unseemly manner, and has a convenient forgetfulness of what he has said or done, and what he ought and has promised, to say or do, which is really surprising.

Habit gives a double cuticle to Mr. John Trett (of the firm of Tarb and Trett) of the city of London, ship-broker. One Mr. Trett is a morose despot, with a fierce whisker, a malevolent white neckcloth, and an evil eye. He is the terror of his clerks, the bane of ship-captains, the bugbear of the Jerusalem coffee-house. His surly talk is of ships that ought not to have come home in ballast, and underwriters on whom he will be "down;" of confounded owners, of freights not worth twopence, of ships gone to the dogs, and customers not worth working for. He is a hard man, and those who serve him, he says, do not earn their salt. He is a temperate man, and refuses chop-and-sherry invitations with scorn. He is a shabbily dressed man, and groans at the hardness of the times; yet he has a double at Dalston worth fifty thousand pounds, the merriest, most jovial, chirruping, middle-aged gentleman, with the handsomest house, the most attached servants, the largest assortment of comic albums and scrap books, and the prettiest daughters that eyes could wish to behold. He is something more than an amateur on the violoncello, although Giuseppe Pizzicato, from Genoa, was last week brought to Guildhall, at the complaint of Mr. Trett's double, charged with outraging the tranquillity of Copperbottom Court, Threadneedle Street, where the ship-brokers have their offices, by the performance of airs from Don Giovanni on the hurdy-gurdy. East of Temple Bar he abhors the juice of the grape; at Dalston he has an undeniable taste for old Port, and is irresistible in the proposition of "another bottle." It is quite a sight, when he insists on fetching this same "other bottle" from some peculiar and only-to-himself known bin, to see him emerging from the cellar beaming with smiles, cobwebs, and old Port wine. He is an excellent father, a liberal master, a jewel of a man at Dalston: only beware of him in Copperbottom Court. Temple Bar is the scarifier that performs the Laurentian operation upon him, and trust me, the city skin is a rough one.

When you walk into Lincoln's Inn old square, and up the rotten staircase (worn with hopeless clients' footsteps) of No. 202; when you read on a scowling door an inscription purporting it to be the entrance to Messrs. Harrow and Wrench's offices; when, opening that door, which creaks on its hinges as though clients were being squeezed behind it, you push open the inner door of baize, which yields with a softness equal to the velvet of a cat's paw; when you have waited a sufficient time in the outer office, and shuddered at the white-faced runners, and the ghastly Law Almanack, like Charles the First's death warrant in a black frame, and listened to the infernal music of the busy-writing clerks, scoring the doom of clients on parchment cut from clients' skins, with pens plucked from clients' feathers, with ink distilled from clients' blood, tempered with the gall of law (as all these matters appear to you); when you are at last admitted to the inner sanctum, and to an interview with Mr. Harrow; when, as a debtor, you have begged for time, for lenity, for mercy, and have been refused; or, as a creditor, listened to Mr. Harrow's bland promises to sell Brown up, to seize Jones's sticks, to take care that Smith does not pass his last examination, to serve Tompkins with a *ne exeat*, and to take out process of outlawry against Robinson; when you have paid a bill of costs, or have been presented with one which you have not the remotest chance of paying; when you have sustained all the misery and madness of the law's delay, and all the insolence of the office, you will very probably descend the staircase, commending the whole temple of injustice, cruelty, and chicane, to the infernal gods. Mr. Harrow will seem to you an embodied ghoule; Mr. Wrench, a vampire, with an arsenal of legal sticks and staves through what ought to be his heart, but is a rule to show cause; the scribbling clerks, the white-faced runners, the greasy process-servers, the villainous bailiff's followers sniffing up the scent of a debtor to be trapped from the instructions of a clerk—all these will appear to you cannibals, blood-suckers, venomous reptiles, hating their fellow-creatures, and a-hungered for their entrails. Yet, all these useful members of society are dualities; they have all their doubles. Mr. Harrow leaves his inexorable severity, his savage appetite for prey on his faded green-baize table. In Guildford Street, Russell Square, he gives delightful evening parties, loses his money at cards with charming complacency, and is never proof against petitions for new bonnets from his daughters, for autumn excursions from his wife, for ten-pound notes from his son at Cambridge. Mr. Wrench (who more particularly looks after the selling-up and scarifying business) is an active member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is quite a Providence to the poor crossing-sweepers in the neighbourhood of his

residence. The chief clerk (who has the keenest nose and sharpest talon for a recalcitrant bankrupt of any managing clerk in the square) keeps rabbits, portioned his laundress's daughter when she married, and always weeps when he goes to the play, and the "Rent Day" is performed. The clerks who write the doom of clients, the runners, the process-servers, leave their deadly cunning, and remorseless writs, and life-destroying processes in their desks and blue bags and greasy leathern pouches; they leave their skin behind too; and, after office-hours, are joyous boon companions, irreproachable husbands in small suburban cottages, sweethearts leaving nothing to be desired, free-hearted roysterers always willing to be their twopence to another's twopence, men and brothers feeling another's woe, hiding the faults they see, showing mercy, inter-aiding and assisting each other. And, believe me, this species of duality is not the most uncommon. The butcher is, nine times out of ten, kind-hearted and peaceable at home; Sanson, the executioner, had a passion for the cultivation of flowers, and played prettily on the piano; General Haynau, I dare say (for the sake of argument, at least), is a "love" of an old gentleman in private life, with *such* "loves" of grey moustachios, and *so* full of anecdote! Do you think the tiger is savage and brutal in domestic life; that the hyena does not laugh good-humouredly in the bosom of his family; that the wolf can't be sociable? No such thing. I dare say that clouds do sometimes obscure the zoological felicity; that Mrs. Tiger occasionally complains, should the antelope be tough or the marrow scanty; that Miss Hyena may lament the hardness of the times and the scarcity of carrion; and that Mr. Lupus may do worse than he expected during the winter; but, perhaps, they don't howl, and yell, and craunch, and tear at home?

We grow so accustomed to see people in one character and costume, that we can scarcely fancy the possibility of the duality they certainly possess. For us the lion must be always lying in a hole under a rock, waiting for a traveller. We ignore his duality, the lion at home. We have grown so accustomed to a Mr. Charles Kean in a spangled tunic, or a Mr. Buckstone in a skyblue coat and scanty nankeen trousers, that we can't fancy them in private life save in similar costumes, asking for beer in blank verse, in the first case; throwing the spectators into convulsions of laughter by poking the fire, in the second. We so mix up double men and double dresses and double avocations, that we fail to recognise even persons with whom we are familiar when they have laid the state dress and state character aside, and walk abroad plain men. We see a quiet-looking gentleman in plain black cheapening asparagus in Covent Garden Market, and are told that he is the Speaker of the House of Commons. Where is his bag-wig, his mace that he should use as a walking-stick, or at least carry under his arm like an umbrella? Where is his three-cornered hat, with which he does those curious hanky-panky tricks in counting members? We are shown a stout gentleman in a white hat and a cut-away coat close to a handsome quiet-looking man, smoking a cigar, and are told that one designed the Crystal Palace, and that the other raised the Britannia Bridge. Where are their compasses, their rules, their squares? Why don't they walk about the streets with their hands thrust in their waistcoats, their hair thrown back, their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling? Without going quite so far as the boy who believed that every judge was born with a wig on his head and ermine on his shoulders, can you, can I, fancy a judge in a jacket and a wide-awake hat? Is there not something unnatural and inharmonious in the realisation of the picture of an archbishop in a nightcap? We can fancy a burglar cleaning his dark lantern, oiling his centre-bit, loading his pistols; but can we fancy him tending his sick wife, or playing with his children?

It may be the ruling habit, after all, and not the ruling passion that is strong in death. The schoolmaster who directed his scholars to be dismissed; the judge who sent the jury to consider of their verdict; the warrior who murmured *tête d'armée!* the mathematician who gave the square of twelve; the comedian who said, "drop the curtain; the farce is over;" all these responded more to some watchword of habit, than of a predominant passion. Doctor Black, though an excellent schoolmaster, can scarcely be said to have had a *passion* for teaching boys their accidence; it was, perhaps, more the habit of the judge to sum up evidence for the jury, than his passion; though Napoleon certainly had a passion for war; the mathematician (I forget his name) was habituated to arithmetical exercises, and gave the square of twelve through the force of habit; and as for the actor, as for poor Molière, he was a comedian through necessity, and not, Heaven knows, through any passion for performing. Among the instances where the ruling passion does really seem to have been strong in death, those of the miser who wished the candle to be extinguished, as "he could die in the dark," and the Highland Cateran who objected to extreme unction as an "unco waste of ulzie," seem to me the most worthy of notice; though I am afraid the foundation on which their authenticity rests is rather dubious.

CHIPS.

CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

Some information on this subject may be useful, just now:—Port Jackson, in New South Wales, on which the city of Sydney stands, is found, by thermometrical com-

parison, to have the summer of Avignon, Constantinople, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, in the United States, and a winter very nearly similar to that of Cairo in Egypt. Its fluctuations correspond with those of Paris, and its annual mean temperature with Messina and the Cape of Good Hope.

Port Philip, the bay into which the river port of Melbourne flows, resembles, in its summer season, Baden, Marseilles, and Bourdeaux; in its winter, Palermo or Buenos Ayres; the fluctuations of its temperature are those of Montpellier, and its annual mean is that of Naples.

Launceston, in Van Dieman's Land, resembles Mannheim, La Rochelle, and Toulouse, and, in its winter and its annual mean, Lisbon and Perpignan.

Lastly, Port Arthur, the extreme southern station of Van Dieman's Land, possesses the summer of Tilsit, Dantzic, Augsburg, and Jena, and a winter like that of Smyrna.

According, then, to these statements, the thermometrical fluctuations assimilate New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land to a tropical region. The summer season of the two colonies resembles the summer of that part of Western Europe which lies between the latitudes of forty-one degrees, fifty-three minutes, and fifty-five degrees, fifty-seven minutes; and the winter that part of the Mediterranean which—enclosed between the coasts of Spain, Italy, France, and Algiers—extends to Tunis and Cairo. Thus are concentrated within the space of eleven degrees of latitude the elements of seasons most requisite and essential for exalting all the energies of animal and vegetable life.

The climatic condition of New South Wales and of all Australia is represented in the most favourable light by its rich flora, and the healthy condition of its aborigines and indigenous animals. At Tahlee, near Port Stephens, the plantain grows in company with the vine, the peach, the apple, the English oak, and in close vicinity to the eucalyptoe and mimosa. Kangaroo, sheep, emeu, and horned cattle, roam together in the same forests, seeking sustenance from the same herbage.

But what mainly illustrates the fertility and salubrity of these countries is the healthiness of the English settlers who have taken root in the soil. No endemic, and seldom any epidemic diseases of grave character, prevail; and if even partial deterioration of the progeny is sometimes seen, it is to be traced to the pertinacity with which the English race cling to their original modes of living—to the abuse of strong wines, malt liquors, and particularly to the excessive consumption of animal food of the richest description. Even to the mode of clothing and housing may be traced individual diseases, such as dyspepsia, premature decay of teeth, and affection of the brain. Much useful information, of the character here produced, may be gleaned from "New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land," by Count P. E. de Strzelecki.

THE FIRST-BORN.

The First-born is a Fairy child,
A wondrous emanation!
A tameless creature, fond and wild—
A moving exultation!
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,
Its footstep laughs with lightness:
And cradled, all its features fair
Are touched with mystic brightness.

First pledge of their betrothed love—
O, happy they that claim it!
First gift direct from Heav'n above—
O, happy they that name it!
It tunes the household with its voice,
And, with quick laughter ringing,
Makes the inanimate rooms rejoice,
A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beauteous things
By kindred light resembles;
But, evermore with fluttering wings,
On fairy confines trembles.
So much of those that gave it birth,
Of Father and of Mother:
So much of this world built on earth,
And so much of another!

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF FANNY BURNEY AT COURT.

It is 1779. There is an amusing scene in Mr. Thrale's villa at Streatham. The house, as usual, is full of company. Mr. Boswell, who has recently arrived in London, comes for a morning visit; and what was then called a "collation" is ordered. The sprightly hostess takes her seat, with Dr. Johnson on her right. Next him is a vacant chair, which Boswell is about to occupy, according to his wont as the *umbra* of his illustrious friend. Mr. Seward interferes with—"Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney's." Into the chair slides "the little Burney;" and the good Doctor rolls about, and glares upon Fanny with his large one eye, and caresses her as he would a petted child. Boswell is mad with jealousy. He will not eat; he takes no place at the table; but seizes a chair, and plants himself behind the sage and his *protégée*. There is a laugh and a whisper about "Bozzy," when another wig is thrust between the Doctor's wig and the lady's powdered *toupée*. Terrible is the reproof: "What do you do here, sir? Go to the table, sir. One would take you for a Brangton."—"A Brangton, sir? What is a Brangton, sir?"—"What company have you kept not to know that, sir?" Poor Boswell is soon informed. Brangton is the name of a vulgar family in "Evelina;" and the little lady who has dispossessed him of the place of honour is the authoress of that novel.

Four years pass on, and Boswell knows his cue better. He calls at Johnson's house, and

finds him at tea with "the celebrated Miss Burney." He is evidently in the way. Johnson, in answer to something about parliamentary speakers, says, "Why do you speak here? Either to instruct or entertain, which is a benevolent motive; or for distinction, which is a selfish motive." The canny Scot disarms him—he mentions "Cecilia;" and then Johnson, with an air of animated satisfaction, as the biographer records—"Sir, if you talk of 'Cecilia,' talk on."

The gentleness to Fanny, and the roughness to Bozzy, are all over. Johnson has pressed her hand for the last time, and said, "*Ah, priez Dieu pour moi.*"

It is the 16th of December, 1785, and "the celebrated Miss Burney" is on a visit to Mrs. Delany, at Windsor. This is the widow of Dr. Delany, the friend and panegyrist of Swift; so that she formed a link between the times of George the Third and the times of Anne. The King had given Mrs. Delany the occupation of a small house close by the Royal Lodge at Windsor; and he would occasionally walk in for a gossip with the ancient lady. The Queen, too, would sometimes come. Fanny Burney had been in a flutter for many days about these visits, ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door. On this wintry afternoon she is in the drawing-room, with Mrs. Delany's niece, and a little girl, playing at puss-in-the-corner. Without any announcement, the door opens, and a large man, in deep mourning, enters, shutting the door himself. The niece exclaims, "Aunt, the King, the King;" and the kittens rush to the sides of the room, as if they had been mice, and a real grimalkin had appeared amongst them. Fanny is planted against the wall, and she says, that she hoped to glide out of the room; but Majesty asks, "Is that Miss Burney?" And then, Miss Burney—standing against the wall, as everybody else stood, with the exception of the venerable lady—had, after sundry royal monologues about James's powder, and whooping-cough, and rheumatism, the happiness (for who can doubt that it was happiness) to hear the King begin to talk about "Evelina;" and how she never told her father about the book. Then the King, coming up close, said, "But what? what? how was it?"—"Sir!"—"How came you? how happened it? what? what?"—"I—I—only wrote, sir, for my own amusement, only in some odd idle hours."—"But your publishing, your printing, how was that?"—"That was, sir, only because——" "What?"—"I thought, sir, it would look very well in print."—"Ha! ha! very fair, indeed! that's being very fair and honest!"

Now comes the Queen—and then the King repeats all that he had said, and all that Miss Burney had said—and coming up to the bewildered maiden again, asks, "Are you musical?"—"Not a performer, sir." The King crosses to the Queen, and communicates the fact. But the royal curiosity is not quite satisfied. "Are you sure you never play? never touch the keys at all?"—"Never to acknowledge it, sir."—"Oh that's it;" and he imparts to the Queen, "She does play, but not to acknowledge it." There is then a great deal of talk in the middle of the room—while those against the wall answer if spoken to—when the Queen, in a low voice, says, "Miss Burney;"—and upon Miss Burney coming up to her, whispers—"But shall we have no more—nothing more?" and Fanny cannot but understand her, and shakes her head.

We see the shadow of "little Burney," as she writes twenty pages of her diary on that eventful evening, smiling with ineffable happiness, and, we almost fear, forgetting that she had lived with those whose commendation was worth—shall we say it?—almost as much as "the excessive condescension" to the authoress standing against the wall in Mrs. Delany's drawing-room.

In July 1786, Miss Burney has attained, in the view of the world, a high promotion. She is of the Queen's household. She has a drawing-room and a bed-room in the Lodge at Windsor; a footman, and two hundred a year. Is the authoress of "Evelina" a confidential amanuensis,—or English reader—or instructress of a Princess? We see her shadow in the unvarying course of her daily life.

Fanny rises at six o'clock. She dresses in a morning-gown and cap, and waits her first summons. What summons her? A bell. "The celebrated Miss Burney," for a considerable time, can never hear that bell without a start, and a blush of conscious shame at her own strange degradation. These are her own words. Poor little Burney! Your father, we would fain believe, forced you to wear these chains of servitude; or perhaps you thought that to wait upon a "sweet Queen" as a lady's maid—yes, Fanny, a lady's maid, nothing more nor less—was to be a bright fairy dressing a born princess all in silk and diamonds for a ball, where the fairy herself might sometimes dance. It is really very prosaic work; Miss Burney has a helper—one Mrs. Thielky; but there is also a lady above her in office, one Mrs. Schwellenberg. Between seven and eight o'clock there is the Queen's morning dressing. Mrs. Thielky hands "the things," and Fanny puts them on. At a quarter before one begins the dressing for the day. Fanny ought to be dressed herself before she enters the royal presence; but, we grieve to say, she is often unpunctual and half-unpowdered. Perhaps she has been musing over the remembrance of the wisdom of Burke, or the kindness of Reynolds, wrapt in a dream of the old familiar faces. The bell rings, and she must go. Mrs. Schwellenberg is there, and Mrs. Thielky; and they help the Queen off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted; the Queen reading the newspaper during the operation.

At three o'clock the ceremony is finished; and "the celebrated authoress" has actually two hours of freedom. Is she jotting down notes for "Camilla," or does she get a breezy walk in the Little Park, shaded from that July sun by those o'er-arching elms, solemn as a cathedral aisle—as solemn, but how much more sweet! Poor Fanny! she also has had to put on her powdering things—the hair-dresser has been with her also a little after noon, and she has had no leisure to read the newspaper. She must sit still, lest the curls should be deranged, till she goes to dine with cross Mrs. Schwellenberg, punctually at five. No wonder that she gives way to dejection of spirits, and mopes over her diary. For three hours Fanny is *tête-à-tête* with the superior lady of the dressing-room mysteries, who propitiates the novice after this fashion: "I tell you once, I shall do for you what I can; you are to have a gown. The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says you are not rich." Fanny pouts: "I have two new gowns, and therefore do not require another."—"Miss Bernar, I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown, you must be humble, thankful." Poor little Burney! At eight o'clock the Equerry-in-waiting comes to tea in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, and with him any gentlemen that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening. Fanny, for an hour, is in good society, as the world terms it; but it is not quite the society to which she has been accustomed. There is General Budé, with a sneer in his smile that looks sarcastic; but Major Price is kind and good-humoured; and Colonel Goldsworthy, although a man of but little cultivation or literature, delights in a species of dry humour. An occasion arrives for the "celebrated authoress" to form a "grand design." Her superior is left in London, and the presidency of the tea-table devolves upon Miss Burney. She determines to cut the Equerries, and goes out; she had no official commands to make tea for them. The man of little literature is angry, and Miss Burney gets through the affair very awkwardly. Fanny! you are tethered, you had better not tug at the chain. The "sweet Queen" is very condescending; but she rarely lets Miss Burney forget that she is there as the servant, and not as the novel-writer. The Queen has gone out early with the King, and Miss Burney thinks she may have a long walk: she is too late for the noon-tide dressing; but she rushes into the room where Majesty is already under the hands of the hair-dresser, with no Burney to have disrobed her. "Where have you been, Miss Burney?" It was small compliment to the authoress of "Evelina," when the thunder-cloud had passed, to be told to look at Lady Frances Howard's gown, and see if it was not very pretty. But the poor thing receives it as kindness, and dries her tears. It was kindness. The Queen is really kind to her; but, within that circle, there is an end of free will. The condition of existence in those dreary walls is unmitigated slavery. The very highest are the slaves of their own forms; their attendants, from the Lady of the Bedchamber to Miss Burney, "the dresser,"—from the Lord Chamberlain to Colonel Goldsworthy, the Equerry—are equally slaves. The man of dry humour thus describes the life which would have killed Major Price, if he had not resigned: "Riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing,—what a life it is. Well; it 's honour! that 's one comfort; one has the honour to stand till one has not a foot left; and to ride till one's stiff, and to walk till one's ready to drop; and then one makes one's lowest bow, d'ye see, and blesses one's-self with joy for the honour." Fanny is never invited to hear the evening concert; but Colonel Goldsworthy tells her how those who do hear it have to stand in an outer room for two hours. To be able to stand for hours without dropping, to walk out of a room backwards, and never to cough or sneeze—these were the qualifications for a court life, in the absence of which no talent and no virtue would be equivalents.

We see the shadow of Fanny Burney, as on two occasions, separated by an interval of less than three months, she walks on Windsor terrace.

On the 21st May, 1786—five months after the introduction to royalty at Mrs. Delany's—Doctor Burney, who is desirous to be appointed Master of the King's Band, when the decease should ensue of the then master, is thus advised: "Take your daughter in your hand, and walk upon the terrace; the King will understand." The King was well experienced in such hints. Was the Bishop of A—— "in declining health,"—unquestionably the Very Reverend the Dean of B—— would be on Windsor Terrace with his daughter. Was "Gold Stick" confined to his bed—"Silver Stick" would soon be shining on Windsor Terrace. We have seen the process in our boyhood, some twenty years later than the Sunday evening on which Miss Burney stood to attract notice in this "Vanity Fair." It was a curious scene. About five o'clock, carriage after carriage began to roll up the Castle hill. That hill was then a sort of street, with house after house, close up to the ugly barrack, called the Lodge, which Sir William Chambers had erected opposite the great southern gate of the Castle. That lodge was the seat of Fanny Burney's griefs. It was separated from the road to the terrace by an enclosed lawn. The eastern terrace was the great point of attraction. Here the aspirants for royal smiles clustered on benches placed under the Castle windows, whilst the community were happy to get a seat on the low wall that looked down upon what was then a smooth turf, but now a garden. There is a sudden hush; a door is opened, and Majesty is seen descending the steps. The bands burst out with "God save the King!" the

multitude are uncovered. Fanny has not arrived quite in good time; but she is brought with Lady Louisa Clayton, and a place is obtained. Up and down walk the King and Queen, and the Princesses, and the Equerries; the crowd squeeze themselves into the narrowest space as they come, and close in after they have passed. Fanny is shy, and draws her hat over her face; she thinks her real errand will be suspected; but her *chaperon* puts her forward. The King has his how d'ye do—and when did you come—and how long shall you stay—and when do you come again—and—happy little Burney—"Pray, how goes on the Muse?"—"Not at all, sir."—"No! But why? why not?"—"I—I—I am afraid, sir."—"And why? of what?"—and the King pokes his head under her hat—"Oh! she's afraid." Doctor Burney had no word—and he didn't get the place.

It is the 7th of August of the same year—the birthday of the little Princess Amelia. All the royal family are "new dressed;" people of distinction come to the terrace as to a drawing-room. Miss Burney, too—who is now one of the queen's attendants—is new dressed; and why should she not go to the terrace? She does go with Mrs. Delany. The King stops to speak to the good old lady—and he once or twice addresses her companion. The Queen—when her attendant catches her eye—expresses, by one look of surprise, that she ought not to have been there. Fanny, in a flutter, kisses the little Princess of three years' old—and before the people of distinction, too! In truth, Miss Burney, you are much too impulsive; three months have made a great difference in your position, which you rather fail to comprehend. A spiteful Quarterly Reviewer—who found out that you were five-and-twenty, and not seventeen, when you wrote "Evelina"—says, with the grandest of airs, that your chief, if not sole recommendations to the royal favour were your "literary merits," and your "personal manners!" No doubt, you presumed upon those qualities, sometimes—and it was long before you were aware that they were not wanted in your position.

"Literary merits" have not very often public recognition, and when a demonstration comes it is generally embarrassing. There was a time when Miss Burney, with the Montagues and Thrales about her, would have sate calmly in a box at the theatre, and received, without much blushing, a tribute to her reputation. She is now in the Equerries' box—the balcony box—at one of the great theatres, in the front row; the Royal Family and their suite immediately opposite. The second Lady of the Robes has been kindly permitted a few hours of relaxation. Miss Farren comes on to speak the epilogue to a new play. Fanny leans forward with her opera-glass, intent upon the graceful actress. There is a compliment to female writers, and she listens with breathless attention. What? Is it herself—who has been doomed to hear, from rude Mrs. Schwellenberg, that she "hates all novels"—to whom these two lines apply?

> "Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
> Whose every passion yields to Nature's laws."

The King raises his opera-glass to look at her, and laughs immoderately; the Queen looks up too; the Princesses look; the maids of honour look. Fanny puts up her fan, and sits back for the rest of the night. Popular applause—and that midnight "bell" when she returns to the palace!

We have read the "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay," with a real feeling of pity for her in those Miss Burney days at Windsor, and Kew, and Buckingham Palace. Never was a flattered and petted lady—the most successful writer of fiction in an age when authoresses were few—subjected to such bitter mortifications, as in those two or three years of her imprisonment in that waiting-maid life. We see her restless shadow as she enters, with the royal *cortège*, an unbidden guest, into the halls of Nuneham; no servant to show her to her room—no welcome—no offered refreshment. Plain Mrs. Schwellenberg gives her a premonition when, with her own pretensions as Miss Burney, she tells the German lady that she had been introduced to Lord Harcourt at Sir Joshua Reynolds's:—"O! it is the same—that is nothing—when you go with the Queen, it is enough; they might be civil to you for that sake. You might go quite without no, what you call, fuss; you might take no gown but what you go in; that is enough—you might have no servant—for what? You might keep on your riding-dress. There is no need you might be seen. I shall do every thing I can to assist you to appear for nobody." Literary merits, and personal manners!—put them up in lavender, Miss Burney; they will not wear well here with the new gown that the Queen gives you.

It is the 1st of January, 1787, and Fanny Burney is entering a wise resolve in her diary: "I opened the new year with what composure I could acquire. I considered it as the first year of my being settled in a permanent situation, and made anew the best resolutions I was equal to forming, that I would do what I could to curb all spirit of repining, and to content myself calmly, unresistingly at least, with my destiny." She has mistaken the real nature of the "permanent situation." It is no fault of hers that she is unfitted for it; it is no fault of her royal benefactors—for they wished to be so—that her promotion is degradation. Her destiny is an unnatural one, and she *must* repine. The *habitués* of a court have their own exclusive associations of rank and ambition, of fashion and parade, to console them for the inconveniences of the "honour" in which they live. But the literary lady's-maid—what sympathy has she? The Queen is condescending, but

reserved; the King has his what? what? as he has with every one; the Princesses are affable; the Equerries are polite; celebrities, though of a somewhat heavy character, come sometimes to the tea-room—Mr. De Luc the geologist, Mr. Bryant the mythologist, and Dr. Herschel the astronomer. But she meets Thomas Warton, the poet, in a hasty walk, and she must turn a deaf ear to his raptures, for she dare not ask him to her room. No man must come there; no lady, not in the permitted list. Her correspondence with Madame de Genlis is forbidden. She is allowed to attend one day at the trial of Warren Hastings. Edmund Burke—a name that then stank in the court nostrils—espies her, and places himself by her side. Oh, Fanny, there are eyes upon you. You stammer as your old friend—the greatest man of his time—looks in your unaccustomed face with the familiar look of sincere affection. The tie is broken. He is the same; but you must wear a mask.

We see the shadow of Fanny Burney as illness gradually steals upon her. It must come. If she does not send that letter of resignation so often proposed, there will be a tear or two in the Lodge at Windsor, for the little woman that was so clever and so pleasant, and yet so fidgetty and unhappy. What could have ailed her? She had "two new gowns and everything handsome" about her. The letter *was* sent; and Fanny soon grew well at Norbury Park, and wrote "Camilla," and married a pleasant *emigré*, and had a cottage of her own in the lovely valley of the Mole, and died at near ninety. We hope she was more at home in a foreign land than in that ugly Lodge at Windsor, of which, most happily, not a brick is left.

WE, AND OUR MAN TOM.

Geelong, 1851.

Here we are all three!

When Mr. Rumble and myself had decided upon going to work as Emigrant Farmers, of course the first thing to be done was to find an eligible piece of land. After applying to the Government Land Office, and going to see every likely spot that we could hear of within twenty miles of Melbourne—the result being in every case disappointment—we went over to Geelong. Melbourne and Geelong are fifty miles asunder, on opposite sides of Port Philip Bay.

We had some very pleasant excursions, principally on foot, through the country round Geelong; at last we were attracted to the spot upon which we are now settled. The grand drawback upon almost every place we visited was want of water. In Australia there are none of those clear, rippling streams, that glitter about the surface of an English landscape; there are only a few, thinly scattered, deep, black, sluggish rivers, which in hot seasons dry up altogether, except where there are deep holes. We are comparatively well off for water here, having only to go two miles to fetch it. It is not to be supposed, however, that we abide by this natural arrangement. Since the rainy season we have had plenty of water close at hand, in our reservoir or water-hole.

Our choice having ultimately fallen upon a situation for our farm, distant a few miles from Geelong, at Mount Swardle, we settled about the land, and, in the next place, proceeded to provide ourselves with that universal means of transport here—a bullock-dray, and its accompanying animals; also a man to drive. In the last respect we were particularly fortunate. Tom is a treasure; a very respectable fellow, the son of an English farmer, and has been out in the colony long enough to be quite handy at all the work required for the conversion of a wild piece of forest land into a well-cultivated farm.

Having arranged with a carpenter in Geelong for the building of our house, we started for the scene of our future labours. We took with us a dray-load of miscellaneous articles; including provisions, axes, and other implements wherewith to clear the forest. Our labours for the first day or two were of a rather desultory kind; we occupied some time in deciding upon a good site for the house, and clearing it of trees. The situation chosen is upon the side of a little valley, fronting the west, and sheltered from the south winds; which are apt to puff and blow here with alarming energy.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, we succeeded in bringing out from Geelong all the wood for the house with our four bullocks. On Thursday there occurred the Bush fire, of which I have already sent you some account. (See "Household Words," Vol. III., p. 523.) The house was completed, all but the chimney, by the Monday following; and so we took possession of our future home. It is but one story high, and had originally only three rooms; but we have since added a fourth, and are about to add a fifth. We had another journey out to Geelong, to fetch bricks for the chimney: and when all was fairly finished, Mrs. Rumble came out from Melbourne to join her husband, and so our proper housekeeping began. Mr. Rumble and myself consider ourselves two of the hardest labourers in Port Philip. Always excepting our man Tom.

Our first great work, when we had comfortably settled ourselves in our house and fenced in a large garden, was to enclose the whole of our land with a brush-fence. This we accomplished in three weeks, to the admiration of our neighbours: the fence being altogether a mile and a half long. I soon found it easy enough to buckle to work—real hard work, under the superintendence of Tom. I can cut down a tree as well as if I had no other desire or duty in the world, and stick to such business for ten hours

a day. Without feeling tired at night, I am quite ready to sit down and play my concertina for an hour or two; that is what I generally do every evening.

As soon as our fencing was finished, we began the digging of a water-hole, that we might secure to ourselves a supply of water as soon as the rains set in. The position we chose for this very essential part of an Australian farm was in one corner of the garden, at the bottom of the valley on one side of which the house is built. This water-hole is twelve feet in diameter, and thirteen feet deep. We three spent only four days in making it. The hole having been dug, we covered it in, and cut trenches from it up the sides of the valley, to catch all the water that runs down from the adjacent hills. So well planned are our water-works, that about an hour's smart rain gave a supply of water that was not exhausted for a month.

The first rain occurred about a month ago. I then opened my packet of seeds, and planted some of them; such as cabbages and lettuces. They have all come up well. In addition to my own seeds, Mr. Rumble had brought others. Some of his peas are now three inches high. The winter is the grand season for vegetation here. At its commencement all the trees begin to shoot out, just as they do in England in the spring. About five weeks ago we began to clear a piece of ground for our crop of wheat. The land is by no means heavily timbered, few of the trees being more than two feet thick; so that we have now cleared about fifteen acres, thirteen of which are already ploughed. The trees are not hewn down, but dug out by the roots: this is about the hardest work we do; but Mr. Rumble and I manage to clear the ground almost as fast as our man Tom can plough it. We expect to be able to sow about thirty acres of wheat this year; which is considered excellent for the first crop.

One of the things which, no doubt, has been very conducive to the restoration of my health, is the extraordinary change in my hours. We are always in bed at nine o'clock, and up at day-break. One morning we underslept ourselves through mistaking the light of the moon for daylight. We rose and set to work in the garden, chopping firewood, and all that. We were just getting breakfast ready, when I happened to look at my watch, and found that it was then only a quarter past two in the morning. We went quietly to bed again, looking rather foolish.

Our diet is not luxurious; its staple articles are damper and salt beef, with oceans of tea. This damper, which is so frequently mentioned in all works on Australia, I like extremely; it is simply flour and water made into a paste and baked in the wood-ashes. We make it into cakes of two feet broad and four inches thick; these are by no means heavy, but when properly made are just like bread; only, I should think, more wholesome.

I have not yet given you my notion of Australian scenery, nor of the towns of Melbourne and Geelong. To begin with Melbourne. The approach to it from the sea is not agreeable. The steamer takes you from the ship's side up six miles of the river Yarra-Yarra, which runs through a low swamp covered with small trees. As you come near the town, the banks are fringed with boiling-down establishments; which, during the hot weather, emit an odour anything but welcome. The town itself is on a rising ground; the streets are very wide, and quite straight, crossing each other at right angles. This arrangement is not picturesque. There is, however, in the streets of Melbourne, a pleasing variety in the appearance of the dwellings; you may see an obtrusive newly-built brick house, running out to claim as much of the street as the limit of the proprietor's land will permit; next door to it, you may find, perhaps, an old wooden cottage shrinking bashfully into the street behind. Some of the shops are quite of London magnitude.

Geelong is a far prettier place than Melbourne. It is built close to the bay on moderately high ground; so that, from almost every part of it, you can see either over the bay, or far out into the country, just as you can in Edinburgh. It is laid out much in the same way as Melbourne, except that it has the advantage of a fine large market square in the centre. Considering that it has only been eight years in existence, I may say that it is a large town. It supports a theatre. It contains English, Scotch, and Roman Catholic churches. In the Catholic church is the one thing that interests me in Geelong—a very well-toned organ. One evening I stood for half-an-hour outside the building, listening to the organist playing *Adeste fideles*. It was the first organ I had heard since that Easter Sunday when you and I attended service in Westminster Abbey.

On my first landing at Port Philip, I thought the country had an ugly aspect; every thing looked so dry and burnt up—not a single blade of green grass was to be found anywhere; and yet the trees are always green. One sort of tree, however, which is very common—the she-oak they call it—is never green; indeed, it has no leaves at all, but merely bunches of a sort of vegetable twine depending from the branches. It is the darkest and most sepulchral-looking tree I ever saw. I think some enterprising cemetery company might do well to introduce it into England.

During our excursions round Melbourne, although none of them extended beyond twenty miles, I saw some wild forests, in which the trees were growing in such dense masses that you could often scarcely pass between the trunks, many rising sixty feet without a branch. This place was in the "Stringy-bark Ranges," so called from the

kind of trees there growing. The dreary appearance produced by the universal brown of the grass, was, however, nothing to that presented by the country round here after the great Bush fire, in the beginning of this year. I went to the top of our Mount Swardle a day or two afterwards, on purpose to have a look at the scene. On every side there was nothing but a great black plain—like a smooth pall; the uniformity of black absorbing all the shadows which distinguish hills and valleys to the eye.

One unpleasant fact about this country is the extraordinary number of malicious little insects. First, there are the musquitoes, then there are countless varieties of ants—of all sizes up to an inch in length; the largest are, on account of their ferocity, appropriately named "colonial bulldogs." Their bite is severe, as I can personally testify. In addition we have centipedes; not to forget spiders as large as the top of a tea-cup.

In Australia there is nothing old; no old castles or old houses. One hardly ever sees an old man or an old woman; and I don't think the traditions of the natives ever extend beyond the time of their grandfathers. Even the phrase "as old as the hills," almost loses its point in Australia; many of them—our Mount Swardle for instance—being extinct volcanoes; infants, geologically, not above a thousand years or so old.

ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Whoever has had the pleasure of studying Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, must have dwelt with peculiar zest on the many illustrations of its doctrines which the author has drawn from the structure of the human body. Well do we remember with what a flutter of surprise the professors and students of two distinguished schools of medicine first learned from Dr. Arnott's book, that atmospheric pressure is one of the forces by which the stability of the joints is secured; and that in the knee joint, for instance, the articulating surfaces of the bones are pressed together by about sixty pounds' weight of air. For a whole session teachers and pupils never tired of talking about this wonderful discovery; and endless were the experiments made on tortured cats and dogs, as well as upon the dead subject, to prove the truth of a proposition which ought to have been self-evident to men but moderately versed in natural philosophy. It was not that those learned professors and those earnest students had been previously unacquainted with the phenomenon of atmospheric pressure; they knew as well as Dr. Arnott that every square inch of the surface of the human body sustained its airy burthen of fifteen pounds; they knew as well as he, that between the articulating surfaces of bones there was no elastic medium interposed which could counteract that pressure; but, unlike him, they had not learned to put those two facts together, but had suffered them to roll about in their minds in unprofitable isolation, like the loose grains in a sportsman's shot pouch. If it is a good thing for a man to know the extent of his own ignorance, on the other hand, it appears to us scarcely less desirable that he should be able to make out a true inventory of his knowledge for the readier use thereof. "Happy the man who knows what he knows," exclaims the sententious Jacotot.

Dr. Arnott's work was soon followed by an essay from the pen of the late Sir Charles Bell, entitled "Animal Mechanics." It is strange that the example of these writers has hitherto incited few inquirers, if any, to follow them upon this new field of study. New it is, at least in modern times; for since the extinction of what may be called the Mechanical School of Physiology, of which the last eminent representative, Baglivi, died in 1706, scarcely any anatomist had thought of comparing the facts revealed by the scalpel with the principles of physical statics and dynamics. Even now it is but just beginning to be acknowledged that the cultivators of biological and of physical science—or, in other words, of that which relates to living and that which relates to dead matter—are too often content to remain more or less ignorant, to their great mutual detriment, each of the subjects of the other's speculations. Hence comes defective knowledge on both sides, now and then clumsily pieced out with conjectures caught up, wrong end foremost, in wild adventurous forays across the common border. Science suffers from this want of reciprocal commerce between its votaries. The arts, too, are deprived of many useful inventions, which a more intimate knowledge of animated nature might suggest to men of constructive ingenuity. It is not unlikely that the inventor of the ball and socket joint, whoever he may have been, derived the ideas, though it were even unconsciously, from the articulation of the thigh bone of a quadruped, or of man with the haunch. The celebrated shield used in excavating the Thames Tunnel was avowedly imitated by Mr. Brunel, from the headpiece of a species of worm that burrows under the salt at the bottom of rivers.

Most of the mechanical principles exhibited in bones have been elucidated by Arnott and Bell; but a very interesting part of the subject has wholly escaped their notice. They have shown, for instance, that sundry advantages result from the hollowness of the long bones of the limbs; that it affords not only an ampler surface for the attachment of muscles, but also increase of strength without increase of weight. The strength of a cylinder of given length and material is exactly in proportion to its diameter, and if the tubes remain the same, the diameter can be increased only by making the cylinder hollow. In fact, it is only a certain thickness of the outer ring that

resists fracture; the central portion contributes nothing to the amount of that resistance. The force which tends to break any straight bar, compresses the particles on one side and distends those on the opposite side; hence, a very slight notch in the under surface of a transverse beam supporting a heavy weight in the middle, may be sufficient to cause its destruction. If the beam be arched with its convexity downwards, the danger is greatly increased; if, on the other hand, the convexity be upwards, the danger vanishes, for then the incumbent weight tends to compress both surfaces alike. A plain cylinder is manifestly weaker than one of similar dimensions with superadded ribs or flutings; and lastly, the power of resistance may be increased by widening the surface liable to compression and augmenting its density, lengthening the transverse diameter in the direction of the probable line of fracture, and providing for the greater cohesiveness of the side liable to disruption. All these contrivances are exemplified in the long bones. They are not quite cylindrical (though so called), but have a more or less flattened surface on one side, and opposite to this a longitudinal projecting ridge or spine. They appear as if slightly twisted round their own axis, the effect of which is, that the broad surfaces and the longitudinal spines present themselves in the most advantageous positions to resist the strain of the adjacent muscles. To the same end, they are sometimes considerably arched from one extremity to the other, as in the instance of the human thigh bone. The density and hardness of their surface vary in different parts, and are always greatest where those qualities are most needed.

So much we find set forth in detail by Arnott and Bell; but no writer has assigned any satisfactory reason for the fact, that the long bones of man and of quadrupeds are filled with marrow. What may be the use of this substance is a question which remains for us to solve. It is one which, as Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson observes of the cosmogony and the creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers in all ages. Anatomical writers have long given it up in despair, or have contented themselves with the unmeaning conclusion, that the marrow is there for no very particular use, but simply as a light material to fill up vacant space. Assuredly, nature's workmanship is never disgraced by any such superfluous cobbling. Our solution of the question is, that the marrow serves to increase the rigidity of the bone, by acting as a medium through which the strength of every part of its containing walls is simultaneously exerted to resist an excessive strain at any one point.

It is a well-known principle of hydrostatics, that a pressure exerted on any part of a mass of fluid is immediately propagated through every other portion. If a tightly fitting tube, furnished with a piston, the surface of which measures, say one square inch, be inserted into the head of a full cask, and if a weight of ten pounds be laid on the piston rod, that pressure will not be transmitted solely to the inch of surface at the bottom which corresponds to the column of fluid directly under the piston, but every inch of the interior surface of the cask, top and sides as well as bottom, will have to bear an additional pressure of ten pounds. If any one of them is unable to withstand that additional pressure, the cask will burst; if they are all able to do so, the top, sides, and bottom of the cask will react against the pressure, so that the equilibrium will be maintained, and the piston cannot descend. Now, marrow consists of a delicate network of cellular tissue, and of a fine oil which occupies its interstices, and we may consider it practically as a fluid filling a narrow, elongated, little cask. The cavity in which it is confined is nearly cylindrical, whatever be the irregularities of form on the outer surface of the bone. The shape of such a cavity cannot be altered without diminishing its capacity, and consequently compressing its contents. But such alteration and such compression must necessarily take place before the bone can break or even bend considerably; and, in consequence of the hydrostatic law above stated, the tendency to this compression at any one or more points will be resisted by the cohesive force of every other point in the bony case.

The hollows in the bones of birds of flight are filled not with marrow but with air, whereby the specific gravity of the whole body is diminished. These air cavities are also in a measure supplementary to the lungs, and help to furnish the muscles with that large supply of aerated blood which their rapid and continuous action demands. Besides these two functions, the air in the bones fulfils a third also, analogous to that which we have ascribed to marrow. Air, being an elastic fluid, is less capable than oil of resisting pressure; but that confined air can yet impart considerable rigidity to the walls of its chamber, any one may easily convince himself by handling a blown bladder or gut, such as is used by sausage-makers. The inferior stiffness of a bird's bones is no doubt compensated for by the low specific gravity which imposes so much the less strain on the skeleton.

May we not hope to see the principle of these beautiful natural contrivances applied to a variety of useful purposes in art? We think we may. Nevertheless there are certain difficulties which we must not overlook. To shut up air in cases, whether flat, tubular, or of any other form, is a simple matter enough; but it is not quite so easy a thing as it may seem to fill a tube with a liquid so that it shall contain no air, and then to seal the tube hermetically in such a manner that the sealed end shall be as strong as any other part to resist a disruptive force from within. We must also bear in mind how dissimilarly solids and liquids expand and contract under the

influence of heat and cold. In the living subject marrow and bone remain constantly at the same temperature. An imitation of them in water and iron would be ill-fitted for enduring great alternations of heat and cold.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

During the last reign, the preaching of Wickliffe against the pride and cunning of the Pope and all his men, had made a great noise in England. Whether the new King wished to be in favour with the priests, or whether he hoped, by pretending to be very religious, to cheat Heaven itself into the belief that he was not an usurper, I don't know. Both suppositions are likely enough. It is certain that he began his reign by making a strong show against the followers of Wickliffe, who were called Lollards, or heretics—although his father, John of Gaunt, had been of that way of thinking, as he himself had been more than suspected of being. It is no less certain that he first established in England the detestable and atrocious custom, brought from abroad, of burning those people as a punishment for their opinions. It was the importation into England of one of the practices of what was called the Holy Inquisition: which was the most *un*holy and the most infamous tribunal that ever disgraced mankind, and made men more like demons than followers of Our Saviour.

No real right to the crown, as you know, was in this King. Edward Mortimer, the young Earl of March—who was only eight or nine years old, and who was descended from the Duke of Clarence, the elder brother of Henry's father—was, by succession, the real heir to the throne. However, he got his son declared Prince of Wales; and, obtaining possession of the young Earl of March and his little brother, kept them in confinement (but not severely) in Windsor Castle. He then required the Parliament to decide what was to be done with the deposed King, who was quiet enough, and who only said that he hoped his cousin Henry would be "a good lord" to him. The Parliament replied that they would recommend his being kept in some secret place where the people could not resort, and where his friends should not be admitted to see him. Henry accordingly passed this sentence upon him, and it now began to be pretty clear to the nation that Richard the Second would not live very long.

It was a noisy Parliament, as it was an unprincipled one, and the Lords quarrelled so violently among themselves as to which of them had been loyal and which disloyal, and which consistent and which inconsistent, that forty gauntlets are said to have been thrown upon the floor at one time as challenges to as many battles; the truth being that they were all false and base together, and had been, at one time with the old King, and at another time with the new one, and seldom true for any length of time to any one. They soon began to plot again. A conspiracy was formed to invite the King to a tournament at Oxford, and then to take him by surprise and kill him. This murderous enterprise, which was agreed upon at secret meetings in the house of the Abbot of Westminster, was betrayed by the Earl of Rutland—one of the conspirators. The King, instead of going to the tournament or staying at Windsor (where the conspirators suddenly went, on finding themselves discovered with the hope of seizing him), retired to London, proclaimed them all traitors, and advanced upon them with a great force. They retired into the west of England, proclaiming Richard King; but, the people rose against them, and they were all slain. Their treason hastened the death of the deposed monarch. Whether he was killed by hired assassins, or whether he was starved to death, or whether he refused food on hearing of his brothers being killed (who were in that plot) is very doubtful. He met his death somehow; and his body was publicly shown at St. Paul's Cathedral with only the lower part of the face uncovered. I can scarcely doubt that he was killed by the King's orders.

The French wife of the miserable Richard was now only ten years old; and, when her father, Charles of France, heard of her misfortunes and of her lonely condition in England, he went mad: as he had several times done before, during the last five or six years. The French Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon took up the poor girl's cause, without caring much about it, but on the chance of getting something out of England. The people of Bourdeaux, who had a sort of superstitious attachment to the memory of Richard, because he was born there, swore by the Lord that he had been the best man in all his kingdom—which was going rather far—and promised to do great things against the English. Nevertheless, when they came to consider that they, and the whole people of France, were ruined by their own nobles, and that the English rule was much the better of the two, they cooled down again; and the two dukes, although they were very great men, could do nothing without them. Then, began negociations between France and England for the sending home to Paris of the poor little Queen with all her jewels and her fortune of two hundred thousand francs in gold. The King was quite willing to restore the young lady, and even the jewels; but he said he really could not part with the money. So, at last she was safely deposited at Paris without her fortune, and then the Duke of Burgundy (who was cousin to the French King) began to quarrel with the Duke of Orleans (who was brother to the French King) about the whole matter; and these two dukes made France even more wretched than ever.

As the idea of conquering Scotland was still popular at home, the King marched to the

river Tyne and demanded homage of the King of Scotland. This being refused, he advanced to Edinburgh, but did little there; for, his army being in want of provisions, and the Scotch being very careful to hold him in check without giving battle, he was obliged to retire. It is to his immortal honour that in this sally he burnt no villages and slaughtered no people, but was particularly careful that his army should be merciful and harmless. It was a great example in those ruthless times.

A war among the border people of England and Scotland went on for twelve months, and then the Earl of Northumberland, the nobleman who had helped Henry to the crown, began to rebel against him—probably because nothing that Henry could do for him would satisfy his extravagant expectations. There was a certain Welsh gentleman, named OWEN GLENDOWER, who had been a student in one of the Inns of Court, and had afterwards been in the service of the late King, whose Welsh property was taken from him by a powerful lord related to the present King, who was his neighbour. Appealing for redress, and getting none, he took up arms, was made an outlaw, and declared himself sovereign of Wales. He pretended to be a magician; and not only were the Welsh people stupid enough to believe him, but, even Henry believed him too; for, making three expeditions into Wales, and being three times driven back by the wildness of the country, the bad weather, and the skill of Glendower, he thought he was defeated by the Welshman's magic arts. However, he took Lord Grey and Sir Edmund Mortimer, prisoners, and allowed the relatives of Lord Grey to ransom him, but would not extend such favour to Sir Edmund Mortimer. Now, Henry Percy, called HOTSPUR, son of the Earl of Northumberland, who was married to Mortimer's sister, is supposed to have taken offence at this; and, therefore, in conjunction with his father and some others, to have joined Owen Glendower, and risen against Henry. It is by no means clear that this was the real cause of the conspiracy; but perhaps it was made the pretext. It was formed, and was very powerful; including SCROOP, Archbishop of York, and the EARL OF DOUGLAS, a powerful and brave Scottish nobleman. The King was prompt and active, and the two armies met at Shrewsbury.

There were about fourteen thousand men in each. The old Earl of Northumberland being sick, the rebel forces were led by his son. The King wore plain armour to deceive the enemy; and four noblemen, with the same object, wore the royal arms. The rebel charge was so furious, that every one of those gentlemen was killed, the royal standard was beaten down, and the young Prince of Wales was severely wounded in the face. But, he was one of the bravest and best soldiers that ever lived, and he fought so well, and the King's troops were so encouraged by his bold example, that they rallied immediately, and cut the enemy's forces all to pieces. Hotspur was killed by an arrow in the brain, and the rout was so complete that the whole rebellion was struck down by this one blow. The Earl of Northumberland surrendered himself soon after hearing of the death of his son, and received a pardon for all his offences.

There were some lingerings of rebellion yet: Owen Glendower being retired to Wales, and a preposterous story being spread among the ignorant people that King Richard was still alive. How they could have believed such nonsense it is difficult to imagine; but they certainly did suppose that the Court fool of the late King, who was something like him, was he, himself; so that it seemed as if, after giving so much trouble to the country in his life, he was doomed still to trouble it after his death. This was not the worst. The young Earl of March and his brother were stolen out of Windsor castle. Being retaken, and being found to have been spirited away by one Lady Spencer, she accused her own brother, that Earl of Rutland who was in the former conspiracy and was now Duke of York, of being in the plot. For this he was ruined in fortune, though not put to death; and then another plot arose among the old Earl of Northumberland, some other lords, and that same Scroop, Archbishop of York, who was with the rebels before. These conspirators caused a writing to be posted on the church doors, accusing the King of a variety of crimes; but, the King being eager and vigilant to oppose them, they were all taken, and the Archbishop was executed. This was the very first time that a great churchman had been slain by the law in England; but the King was resolved that it should be done, and done it was.

The next most remarkable event of this time was the seizure, by Henry, of the heir to the Scottish throne—James, a boy of nine years old. He had been put aboard-ship by his father, the Scottish King Robert, to save him from the designs of his uncle, when, on his way to France, he was accidentally taken by some English cruisers. He remained a prisoner in England for nineteen years, and became in his prison a student and a famous poet.

With the exception of occasional troubles with the Welch and with the French, the rest of King Henry's reign was quiet enough. But, the King was far from happy, and probably was troubled in his conscience by knowing that he had usurped the crown, and had occasioned the death of his miserable cousin. The Prince of Wales, though brave and generous, is said to have been wild and dissipated, and even to have drawn his sword on GASCOIGNE, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, because he was firm in dealing impartially with one of his dissolute companions. Upon this the Chief Justice is said to have

ordered him immediately to prison; the Prince of Wales is said to have submitted with a good grace, and the King is said to have exclaimed, "Happy is the monarch who has so just a Judge, and a son so willing to obey the laws" This is all very doubtful and so is another story (of which Shakespeare has made beautiful use), that the Prince once took the crown out of his father's chamber as he was sleeping, and tried it on his own head.

The King's health sunk more and more, he became subject to violent eruptions on the face and to bad epileptic fits, and his spirits sank every day At last, as he was praying before the shrine of St Edward at Westminster Abbey, he was seized with a terrible fit and was carried into the Abbot's chamber, where he presently died This was on the twentieth of March, 1413, in the forty seventh year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral He had been twice married, and had, by his first wife, a family of four sons and two daughters Considering his duplicity before he came to the throne, his unjust seizure of it, and, above all, his making that monstrous law for the burning of what the priests called heretics, he was a reasonably good King, as kings went

CHAPTER XIV

The Prince of Wales began his reign like a generous and honest man He set the young Earl of March, free, he restored their estates and their honours to the Percy family, who had lost them by their rebellion against his father, he ordered the imbecile and unfortunate Richard to be honourably buried among the Kings of England, and he dismissed all his wild companions, with assurances that they should not want, if they would resolve to be steady, faithful, and true

It is much easier to burn men than to burn their opinions, and those of the Lollards were spreading every day The Lollards were represented by the priests—probably falsely for the most part—to entertain treasonable designs against the new King, and Henry, suffering himself to be worked upon by these representations, sacrificed his friend Sir John Oldcastle, the Lord Cobham to them, after trying in vain to convert him by arguments He was declared guilty, as the head of the sect, and sentenced to the flames, but, he escaped from the Tower before the day of execution (postponed for fifty days by the King himself), and summoned the Lollards to meet him near London on a certain day. So the priests told the King, at least. I doubt whether there was any conspiracy beyond such as was got up by their agents. On the day appointed, instead of five-and-twenty thousand men, under the command of Sir John Oldcastle, in the meadows of St. Giles, the King found only eighty men, and no Sir John at all. There was, in another place, an addle-headed brewer, who had gold trappings to his horses, and a pair of gilt spurs in his breast—expecting to be made a knight next day by Sir John, and so to gain the right to wear them—but there was no Sir John, nor did anybody give any information respecting him, though the King offered great rewards for such intelligence Thirty of these unfortunate Lollards were hanged and drawn immediately, and were then burnt, gallows and all, and the various prisons in and around London were crammed full of others. Some of these unfortunate men made various confessions of treasonable designs, but, such confessions were easily got, under torture and the fear of fire and are very little to be trusted To finish the sad story of Sir John Oldcastle at once I may mention that he escaped into Wales, and remained there, safely for four years When discovered by Lord Powis, it is very doubtful if he would have been taken alive—so great was the old soldier's bravery—if a miserable old woman had not come behind him and broken his legs with a stool He was carried to London in a horse litter, was fastened by an iron chain to a gibbet, and so roasted to death

To make the state of France as plain as I can in a few words, I should tell you that the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy, commonly called "John without fear," had had a hollow reconciliation of their quarrel in the last reign, and had appeared to be in quite a heavenly state of mind Immediately after which on a Sunday in the public streets of Paris, the Duke of Orleans was murdered by a party of twenty men, set on by the Duke of Burgundy—according to his own deliberate confession The widow of King Richard had been married in France to the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans The poor mad King was quite powerless to help his daughter, and the Duke of Burgundy became the real master of France Isabella dying, her husband (Duke of Orleans since the death of his father) married the daughter of the Count of Armagnac, who, being a much abler man than his young son in law, headed his party thence called after him Armagnacs Thus, France was now in this terrible condition, that it had in it the party of the King's son, the Dauphin Louis, the party of the Duke of Burgundy, who was the father of the Dauphin's ill-used wife, and the party of the Armagnacs, all hating each other, all fighting together, all composed of the most depraved nobles that the earth has ever known, and all tearing unhappy France to pieces

The late King had watched these dissensions from England, sensible (like the French people) that no enemy of France could injure her more than her own nobility. The present King now advanced a claim to the French throne His demand being, of course, refused, he reduced his proposal to a certain large amount of French territory, and to demanding the French princess, Catherine, in marriage with a portion of two millions of

golden crowns. He was offered less territory and fewer crowns, and no princess; but he called his ambassadors home and prepared for war. Then, he proposed to take the princess with one million of crowns. The French Court replied that he should have the princess with two hundred thousand crowns less; he said this would not do (he had never seen the princess in his life), and assembled his army at Southampton. There was a short plot at home just at that time, for deposing him, and making the Earl of March king; but, the conspirators were all speedily condemned and executed, and the King embarked for France.

It is dreadful to observe how long a bad example will be followed; but, it is encouraging to know that a good example is never thrown away. The King's first act on disembarking at the mouth of the river Seine, three miles from Harfleur, was to imitate his father, and to proclaim his solemn orders that the lives and property of the peaceable inhabitants should be respected on pain of death. It is agreed by French writers, to his lasting renown, that even while his soldiers were suffering the greatest distress from want of food, these commands were rigidly obeyed.

With an army in all of thirty thousand men, he besieged the town of Harfleur both by sea and land for five weeks; at the end of which time the town surrendered, and the inhabitants were allowed to depart with only five pence each, and a part of their clothes. All the rest of their possessions was divided amongst the English army. But, that army suffered so much, in spite of its successes, from disease and privation, that it was already reduced one half. Still, the King was determined not to retire until he had struck a greater blow. Therefore, against the advice of all his counsellors, he moved on with his little force towards Calais. When he came up to the river Somme he was unable to cross, in consequence of the ford being fortified, and, as the English moved up the left bank of the river looking for a crossing, the French, who had broken all the bridges, moved up the right bank, watching them, and waiting to attack them when they should try to pass it. At last the English found a crossing and got safely over. The French held a council of war at Rouen, resolved to give the English battle, and sent heralds to King Henry to know by which road he was going. "By the road that will take me straight to Calais!" said the King, and sent them away with a present of a hundred crowns.

The English moved on, until they beheld the French, and then the King gave orders to form in line of battle. The French not coming on, the army broke up after remaining in battle array till night, and got good rest and refreshment at a neighbouring village. The French were now all lying in another village, through which they knew the English must pass. They were resolved that the English should begin the battle. The English had no means of retreat, if their King had had any such intention; and so the two armies passed the night, close together.

To understand these armies well, you must bear in mind that the immense French army had, among its notable persons, almost the whole of that wicked nobility, whose debauchery had made France a desert; and so besotted were they by pride, and by contempt for the common people, that they had scarcely any bowmen (if indeed they had any at all) in their whole enormous number: which, compared with the English army, was at least as six to one. For these proud fools had said that the bow was not a fit weapon for knightly hands, and that France must be defended by gentlemen only. We shall see, presently, what hand the gentlemen made of it.

Now, on the English side, among the little force, there was a good proportion of men who were not gentlemen by any means, but who were good stout archers for all that. Among them, in the morning—having slept little at night, while the French were carousing and making sure of victory—the King rode, on a grey horse; wearing on his head a helmet of shining steel, surmounted by a crown of gold, sparkling with precious stones; and bearing over his armour, embroidered together, the arms of England and the arms of France. The archers looked at the shining helmet and the crown of gold and the sparkling jewels, and admired them all; but, what they admired most was the King's cheerful face, and his bright blue eye, as he told them that, for himself, he had made up his mind to conquer there or to die there, and that England should never have a ransom to pay for *him*. There was one brave knight who chanced to say that he wished some of the many gallant gentlemen and good soldiers, who were then idle at home in England, were there to increase their numbers. But the King told him that, for his part, he did not wish for one more man. "The fewer we have," said he, "the greater will be the honour we shall win!" His men, being now all in good heart, were refreshed with bread and wine, and heard prayers, and waited quietly for the French. The King waited for the French, because they were drawn up thirty deep (the little English force was only three deep) on very difficult and heavy ground; and he knew that when they moved, there must be some confusion.

As they did not move, he sent off two parties:—one, to lie concealed in a wood on the left of the French: the other, to set fire to some houses behind the French after the battle should be begun. This was scarcely done, when three of the proud French gentlemen, who were to defend their country without any help from the base peasants, came riding out,

calling upon the English to surrender. The King warned those gentlemen himself to retire with all speed if they cared for their lives, and ordered the English banners to advance. Upon that, Sir Thomas Erpingham, a great English general, who commanded the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, joyfully; and all the English men, kneeling down upon the ground and biting it as if they took possession of the country, rose up with a great shout and fell upon the French.

Every archer was furnished with a great stake tipped with iron; and his orders were, to thrust this stake into the ground, to discharge his arrow, and then to fall back, when the French horsemen came on. As the haughty French gentlemen, who were to break the English archers and utterly destroy them with their knightly lances, came riding up, they were received with such a blinding storm of arrows, that they broke and turned. Horses and men rolled over one another, and the confusion was terrific. Those who rallied and charged the archers got among the stakes on slippery and boggy ground, and were so bewildered that the English archers—who wore no armour and even took off their leathern coats to be more active—cut them to pieces, shot and branch. Only three French horsemen got within the stakes, and those were instantly despatched. All this time the dense French army, being in armour, were sinking knee-deep into the mire; while the light English archers, half-naked, were as fresh and active as if they were fighting on a marble floor. But now, the second division of the French coming to the relief of the first, closed up in a firm mass; the English, headed by the King, attacked them; and the deadliest part of the battle began. The King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was struck down, and numbers of the French surrounded him; but, King Henry, standing over the body, fought like a lion until they were beaten off. Presently, came up a band of eighteen French knights, bearing the banner of a certain French lord, who had sworn to kill or take the English King. One of them struck him such a blow with a battle-axe that he reeled and fell upon his knees; but, his faithful men, immediately closing round him, killed every one of those eighteen knights, and so that French lord never kept his oath. The French Duke of Alençon, seeing this, made a desperate charge, and cut his way close up to the Royal Standard of England. He beat down the Duke of York, who was standing near it; and, when the King came to his rescue, struck off a piece of the crown he wore. But, he never struck another blow in this world; for, even as he was in the act of saying who he was, and that he surrendered to the King; and even as the King stretched out his hand to give him a safe and honourable acceptance of the offer; he fell dead, pierced by innumerable wounds.

The death of this nobleman decided the battle. The third division of the French army, which had never struck a blow yet, and which was, in itself, more than double the whole English power, broke and fled. At this time of the fight, the English, who as yet had made no prisoners, began to take them in immense numbers, and were still occupied in doing so, or in killing those who would not surrender, when a great noise arose in the rear of the French—their flying banners were seen to stop—and King Henry, supposing a great reinforcement to have arrived, gave orders that all the prisoners should be put to death. As soon, however, as it was found that the noise was only occasioned by a body of plundering peasants, the terrible massacre was stopped. Then King Henry called to him the French herald, and asked him to whom the victory belonged. The herald replied, "To the King of England." "*We* have not made this havoc and slaughter," said the King. "It is the wrath of Heaven on the sins of France. What is the name of that castle yonder?" The herald answered him, "My lord, it is the castle of Azincourt." Said the King, "From henceforth this battle shall be known to posterity, by the name of the battle of Azincourt." Our English historians have made it Agincourt; but, under that name, it will ever be famous in English annals.

The loss upon the French side was enormous. Three Dukes were killed, two more were taken prisoners, seven Counts were killed, three more were taken prisoners, and ten thousand knights and gentlemen were slain upon the field. The English loss amounted to sixteen hundred men, among whom were the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk.

War is a dreadful thing; and it is appalling to know how the English were obliged, next morning, to kill those prisoners mortally wounded, who yet writhed in agony upon the ground; how the dead upon the French side were stripped by their own countrymen and countrywomen, and afterwards buried in great pits; how the dead upon the English side were piled up in a great barn, and how their bodies and the barn were all burned together. It is in such things, and in many more much too horrible to relate, that the real desolation and wickedness of war consist. Nothing can make war otherwise than horrible. But the dark side of it was little thought of and soon forgotten; and it cast no shade of trouble on the English people, except on those who had lost friends or relations in the fight. They welcomed their King home with shouts of rejoicing, and plunged into the water to bear him ashore on their shoulders, and flocked out in crowds to welcome him in every town through which he passed, and hung rich carpets and tapestries out of the windows, and strewed the streets with flowers, and made the fountains run with wine, as the great field of Agincourt had run with blood.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OFF TO THE DIGGINGS!

THE future historian of the latter portion of this present nineteenth century, will be called upon to decide whether June 1851, or June 1852, was the more exciting and interesting period. At Midsummer of the former year, Englishmen were rushing in tens of thousands to London to witness the great wonder of the day at Hyde Park. Midsummer of the present year is sending quite as many, and more, of our countrymen away from London—to say nothing of Liverpool and other places—as fast as sailing ships and steam-vessels can carry them, to join in the Golden Fair in Australia; the great South Land.

There has not been such an exodus from London within the recollection of the oldest ship-brokers; and they have, generally, pretty good memories, too. The only thing that is reported to me as at all coming up to it—though I don't believe it—was a general flight of elderly persons some fifty years since, when it was said that the earth was on the point of being burnt up by an exceedingly powerful description of comet.

Go where you will, everybody appears to be going "off to the Diggings," and everybody is in immediate want of outfits and passages. There are sixty young men rushing frantically away from their employers' counters in Saint Paul's Churchyard, and there are at least as many more longing to follow them. Fully five score of both sexes have bid adieu to Oxford Street and High Holborn: and it is computed that quite one hundred and ten have migrated from the warehouses about Cheapside and Cripplegate. Then, there is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. She has furnished a respectable quota of clerks on eighty pounds a year, who are thirsting to handle the pick and the spade. I can't say how many youths at the Custom House and the Docks have drawn their last quarter's salary, and are now expending the amounts in Guernsey shirts, canvass trousers, American boots and wide-awakes. Legions of bankers' clerks, merchants' lads, embryo secretaries, and incipient cashiers; all going with the rush, and all possessing but faint and confused ideas of where they are going, or what they are going to do; beg of hard-hearted ship-brokers to grant them the favour of a berth in their last advertised teak-built, poop-decked, copper-bottomed, double-fastened, fast-sailing, surgeon-carrying emigrant ship.

Talk about the dreadfully depressed condition of the shipping interest, and the ruin of British ship-owners! I should like to find a man with whom to argue that point. I'd walk him down to the snug little crowded office of Messrs. Hopkins and Bung, ship-brokers, up one pair of stairs, in the City, and let him see the struggling, and elbowing, and beseeching for passages, going on there from ten in the morning until six in the evening, with two or three clerks taking down the names of applicants as fast as pens can write—and the pens at Hopkins and Bung's write uncommonly fast! There's no haggling and bickering about the price. Three words to a steerage passenger are all that the employers allow: intermediates are permitted half-a-dozen sentences, not one more.

There never were such times for speculative ship-owners and brokers. They haven't half enough vessels: to say nothing of crews to man them with. There's a huge bill with flaring letters against the office wall at Messrs. Hopkins and Bung's, that really looks quite imposing; and, certainly, if the unsuspecting crowd of emigrants who are spelling it, believe that more than half of the vessels named in it are anywhere within a hundred miles of the Docks in which they are said to be loading, it must be a very imposing list indeed. Why, one of those big-lettered ships was spoken off Land's End only yesterday; but I suppose the brokers have brought her up by the electric telegraph, for she is stated to be actually taking in cargo in the London Docks. There's another vessel, with an enormously long East Indian name that none but the chief clerk can pronounce, which is believed to be not very far from the Chops of the Channel; yet she too, by some broker's sleight-of-hand, is lying in the Docks, and will, positively, sail immediately after the Jeremy Diddler. However, it's "all right" with the young men from Saint Paul's Churchyard and Cripplegate; their only idea of a voyage is an Easter excursion to Herne Bay and back; their sole acquaintance with sea-going dietary consists of unlimited orders to the steward for steaks, stout, and cigars. All day long, the names of eager, enthusiastic emigrants are posted in

huge books that seem to be teak-built and copper-fastened like the ships; indeed, there are more passengers booked than any of the establishment know how to dispose of: the only chance of all being accommodated consisting in the possibility of some amongst them getting too ill to go, and, perhaps, a few falling overboard at Gravesend. It is dreadfully hard work, in the hot weather, at Hopkins and Bung's. The stoutest and youngest of their clerks are knocked up long before six o clock, and the cashier is obliged to be taken home, every evening, in a cab.

It was a hot thundery day in the early part of June, when I bent my steps from the little office just named, towards the London Docks, along Fenchurch Street, down the Minories, and across Tower Hill, as fast as the dense throng would allow me. It appeared as if the best part of London, and a considerable portion of the Provinces, were going down on that particular day to engage berths for Australia. Every alternate shop seemed to have been suddenly converted into an outfitting warehouse. One man, more daring than his neighbours, actually offered the emigrating world complete outfits at forty-five shillings each, but whether it was for infants in arms or adults I did not learn. Until that day I had but a very glimmering idea of the requirements of a gold-digger: on my way to the Docks, I learnt by the placards in the windows, that amongst the sundries needed at the "Diggings," were telescopes, alpaca umbrellas, reading-lamps, toasting-forks, easy-chairs, mirrors, and key-bugles, and many other miscellaneous articles.

The crowd became densely uncomfortable as I approached the Dock gates. The man in the Dock livery had given up the gate in despair: there was no such thing as keeping order. I found him, forlorn, in a remote corner, besieged by a crowd of intending emigrants, who were pressing him with a host of inquiries about the "Diggings." Whether they imagined him to have charge of all the shipping in the Docks, or whether they believed that the gold-lace round his hat had been recently dug up at Mount Alexander, did not transpire, but it was quite evident that they felt confident in his knowing all about it; and when I left the spot, there was rather a strong party in favour of elevating the gate-keeper on the end of a rum-puncheon, that all might catch his oracular words.

Through the defenceless gates, past some thousands of wife pipes that lay scattered about as though they didn't belong to anybody in particular, turning sharp round to the right along the water's edge, by the weighing sheds, where groaning, frowning iron cranes, and bales of wool, and casks of tallow, threatened the unwary passer-by;—and there, just before me, was the jetty.

What a sight there was upon that jetty! I could have fancied the whole export trade of the country had gone stark staring mad with the gold-fever, and had plunged out of bed and rushed down to the Docks. Boxes and cases, cart-wheels, hand-barrows, casks and barrels, ploughs, crates, and bales, were all lying about in wild disorder, looking as though they would require a couple of years and a small army of labourers to stow them away. As to getting them all into the eight vessels—that I considered a matter of sheer impossibility, and not likely to be attempted.

On the right side of the jetty, midway down, lay the vessel I was in search of, the Jeremy Diddler, advertised "for the Gold Regions, with immediate dispatch," and professing to be provided with an experienced surgeon, patent ventilators, family baths, and altogether the most superior accommodation of any ship or ships sailing from the port of London. A very few days previously, the Diddler had been choked up with wool and tallow; at the moment of my visit, the sole vestiges of Australian produce in the Jeremy Diddler were the cockroaches, who were running all sorts of sweepstakes round the vessel, evidently quite at home.

About and around the ship, riggers, caulkers, smiths, carpenters, painters, were all working away, like so many steam engines, with a fifty-mechanic power, that was quite invigorating to behold. Old men with grey hairs and faltering steps; young girls, pale from the factory or the garret; countrymen in smock-frocks; lean-faced artisans; mothers with infants in arms; stout servant girls; these and many others filed up the narrow bending plank that formed a bridge between the old world and the new; and as I watched the motley troop pass on, I wondered much how some of those would fare in the wild gold-fields of the distant south.

There was no remaining on deck; not a soul appeared to care a straw about the masts, or the rigging, or the poop: the ship might have been without one or the other for aught they cared. All poured down to the "'tween decks," by the little ricketty wicked ladder that always pretended to slip about, yet never did: causing no end of little screams from under all sorts of bonnets.

The cool shade of the long range of 'tween decks seemed quite refreshing after the hot glare above. But, dear me, how crowded it was with candidates for emigration and sea-sickness! It was as much as the carpenters could do, to move their saws and chisels amidst all that myriad of limbs, without committing spontaneous amputation. I expected, more than once, to see several young children nailed down to the decks by their heels.

The entire length of the vessel had been cleared out, and was being marked off and divided into spaces for single, double, and treble cabins, as the wants of passengers might require. There were long lines, and curves, and zig-zags, chalked out on the decks

under our feet, which might have been intended for a ground plan of the "Maze" at Hampton Court, or the Catacombs at Paris. They were, in reality, sections of the embryo cabin accommodation; but whether intended to guide the work-people or to puzzle the visitors, was not clear. On one side, near the wicked ladder, an anxious group of emigrants were listening in breathless silence to the explanation given by a very young broker's clerk, in spectacles, as to the ground plan of the Maze. He pretended to make them understand where the port-holes would be cut through—one in each cabin; where the doors were to be placed; the precise spots where the sleeping-places and the tables would be found by and bye—with a variety of other matter, which might as well have been told in the Esquimaux tongue. All listened with open mouths; and, when the young spectacles ceased and moved on to another group, they looked with a kind of hopeless credulity at each other.

In the stern of the ship, a numerous party had congregated round a little white deal coffin-like sort of a cabin—a model prison in miniature—run up in half-an-hour, just to show the passengers that the Jeremy Diddler was not going to do things like common ships. It was extremely amusing to see how anxiously and curiously the many visitors were scrutinising that wretched packing-case. I could imagine them to have been admiring and gloating over the suite of Austrian apartments in the Great Exhibition. To be sure, the fittings set off the thing rather smartly; but, I don't remember seeing any cabin of that same size in the Diddler, when I visited her afterwards; and certainly none with such polished chairs, drawers, and wash-stand, nor with such exquisite white bedding in them. The effect of this one cabin was perfectly marvellous. There seemed to be something magical about the very wood-work: the door was moved to and fro as if it were expected to play tunes on its hinges; the brass hooks were eyed by more than one with a view to see if they were not of real Australian gold. As for the swing-tray, I am sure several young women believed it to be some sort of cot for an infant; while others gazed on the little neat shelves, the sly drawers under the bed, the hanging lamp, and the sea-chest, as reverently and cautiously as if they had all been dangerous tricks in a pantomime, chock full of secret springs and sudden transformations.

It was easy to see that of the whole crowd of uninitiated subjects of Her Majesty, very few indeed, if any, descended the narrow plank to the jetty, with a more approximate idea of how they were to be cabined and dieted, than when they left their homes in the morning. All they could have dreamed of, that night, would be a confused jumble of crooked chalk-lines, port-holes, swing-trays, and bulk-heads: but, whether they had to go through the port-holes to their beds, or whether they would dine upon the swing-trays, or whether the bulk-heads had any bodies or limbs attached to them, would be far beyond their comprehension. I could scarcely believe my senses, when I read in a morning paper some twelve days or so after my visit to the Docks, a notice to passengers by the Jeremy Diddler, informing them that they must be prepared to join that vessel at Gravesend on the following day. Having satisfied myself that there was really no mistake about the thing, but that she would positively anchor off the town of Gravesend at the time named, I prepared to take my departure by steamer, in order that I might see the last of her and her human cargo on this side the blue waters.

The same boat which conveyed me from Blackwall carried several parties, evidently to the same destination. There were two or three newly wedded couples, brought together, doubtless, on the strength of future "Diggings;" a knot of oily-headed, sleek-visaged shopmen, and City clerks; a few hale-looking country lads and lasses; and a rather extensive family of nondescripts; all of whom, by their conversation, were passengers for the Jeremy Diddler. The morning had been what nautical men term "breezy," and when we reached the Terrace Pier at Gravesend, the wind had become quite violent in its proceedings, committing assaults of an outrageous description on the dresses of the lady passengers; so much so, that the police of the Corporation might very well have interfered and indicted it before the mayor for disorderly and riotous conduct. As for the shipping at anchor off the town, it was, evidently, but little better: some of the outward-bounders had no doubt been taking a parting glass with the old Custom-house hulk off the Ordnance wharf, and were rather the worse for it. They were rolling, and staggering, and bobbing about, winking their port-holes at each other, and flirting their blue-peters in the air, in a way that no respectable, steady-going vessels would think of doing. It was quite clear, that one or two among them meant to make a night of it, from the determined way in which they kicked up their keels, and splashed the water over decent wherries and passenger-boats.

I was rather glad to scramble up the black and white sides of the Diddler, out of the overloaded boat, where the young married women were screaming as they were being packed by twos in a cask and hauled up, while the oily-headed shopmen looked in dismay at the rope-ladder over the side, and wished in their hearts they were females, for the sake of the tub and pulley.

Well, there I was, once more, on the deck of this very fast-sailing, clipper-built, copper-fastened, passenger ship, bound to the Gold Regions, by the advertisement in the Times—but, I should have thought, sailing to Botany Bay, by the dismal misery written on the faces

of those on deck! Transportation for life, with stone-breaking in heavy chains, appeared distinctly visible in their countenances. Some were trying to look unconcerned, and even rather jolly, as if they knew all about it, and it was a mere nothing to them; others got up a little careless whistling, and put questions to the pilot in an imitative gruff voice; some reeled and staggered from the hatchway to the scuppers like drunken men, while others held on with a gripe of despair by the spare anchor under the long-boat, as if expecting the ship to founder, and they meant to make a life-buoy of *that*. None were actually ill, but there was, scattered about, every stage of incipient sea-sickness.

I made my way to the main-hatch, and began to descend the ladder. "On deck there!" cried a voice below, that seemed to come up from the farthest corner of a very deep cask. "Ay, ay!" growled the sailor addressed, who was busily engaged in some mysterious operation with the long-boat. "Where have you stowed your patent ventilators?" inquired the voice from the cask, "we're choking down here." "Oh," rejoined the tar, as he winked at the cook's mate, "Neptune will bring them there a-board when he visits us at the Line!"

The complaint was indeed well founded, as I felt on descending into the regions below, where I found the man with the casky voice. The complainant was a middle-aged person, a tailor or shoemaker perhaps, disguised as a naval character according to the most approved fashion at the Surrey Theatre. It took me some minutes before I could distinguish the lights and shades of the living panorama moving in that long, half-obscure vault of a place. How changed since I saw it in the Docks! The uproar, the crowd, the handing about of packages and clothing, the dim indistinct light from the far distant fore-hatch, gave it the appearance of Rag Fair held in the Thames Tunnel for novelty's sake.

There was small room for walking about. I had to clamber over all sorts of sharp-cornered, hard-edged packages. Children were crying, women were chattering, men were grumbling and swearing, and calling down the ugliest maledictions upon the heads of all the captains, chief-mates, brokers, and ship-owners in the known world. On the whole, it was confusing to a new-comer, and not much plainer, apparently, to those who had been on board during the last twenty-four hours. Had the captain poured the entire contents of the London Dock warehouse down an enormous funnel into that particular 'tween decks, the chaos could scarcely have been aggravated. The staggering motion of the vessel set all landsmen's attempts to labour at complete defiance. As for the women, they were content to seat themselves on anything that was nearest their cabins, and there contemplate the encompassing wilderness of property.

There were a few exceptions in the way of work, and these at once attracted my attention. Adjoining the main-hatch, there was a family scene presenting a strong and interesting contrast to the angry idleness around. The mother had placed three young children securely on the deck, between boxes lashed down so that they could not move, and there they played together contentedly, while she busied herself with arranging the little clean bed-linen as tidily as a head chambermaid at a first-class hotel. She had made up her orderly mind that there was not to be such a thing as a crease in the pillow-case; and, as for the snow-white sheets, she seemed to expect some of the nobility to sleep in them—if you could have fancied any nobility, however old, being of greater importance to her, at that moment, than her own plebeian family. The husband was not less busily engaged in securing their various little cabin comforts; although these appeared to be few enough. He seemed to know how to make the most of them, though; and was bent upon not giving in until he had accomplished his task. It was quite a relief to watch that energetic persevering man and his bustling wife, after seeing so much discomfort about the decks. He evidently prided himself upon the perfect manner in which he had fastened up a few little pewter drinking mugs at the side of the cabin, out of all fear of knocking their heads against the handles. Few men on board could have accomplished that feat. Then there was a long strip of leather nailed up at intervals, in which spoons, forks, combs, and brushes were inserted, bidding stern defiance to the heaviest lurches of the ship. The little square looking-glass, however, was his *chef d'œuvre;* he had secured it by nails and white tape, and there was not the least fear of its giving way. He was not quite sure, though, that it was in the centre, and retreating from the cabin until he fell over a whole waggon-load of goods, he took an elaborate survey of its position. He looked at it from all sorts of distances and points; he peeped through both eyes and then through only one; he gazed attentively from the summit of a sea-chest, and then tried the effect of it from one of the opposite cabins. This man's destiny I saw at a glance. His fortune is as good as made. I shouldn't object to share in his future prosperity; for it will be steady and lasting, and more ample than that of many an emigrant who takes out a lump of capital to work upon. This family are all excellent, from the tips of their hair to the soles of their feet; there's nothing worthless about them.

How different the party of men and women I saw near them, half-washed, half-dirty, half boisterous, half drowsy. The men were trying to get up a game with a dirty pack of cards, but it was scarcely possible to see the marks on them. A short distance from my industrious friends was another family group not less interesting. A grey-haired old

patriarch was nursing an infant to sleep in his feeble arms, while a young woman prepared its little bed. There seemed to be no other person of their party; their cabin was but poorly furnished, and in her thin sorrowful face and the old man's stricken form, I thought I could read their little history of sorrow and suffering. They were not going to the Diggings to escape from the scenes of the past; a new life in a new world was her sole object, and the old father cared for nothing but to accompany her.

In one densely packed cabin I saw the fragments of several families busily engaged in quarrelling about their respective shares of space. How they intended to stow a tithe of the lumber scattered and piled about, I was at a loss to imagine. Somebody had knocked the cork out of a bottle of ink, the contents of which had flowed in sable streams over bed-clothing, towelling, and children's dresses, indelibly marking them in the wrong places. Next to these noisy malcontents were a party of four females, two of whom were rather advanced in years, and stout withal. There were great lamentations proceeding from these ladies, who had evidently some deep distress weighing upon their minds. As I halted near their cabin door, one of the heavy females was seeking the advice and consolation of a fellow passenger, in their difficulty; which appeared to consist in the dreaded impossibility of their being able to get into one of the beds. The lower sleeping-place was all right; one stout lady would blend with a thin one beautifully, though there would be no width to spare; but how and by what imaginary contrivance the other stout lady was to arrive at her destination for the night, seemed to them a matter of the wildest speculation. The cabin was too low for a ladder, and the berth was too high for a box or a folding-stool to be of the least service beyond aggravating the temper, and perhaps bruising a few limbs.

Passing forward to near the fore-hatchway, I came upon a scene of open war. One of the ship's officers was endeavouring to read a sort of impromptu riot-act to a party of cockney warriors who were doing all sorts of violent deeds in a dark smothered up cabin, which was evidently in a state of determined siege. The lookers-on cried, "Shame! turn them out!—where 's the captain?" mingled with rather warm benedictions on the ship's broker, and the secretary of some emigration committee. The officer would have interfered, but the bystanders opposed him, and it ended in his disappearing on deck, and the siege of the darkened little cabin being raised. I learnt afterwards, when quiet was partly restored, that the *fracas* arose from the brokers having shipped more passengers than could be accommodated; a dozen persons had been, two days before, removed from the ship by the emigration officers; but in their place at [illegible] more had been sent on board, and where they were to find room was now the question. The captain had been trying to place two men in some single berths.

But this, I ascertained, was not all of the mismanagement, or imposition, or both, from which these unfortunate emigrants suffered. A great number of them had paid for their passages through some emigration society, which had secured room for them in the bulk, at a stated sum. Now, however, at the twelfth hour, these poor people were told that the brokers had demanded two pounds a head more from the society, owing, it was stated, to the rise in sailors' wages; and they accordingly found themselves called upon to make good the amount from their scanty purses. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that there should be a considerable amount of angry feeling amongst the three hundred and odd emigrants on board the Jeremy Diddler. Neither was it matter for surprise that fault was found with the cook for being too idle to clean his soup coppers out, and allowing an accumulation of filthy, rank dirt around them, to the actual spoiling of what might have been very respectable soup.

By way of interlude to the recent siege, an emigrant orator mounted on a sea-chest, as well as the pitching of the ship would allow him, and addressing his fellow passengers in terms of brotherly commiseration, which might have suited Marc Anthony's oration to the Romans, he drew a heart-rending picture of their distresses, not omitting the dirty soup and the absence of the patent ventilators spoken of in such large letters in the broker's bills. The speaker was the man with the casky voice and the Surrey nauticals. How long he would have held forth I cannot undertake to surmise, for his eloquence was brought to a sudden close by the heavy fall of the fore-hatch, which enclosed us all in utter darkness. The rain was beginning to pour, and the deck strollers crept down as well as they could.

The close, stifled atmosphere of the 'tween decks, breathed as it was by several hundred persons, soon became insupportable, and there was a general attack made upon the hatch, which, however, was too well secured above to allow of any success. The tide of indignation vented itself upon the main-hatch, through which a party of a dozen passed to the captain with expostulation as to the want of fresh air. After some delay, the fore hatch was partially removed, and an old tattered windsail was let down as a substitute for the patent ventilators. In spite of this relief, the impurity and suffocating heat of the cabins became as insupportable as the exhalations from some Indian jungle-swamp; and I could but picture to myself the sufferings of those people when approaching the equator.

The cabins were built up, two deep, on both sides, and made to contain never less than two sleeping places; often four. To reach the

inner cabins the passengers had to grope their way along a narrow dark passage between the outside cabins; and inasmuch as not more than every alternate one enjoyed the luxury of a small round port-hole, the close heated feel within them may be imagined. I looked for the neat, roomy model cabin with its many fittings, that had attracted so much notice when I visited the ship in dock; but my search was in vain. It had gone the way of all models, or was perhaps doing duty on board the next vessel on the berth, together with the patent ventilators and the family baths.

It was some time past twilight when I left the ship's side, having taken a parting peep at the emigrant Babel below; and, with the sound of the casky voice still ringing in my ears, complaining bitterly of some newly discovered mine of grievances, I bade my boatmen pull ashore. Early the following morning I strolled down to the Town Pier, and reached it in time to see the Jeremy Diddler steam-tugged round the point of land below. My immediate reflections were, that I very much approved of emigration, and that it was very natural and reasonable in large numbers of our home-community, who have little or no prospect of ever establishing themselves in life on their own account, here, to go with a good spade and as good a will, to the Diggings. But, also, that the Jeremy Diddler, and the subject of passenger accommodation in general, would be none the worse for a little more "ventilation."

THE GERMAN WORKMAN.

That workmen in England may have some clear knowledge of the ways and customs of a large number of their brethren on the Continent, I, a German workman, here intend to put down for their use a part of my own knowledge and experience.

The majority of trades in Germany are formed into guilds, or companies. At the head of each guild stands an officer chosen by the government, whatever it may be—for you may find a government of any sort in Germany, between an emperor and a senate—this officer being always a master, and a member of the guild. His title differs in almost every German state, but he is generally called Trade-master, or Deputy. Associated with him are two or three of the oldest employers; or, in some cases, workmen in the trade, under the titles of Eldermen, or Masters' Representatives. These three or four men govern the guild, and have under them, for the proper transaction of business, a secretary and a messenger. Such officers, however, do not represent their trade in the whole state or kingdom; but are chosen, in every large town, to conduct the multifarious business that may require attention within its limits.

Although all these guilds are, in their original constitution, formed on the same model, they differ materially in their internal arrangements. Much depends upon the ruling government of the state in which they are situated; for, while in despotic Prussia, what is there called Freedom of Trade is declared for all, in the "free" town of Hamburgh everything is bound and locked up in small monopolies.

In some parts of Germany there are "close trades," which means to say that the number of masters in each is definitely fixed. This is so in Hamburgh. For instance, among the goldsmiths, the number of new masters annually to be elected is three, being about sufficient to fill up the deficiencies occurring from death and other causes. I have heard of as many as five being elected in one year, and I have also heard it asserted that this was to be accounted for on the supposition that the aldermen had been "smeared in the hand;" that is to say, bribed.

There are other trades locked up in a different way. There exist several of this kind in Nuremberg, and thereabouts; as, the awl and punch makers, lead-pencil makers, hand-bell makers, gold and silver wire-drawers, and others. They occupy a particular town, or district, and they say, "Here we are. We possess these trades, and we mean to keep them to ourselves. We will teach no strangers our craft; we will confine it among our relatives and townsmen; and in order to prevent the knowledge of it from spreading any farther, we will allow our workmen to travel only within the limits of our town or land;" and so they keep their secrets close.

In other trades, the workmen are allowed to engage themselves only to a privileged employer. That is to say, they dare not execute a private order, but can receive employment from a master of the craft only. In Prussia, and some few other lands, each workman can work on his own account, and can offer his goods for sale in the public market unhindered, so long as they are the production of his own hands alone; but should he employ a journeyman, then he pays a tax to Government of about ten shillings annually, the tax increasing in proportion to the number of men he may employ.

There are also "endowed" and "unendowed" trades. An endowed guild is one the members of which pay a certain small sum monthly while in work, and thus form a fund for the relief of the sick and the assistance of the travelling members of the trade. There are few trades of the unendowed kind, for the workmen of such trades have to depend upon the generosity of their companions in the craft in the hour of need; and it is generally found more economical to pay a regular sum than to be called on at uncertain intervals for a donation; moreover, the respectability of the craft is better maintained.

While we talk of respectability, we may add

that it was formerly the especial care of the heads of each guild, to see that no disreputable persons became members of the trade; and illegitimate children, and even the lawful offspring of shepherds, bailiffs, and town servants were carefully excluded. This practice exists no longer, except in some few insignificant places; but the law is still very general which says that no workman can become a master who has not fulfilled every regulation imposed by his guild; that is to say, he must have been apprenticed at the proper age to a properly-constituted master; must have regularly completed his period of apprenticeship, and have passed the appointed time in travel. The worst part of all these regulations is, that, as they vary in almost every state, the unfortunate wanderer has to conform to a new set of laws in every new land he enters.

One other regulation is almost universal. Each guild must have a place of meeting; not a sumptuous hall, but mere accommodation in a public-house. It is called the "Herberge," and answers, in many respects, to our "House of Call." This is the weary traveller's place of rest—he can claim a shelter here; indeed, in most cases, he dares sleep nowhere else. Here also the guild holds its quarterly meetings. By way of illustration, let us take the Goldsmiths' Herberge in Hamburgh; the "Stadt Bremen" is the sign of the house. In it, the goldsmiths use a large, rectangular apartment, furnished with a few rough tables and chairs, and a wooden bench running round its four walls. On the tables are arranged long clay pipes, and in the centre of each table is a small dish of what the uninitiated might take to be dried tea-leaves. This is uncut tobacco, which the host, the father of the House of Call, is bound to provide. The secretary and messenger of the guild of goldsmiths are there, together with one or two of the "Altgesellen" (elder journeymen), who perform the active part of the duties of the guild. The minutes of the last meeting, and the incidents of the quarter—possibly, also, an abstract of the rules—having been read, and new officers, to supersede those who retire, having been balloted for, the business of the evening closes. Then commences a confusion of tongues; for here are congregated Russians, Hungarians, Danes, Hamburghers, Prussians, Austrians; possibly there may be found here a member of every state in the German Union. None are silent, and the dialect of each is distinct. Assiduously, in the pauses of his private conversation, every man smokes his long pipe, and drinks his beer or punch. Presently two female harp-players enter—sources of refreshment quite as popular in Hamburgh as the punch. They strike up an infatuating waltz. The effect is wonderful. Two or three couples (men waltzing with men, of course) are immediately on their feet, scrambling, kicking, and scraping round the room; hugging each other in the most awkward manner. Chairs and tables are huddled into corners; for the mania has seized upon two-thirds of the company. The rest cannot forsake their beer, but congregate in the corners, and yell, and scream toasts and "Lebe-hoch!" till they are hoarse.

Two girls enter, with trifling articles of male attire for sale; stocks, pomatum, brushes, and beard-wax; but the said damsels are immediately pounced upon for partners. In the intervals of the music a grand tournament takes place; the weapons being clay-pipes, which are speedily shattered into a thousand pieces, and strewn about the room to facilitate dancing. Such a scene of shuffling, whirling, shouting, and pipe-crunching could scarcely be seen elsewhere.

We will take a German youth destined to become an artisan, and endeavour to follow him through the complication of conflicting usages of which he stands the ordeal. Hans is fourteen years of age, and has just left school with a decent education. Hans has his trade and master chosen for him; is taken before the heads of the guild, and his indenture duly signed and sealed in their presence; they themselves witnessing the document. His term of apprenticeship is probably four years, perhaps six; a premium is seldom given, and when it is, it shortens the period of apprenticeship. The indenture, together with a certificate of baptism, in some cases that of confirmation (which ceremony serves as an important epoch in Germany), and even a documentary proof of vaccination, are deposited in the coffers of the guild, and kept at the Herberge for future reference.

Obedience to elders and superiors is the one great duty inculcated in the minds of all Germans, and Hans is taught to look upon his master as a second father; to consider short commons as a regulation for his especial good, and to bear cuffing—if he should fall in the way of it—patiently. If he be an apprentice in Vienna, he may possibly breakfast upon a hunch of brown bread, and an unlimited supply of water; dine upon a thin soup and a block of tasteless, fresh boiled beef; and sup upon a cold crust. He may fare better or worse; but, as a general rule, he will sleep in a vile hole, will look upon coffee and butter as undeniable luxuries, and know the weight of his master's hand.

Hans has one great source of pleasure. There is a state school, which he attends on Sundays, and where he is instructed in drawing and modelling. In his future travels, he will find the advantage he has acquired over less educated mechanics in this necessary knowledge; and should he come to England, he will discover that his skill as a draughtsman will place him at once in a position superior to that of the chance-taught workmen about him. He completes his apprenticeship without attempting to run away. That is practically impossible; but he yearns,

with all the ardour of a young heart, for the happy day when he may tramp out of his native town with his knapsack on his back, and the wide world before him.

We will suppose Hans out of his time, and declared a free journeyman by the guild. The law of his country now has it that he must travel—generally for three years, perhaps four or six—before he can take up the position of a master. He may work for a short period in his native town as a journeyman, but forth he must; nor is he in any way loth. One only contingency there is, which may serve to arrest him in his course,—he may be drawn as a conscript—and, possibly, forget in the next two or three years, as a soldier, all he has previously learned in four as a mechanic. But we suppose Hans to have escaped this peril, and to be on the eve of his departure.

When an English gentleman, or mechanic, or beggar, in these isles, has resolved upon making a journey, he has but to pack up his traps, whether it be in his portmanteau, his deal-box, or his pocket-handkerchief; to purchase his ticket at the railway or steam-packet station; and without asking or consulting with anybody about the matter, to take his seat in the vehicle, and off he goes. Not so Hans. He gives his master fourteen days' notice of his intention to wander, applies to the aldermen of his guild for copies of the various documents concerning himself in their possession, and obtains from his employer a written attestation of his past services. This document is called a "Kundschaft;" is written in set form, acknowledges his probity and industry, and is countersigned by the two aldermen. He is now in a condition to wait upon the "Herbergs-Vater" (the landlord of the House of Call), and request his signature also. The Vater, seeing that Hans owes nothing to him or to any other townsman—and all creditors know that they have only to report their claims at the Herberge to obtain for them a strict attention—signs his paper, "all quit." Surely he may start forth now! Not so; the most important document is still wanting. He has, as yet, no passport or wander-book.

Hans goes to the police-bureau, and as he is poor, has to wait a long while. If Hans were rich, or an artist, or a master's son, it is highly probable that he would be able to obtain a passport—and the possession of a passport guarantees many advantages—but as Hans is simply a workman, a "wander-book" only is granted to him. This does indeed cost him less money, but it thrusts him into an unwelcome position, from which it is not easy to escape. He is placed under stricter rule; and, among other things, is forced, during his wandering, to sleep at his trade Herberge, which, from the very monopoly it thus enjoys, is about the worst place he could go to for a lodging.

The good magistrate of Perleberg—the frontier town of Prussia, as you enter from Mecklenburg—had the kindness to affix to the passport carried by the writer of this paper a document entitled, "Ordinance concerning the Wandering of Working-men;" We will briefly translate its contents;—The "Verordnung" commences with a preamble, to the effect, that notwithstanding the various things that have been done and undone with respect to the aforesaid journeymen, it still happens that numbers of them wander purposeless about the land, to the great burden of their particular trades and the public in general, and to the imminent danger of the common safety. Therefore, be it enacted that "passports," that is to say "passes," in which the distinct purpose of the journey is stated, such as a search for employment; or "wander-books," in which occupation by manual labour is the especial object, are to be granted to those natives of Prussia only who pursue a trade or art for the perfection of which travelling may be considered useful or necessary.—To those only who are irreproachable in character, and perfectly healthy in body; this latter to be attested by a medical certificate.—To those only who have not passed their thirtieth year, nor have travelled for the five previous years without intermission.—To those only who possess a proper amount of clothing, including linen, as well as a sum of money not less than five dollars (about sixteen shillings) for travelling expenses. So much for natives. Foreigners must possess all the above-named requisites; must be provided with proper credentials from their home authorities, and may not have been more than four weeks without employment on their arrival at the frontier. Again, every wanderer must distinctly state in what particular town or city he intends to seek employment, and by what route he purposes to get there; and any deviation from the chosen road (which will be marked in the wander-book) will be visited by the punishment of expulsion from the country. A fixed number of days will be allotted to the wanderer in which to reach his destination, but should he overstep that period, a similar punishment awaits him; expulsion from the country always meaning that the offender shall retrace his steps, and quit the land by the way he had entered it. This is the substance of the "ordinance."

Hans is ready for the road. He has only now to take his farewell. A farewell among workmen is simply a drinking-bout, a parting glass taken overnight. Hans has many friends; these appoint a place of assemblage, and invite him thither. It is a point of honour among them that the "wandering boy" shall pay nothing. Imagine a large, half-lighted room, a crowded board of bearded faces. On the table steams a huge bowl of punch, which the chosen head of the party, perhaps Johann's late master, ladles into the

tiny glasses. He proclaims the toast, "The Health of the Wanderer!" The little crowd are on their feet, and amid a pretty tinkling of glasses, an irregular shout arises, a small hurricane of voices, wishing him good speed.

What songs are sung, what healths are drunk, what heartfelt wishes are expressed! The German workmen are good friends to one another—men who are already away from friends and home, and whose tenderest recollections are awakened in the farewell expressed to a departing companion. Many tears are shed, many hearty presses of the hand are given, and not a few kisses impressed upon the cheek. Little tokens of affection are interchanged, and promises to write are made, but seldom kept. With this mingling and outpouring of full hearts, the stream of punch still flows through tiny glasses; but, since "Many a little makes a mickle," the farewell thus taken ends sometimes as a debauch.

Hans, in the morning, is, perhaps, a little the worse for last night's punch. He is attired in a clean white blouse, strapped round the waist; a neat travelling-cap; low, stout shoes; and, possibly, linen wrappers, instead of socks. The knapsack, strapped to his back, contains a sufficient change of linen, a coat artistically packed, which is to be worn in cities, and a few necessary tools; the whole stock weighing, perhaps, twenty or thirty pounds. On the sides of the knapsack are little pouches, containing brushes, blacking, and soap; and, in his breast-pocket is stowed away a little flask of brandy-schnaps, to revive his drooping spirits on the road. A stout stick completes his equipment. A last adieu from the one friend of his heart, who will walk a few miles with him on the way—and so he is launched fairly on his journey.

Hans finds the road much harder, and his knapsack heavier than he had expected. Now he is drenched with rain, and can get no shelter; and, when he does, he will find straw an inconvenient substitute for a bed. At last he arrives at Berlin. He has picked up a companion on the road; and, as it frequently happens that several trades hold their meetings in the same house, they both are bound to the same Herberge. Through strange, half-lighted streets, along narrow edges of pavement, they proceed till they enter a court, or wynd, with no footpath at all, and they are in the Schuster Gasse, before the door of the Herberge. The comrade of Hans announces them as they pass the bar, and the next moment they are in the travellers' room, amid as motley a group as ever met within four walls.

Tumult and hubbub. An indescribable odour of tobacco, cummin (carraway), and potato-salad. A variety of hustled blouses. Sunburnt and haggard faces. Ragged beards and unkempt locks. A strong pipe hanging from every lip; beer, or kimmel (a spirit prepared with cummin). Wild snatches of song, and hurried bursts of dialogue. Some are all violence and uproar; some are half dead with sleep and fatigue, their arms sprawling about the tables. Such is the inside of a German trade traveller's room.

Hans and his companion hand over their papers to the "father" as a security, and their knapsacks to a sluttish-looking girl, who deposits them in a cupboard in the corner of the room, and locks the door upon them. Our travellers order a measure of Berliner Weiss Bier, to be in keeping with the rest, and long for the hour of sleep. At length, a stout young man enters, carrying a lighted lantern, and in a loud voice of authority, he summonses all to bed. And there is a scrambling and hustling among some of the travellers, a hasty guzzling of beer and spirits, and a few low murmurs at being disturbed, but none dare disobey.

A shambling troop of sixteen or eighteen, they quit the room, and enter a small paved yard, preceded by the young man with the lantern. There is a rough building resembling a stable, at the other end of the yard; and, in one corner, a steep ladder, with a hand-rail, which leads to a chamber above. They ascend, and enter a long, low loft, so completely crowded with rough bedsteads that there remains but a narrow alley between them, just sufficient to allow a single person to pass. Eight double beds, and the ceiling so low that the companion of Hans can scarcely stand upright with his hat on.

"New-comers this way," shouts the conductor.

"What's the matter, now?" inquires Hans of his comrade.

"Take off your coat," is the answer in a whisper; "undo the wristbands, and throw open the collar of your shirt."

"What for!"

"To be examined."

So they are examined; and, being pronounced sound, are allowed to sleep with the rest of the flock. In this loft, each bed with at least two occupants, and the door locked—without consideration for fire, accident, or sudden indisposition, Hans passes the first night in Berlin.

But there is no work in Berlin, and Hans must pursue his journey. He waits for hours at the Police-office, as play-goers wait at the door of a London theatre. By and bye, he gets into the small bureau with a desperate rush. That business is settled, and he is off again

Time runs on; and, after a further tramp of good two hundred miles, Hans gets settled at last in the free city of Hamburgh. With the exception of a few factories, such as the silk-works at Chemnitz, in Saxony, and the colony of goldsmiths at Pfortzheim, in Wurtemburg, there are few extensive manufactories in Germany. Trade is split up into little masterships of from one to five or six men. This circumstance materially affects the relation between the employer and employed.

The master under whom Hans serves at Hamburgh is a pleasant, affable gentleman; his apprentice Peter may be of a different opinion, but that is of no consequence. The master has spent the best years of his life in England and France; has learned to speak the languages of both countries with perfect facility, and is one of the lucky monopolists of his trade. He employs three workmen; one of them, who is possessed of that peculiar cast of countenance generally attributed to the children of Israel. He has been demurred to by the guild,—and why? Because a Jew is legally incapable of working in Hamburgh. He is, however, allowed the usual privileges on attesting that he is not an Israelite.

Our master accommodates under his own roof one workman and his apprentice Peter. The others, whom he cannot lodge, are allowed each one mark-lanco (fourteen pence) per week, to enable them to find a bed-chamber elsewhere. They suffer a pecuniary loss by the arrangement. Hans sleeps in a narrow box, built on the landing, into which no ray of heaven's light had ever penetrated. His bedding is a very simple affair. He is troubled with neither blankets nor sheets. An "under" and an "over" bed, the latter rather lighter than the former, and both supposed to be of feathers, form his bed and bedding. Hans is as well off as others, so he does not complain. As for the apprentice, Peter, it was known that he disappeared at a certain hour every evening; and from his appearance when he turned out in the morning, Hans was under the impression that he wildly shot himself into some deep and narrow hole, and slept the night through on his head.

And how does Hans fare under his master's roof? Considering the reminiscences of his apprenticeship, he relishes his cup of coffee in the morning, his tiny round roll of white bread, and the heavy black rye-loaf, into which he is allowed to hew his way unchecked, and beautiful Holstein butter. Not being accustomed to better food, it is possible that he enjoys the tasteless fresh boiled beef, the sodden baked meat, with no atom of fat, which form the staple food at dinner. Whether he can comprehend the soups which are sometimes placed before him,—now made of shredded lemons, now of strained apples, and occasionally of plain water, with a sprinkling of rice, is another matter; but the sour-kraut and bacon, the boiled beef and raisins, and the baked veal and prunes, are certain to be looked upon by him as unusual luxuries.

The master presides at the table, and blesses the meat with the air of a father of his people. Although workmen in Germany are little better than old apprentices, this daily and familiar intercourse has the effect of breaking down the formal barriers which in England effectually divide the capitalist and the labourer. It creates a respectful familiarity, which raises the workman without lowering the master. The manners of both are thereby decidedly improved.

Hans gradually learns other trade customs. His comrade falls sick, and is taken to the free hospital, a little way out of the city. This hospital is clean and well kept, but fearfully crowded. The elder journeymen of the guild are there too, and they comfort the sick man, and hand him the weekly stipend, half-a-crown, allowed out of the sick-fund. Hans contributes to this sick-fund two marks—two shillings and fourpence—a quarter. He does it willingly, but the master has power to deduct it from his wages in the name of the guild. His poor sick friend dies; away from home and friends—a desolate being among strangers. But he is not, therefore, to be neglected. Every workman in the trade is called upon to contribute his share—about sevenpence—towards the expenses of the funeral; and the two senior, assisted by four other journeymen, in full evening dress, attend his funeral. His effects are then carefully packed up, and sent—a melancholy memorial of the dead—to his relations.

From the same fund which relieves the sick, are the "wandering boys" also assisted. But the "Geschenk" (gift), as it is called, is a mere trifle; sometimes but a few pence, and in a large city like Berlin it amounts to but twenty silver groschen—little more than two shillings. It is not considered disgraceful to accept this donation; as all, when in work, contribute towards the fund from which it is supplied.

And what is the amount of wages that German workmen receive? In Hamburgh wages vary from five to eight marks per week, that is, from seven shillings to ten and sixpence, paid monthly. In Leipsic they are paid fortnightly, and average about ten shillings per week. In Berlin wages are paid by the calendar month, and average twenty-four dollars (a dollar is rather more than three shillings) for that period; so that a workman may be said to earn about eighteen shillings a week, but is dependent on his own resources for food and lodging. In Vienna the same regulation exists, and wages range from five to eight guldens—ten to sixteen shillings per week—paid weekly, as in England. But a workman in Vienna may be respectably lodged, lighted, and washed for at the rate of half-a-crown a week. In Berlin and Vienna married journeymen are to be met with, but not in great numbers, and in smaller towns they may almost be said to be unknown. Dr. Korth, in his address to his young friends, the "travelling boys," on this subject, emphatically says—"Avoid, in God's name, all attachments to womankind, more especially to those of whom your hearts would say, 'These could I love.'" And then the quaint old gentleman proceeds to say a number of ungallant things, which are not worth translating.

No! the German workman is taught to

hold himself free, that he may carry out the law of his land to the letter; that he may return from his travels at the appointed time "a wiser and a better man;" that he may show proofs of his acquired skill in his trade, and thereupon claim the master's right and position. He is then free to marry, and is looked upon as an "eligible party." But how seldom does all this come to pass, may the thousands who swarm in London and Paris, may the German colonies which dot the American States sufficiently tell. Many linger in large cities till they feel that to return to the little native village, and its old, poor, plodding ways, would be little better than burial alive; and some return, wasted with foreign vice and purchased adversity, premature old men, to die upon the threshold of their early homes.

One more question—what are their amusements? It would be a long story to tell, but certainly home-reading is not a prominent enjoyment among them. German governments, as a rule, take care that the people's amusements shall not be interfered with. The workmen throng in dance-houses, beer-cellars, cafés, and theatres, which are all liveliest and most attractive on a Sunday, and as they are tolerably cheap, they are generally a successful lure from deep thinking or study. Besides, the German workman has no home. If he stay there at all in holiday hours, it is to draw, or model, or sing romances to the strumming of his guitar.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

Any one who has made the acquaintance of the Spanish hero, the Cid, in the full-bottomed wig and stuffed out metaphors furnished to him by Corneille, will find it difficult to form any idea of the real character of an individual so disguised. We have little to help us in this endeavour in Spanish records, for national pride and popular ignorance have so bedizened him with impossible perfections, that he has become a mythical personage altogether, and his exploits look as apocryphal as those of Amadis de Gaul. Songs and ballads give us little more enlightenment than tragedians or chroniclers. Like our own Robin Hood, he is overlaid by his celebrators, and nothing of him remains but what was originally invented by bards and minstrels. Was there a Robin Hood? The common stories will tell you he was an Earl of Huntingdon in the reign of Henry the Second, who escaped from the struggles and ambitions of courts, and betook himself, as a bold outlaw, to the merry greenwood. Here, surrounded by his free companions, he dispensed wild justice, punishing the oppressors of the poor, and easing fat churchmen of their ill-got gains. He became a political impersonation, and represented Reform, both in Church and State.

Was there a Cid? He was a certain Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, and flourished in the eleventh century, in the reign of the First Ferdinand of Castile. By tremendous bodily strength, unflinching courage, and some knowledge of military tactics, he gained great victories over the Moors. He strengthened his King's throne by unfailing loyalty; and he also, like the English freebooter, became a personification, and represented chivalrous honour and Christian obedience. "True as the Cid," "stainless as the Cid," and a hundred other phrases expressive of the people's admiration, became part of the language; and there are few Spaniards who would not resent as bitterly an attack on the virtues of their favourite hero, as if to doubt his perfections were a personal insult to his countrymen.

Out of the mass of ballads celebrating his adventures little could be made. The leaves had overgrown the tree. Scene was huddled upon scene without any order or regularity. Fights with Moorish chiefs; philosophical disquisitions with the King; his reconciliation with Ximene after he had slain her father—these, and fifty other incidents, lay in a confused heap without any regard to arrangement or chronology. The Spaniards were too idle or too ignorant to set their house in order, even although in this instance it was the temple of fame. They were in equal want of a Livy and a Macaulay. There was no one to compose a good consecutive history out of the ballads; nor any one to embody, in regular historical ballads, the events which tradition had handed down. Both these achievements were reserved for a foreign people. Our worthy friends, the Germans, in the midst of their beer and smoke, have a lively feeling for the romantic, and a profound reverence for the systematic. So Müller, the historian of Switzerland, wrote a life of Ruy Diaz de Bivar, el Cid, Campeador; and Herder, the philosopher and poet, put all the legends into shape, and made him the hero almost of an epic poem. Retaining as much as possible the flow of the original verse, he gave his countrymen the results of the *cancioneros*, and an excellent idea, at the same time, of the nature of those lays of the Spanish minstrels. With a faint hope of accomplishing the same result, we have devoted this paper to a translation of some of the most characteristic passages in Herder's work. There is a fine musical roll in the rhythm of the original, which leaves no room to regret the want of rhyme.

The proud Don Gormaz, the father of the beautiful Ximene, as in the French play, has inflicted the indelible disgrace of a blow on the aged father of the Cid, Don Diego. His family are yet ignorant of his shame, and the old man is in despair.

I.

Deep in grief sat Don Diego,
Ne'er lived man so sunk in sorrow;
Night and day he brooded ever
On the insult he endured,—

Insult to the great and noble,
Lofty house of the De Lainez,
Which excelled the old Abarcos
And the Inigos in fame.

Deeply wrong'd,—by old age weaken'd,—
Close he felt the grave approaching;
And meanwhile his foe, Don Gormaz,
Triumph'd, with no rival near.

Mourning ever; foodless, sleepless,
On the ground his glances fixing,
Never did he cross the threshold,
Never deign'd his friends a word.

Answer'd not when they address'd him,
Bidding him again take comfort;
For the breath of the dishonour'd,
So he thought, would stain his friends.

But at last he shook the burden
From him, of his moveless anguish,
And his sons before him summon'd,
Yet he spake them ne'er a word.

All their warlike hands he fasten'd
Close and sure with strongest fetters;
All—their eyes with tears o'erflowing—
Pray'd for pity from their sire.

All his hope had nearly vanish'd,
When the youngest of his children,
Don Rodrigo, gave him courage,
Hope and comfort, once again.

Glaring like a fierce-eyed tiger,
Stept he from his father backward,
"Father," said he, "you're forgetful
Who you are, and who I am!

Had I not received my weapons
From your hands, this trusty dagger
Should have cleared the foul dishonour,
You have tried to fling on me."

Streaming fell the tears of rapture
Down the cheek of that old father.
"Thou," he said, his son embracing,
"Thou, Rodrigo, art my son!

Your brave wrath my rest restores me;
Your brave anger cures my sorrows!
Not on me, your kind old father,
But upon our house's foe,

Lift your hand!"—"Our foe, where is he?"
Cried Rodrigo. "Who flings insult
On our house?" He left his father
Scarcely time to tell the tale.

II.

In the court-yard of the palace
Don Rodrigo met Don Gormaz
By himself, with none beside him,
And the Conde thus addressed:—

"Did you know me, noble Gormaz,
Me, the son of Don Diego,
When you shook your hand in anger
In that venerable face?

Knew you not that Don Diego
Traced his line from Layn Calvo;
Not on earth is nothing purer
Than his 'scutcheon and his blood?"

"Know you, boy," proud Gormaz answered,
That's the half of man's existence?"
"Yea! I know it," said Rodrigo,
Yea! proud lord, I know it well!

There's one-half consists in giving
Honour to the brave and noble;
And one-half in humbling braggarts,
With the last drop of your blood,

Shame and insult dearly venging."
As he spoke these words in anger,
Look'd he on the noble proudly,
Who thus tauntingly replied:—

"Now what want you, foolish stripling?"
"'Tis your head I want, Don Gormaz,"
Said the Cid, "I've sworn to have it."
"You deserve a whipping, boy,"

Said Don Gormaz, "such a whipping
As men give their froward pages."
Oh! ye holy ones in Heaven,
How behaved the Cid on this?

III.

Tears fall fast, in silence falling,
Down Diego's face they trickle;
He beside his table seats him,
Lost to everything around!

Thinking on his stain'd escutcheon,
Thinking on Rodrigo's boyhood,
Thinking on Rodrigo's danger,
And the valour of his foe.

Joy ne'er comes to the dishonour'd,
Hope and happiness desert him;
But when honour is restored him,
Then they all come back again!

Still, sunk down in deepest sorrow,
Marks he not the Cid returning—
'Neath his arm his sword he carries,
And his hands upon his breast;

Long he gazes on his father,
While his bosom swells with pity;
Then he shakes his hand, advancing:
"Eat," he says, "belov'd old man!"

Pointing to the table, spake he.
More and more from Don Diego
Fell the tears. "What, THOU, Rodrigo,
Sayest THOU that word to me?"

"Yes, dear father! Eat, I pray thee!
Lift thine head erect and lofty,
We have saved our house's honour;
Noble father, he is dead!"

"Sit thee down, my son Rodrigo,
Gladly will I eat below thee;
He who slew that man is worthy
To be chief of all his name!"

Weeping, weeping, kneels Rodrigo,
While his father's hand he kisses;
Weeping, weeping, Don Diego
Kiss'd the forehead of his son.

But how in the meantime is the news of Gormaz' death received by his daughter Ximene? There is a great outcry, and galloping hither and thither before the court

of the royal palace at Burgos. King Fernando descends from his chamber; Ximene, with hair dishevelled, stands at the open door; Don Diego, attended by three hundred of his retainers, advances to pay his duty to the sovereign. He and his followers are mounted on mules, the Cid alone bestrides his war-horse; all the others wear gloves of ceremony, he alone wears knightly gauntlets; they are all dressed in gold and silk, he alone appears in burnished arms. The people receive with great acclamations the conqueror of the proud Don Gormaz. Don Diego springs from his horse to make obeisance, and orders Rodrigo likewise to dismount and do homage to the king.

With her mourning veil disparted,
To the king now spake Ximene;
Tears within her eyes were swelling,
Oh, how lovely in her tears!

Lovely as the dewy rosebud,
Shone she while her tears were falling;
Lovelier still her cheeks were glowing
In her justly kindled wrath.

Bards may sing the words she utter'd,
Not her sighs, nor yet her glances:—
"Monarch!" said she, "noble monarch!
Render justice unto me!

He's the slayer of my father;
He's the slayer, hateful serpent,
Of my father, who was ever
Guardian of thy throne, oh king!

Of my father, last descendant
Of the noble chiefs who followed
Don Pelayo with their banners,
First of all the Christian kings!

Justice now I claim, not pity—
Justice must support the powerless;
Unjust kings claim love nor honour,
Nobles' trust, nor queen's embrace.

And thou!—thou wild beast, Don Rodrigo,
Up! transfix this bosom also,
Which in deepest woe I open.
Murderer! come and slay me, too!

Wherefore pause to slay the daughter,
When you've robb'd her of her father!
Slay thy foe, who cries for ever
To earth and Heaven for revenge!"

Not a word said Don Rodrigo,
But rode slowly past the warriors,
Waiting if some knight would follow;
But no knight rode after him.

When Ximene saw his purpose,
High she raised her voice and higher,
"Vengeance, warriors! bloodiest vengeance!
I shall be the victor's prize!"

We have not time on the present occasion to show how the course of love, which certainly did not run smooth at first, took a different direction, and ended in a marriage between Ximene and the Cid. It will be sufficient for the present to give a description of a dandy in the year 1060 on his way to be married; from which it will be seen that there were Brummells before George the Third, who have hitherto been lost to fame only for want of a biographer.

Brilliant on the wedding morning
Rose the sun, while Don Rodrigo,
Casting off his glancing armour,
Donn'd his holiday attire.

Pantaloons of Antwerp's weaving,
Scarlet shoes of broider'd leather;
Double points confined them closely
To the small and handsome foot.

Then the closely-fitting waistcoat,
Then the dark-hued satin jacket
(For short time his sire had worn it),
Well stuff'd out, with flowing arms.

Far adown the dark-hued satin
Lay the collar, rich embroider'd,
Broad and deep, of finest leather,
Falling down his lordly back.

And a net with threads all golden,
Work'd in silk of greenest colour,
Kept his hair in. In his bonnet
Made of Courtray's finest cloth,

Bore he a cock's feather, lofty,
Wonderful and red to look on.
Richly fringed down to the waistband
Reached his Algerine; white ermine
O'er his manly shoulders hung.

Next, his sword, unmatch'd, untiring,—
And its name was Tisonada;
To the Moors a name of terror—
Rested at his velvet band.

Rich embroider'd, trimm'd with silver,
Was the band his waist which girded;
And a fine-thread pocket-kerchief
Neatly folded from it hung.

Thus bedeck'd advanced the noble
Cid, by all his kin attended,
Onward to the church's portal
Where the king and the good bishop
Waited him with fair Ximene,
With Ximene, blushing bride!

CITIES IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

THERE is a class of thinkers, who, right or wrong, are never satisfied with the bare assurance that every medal has its reverse, and every shield a gold as well as a silver side, but are continually striving to make themselves acquainted with the side opposite to that ordinarily presented to them. In so doing, they ask obtrusive questions, take liberties with established cobwebs, and overturn received and accepted ghosts in order to inquire into the physical peculiarities of the turnips, broom handles, and calico sheets of which those ghosts are sometimes composed. Not satisfied with Philip sober, they have the impertinence to scrutinise Philip drunk; not content with the due execution of justice

upon a culprit, they must needs know what becomes of the executioner afterwards; and as though they had not enough of things as they are, clamour for things as they were, and as they ought to be. These embarrassing thinkers are distinguished in infancy by a propensity for poking their flaccid little fingers into the eyes of their nurses and relations, doubtless following out some infantine theory as to the structure of the orbs of vision; in childhood, by constant endeavours to teach difficult feats of gymnastics to dumb animals and to make them eat strange viands;—such as wooden pine-apples glued on the plate; and, by the ripping up, scraping, pegging, and otherwise mutilating all their toys—notably in the case of Shem, Ham, and Japhet from the Noah's ark, whom they make to swim in the wash-hand basin (in company with the magnetic duck and the elastic eel), and otherwise maltreat till every vestige of paint disappears from their strange faces and stranger costumes, and Ham, the traditional blackamoor of the family, has nothing to reproach himself with on the score of colour. At school they are remarkable for surreptitiously keeping hedgehogs in their lockers, flaying the covers off grammars and copybooks to make silkworm boxes, and for persisting in the refusal or inability to acknowledge that the angle A B is equal to the angle C D, stating that it is'nt and is much larger. In manhood and mature age, they either become busy-bodies, insufferable bores telling you irrelevant history and "trying back" a score of times during the narration to relate the lives and adventures of the actors therein, and of their relations; or, they invent steam-engines and cotton-looms, discover planets, settle the laws of gravitation, and found systems of philosophy. The astronomer and the quidnunc; Plato and the child who does Shem, Ham, and Japhet's washing, Sir Isaac Newton and the gentleman in the sky-blue coat, green umbrella, white hat, striped calimancoes, eye-glass and Hessian boots, with whom Mr. Wright, comedian, is acquainted; have more in common than you would imagine, sometimes.

I must confess, myself, that my train of thought is essentially of a Bohemian and desultory nature. My life has been a digression. I never could remember a thing in time, or forget it in season; for, though I respect and glory in the statute of limitations as a legislative enactment, I can't apply it to men or to things. I was always more curious about the strings than about the puppets. I like Punch; but I like the velveteen-clad histrion who lies perdu behind the striped drapery, and without whose aid Punch could not squeak, and Shallaballah would be yet unbastinadoed; much better I like the "flies" and the mezzanine floor than the green-room or the prompt box. I have a desultory, unprofitable fancy for old books, old pictures, and old furniture; but, like the imprudent poor relation who was disinherited for liking gravy, I am sensible of having lost several friends by an inveterate habit of rummaging over ragged book-stalls and brokers' sheds, and standing, speculating, before rag and bottle-shops. I was cut dead once by an intimate acquaintance for walking down Drury Lane with two copper candlesticks, of curious make, which I had just purchased of a neighbouring broker, who tempted me sadly, besides, with a human skull, a life-preserver, and two volumes of "Elegant Extracts," for five shillings—a bargain.

Some random speculations I have already indulged in as to some curious dualities of costume and character in man and womankind. I find myself constantly recurring to the same subject, constantly poring over that eccentric etching by Gillray, called the "*doublures*," where heads of dukes and politicians, philosophers and divines, cast shadows on the wall, which, though rendering feature for feature, yet are strangely metamorphosed into satyrs, demons, donkeys, and Silenus's. If I have not hopelessly wearied you with double men, will you accord me, reader, a modicum of patience while I babble of double cities.

Of cities in plain clothes rather—in their apparel of homespun, very different from the gala suit they wear on high days and holidays, and in books of travel. And, I pray you, do not taunt me with being fantastic for giving corporeality to mere agglomerations of houses, and for assuming that cities may wear clothes, plain or otherwise. I appeal to the walls and ceilings of Greenwich Hospital, Windsor Castle, and Hampton Court, where sprawl the saints of Verris and Laguerre. Cities of all sorts sprawl incarnate on those gigantic works of art; painted by the mile, and paid for, as the bills delivered of the artists inform us, by the yard. The galleries of Versailles boast battalions of personified cities, some in holiday clothes, some in plain clothes, and not a few with no clothes at all. Louis Philippe commissioned Pradier to execute two statues of Lille and Strasbourg for the Place de la Concorde—which stand there to this day, and are noble specimens of embodied cities, though I certainly miss the *paté de foie gras* from the trophies on the pedestal of the latter capital. If the "gentle Severn" be allowed to have a "crisp head;" if half-a-dozen rivers embodied in bronze are allowed to empty water-jugs in the courtyard of Somerset House; if the very north wind itself is with impunity individualised and made to figure in pictures and sculpture as a blustering railer, with puffed-out cheeks, I certainly may be allowed to give my cities flesh and raiment. Moreover, I have history and custom on my side. Doesn't Mr. de Quincey call Oxford Street, and, by implication, London, a "stony-hearted step-mother?" Is not Venice called the Queen of cities? Was not Babylon the great distinguished by a very rude name? She must

have worn plain clothes even, besides the historical scarlet.

I don't exactly envy, but I sigh for the lot of those who possess imagination, for I have none. If I had, I should be contented with the ideal and imaginative garments of a city, without meddling with those coarser, plainer habiliments, which to dull realist eyes they wear. I should be content with the cities that poets sing, that painters limn, that rapturous tourists describe, but for this infusion of realism in the nectar of ideality, that shows them very different and changed.

Let me take a city.—Constantinople. What a holiday dress she wears in Mr. Thomas Allom's pictures, in the pages of Byron and Hope, in Mr. Lewis's lithographs, in the eyes even of the expectant tourist on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, who, disappointed with Naples, Malta, and Athens, opens wide his eyes with wonder, admiration and delight, when he first surveys the City of the Sultan from the Golden Horn; when he sees glittering against the blue sky the thousand minarets, the fairy-like kiosques, the solemn dome of Saint Sophia, the shining cupola of the mosque of Achmet, the seraglio, the arsenal, the palaces of the Pachas, the grove of masts of all nations, the sparkling shoals of caiques, with the gaily dressed boatmen. Let us enter into that tourist for a moment. He is a native, we will say, of Clapham; Stockwell was his *alma mater;* Camberwell resounds with his erudition. He is well read in that curious repertory of books that go to make up in England the usual course of reading of a young man in the middle classes of society. He is decidedly imaginative, passably prejudiced and opiniated, after the manner of free-born Englishmen, and is the hope and joy of a wholesale house in the Manchester line, and in Bread Street, Cheapside. We will call him Moole.

"A few moments," cries Mr. Moole, "a few trifling formalities at the Custom House, and I shall land in the city of Constantine, the Stamboul of the Muslim, the Istambol to which the noble Childe fled, leaving behind him at Athens his heart and soul in the care of the Maid of Athens—now, Mrs. Black. I shall pass by the gates of the Seraglio, where the heads of rebellious pachas scorch in the noontide sun; where fierce eunuchs guard the sacred approaches: but all their glittering blades will not prevent me from revelling in imagination amidst the fragrant gardens of the Seraglio, in the soul-entrancing glances of the gazelle-eyed Gulbeyaz, Dudus, Gulnares, and other lights of the harem. I shall listen to the dulcet notes of the mandolin, hear the pattering fall of perfumed waters, catch heavenly glimpses of dark-eyed beauties behind lattices, puffing lazily at the aromatic chibouque, or perchance become an unwilling witness of some dark and terrible tragedy, —the impalement of a grand vizier, or the sacking and salt-waterising of some inconstant houri of the Padisha. A few moments," this enthusiast from the Surrey hills continues, "and I shall pace by the sacred mosques; and, entering them, gaze at the fretted roofs, and the out-spread carpets checkered with worshippers, with their faces turned towards Mecca. I shall see the stately Moslem career by on his Arab Barb, wrapped in his furred pelisse, his brows bound with his snow-white turban, his glittering *handjar* by his side, his embroidered *papouches* on his feet. I shall stroll through the crowded Bezesteen, where the rich and varied wares of the Oriental world are displayed. Courtly Armenian merchants, with coal-black beards, will invite me into their cushioned warerooms, present me with coffee and pipes, and show me gorgeous wares and intoxicating perfumes. Anon, the clamour of military music heralds the passage of a legion of janissaries, clad in 'barbaric pearl and gold.' Anon, I stroll into a coffee-house, where a Greek storyteller is relating the legend of the 'Fisherman and the Geni' to the Capitan Basha, the Kislar Aga, the Bostangi-bashi, and the Sheikh-al-Islam. Now, a horde of dancing dervishes whirl fiercely by; now, a band of Almé remind me, in their graceful *poses*, of Herodias, Esmeralda, and Mademoiselle Cerito. Now, a black slave invites me to the splendid mansion of a venerable Barmecide close by; who—after making believe to eat, pretending to wash his hands, and to get drunk with visionary wine—entertains me with a banquet of pilaffs and stewed kids, stuffed with pistachio nuts, washed down by wine of Cypress and sherbet, cooled with snow. And now, oh! joy of joys, I catch a pair of black eyes circled with henna, fixed on me with a glance of tender meaning, through the folds of a silken veil. I see a little fairy foot peeping from loose Turkish trowsers: the vision disappears—but an old woman (the universal messenger of love in the East) accosts me mysteriously, and presents me with a bouquet composed of dandelions, bachelor's buttons, and the fragrant flower known as "cherry pie," all of which say as plainly as the language of flowers (known at Stamboul as at Stockwell) can speak: 'Meet me at eight this evening at the secret gate opposite the third kiosque past Seraglio point.' What tales I shall have to tell when I get back to Clapham." Land, if you like, at Pera, the European suburb. Plenty of plain clothes here. A mangy hill spotted with leprous houses, and infested by scurvy dogs. The English embassy, looking like an hospital; the Russian ditto looking like a gaol. A circus for horse-riders, and one or two ramshackle hotels, claiming decided kindred in the way of accommodation and general aspect with the fifteenth-rate foreign houses in the back settlements of Leicester Square; and in respect to prices, with the Clarendon or Mivart's. A population strongly resembling that of London, when

Doctor Johnson affirmed it to be the "common sewer of Paris and of Rome." Dirt, dead dogs, oyster-shells, dust; no pavement nor lamps, no gutters, no sewers. Houses that would have rejoiced the heart of that Chinese sage, who invented roast-pig, for they are delightfully easy to be burnt down, and are being burnt continually. Such are the plain clothes of Pera. Land at Galata, Mr. Moole; you come across more dogs, live and dead, more dirt, oyster-shells, dust and leprous houses. Land at Scutari, and ask for sewers, lamps, or gutters, and you shall find none. Instead of them you shall find unwholesome streets; or, rather, alleys resembling the worst parts of Church Lane, Saint Giles's, dovetailed on to the Rue-aux Fèves in Paris, and the Coomb in Dublin. Ask for horrible smells, infected hovels—where the great adjuster of the population, the plague, hides from year to year, every now and then leaping from his hole to take the census with a sword: ask for these and they will start up by hundreds. Ask for the stately Moslem, and you shall be shown a fat man with a sleepy expression of countenance, and looking remarkably uncomfortable in an ill-made European coat and a red skull cap. Ask for the Bezesteen, and you shall elbow your way through a labyrinth of covered lanes, giving not a bad idea of Rag Fair, the Temple in Paris, and the Soho Bazaar, squeezed into Newgate Market. Ask for the dancing Dervishes, you shall see a set of dirty old ragamuffins executing lewd gambadoes for copper paras. Ask for Saint Sophia, and you will be enabled to speculate on the white-washed mosaics, and the tawdry gimcrack lamps and carpets, and eggs strung on strings. Ask for the lights of the harem, and you shall meet a succession of black silk pillow-cases, capped with white ditto, shod with yellow shoes down at heel, shuffling through the lanes, or jolting about in crazy carts drawn by bullocks. Ask for the janissaries, and you will be told that they were all massacred on the plain of the *Atmeidan* twenty-seven years ago, and in their stead, are slouching louts of peasants in uncouth and mongrel European costume. Peep slyly into a harem (which you will not succeed in doing, my friend), and you will see fat women with coarse features lolling wearily on carpets, in rooms with bare walls, and the principal furniture of which is composed of French clocks. Ask for Stamboul the romantic, the beautiful, the glorious, the Constantinople of the last of the Paleologi, the Byzantium of the Romans, the Istambol of Bajazet and Mahomet the conqueror, and you shall be told that this dirty, swarming, break-neck city is it. You are a young man of a strongly imaginative temperament, Mr. Moole, I therefore advise you to go on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer again as fast as you can; from whose deck you may again survey the enchanting and superb prospect of the city, and solace yourself with engravings after Messrs Allom and Lewis. These will be a great consolation to you when you are frying in quarantine on your road home, and you may conjure up quite a splendid court-suit for Constantinople, and forget all about its plain clothes.

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said"—

Venice? Beautiful Venice? Ah! Mr. Moole, says Imagination, if you had gone *there*, you would not have been disappointed. Realism can't sneer away the Campanile, the Grand Canal, the Ducal Palace, the Dogana, and the Bridge of Sighs. Madam Imagination, if you please, let me peep at Venice, at the commencement, let me say, of the last century. Forthwith Imagination calls from the ends of the earth four-score poets, twelve score sentimental tourists, a bevy of blooming young ladies, far-too numerous for me to count, and the editors of six defunct landscape annuals. "Venice, if you please, ladies and gentlemen," she says to them. "Marble halls," they answer in a breath. "Landscapes, or, rather, water-scapes, with crimson, green and gold skies, orange waves, and blue palaces (see Turner); or gondolas with pea-green hulls, and feluccas with crimson velvet sails (see Holland). The Doge, a venerable old man, with a white beard and a high cap, constantly occupied with dandling the lion of St. Mark, curry-combing the winged horses, spending his afternoons with his ear close to the "Lion's mouth," jotting down mems. of conspiracies hot and hot, and going out twice a week in a gilded galley to wed the Adriatic; varying occasionally these pursuits, by putting his sons to the torture, pursuing with fire and sword people who wrote impertinent things about his wife on the back of his chair, and making fierce last dying speeches to the people from the top of the giant's staircase. The Council of Ten, meeting every day, masked every man jack of them; [Gentlemen! says Imagination, expostulatingly] no; not masked, but dressed in crimson velvet cloaks, each councillor sitting under his own portrait by Titian, who died some time before; but never mind that. A carnival all the year round, and *such* a carnival; the Piazza San Marco thronged with masquers in every variety and shade of splendour of costume. All the canals (all bordered by palaces decorated by Titian and Sebastiano del Piombo) studded with gondolas, painted with fanciful arabesques, hung with splendid tapestry, filled with purple velvet lovers and white satin angels (see Lake Price), making love and eating ices beneath a moon certainly twice as large as any French, German, or English one. The gondolier, in his picturesque striped silken sash, guides his frail bark, standing gracefully on one leg, and warbling a hymn to Our Lady of the Sea. But ah! little

does the purple satin lover whom he is conducting to a rendezvous, and who sits jauntily at the prow, sweeping the strings of his guitar with an agile hand, and calling up echoes from the distant lagunes—little does that cavalier reck that the treacherous boatman has betrayed him to his enemy—that at this very moment, behind the waterspout of the Palazza Boffi, the wicked Cavaliere Lazaro di Hardoppari is waiting for him with two *bravi* and three poignards, and that at the moment when his white satin enchantress, the Lady Bianca, is descending the marble staircase to meet him, and before even he has time to invoke his patron saint, San Giacomo Robinsino, he will be laid at length on the Boffi terrace, his guitar shattered, his head towards the stairs, and his toes turned up. Woeful history! followed by the despair, madness (in white satin), and death of the Lady Bianca, the tragical end of Hardoppari (poisoned by his brother the Cardinal in a venison pasty), and the remorse of Sproggino, the gondolier; who, after performing amazing feats of piracy in the Grecian archipelago, founded a convent and asylum for dissolute boatmen, died in the odour of sanctity, and was canonised. (His picture winked only last Pentecost.) Such is Venice, please your ladyship;" and the whole army of poets, engravers, sentimentalists, and young ladies break forth into such a strumming of guitars and bleating of "Beautiful Venice, city of sunshine!" "The merry gondolier," the engravers accompanying them with such force with their burins on their steel plates—that I am fain to stop my ears, the din is so great.

Can this city, so brave in purple velvet and white satin, condescend ever to wear plain clothes? Ay, that she can—very plain clothes: rags, dirty, greasy, unmitigated rags. Study the pictures of an artist, whose plain clothes' name was Antonio da Canal, whose gala name is Canaletti, and who painted what he saw and knew—and you will discover these rags, sweltering too on the palsied, ulcerated limbs of beggars in the gay Piazza di San Marco. Not confining yourself to Canaletti, consult a certain Goldoni, one Gozzi, and one known as Filippante. They will show you Venice in plain clothes in the last century:—mud in the canals, griping poverty in the palaces, impudent intolerance in the churches, rapacious waiters in the coffee-houses (waiters in Venice!), and oh, realism of realisms! oh, quietus of romance! the Doge of Venice in a bag-wig, powdered, and a cocked hat! The Carnival, they will tell you, was merely a harvest-time for theatrical managers, silly Venetian "gents," who had a difficulty to play the fool with a mask on with any greater degree of completeness than they were in the habit of doing with uncovered faces; and other classes, not here to be mentioned. They will inform you that no inconsiderable portion of the Venetian nobility lived by selling counterfeits of their pictures to amateurs; by farming gaming-tables, and by trafficking in the honour of their daughters. They will show you that the race of Jaffiers, Pierres, and Belvideras is quite extinct; that the lion's mouth is grown rusty; and that poignards are not more in use than they are now in every wine shop in the Levant, when foreign sailors fall a quarrelling. As for the gondolas, instead of the arabesques and the tapestry you will see shabby little boats with an awning like a carrier's cart, painted with funereal black, and rowed by a swarthy varlet, who has preserved at least the traditions of Venetian mosaic work in the darning and patching of his garments, who talks a patois unintelligible to many Italians, and who is egregiously extortionate. Such is "beautiful Venice." Not that I am for denying the claims of the Bride of the Adriatic for romance *in toto*; but I stand for the existence of the plain clothes as well as the masquerade suit, for the existence of such homely things as Venice turpentine and Venetian blinds, as well as Venetian Doges and Venetian Brides. There is plenty of sustenance for the romantic minds in Venice even to-day, when the Austrian "autograph," as Professor Dandolo expressed it, has planted his banners on its towers. There is romance in that strange fantastic basilica, which brings old Rome, Byzantium, Greece, and modern Italy to the mind at once; in the hot summer nights, when the Venetians lounge outside the *cafés*, and listen to Donizetti's music played by a Croat or Sclavonian band, and watch the padded Austrian officers twirling their tawny moustachios; in the stones of that dreary Prison-palace, where so many true men have chafed to death beneath the burning *piombi*, for daring to think or to write that man has a heritage of freedom, which all the Autocrats in the universe cannot wholly waste or alienate.

And, ere I leave Italy, one glance at the wardrobe of another Italian city—Naples. She has her court dress: Cardinals in red stockings, Virgins in jewelled petticoats, the bay, Vesuvius and Pompeii. But what a suit of plain clothes! what squalid tatters! what looped and windowed raggedness! Those walking rag-shops in monkish garb, those dismal scarecrows, the romantic lazzaroni, those fetters and felon dresses, those hideous dungeons by the blue sea! Imagination incorrigible, in three vols. 8vo, just out (see Evening paper) persists in seeing only Naples the sunny, the romantic, the beautiful "*Vedi Napoli e poi morire.*" "See Naples and die," says Imagination. "See Naples," says Reality sternly in the shape of Mr. Gladstone, "see St. Januarius' sham blood, and Poerio's fetters, and Ferdinand's Shrapnel shells, and then die with shame and horror."

Paris during the Regency of Gaston of Orleans. An escape from plain clothes, at least here:—we know all about that dear delightful period. The free, jovial Regent,

with his embroidered coats of many colours, and that dear eccentric Abbé Dubois, his minister. And Mr. John Law's scheme, —rather expensive it must be allowed— but Monsieur Law gave such magnificent entertainments at his hôtel in the Place Vendome, and such a crowd of archbishops, princes, dukes, and noble ladies, that followed at his heels, begging and praying for shares. And there was Cartouche, that romantic robber; and that other brigand, whose name we forget, but who was nicknamed Monseigneur, from his perfect courtesy and politeness of manner. And there were the *petits soupers*, and the *petites maisons*, and the *loges grillées*, and the balls at the Opera, and the grey mousquetaires, and hoops and powder, and patches, and buhl tables, and china monsters, and poets who recited their verses in the boudoirs of Duchesses, and painters who transferred those Duchesses to canvas. Why, the whole of that merry, spangled Regency was long holiday! Granted. France, during the Regency, wore a brilliant holiday costume: a peach-coloured velvet coat, barred with gold and festooned with diamonds, cloth of gold waistcoat, crimson brocade smalls, fifty thousand francs' worth of lace at the throat and wrists; silk stockings, gold clocks, red heels, jewelled-hilted swords, powder, patches, a dancing master's kit in one hand and a pasteboard puppet in the other; pockets crammed with pink *billet doux*, *lettres-de-cachet*, and John Law's Mississippi shares; folly on his lips and vice in his heart. But were there none who wore other raiment during that same Regency. How many hundred half-naked prisoners were languishing in the dungeons of the Bastile, by the orders of the eccentric Cardinal Abbé Dubois. What sort of clothes wore those men, prosperous merchants once, ruined by John Law's famous scheme, who went forth to beg on the highway? What clothes had the poets and the painters when they went from the Duchess's boudoir to die in the hospital, like Guillebert and Lantara? What clothes, if any, had the miserable serfs, who writhed beneath the thraldom of the holiday makers in velvet—of the Abbés, who wrote sonnets, and read their breviaries in the intervals of a *petit souper*—who lived on the black, filthy, nauseous substance complacently termed bread, and a loaf of which the Duke de la Valliere threw down on the council-table before the boy King, Louis the Fifteenth, saying, "There, Sire. Some millions of your subjects eat *that!*" Did you ever hear of one Barbier, Advocate of the Parliament of Paris, whose private journal of the Regency was lately published? Barbier was the French Pepys, a gossipping, meddling, ill-conditioned busybody; but without Pepys' good-nature or hospitality. He had an auctioneer's talent for description, and a keen nose for scandal; and half-an-hour's desultory saunteringe through his slipslop pages, will teach you some strange secrets of the plain clothes of the good City of Paris during the Regency.

If I name Paris during the revolution, and especially during the reign of terror, the one-sided enthusiasts fly into the opposite extreme. Even then, Paris wore other clothes than the bloody masquerade dress she did her butcher's work in at the Abbaye, the Conciergerie, and in the Place Louis Quinze. She laid aside, sometimes, the scarlet Phrygian cap and the red flag. Fouquier Tinville, Louvet, Collot d'Herbois, were not always sanguinary tyrants with their sleeves tucked up. They were, I dare say, over their dinners in the Palais National—with short-waisted coats, flapped waistcoats, buckskins, and top boots—mighty pleasant fellows to meet. Some of the most bloodthirsty of the Committee of Safety were dramatic authors; and, Paris in plain clothes, —quite another Paris from that yelling from the mouths of *poissardes* and *tricoteuses* for the lives of the aristocrats—sat smilingly listening to such pieces as "*La Mère Coupable*," and "*Robert, Chef de Brigands*," which were all the rage then. There were stage dresses for the Convention, the club of the Jacobins, the Noyades, and the feasts of the Goddess of Reason; but there were plain clothes in houses and shops, yes, and peace and quiet in families and hearts far from the great tempest. For all the gory fever raging, there must have been, as now, men and women unmindful of aristocrats and democrats, little heeding the republic one and indivisible, and whose whole hearts were in the quiet but deadly fight for bread; who achieved fortunes or dreaded bankruptcies; who hung on the smile or frown of a mistress or a lover;—to whom every day brought its little private good and evil.

Be not angry with me, sentimental tourists, and writers of stanzas, and imaginative painters. You have your Venices and Stambouls. But I have seen so many plays, and taken so many bad halferowns, in my life, that I grow sceptical, and look twice at cities and at men, before I take them for granted.

CHIPS.

MR. BOVINGTON ON THE NEW CATTLE-MARKET.

Long Hornets, Bucks.

Sir,—More than two years since you were good enough to describe my last adventure in Smithfield market, London. I have been a wretched man ever since. I have no heart for breeding and fattening; I take no pleasure in stall-feeding; I have lost all delight in short horns; and a prime tup (I have got four of the primest in England) is no more to me than a bell-wether—mere mutton and wool. My heart actually aches for my beasts. To be killed and eaten is, I know, their natural end; but I can't abear the thought of their being tortured; for though I don't send them direct to Smithfield to be baited and butchered,

as the best West Highlander that ever was calved was,* I know that the dealers that buy them of me do drive them there.

How long is this to last? I say to myself. Not long, says my Bell's Weekly Messenger t'other day, for the market is going to be moved to Copenhagen Fields. Aha! some nice place, no doubt, with acres of open space all round it (*I* said again), out of the way of houses, where there will be good accommodation for the beasts, and plenty of water. I'll run up to London at once, and take a look at it.

Sure enough, I was there last Monday, and had the pleasure of seeing a game of cricket played in one corner of those same Copenhagen Fields in a style that made me look about me; though I have been one of the Long Hornets' Eleven these two-and-twenty years. The ale at Copenhagen House is not at all bad; but I didn't much like the company: to be sure, Lankey Shanks was walking his match (seven mile within the hour, for fifty pound a side), and his backers swarmed the grounds.

Well, I stood in the middle of the field, and whichever way I looked, there was nothing but houses. On the Islington side they are as densely packed as they are in Cow Cross, Smithfield. Then towards the Regent's Park there are thousands of handsome villas, and all the vacant ground seemed to be let on building lease. Taking a stroll that way, I found myself in a beautiful square with a church at one end big enough to hold our little Long Hornets church four times over.

The fact is that the place is so crowded on every side, that before the New Metropolitan Cattle Market has stood a couple of years, people will be petitioning to have it moved further out of town. What is the consequence even now? Why, there will be as much trouble in getting the cattle in and out of the new market as there is to get them in and out of Smithfield, in spite of railways. There will be as large an acreage of population round Copenhagen Fields to be poisoned with stench and disgusted with bad language, as there is round Smithfield: and, so far as I can see, the market may as well stand where it does as be stuck down only a mile and a half away. Besides, the people told me that Copenhagen Fields is deficient in water;—so no more at present from

Yours respectfully,
T. Bovington.

CONSTITUTIONAL TRIALS.

Bitter things have been lately said concerning beer. The British consumer is a little angry on the subject of adulterations. From one side he is shouted at to mind his milk, and from another to beware of his bread; a sepulchral voice informs him when he lifts a cup of coffee to his lips that it contains chicory and coffins. In his tea, he is told to look for black-lead, Prussian blue and gypsum; in his wine, he is warned that there are drugs past reckoning; and in his cakes, he is kindly admonished; in his custards, prussic acid lies in waiting to destroy. Whatever the British consumer may feel inclination to devour, let him devour it at his peril; he will himself be thereby preyed upon, devoured, consumed. Every warm-blooded animal expresses indignation if its food be meddled with. The food of the British consumer is meddled with, and he is warm-blooded; he is, therefore, irritable and suspicious on the subject of provisions.

The Briton loved his bitter beer; Bass was a joy to him, and Allsopp. The dew of refreshment distilled from the breweries of Burton. The joys of the ale went round. A voice from the press arose—What art thou, bitter beer of Burton? What art thou, Bass? What art thou, Allsopp? Ye are the bitterness of death. The Briton praises hop, he knows not that he perishes of strychnine.

Strychnine is exceedingly expensive, and its flavour is tenacious, disagreeable—we speak from experience—utterly unlike the bitter taste of beer, which could be much more cheaply and safely simulated by the use of quassia. The idea that strychnine was employed in this country for giving bitterness to beer arose in a misconception, and in fact was utterly absurd. The result of the panic has, fortunately, been so complete a demonstration (in the laboratories of Liebig, Thomson, and most able chemists,) of the unadulterated purity of Pale Ale that the British consumer is induced, for once, to have faith in his food, and is firm in his trust that—

"Ale is stout and good
Whether in bottle it be or wood;
'Tis good at morning, 'tis good at night;
(Ye should drink whilst the liquor is bubbling bright)
'Tis good for man, woman, and child,
Being neither too strong nor yet too mild."

Let us all, therefore, who can afford to pay the price that will ensure a wholesome beverage, be well content, as Barry Cornwall further sings, to have our

"Brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of beer."

There are, indeed, brewers and beer-sellers of low degree, in intellect at any rate, who do not understand the wholesome policy of selling wholesome beverage. Hard porter was formerly made out of new by the addition of sulphuric acid; and old beer is made mild by carbonate of lime, soda, or potash. Quassia and colocynth are used as bitters, the latter often giving to bad ale its purging quality. Grains of paradise and cayenne give pungency. Cocculus indicus, an active poison which produces giddiness and convulsions, is placidly recommended in at least two treatises

* Household Words, vol i. page 125.

"on brewing," by Childe and Maurice—three pounds to ten quarters of malt; the giddiness it excites passes for strength of liquor; and, says Maurice, "it prevents a second fermentation in bottled beer." The inky taste perceptible in spurious "Guinness's," and other beers, is caused by a mixture called beerheading, which produces a mockery of the fine cauliflower head, and is composed of salt, alum, and green vitriol. Wholesome beer can be brewed at prices charged even to the humblest customers, and it is no sign of worldly wisdom in a publican to retail physic.

The discussion upon pure beer has put it in our minds to wonder when pure bread will again become an object of the consumer's popular desire. There are some other things, too, which need our attention. The British consumer, in his early years, is partial to confectionary. We have already called attention to the drugging of the comfit markets, and upon such matters we have more to say.

To begin with sweetmeats. British confectionary contains plaster of Paris, chalk, starch, sulphate of baryta, bronze, copper leaf, leaf tin, arsenite of copper, carbonate of copper, verdigris, chromate of lead, orpiment, oxychloride of lead, red lead and vermillion. The minerals here named are all poisonous. Our bright yellow comfits contain a dangerous and insidious poison—chromate of lead, which is used also largely for giving the slight yellow tint to ginger lozenges. Let the British consumer, who has often during the winter season a ginger lozenge in her mouth, not be surprised at a slight failing in her health. The emerald green sugar-plums and ornaments in sugar have been coloured with a still more dangerous poison, arsenite of copper. These mineral pills offered to the young population of Great Britain do their work. Dr. Letheby states that, to his knowledge, there have been seventy cases of fatal poisoning during three years traced to the use of confectionary made and coloured in this country.

The use of poison in confectionary is perfectly needless. There is no want of innocuous colouring matter; and we do not care much if the greens and yellows be a trifle less vivid to the eye, if they are ten thousand times more proper for the stomach. In France and Belgium there is no poisonous confectionary made. The most stringent law forbids not only the use of mineral pigments, but forbids even the wrapping of bonbons in paper that has been glazed or coloured by means of a mineral or hurtful compound. The seller of confectionary is compelled also by law to let his name go forth printed on some part of each parcel that he issues—just as, in this country, the printer has to sign his name to the productions of his press—in order that he may be made criminally responsible for any poison he may issue. What must a Frenchman think of Greenwich fair, where he may see sold with impunity on every stall gingerbread baited with copper leaf instead of gold; with tin instead of silver!

Every now and then there comes a tale within our experience of confectioners' men poisoned by tasting one of the ingredients they use—essential oil of bitter almonds. This ratafia, employed extensively in flavouring cakes, custards, and liqueurs—handled by rough-handed, thoughtless men who are but ill acquainted with its deadly nature—is a poison six times stronger than the prussic acid of the London Pharmacopœia. The pastry-cook drops out into our cakes this deadly poison, from a bottle in which it is contained in a more concentrated form than is considered safe, even by the College of Physicians, for employment in prescriptions. And yet it is not necessary for the flavour that a drop of prussic acid should be put into our cakes and custards. The prussic acid may be removed from ratafia, and the whole flavour retained in a harmless residue, by distillation, from slaked lime and sulphate of iron.

Here, then, is a great evil in the way of adulteration, capable of easy remedy, which would have been remedied no doubt, ere this, if the British consumer had bestowed upon it half the eloquence expended on the ridiculous alarm of strychnine in his bitter beer.

If he be unwilling to lay bare a sweet tooth, by betraying too great interest in comfits, gingerbread, and custard, and have no children to speak for, he may, at least, find it worth while to exert himself for the procuring of unadulterated bread.

Bread may contain potatoes, Indian meal, bad flour, alum, chalk, blue vitriol, crushed bones, magnesia, clay, and plaster of Paris; the object of adulteration being to make the loaf white and spongy, and to increase its power of retaining water. A great portion of the messes named in this list are not used by any respectable baker, but the use of alum is extensive. Alum whitens, and economises by enabling the baker to sell in a loaf, together with his flour, more than the proper quantity of water. A sack of flour containing two hundred and eighty pounds should make, according to the old parliamentary standard, eighty loaves of four pounds each. That is to say, in the making of the bread, forty pounds of water is the fair weight to be added to the sack of flour. Bakers, however, like to make more than eighty of these loaves out of a sack of flour, and they get in practice ninety-four, and sometimes even a hundred. That is to say, instead of adding forty pounds of water to the sack of flour, they will add ninety-six pounds, or even a hundred and twenty pounds of that exceedingly cheap article of trade. Upon each sack of flour they obtain, therefore, the price of bread for fifty, sixty, or seventy pounds of water that has been unfairly added to the reckoning. Simple flour would not take up so much, but alum has the power of retaining water, at the same

time that it whitens the whole compound, and sometimes enables flour of an inferior quality to produce loaves of "the best bread." When the Lancet published its analysis of bread, purchased at random from many shops, there was found scarcely a specimen from which alum was absent; and we do not know of any change that has been made since that time in the practice of the bakers. It is said in the Encyclopædia Britannica, that it is common to put as much alum into the bread as salt, two pounds and a quarter to the sack. This would yield one hundred and fifty-seven grains to a loaf, a serious quantity. Experiment has shown that less alum than thirty-one grains to a loaf would not affect the bread at all, while this quantity—the lowest that can be assumed—yields a weekly allowance of astringent matter to the British consumer that cannot fail to have a slow and hurtful influence upon his organs of digestion.

According to the statement of MM. Dumas and Kuhlmann, the use of blue vitriol in bread is almost invariable in France and Belgium, so that our neighbours fare worse than ourselves. For although the proportion of this poison used for producing sponginess is very small, the use of a deadly thing is placed in careless hands, and it would be well if the French took as much care for their bread as for their sweetmeats.

We should be glad to hear a tumult and rebellion against alum in our bread, and we should very much like to see private English families acting on their own account, and spreading dismay among all dishonest tradesmen, by testing for themselves the purity of many things that they consume. There is a penalty against the adulteration of bread, but the best penalty would be the loss of custom that would follow upon prompt detection of offence in private families. The testing of bread is very easy. Alum is the great object of search; chalk, carbonate of ammonia, soda, and potash, are added only in extreme cases of fraud, to neutralise the acid that will form in bad or stale bread. A writer in the Medico-Chirurgical Review tells of his experience among the crew of a vessel who were all seized with a similar disorder, that was traced eventually to the serving out of certain biscuits bought at Wapping. Each one of these biscuits contained eighty-five grains of chalk. Such cases are extreme. It is against alum that we have to direct the main point of our attack, if we desire, in these good days, while we are getting cheap bread, to have it pure into the bargain.

If any one desires to test the honesty of bread, let him cause it to pass through the ordeal either of fire or water. The ordeal by fire consists in placing a piece of bread accurately weighed in a Cornish crucible, and subjecting it to lively and continued heat. If it be pure, it will consume and leave a residue of not more than two per cent. in the shape of a very soluble white ash. Of that ash, one half will be dissolved in water, and the rest, on adding muriatic acid to the water, will dissolve without effervescence. If there be chalk, or carbonate of magnesia, potash, or soda in the bread, there will be effervescence when the residue of the ash dissolves under the influence of muriatic acid. Other adulterations will be revealed by the excess over two per cent. of ash, and the dissolved ash may be tested on some plan that appertains to the ordeal by water. The trial by water is the following:—

Soak about six ounces of bread in two ounces of distilled water, for an hour or longer. Squeeze the sop through a coarse linen cloth. Let the grosser particles subside from the liquor: if there be grains of potato starch among them, they will be distinguishable. Pour off the clear liquor from the condiment, and then evaporate it to about half its bulk. The mysteries of the bread, if there be any, will be contained in the resulting fluid. Test a part of it, by adding a few drops of strong liquor of ammonia; and if there be alum in the bread, there will be a white powder precipitated. If you suspect the French mystification of blue vitriol, test another portion with prussiate of potash; when, if there be copper in the bread, you will get a rose-coloured or chocolate precipitate. If the effect of nitrate of baryta and nitric acid be tried on another portion of the fluid, they will produce results of a decided character, if there be in the bread any soluble sulphate, alum, plaster of Paris, or blue vitriol. If the sop was made with wholesome bread, none of these tests will produce any marked result upon the liquor. A slight trace of alum—if it be a very slight response to active testing—will tell rather of a chance impurity in the salt than of a wilful act of adulteration by the baker. The sop after straining, if exposed in a crucible to heat, should leave not more than one per cent. of ash. Good flour when burnt should not leave more than, at most, two per cent. of ash; and water, in which it has been soaked, should yield no precipitate on being tested with acid, nitrate of baryta, prussiate of potass, or solution of ammonia. In a quartern loaf there is an ounce of salt. It surely would suffice.

We will pass now to a few other topics.

There are ready means of testing to a certain extent the purity of wine; and since that is one of the articles in which the British consumer suffers wrong to a considerable extent, it may be worth while to name them. Pure wine ought not to leave a pink stain upon paper. MM. Jacob and Nees von Esenbeck give this advice. Add to a glass of wine alum and carbonate of soda. The precipitate in pure wine will be very slightly coloured, but in the case of adulteration it will be more or less pink or violet. Chevalier says, saturate red wine with caustic potash; it will change to bottle green, and after a time, if pure, to brownish green or brown. If it contain

elderberries, however, it will be purple; if log-wood, reddish purple; if beet-root juice, or Brazil-wood, red; if American grape, yellow.

A very little oil of vitriol is allowed in vinegar, by law, to prevent decomposition. Adulteration of vinegar with a great deal of dilute oil of vitriol is a common fraud. The addition of a little nitrate of baryta will detect it, by throwing down a copious white precipitate.

Of the injuries we suffer through our tea and coffee, a good deal has latterly been said. The adulteration of tea by sloe and other British leaves, in London, at any rate, is scarcely practised. The great murderers of tea are the Chinese themselves, and green tea is the grand subject of their cruelty. The black tea sold in our shops may here and there contain a trifle of black-lead, but, on the whole, is pure and wholesome. The black-lead and plumbago are attached chiefly, if not wholly, to the fancy black teas, "scented orange pekoe" and caper. Unadulterated green tea from China is scarcely to be had in London. It is faced with Prussian blue, turmeric, and China clay, and it is far more liable to mixture with other leaves and with Lie tea. In fact, the only green tea in the case of which, whatever its quality, we may be sure that it is clean, is the Assam tea, made *out* of China.

Mixtures sold to improve the strength of tea contain catechu, or other astringent matters active to do harm.

Upon coffee we have often spoken. It may be worth while to make familiar, by repetition, the easy although somewhat rough test of the adulteration of ground coffee with chicory. If the mixture be lightly shaken in a tumbler of cold water, chicory will sink, and coffee, by virtue of the oil that it contains, will float. The coffee after a few minutes will sink; the test is rough, but, carefully applied, is satisfactory. Coffee will very slightly tint cold water, but chicory will give it a decided tinge. To procure colour, however, burnt sugar is often used, and sometimes added to whole coffee in the roasting. Whole coffee, that has not been sugared or over roasted, should be of a light chocolate colour; and when ground and steeped in hot water for use, it ought not to blacken the water readily. Of course, everybody knows that coffee should be made by steeping in hot water—never boiled. They who desire the entire virtue of the berry, its bitter as well as its aroma, having first steeped their coffee thoroughly and put aside the liquor, should then separately boil the dregs as vigorously as they please, and add the two results.

The impurities contained in moist brown sugar are visible to the eye upon dissolving it in water. Among them is included a peculiarly disgusting insect, of the same family with that which gives rise to the itch. Eggs, legs, and bodies of this creature abound in most kinds of brown sugar; and in the cheapest, moistest kinds, it lives and swarms. We say nothing of sand, treacle, plaster of Paris, chalk, sawdust, starch, potato sugar, and fungi. In the choice of brown sugar, one should desire that which is driest and most crystalline in appearance, preferring that which has the largest crystals. The choice of a moist sugar for use is not a question of taste merely, but of health and cleanliness. An extra halfpenny upon the pound that would be denied to a dictate of luxury, might be afforded, probably, to a more reasonable sense of fitness, by nearly all the classes who in the present day buy sugars that are quite unfit, until they have been cleansed, to be exposed for sale as articles of food.

If the British public has a little breath left, after its hard running in the wrong direction, after the cry of strychnine in the bitter beer, perhaps it will continue its exertions in another path. In this hope, we especially suggest a close attention to the use of alum in our bread, and poison in our sweetmeats.

ROUND THE MIDSUMMER FIRE.

The very old custom of Bonefires on St. John's eve, the twenty-third of June, still prevails throughout Ireland. The same is, or was lately, to be found in parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and the continent of Europe. Of its origin various opinions have been advanced, each with some show of likelihood and authority; and whether that be Oriental, Greek, Roman, Druidical, or Christian, or its first intention the honour of Fire, the Sun, the Heavenly Host, Baal, Ceres, Apollo, or Saint John, remains in dispute. A Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Milner, in his "Inquiry into certain Vulgar Opinions concerning the Catholic Inhabitants, and the Antiquities of Ireland," (as quoted in Ellis's "Brande's Antiquities"), affirms the celebration to be in no wise traceable to Paganism, but solely in honour of Christ's precursor; and the particular significancies of the fires and their materials are said to be expounded in an ancient homily on the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Yet it may well be believed that the ceremony of the Midsummer Fires reaches farther back than the Christian era; and as marking the sun's point of culmination in the northern zodiac, it appears a natural correlative of a knowledge of the astronomical fact. Gebelin, in his "Monde Primitif," (as quoted in Brande), states it to be "of the most remote antiquity," and continues: "The origin of this Fire, which is still retained by so many nations, though enveloped in the mist of antiquity, is very simple; it was a *feu de joie*, kindled the very moment the year began; for the first of all years, and the most ancient that we know of, began at [illegible] this month of June. These *feux de joie* were accompanied at the same time with vows and sacrifices for

the prosperity of the people, and the fruits of the earth. They danced also round this fire; for what feast is there without a dance? and the most active leaped over it. Each, on departing, took a firebrand, great or small, and the remains were scattered to the wind, which, at the same time that it dispersed the ashes, was thought to expel every evil. When, after a long train of years, the year ceased to commence at this solstice, still the custom of making these fires at this time was continued by force of habit, and of those superstitious ideas that are annexed to it." Various nations would naturally connect with this celebration, whether of the new year or the summer solstice, some of the forms and colourings of their various religions, and thus preserve, under diverse shapes and names, the one primary idea. When Christianity extended itself, not only Pagan temples, but Pagan rites and festivals were wisely converted into Christian ones, and the Solstitial Fires would fitly be transferred to the Feast of St. John the Baptist, falling in that time of the year. In the ancient calendar of the Church of Rome, June twenty-fourth is marked, "Nativitas Joannis Baptistæ—Solstitium Vulgare." Whether the celebration of Midsummer was shifted from the true solstice to unite with St. John's eve, is a question to be asked. The derivation of the name (which I have always in Ireland heard called *bonefire*), is also a matter of discussion. *Bone-fire*, some say, in honour of St. John and other martyrs: or else because it was partly made of bones; *Bon-fire*, Good Fire, say others, because it was thought to be against disease and ill-luck, and William Browne in his "Shepheard's Pipe," (written about 1620), third eclogue, mentions "the blessing-fire," appending this note: "The Midsummer fires are termed so in the west parts of England." A derivation from the Icelandic has also been offered, with the sense of Festive Fire; but that etymology which seems most reasonable makes *Bone* the same as *Boon*-fire, that is, Contribution Fire, being made up of materials collected from many different persons: contributed ploughing days in Northumberland are said to be called "Bone-dargs."

In Ireland, for weeks before St. John's eve, swarms of little boys seek "something for the Bonefire" all round the towns and villages, and also levy—without any verbal application—what they term "custom" from every cart and donkey-load of turf they meet; revelling in their piratical descents on the "turf-cadgers," and in their consequent squabbles with, and hair-breadth escapes from, those exasperated rustics. To assist the removal of turf from a high cart, or round a corner, the brigands sometimes carry sticks tipped with an iron spike or hook.

When the evening of the twenty-third has arrived, each band begins about five o'clock to build its particular fire, assisted by a couple of "big brothers." In the country—where, by the way, the collection of the fuel is a quieter business, every neighbour readily giving his share—high grounds are chosen for the sites; in the town, open places in the suburbs, usually; for the police are no longer so tolerant of the streets being put to this purpose, as they used to be a few years ago. In the process of building, live coals are placed in the heart of the heap, with a vent for air, and ere long, the black, smoking cones are left to themselves for awhile, or only watched by some children and two or three stout guards, whose part it is to prevent a possible attack from the adherents of some rival Fire, or foil it if made. The pile of turf is sometimes garnished with layers of bones, cows' horns obtained from the tan-yards, and perhaps a horse's head; but these are now considered luxuries of incremation, not necessaries, as formerly. Close by, if the funds have proved sufficient, stands a row of old, brown, smeary tar-barrels; and the *fod-yogues*, though as yet invisible, are ready for their work. About nine o'clock the turf-cones, detruncated, are crowned with red glow and wavering flames, and round them gather crowds of both sexes, chiefly young people and children, laughing, talking, shouting, and restless. Let us visit some of the Bonefires of our little town.

First, one in a nook at the end of a middling street; where, at a comfortable distance from the blaze, two butchers and a pensioner are talking politics, with a select audience, and showing a very intimate acquaintance with the news of the day (distinctly coloured, though, by the medium through which it has come), as well as no mean amount of general information and intelligence; while under a wall sit a row of girls, chatting confidentially among themselves, or ironically with some young fellow who has ventured to lounge over to them; and a frequent laugh runs down or up the line in various tones, like a chime of bells.

Our next move brings us to the middle of a bare common, where there is a much larger fire, and a rougher mob. Droll remarks, strongly flavoured with personality, are flying about; a turf, now and again, is also flying about; and practical jokes of every sort are in great estimation. At last, a fight arises between two "boys"—who are stout young men,—but after a blow or two they are sundered by a noisy crowd, and removed, bareheaded, and talking defiance over their shoulders, to opposite corners of the common; where the male friends of each antagonist soothe him by declaring "It's a good kicking you *ought* to get;" and his female relations by dragging his coat half off his back, and telling him concisely, to "have wit!" However, it is now time to light the tar-barrels and *fod-yogues*—the latter being bundles of dry reeds, some of them ten or twelve feet high and at the lower end as large as the crown of a hat, some shorter and tied on sticks. When all are well a-blaze,

the tar-barrels mount to the heads of sturdy volunteers, the *fod-yogues* fall in behind, and away go the lights down into the town, drawing most of the people after them; and so they round street-corners, and flare unwonted blaze on the old gables, while every step increases the train of human moths—only of a very noisy species, for they incessantly scream, laugh, halloo, and whistle through their fingers. The procession now approaches a district of thatched houses, and it is whispered that the police are at hand, designing evil; whereupon the whole crowd sets off pell-mell; the tar-barrels, dropping flame, roll fearfully on the dusky surge like ships on fire, and at last one topples over with a crash and makes a chasm in the stream of people, but it is soon lifted again, and those who press on from behind kick the blazing fragments scattered about the street. Meanwhile the *fod-yogues* have been getting into confusion; some jostle one another, some fall to pieces about the bearers' ears; the more lucky, streaming like comets in their flight, return in safety, and gambol about the Bonefire till their torches fail. There also the tar-barrels are deposited, to consume themselves away.

Another fire burns by the river brink, throwing a bright wavering path across the broad, dark stream. When we stand a little way off, the sounds of the water continually gushing through the weir, and of the night breeze in the grass, are not broken by that occasional muffled shout; and the black figures, seen dimly athwart their nucleus of fire, assume a novel and mysterious aspect.

Elsewhere, the Midsummer flame shines on some fishermen's cottages, almost under the leaves of a grove of sycamore and beech trees, at the entrance to a gentleman's avenue; close by, a runnel is scarce heard to flow, among stones and under its little bridge, down to the harbour creek. This is a small fire, but with the merriest circle we have yet seen, consisting almost entirely of fishermen, their wives, hardy sons, handsome daughters, and sturdy bare-legged children, seated round in large and small groups.

In one place the elders are smoking their pipes, and talking of California and Australia; in another, a man who has been out in a whaler is relating Arctic anecdotes for a relish to the heat; in another, some lads are trying to persuade the girls that the first who will leap over the fire is sure to be married before the year is out; but, without supposing the girls indifferent to that contingency, it appears that the nature of the feat, or incredulity as to its efficacy, prevents their making the attempt. Here, a child is caught up in stout, friendly hands, and swung several times over the coals, half afraid and half enjoying the sport, which is probably the relic of a serious custom; and there, in the only chair, sits an ancient man with curling yellow locks, childhood's garland restored, retracing in slow utterance his memories of vanished years. But silence is requested; two sisters are going to sing; and from the centre of a crowd of girls their voices rise clearly, blended in one, in a ballad about a pretty fair maid and her true love; with a chorus for which many voices join in unison, and all in excellent tune. Between the verses the singers are kindly encouraged with approving interjections, and at the end warmly applauded; and, indeed, real good manners characterise the assembly during the whole of the rather long performance. Now come women with tongs and children with sticks, and carry off a share of the glowing coals, to be deposited on the cottage hearth or cast for luck into the corn or potato-field; but ere the fire die, some late *fod-yogues* remain to be consumed. They are lighted, and set in motion; the bright row gleams at intervals through the trees, and then begins to ascend the Fort Hill, which commands a circling prospect of the town, river, harbour, and country. Massing their flambeaux into one blaze on the hill-top, the bearers leave them there to burn out; and we, ascending afterwards, enjoy in quiet the view of the dim country-side, spotted with fires, flashing fitfully or shining with steady lustre, some on hills, some marking the position of hamlets, and one, like a rising star, on the obscure crest of the remoter mountain. Over all hangs a dark, clear sky; with a three-quarter moon, that in a few hours will see these earth sparks subside one by one.

Again at the large Bonefire on the common. It is still broad and deep; but in the powerful rays linger only half a-dozen idlers and a few ragged boys, some of whom are taking the opportunity to roast potatoes which they have begged during the day, or perhaps have "hooked" in the neighbouring fields. The fire sheds a ghastly, green-white hue on their faces, very different from the glow beside a comfortable hearth; and this, aided by the wretched garb and dull movements, might present it to the fancy as one of those disinfecting fires lighted in time of plague, resorted to at night by the poor, sick, deranged, and outcast.

But it is time we were in bed; the glaucous dawn begins to lift itself behind those great ranges of cloud in the south-east. At the corner we exchange a Good night, which might have been Good morning, with the police patrol making their round.

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LITTLE BLUE MANTLE.

THE fourth of this last past month of June, 1852, a modest funeral procession entered the cemetery of Castel-Censoir, in France. The defunct, to whom the last offices of humanity were being rendered, and on whose plain coffin a drizzling rain fell, had gained no great victories, had conducted no intricate negociations, had left no niche unoccupied in the temples of literature or art. At very nearly the same period, in Paris, was taking place the funeral of Pradier, the famous sculptor. Artists, *savans*, members of the Académie and of the Institute in their official costumes, and aide-de-camps of the Prince President were *there;* the carriages of the aristocracy followed the bier, and a battalion of infantry formed a line on either side. But in *this* procession, personages of no higher authority than a parish priest, the mayor of a humble French township, and a brigadier of rural gendarmerie were present The spectacle derived its interest not from the rank, the talents, or the riches of the deceased; but from his blameless character, his many and truly Christian virtues, his inexhaustible and untiring charity, and the fact of his last home being selected in the midst of a village he had almost created, and the midst of a population many of whom he had fed, and clothed, and comforted for half a century.

On its way to the churchyard, the procession wound through trees planted under his direction, over roads paved at his expense, by fields reclaimed, and wells dug by his orders. It is no exaggeration to state, that his coffin was followed by the whole population of the place; by young and old, proprietors and labourers, by the lame, the halt, and the blind, bewailing in him the loss of a common benefactor and a common friend. As the procession neared the cemetery gate, the sun shone for a moment on the bier, lighting up the cross of the Legion of Honour, and a weather-stained, threadbare LITTLE BLUE MANTLE. These were his trophies, his shield and scutcheon.

Edmé Champion, better known as *le petit manteau bleu*, from the short blue cloak he constantly wore, was born, and died at Castel-Censoir; he began life in 1768, and was, consequently, eighty-four years of age at the time of his death. His parents were poor bargees; his mother, the daughter of a small proprietor in somewhat easier circumstances, had been discarded and disinherited by her father for contracting an unequal match, and from infancy the little Edmé was the victim of her soured temper and of a spirit chafed by ill-borne poverty. He was left an orphan and perfectly destitute at a very early age. The almshouse would have been his only refuge, had it not been for a lady who succeeded in getting extended to him the benefits of a charity for apprenticing poor fatherless children. He was consequently apprenticed to a jeweller; who, however, chose rather to teach him the art of peeling potatoes and cleaning boots and shoes than that of distinguishing between rose and table diamonds. Outraged by a long course of neglect and ill-treatment, he ran away, and remained concealed for a whole day and night in the wood of Vincennes, where he was found by a kind-hearted *garde champêtre*, who not only relieved his necessities, but made his peace with his master, and succeeded in having his indentures transferred to another jeweller—the famous German, Baumer—who understood and performed his duty towards his apprentice, and taught him his trade conscientiously. In course of time, Edmé Champion became an expert workman and one of the most acute judges of precious stones in Paris. In after life, M. Champion used frequently to relate that he himself, as a workman, carried the great diamond necklace to the Cardinal de Rohan, in the extraordinary history of which that prelate, the Queen Marie Antoinette, and Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro, were implicated. The workman afterwards became chief clerk to his master, and at last head of an extensive establishment on his own account. He was nearly ruined by the Revolution; but the assistance of a friend, who confided to him one hundred thousand francs—his whole fortune, and for which, so much confidence had he in the honour of his debtor, he would take neither acknowledgement nor security—enabled him to weather the storm. Those were bad times for jewellers; and Napoleon, even in 1804, was rather at a loss to find credit for his imperial crown, till Biennais stepped forward to his assistance. "In fact," the Emperor said afterwards

laughing, "Biennais must have believed strongly in me, for political firms often went bankrupt in those days" As for Edme Champion, he recovered his position under the Empire and the Restoration, under which latter Government he finally retired from business with a large fortune Early accustomed to misery and privation, and the spectator of misery and privation in others, he had always been charitable according to his means but, from the period of his retirement to that of his death, he devoted himself exclusively to acts of munificence From 1824 to 1852 his memoirs may be summed up in saying that he went about doing good He made an honourable provision for his family, the residue of his fortune he held in trust for the poor, and was a faithful steward Clad in his little blue mantle, he went about from house to house, from street to street, from loathsome den to loathsome den, down infected alleys, up rotten staircases into foul garrets, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, dying the tears of the fatherless He the police, and the priests were the repositories of the gigantic miseries of Paris In those severe winters which in continental cities especially, produce appalling misery, the figure of a man in a blue cloak seemed to multiply itself indefinitely wherever the snow clung to the black walls There appeared to be not one but legions of little blue mantles trotting about (which was strictly his mode of walking) with prodigious activity, bearing herculean loads of shoes worsted stockings, and great white jugs of soup as though they were feathers I have heard, from a source whose authenticity I have no reason to doubt, that in one winter, in the one city of Paris, he distributed with his own hands fifteen thousand bowls of soup The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well known blue cloak in the distance, would say, "Ah, here comes the little blue mantle We are going to get something to eat!" Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialties A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely, force him severely into a warm woollen waistcoat, and, before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup-jugs A little half congealed atomy of a girl would be crying on a door step, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold Incontinent she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story, and, a minute after, left staggering in the unwonted luxury of a whole pair of shoes

I need not say that this man was adored by the poor, that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction, as to a providence; that in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have rent each other in pieces before they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him and exclaimed (with perfect French bombast), but with perfect sincerity, "And is it possible that such a man can walk on *earth*?" He expected to see full fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle

Yet I find it nowhere on record that Monsieur Edme Champion was vain or self sufficient, or insolent He was the pioneer the interpreter, and the coadjutor of the priest His charity ever went hand in hand with religion, and was its meet and willing helpmate

Paris was his great working field, he loved to struggle with great miseries, but he never neglected nor forgot his native place He was ever about some of the improvements I have mentioned in the commencement of this paper no tale of misery from Castel-Censon ever found his ear deaf or inattentive In the winter of 1829-30, one of almost unexampled severity, he says, in a letter to the Mayor of Castel Censon "As the severity of the winter seems to be on the increase, be good enough to distribute, Monsieur, as they are needed, coats, fuel, shoes, blankets and *such like* and he goes on to indicate the bakers, drapers, &c, to be dealt with and the agents to be drawn upon for funds He frequently visited his beloved birthplace, where he was neither more nor less the counterpart of Pope's 'Man of Ross,' and, during one of these visits, he underwent a very severe grief A plantation, his property, was destroyed by fire, and rumour whispered that the conflagration was the work of an incendiary Edme Champion struggled long and dutifully against the doleful suspicion, but, one day, two peasants presented themselves before him and intimated that they were the sole depositaries of the secret of the destruction of his trees Refusing to hear another word of this dreadful confidence, Little Blue Mantle dragged them into the village church, and made them swear, before the altar, that they would lock the secret, if any existed, in their own breasts, and never reveal it, save under seal of confession on their death-beds. Then he dismissed them with a present of money

Little Blue Mantle took frequent flying visits of charity into other parts of France—short pleasure trips of beneficence. These were so numerous, and the good man took them so much as a matter of course, that few can be known but of the immediate circle of the parties concerned. It is related, however, that on one occasion he was informed of the residence in a small village of an old lady, of noble birth, who had lost all her relations by the guillotine; and who, converting her jewels into ready money, had retired to an

obscure cottage, where she lived in great poverty and privation. Almost paralytic, she was compelled to have recourse to the assistance of an attendant, and engaged a delicate girl, some eighteen years of age, the daughter of poor parents in the neighbourhood. Constant illness exhausted the poor paralytic's store, when her youthful nurse, who already worked at her needle by day in part support of her own family, devoted a greater portion of every night to work to procure bread for her helpless old charge. Little Blue Mantle was soon on the spot; conversed with the invalid and her nurse; and on leaving, not liking to wound the delicacy of either, left a little store of gold pieces on the mantel-piece. He returned in a few weeks, when the young girl, who was rapidly losing her health through over exertion, handed him his gold, supposing that he had left it on the mantel-piece by accident. For once Little Blue Mantle repented of his shame-faced benevolence; had he been a little less delicate, this poor couple would not have been starving in the midst of plenty. But he succeeded in making the poor needle-worker accept his assistance, and left directions with a tradesman in the village to watch over her, and administer to her wants. A few months afterwards he returned again; the poor paralytic was dead,—and his *protegée?* She was at the *Château*. To the *Château* went Little Blue Mantle, and there he found a handsome young man, and a blooming, well-dressed young lady. The squire had heard the story of the devoted little nurse, had become attached to her, and had married her. The story is thoroughly French, and thoroughly true to French nature.

And so, through long years, went trotting about on his Master's business Edmé Champion, the man in the little blue mantle. It may be objected that his charity was indiscriminate, and that he may have relieved rogues and vagabonds, as well as the virtuous poor. I am not aware that he understood anything about poor laws, old or new; about prison discipline, or the workhouse test; or that he had the least idea of political economy. He was a simple man, with little lore, but surely with a large heart.

At length, in extreme old age, he felt his end approaching. Beloved and revered by his family and friends, the Government had heard of his unobtrusive merits and awarded him the cross of the Legion of Honour. He took it as he took all things, pleasantly and thankfully. He expressed a few days before his death a longing to die in his native place—*dans son pays*, as the French affectionately express it. Although not attacked with any mortal malady, he seemed to know that his time was come, and said to his friends, "Adieu! you will see me no more." He had scarcely arrived at Castel Censoir, when he fell down dead. His end can scarcely be called sudden, for it was anticipated and prepared for. "He had everything to hope, and nothing to fear." The mercy he had so often shown to others seemed shown to him, in sparing him the agonies of a protracted struggle with death.

He sleeps in his quiet grave, and no monumental victories will sound trumpets over it. But his fame is written in that most indelible of pages, the remembrance of the people; and fifty years hence, beneath the cotter or the workman's roof, the garrulous grannam will gather the little children round her knee by the bright fire, and when they are tired—if children of any growth ever *can* be tired—of hearing of the exploits of kings and conquerors, tell them of the good deeds of Little Blue Mantle.

THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

It is natural to men to have a strong curiosity about the least known parts of the world they live in. There are thousands of children in every country in Europe—to say nothing of America—whose hearts beat as they read the story of the first voyage of Columbus; and, when these children grow up to be men and women, they read the story with more and more interest; with not less sympathy with the spirit of adventure of those ancient mariners, and with a more experienced sense of the perseverance and heroism which accomplished the acquisition of a hemisphere. The time for such curiosity to be felt and indulged is not over yet; for there are large spaces of our globe which are still almost unknown to us. There are some, the existence of which is a matter of little more than suspicion. There are some which have been seen only as a faint but distinct outline against the pale skies of the Southern Pole. There are some which we know only on the testimony of a ship's crew or two, who have seen at night, miles off across a surging sea, volcano fires lighting up vast plains of snow. And there is one great country; which, having been familiarly talked of two or three centuries before Columbus looked abroad over the Atlantic, has since been shut up from observation, and has by degrees become the profoundest secret of its kind that is shrouded from every eye but that of heaven. Its inhabitants are compelled to let the sun and stars know about their country, but they have taken all possible care that nobody else shall. Thibet is the very Bluebeard's closet of the great round house we live in. For several centuries the certain penalty for peeping and prying into it has been death. It is supposed, indeed, that Russia knows more than she chooses to tell; but whatever she may know is of no use to anybody else.

When Indian officers repair to the skirts of the Himalaya mountains for coolness in the summer months, they look up, as generations before them have done, to the vast snowy peaks towering in the sky, and feel how provoking

it is to be unable to learn anything of what lies on the other side. Now and then a botanist, wandering on and on through a pass, has found himself a prisoner for going beyond the boundary; and here and there such a man as the German physician who attended Prince Waldemar of Prussia, ventures to proceed, with the most innocent air imaginable, as if he never dreamed of trespassing, and so pleases and amuses the people he meets that they seem sorry to turn him back, and go some way with him, to see that he comes to no harm. Then, with what glee he tells in India, on his return, of the people he has seen with sheepskins on their backs, and Chinese caps on their heads, and their hair twisted into tails; and perhaps of some Lama dwellings about a Buddhist temple on some hill within view! Still, there has ever remained the mystery—what any country can be like which is formed in such a way as Thibet. To ascend the Himalayas is a tremendous effort. The peaks, rising to twenty-four thousand feet from the plains of India, are, of course, out of reach; the passes are quite formidable enough, some being about half that height, and some more. Now, the strange thing is that the traveller, having climbed these twelve or fifteen thousand feet, finds Thibet lying just below him—within a stone's throw, one might almost say, and at the bottom of a mere slope. It is, in fact, a high table-land, with a temperature and productions like those of a cool country. If he could get leave to cross this table-land, he would arrive at another range of mountains, with another high table-land on the other side. And again, there is a third; so that in the heart of Asia, between the third range of mountains and the borders of Siberia, there is a region of the wildest country, bristling with glaciers, with frozen torrents in the ravines, and plains covered with snow for a considerable part of the year. If ever we gain access to this centre of Asia, there will be a new realm for the descriptive traveller, in this grandest of the cold regions of the earth.

So, for centuries now, Europeans have gazed up at this high table-land from the plains of India, with a stronger desire to know what was doing there than in the moon, but with little more chance. There is one circumstance, however, which the inhabitants of Thibet have contrived to make known, for the gratification of their national pride. They are proud of their origin, and think that it accounts for their being the cleverest people in the world; of which fact they entertain no doubt. They say that God sent down upon their mountains the king of the monkeys, who was so wise a monkey that he lived in a cave, and let nobody in, that he might meditate undisturbed. A female demon, however, had a mind to live on the earth; and she assumed a beautiful form, and appeared in the cave one day, and asked the monkey king to marry her. He pleaded that he was too busy with his meditations; but the demon prevailed at last; and their offspring peopled Thibet, in the form of men more cunning and imitative than any others.

It happens, however, that the Roman Catholic Church has a disrespectful opinion that even the Thibetians may be capable of improvement, and formerly, there was a French mission in China—actually established at Peking, under sufferance of the Emperors. One Emperor, however, could not abide the "Christian infidels," as the Orientals call Europeans, and killed or drove away all he could find. This was about half-a-century ago. Some of the Chinese converts made their escape beyond the Great Wall, and settled in the Land of Grass, as Tartary is called in China. The Tartars allowed them to cultivate patches of ground: and there they were found by some French missionaries. No sooner did these priests become acquainted with the Tartars, than, as they say, they loved them—loved their simplicity, their hospitality, their freedom from trickery and selfishness. They longed to make Christians of them; and they were allowed to try. Orders were received from head-quarters for two of them—Messrs. Huc and Gabet—to travel further into the country wherever they could penetrate, and see how large a new region might be annexed to their Church. These gentlemen have published their adventures, and it is to their book that our readers are indebted for this article.

On the receipt of this order, the missionaries sent a young convert, who had been a Buddhist priest, to bring up some camels which they had sent out to graze, while they finished preparing their catechisms and tracts in the language of the country—the Mongol. At best, the season was rather late for such a journey; but, moreover, the days passed on, and the camels did not appear. The missionaries were on the point of starting alone (for they would not take any Chinese with them) into the deserts of Tartary, at the beginning of winter, when their convert and his camels appeared. Great was the joy, and noisy the bustle among the Christians of the place. The blue linen tent was patched; the copper kettle was tinkered; one man cut wooden tent-pegs; another put new legs to the joint-stool; others made ropes, and rolled up the goat-skins which were to serve as beds. At length the trio set forth; the two priests on a camel and a white horse, and their convert, whose very inconvenient name was Samdadchiemba, on a black mule. (Having given his name once at length, we will henceforth write him down S.) S. led two other camels, which carried the baggage.

Sometimes the travellers slept in their tent, which was apt to be very cold; and sometimes in a house, which was apt to be extremely hot; in fact, they slept on a furnace when in a native house. The entire

household was in one large room, where all the cooking, eating, sleeping, talking, and scolding went on—to say nothing of smoking and gambling. In the midst of the apartment, there is always a large raised counter, on which everybody sits and lies down to sleep. In one end of this counter boilers are inserted for the cooking; and the heat from the furnace passes into the interior of the "kang," as the counter is called, affording a warm bed to everybody. A reed matting, or a floor of planks, is spread under the sleeper; but if he do not accurately understand how to place the reeds, or the planks, he is likely to be "done brown" on one side, while the other may chance to be stiff with cold. If this is cleverly managed, there is still much which is not exactly conducive to sleep; for instance, swarms of vermin, clouds of tobacco, and the fumes of burning dung, of garlic, and rancid oil, such as the cotton-wick is floating in. Then there is the gossip of one party, who may like to lie awake very late, chatting over their tea; or of another, who may prefer having their tea in the middle of the night; or of a third, who may want it before they go out at daybreak. On the whole, we feel that whenever we travel there, we shall prefer the tent, if we can but keep up any vital warmth in us at all. In a tent, one can at least have a choice of posture; whereas, in a Tartar inn, the sleepers on a kang, if numerous, must lie in a circle, with their feet all together in the middle. It must be a curious sight to the spiders just over their heads. On the first night the priests slept in their tent—a peculiar piece of business being to be done in the morning, to which they did not wish to draw attention from heathens. They found they were not yet out of reach of Chinese customs, for they were roused from their first doze by a horrible noise, such as scarcely anything but a Chinese gong could produce. It was the Inspector of Darkness, who made such a din with his tam-tam, that the tigers and wolves all made off at the top of their speed. One would put up with any noise for such a result.

The business which the priests had to do in the morning was to change their appearance. The Christians at the inn knew it, and were very unhappy about it: but the missionaries were determined to assume a priestly dress. In China, they had been compelled to dress like the laity. Now, they chose to dress like the priests of Buddha, to secure respect to their vocation. So S. flourished his razor, and cut off the long tails that hung down behind, and shaved their crowns. Then they dressed themselves all in yellow and red, sent away the hot wine and the chafing-dish, declaring that good Lamas renounced drinking and smoking; took each a roll, steamed in the furnace, and ate it beside a rivulet, indulging in the luxury of the wild currants that grew on the banks.

They were now to leave all Christians behind, and enter on the wilds. Off they set, in their yellow gowns, up a tremendous mountain, infested with wild beasts, and robbers, and frosts, and pitfalls. Of all these horrors, the thieves appear to be the worst—they are such abominable hypocrites, with all their cruelty! They speak very sweetly to the traveller, telling him that they are tired, and find it rather cold, and have need of his horse, his cloak, and so on, till he is absolutely stripped of everything. If he comply at once, he is humbly thanked, and left to die in the frost. If he refuse, he is at once murdered, which seems the milder fate of the two. The priests saw nothing of them, happily, and arrived at the very singular place which may be found at the top of that mountain; a platform, which is a whole day's journey in length and breadth, and from which the traveller can see, far in the deserts of Tartary, the tents of wandering tribes—beehives in form, black in colour, and ranged in crescents on the slopes of rising grounds. Here must the party encamp for the night; the first really wild encampment. They were desperately afraid of the robbers, so they chose a retired nook where tall trees grew, and there pitched their tent, and set their great dog Arsalan to watch. Somebody had given them a stock of paste—like vermicelli—which, boiled with parings of bacon, was to make a savoury supper. When the pot bubbled, each drew forth his wooden cup from his girdle, and helped himself: but the food was absolutely uneatable; so, as in the morning, the priests carried each a roll, and went for a walk; and this time, they found some wild cherries, and a scarlet apple of a pleasant acid. As we go on, we find that their commonest food was tea, thickened with oatmeal. The tea is a strong coarse kind, left over when the finer leaves are prepared for European sale. The leaves are pressed into masses, called bricks, and thus carried all over Central Asia, and into Russia. The Tartars knead oatmeal into their bowl of tea, with the knuckle of the forefinger; and on this mess they seem able to live for any length of time. When they can butter their tea—present a bowl to a guest with half an inch of butter floating on the surface—that is very fine hospitality indeed. The fuel used is "argols"—dried dung, which always abounds, of course, in a pastoral country. The argols of goats and sheep burn with so intense a heat as to bring a bar of iron to a white heat, and leave, instead of ashes, a sort of pumice-stone. Next come the argols of camels, and then those of oxen. These of horses and other non-ruminating animals, are the worst fuel. Our travellers were at times half-suffocated with the volumes of smoke they sent out, while there was little heat; so they kept this kind for tinder.

On the plateau where they now were, stands an Obo; a pile of stones, where the Tartars come to worship the spirit of the mountain.

Some devotees hang therefrom bones and strips of cloth, with inscriptions. Other pious souls deposit money in an urn set for the purpose. Very soon after, comes some other pious soul—Chinese, however—who bends and kneels, and is very busy about the urn, after which it is found empty by the next wayfarer. After descending from the plateau, the travellers journeyed through a region desolated by the possession of gold and silver mines. The Chinese are very apt at gold discovery. The form of a hill tells them whether or not to look for gold. A hill was found here, consisting mainly of rich ore. Tradition asserts that at the news, twelve thousand outcasts and bandits assembled; and besides reducing the value of gold in China one half, they laid waste the whole country by their violence. Having robbed a Queen, on pilgrimage, of her jewels, she made such bitter complaints, that the Tartar soldiery were called out. They found the miners a formidable foe, but they drove them in at last. The survivors were blocked up in their mine, where they had taken refuge; and there the starving wretches howled and screamed for some days, before their misery ceased in death. What a spectacle that gold mine must be—with the skeletons peopling its rich recesses! The few miners who escaped death by the sword and hunger, had their eyes put out, and were driven forth to take their chance. This story may seem to some people to show that the discovery of a gold field is not always a very happy thing. In the present case, it is not easy to see who was the better for it.

On the missionaries went, now and then entering a town, but, for the most part, encamping in the wildest places imaginable. To enter a town was no easy matter, the streets being such a mass of putrid mud that the soft feet of the camel can take no hold, and there is every danger of its falling on its side; in which case suffocation is almost inevitable. As for smaller beasts of burden, they may be expected to sink and be swallowed up; in which case the carcase remains, to aggravate the perpetual stench, and the baggage does *not* remain, if dexterous Chinamen are at hand to help themselves to it. In towns admitting of commerce, the articles are horses, oxen, and camels on the one hand, and brick-tea, tobacco, linen, and some common fabrics on the other. If any Chinese who happened to be in town heard of the arrival of the Lamas of the West, as the priests were called, they came about the strangers, uttering the most charming sentiments about men being all brothers, and so forth, the consequence of which was usually some outrageous cheating, or other treachery. The travellers much preferred seeing a rough Tartar ride up to their tent in the wilds, to ask them to cure his child or his mother, or to draw his horoscope, that he might know who had carried off his horses; or, possibly, to bring a prodigiously fat sheep for sale; or to beg some meal to knead into his tea. Throughout the narrative the priests speak with affection of the kindly simplicity of the roving races, and with indulgence of their wild passions, which, it must be owned, are less disagreeable to hear of than the mean faults attributed to the Chinese. It must also be owned, however, that the Chinese can hardly do anything worse than some Tartar acts that we hear of—for instance, the ceremonial of a funeral in the case of a chief. The expensive edifice, adorned with figures of the Buddhist mythology, and stored with treasure, all ready for the next life, may be no matter of quarrel; but when we read how the great man is to be attended, we certainly think the plan as bad as any ever made in China. The most beautiful young people that can be found, youths and maidens, are made to swallow mercury till they are suffocated—the idea being that people who die in that way look fresher than any other corpses; and the defunct company are then placed in attitudes round the bier—all standing, and one holding the snuff-phial, another the pipe, and another the fan. In their zeal to guard the dead, the Tartars, for once, are found to excel the Chinese in ingenuity. They have invented a bow, which may be called a cluster of bows, so formidable as a defence of treasure, that Chinamen come and buy it. A series of bows have their arrows on the string, ready to fly. The opening of the door of the tomb or cavern discharges the first arrow, which causes the discharge of the second, and so on, till the intruder becomes a very pincushion. It is only the greatest men that may be buried in this way. The next richest are burned in furnaces, and their bones, powdered, are worked up with meal into cakes, which are piled into a heap in the tomb. It is to be inferred that it is only the very greatest men who may take snuff and smoke in the next life. The poorest are carried up to the tops of mountains, or cast down into ravines, with wolves and carrion birds for their undertakers. The very best burial in the whole world, we are told, is in the Lamasery (Buddhist temple) of the Five Towers. Any one buried there is sure of a happy transmigration. The reason of the sanctity of the Five Towers is that Buddha himself has chosen to reside, for the last few centuries, in the interior of a mountain close by. A man who carried thither the bones of his father and mother, in 1842, told the missionaries that he had himself seen Buddha there. He peeped through a very small spy-hole near the top of the mountain, but, for a time, could see nothing. At length he became able to discern, in the dim shadow, the face of Buddha, who was sitting cross-legged, doing nothing, but receiving the worship of his priests from all countries.

On they went,—these good men,—meeting with strange disasters, which, however, they

endured cheerfully always, and joyfully when the good-nature of the Tartars was brought out by pressure of circumstances. One day, they were in great delight, at entering thickets of fir and birch, on a mountain side: but lo! before them, in attitude of attack, were three enormous wolves. S. wrung the noses of the camels, which were pierced to hold the bridle pegs: the camels sent forth horrible screechings, which scared the wolves: and M. Gabet, rushing after them, to save the dog, made so brave a hubbub as to put the foe to flight. Great was their joy one day at meeting a hunter, who carried behind him a fine roebuck. They were tired of oatmeal and mutton-fat, and their stomachs were out of order for want of better food. They bought the roebuck for two shillings and a penny, which is a third of the price of a sheep. With glee, they stopped at noon, at a grassy spot, beside a fountain of sweet water; and there, under the scattered pine trees, set up their tent, determined to make holiday; and there did S. cut up the deer, and cook some delectable venison steaks. Down sat the three on the grass, with the boiler-lid for their dish, in the middle, hungry and happy, when they heard a prodigious noise overhead, and a swooping eagle pounced upon their meat, and carried it off, dealing a smart box on the ear to S. as a final insult. S. was furious: but, happily, there was plenty more venison hanging on a tree behind them.

At the great city called Blue Town, they lodged at the hotel of the Three Perfections, which they did not relish so well as the hotel of Providence, as they themselves named a cavern which they discovered when in extreme danger of being destroyed by a hurricane. They carried so little money—vowed to poverty as they were—that there was occasion for all their shrewdness, and for all their contentment and cheerfulness, when their safety—to say nothing of their comfort—depended on their making purchases by the way. They went forth from the Hotel of the Three Perfections, to buy winter clothing, and there is something charming in the merriment with which they tell of their sheepskin garments, greasy, ill-fitting, and sordid, and their fox-skin caps, which were all that they could afford themselves as a defence against the wintry storms that they were about to encounter. The landlord of this triply-perfect hotel was proud of his guests, and made a merely nominal charge, stipulating only for their good word on behalf of his new establishment.

When they had travelled above a month, Arsalan, the great dog, was missing. This was a terrible loss. S. could account for it only by saying that Arsalan was Chinese, and that therefore it was natural to him to sneak out of hardship. The priests comforted each other with the consideration that Arsalan was so heavy a sleeper at night that he might not be so good a protection as he appeared: but they long missed his companionship by day, though the loss of his excellent appetite afforded each of them a better meal.

On they went, to the great Yellow River, which was in a state of overflow, but which must be crossed now, and again further on—for it makes a vast loop here—a great scoop into the heart of Tartary. They found a broad sea where the river should have been. Having vowed to reach Lla-Ssa, the centre of Buddhism, and set up the cross there, they would not go back. Going round was out of the question; and they had not funds to enable them to pause. So they prayed, and resolved to commit themselves to mud and marsh. They bought fodder, and rolls fried in mutton-fat, and plunged into the slime. That evening they told their beads on a dike which they had managed to reach; and they had eyes and hearts for the beauty of the broad moonshine on the vast river on which their lives were to be in peril on the morrow. Instead of sleeping, they were shivering with cold all night; and, in the morning, they found the marshes sheeted with ice. They reached a pasturage at last; but so exhausted, half-drowned, and plastered with mud, that they could not proceed for several days. They spent their time in freeing their clothes from swarms of lice, which had been to them a far severer trial than wolves and hurricanes, hunger or cold, fatigue or frequent terror of death. The inhabitants of the country, believing that the meanest insect may contain the soul of the greatest man, kill nothing that they can leave alive; and this imposes a terrible amount of vermin-killing on travellers who are not Buddhists. When this was done by our priests, and they saw their linen drying on the grass, they looked at each other, "radiant with satisfaction." They took some sleep at noon, for midnight was so beautiful that they could not tear themselves from the observation of it. By day all was hushed in these desert solitudes. By night, a concourse of aquatic birds arrived from all parts of the heavens, and, as they descended upon the moonlit pools, "filled the air with wild harmony." Some would have found only discord in the shrill cries of these passionate creatures, battling for the tufts of marsh grass; but wherever there was harmony, however latent, these missionaries were sure to hear it. It is observable too, that they tell us as much about these birds as if they were only naturalists, and had nothing but birds to attend to.

And now came the cold. The camels licked the ice on the river, when no water could be had. The men would have been frozen with their clothes into statues, if one had not watched while the others slept, to keep up a great fire. The tent-nails snapped like glass; the sand of the desert had suddenly become sandstone, and would not receive the pegs, or, when in, let them out, without the application

of boiling water. On went the travellers, over bare, frozen mountains, whose summits were in the clouds. The beasts dragged on with bleeding feet. The men were too much occupied with the fantastic scene to care for their toil! They crossed the Yellow River again, and dipped into China, resting now at the Hotel of Justice and Mercy, and again at the Inn of the Five Felicities, to obtain strength to proceed at all. Then again through the Great Wall, which stretched out and away over the hills, and on to the brink of the Blue Sea—the vast expanse, three hundred miles in circumference, whose waters are like those of the sea, and exhibit tides with the same regularity, sequestered as it is in the heart of the largest continent of our globe. Our travellers have leisure for a joke at the "fiddle-faddle shepherds of Virgil," twining flowers, and piping through reeds, in contrast with the bearded, well-armed, stalwart shepherds who guard their flocks from the brigands on the margin of the Blue Sea.

The signs of Buddhist worship multiply as the priests advance towards Lla-Ssa, where they hope to see the Grand Lama, and to do great things. There are mountains to cross which can be attempted only in company with a caravan; so they dwell in a Lamasery, among priests and students, till the great caravan arrives; and every day the likeness between their own faith and that which they are come to overthrow grows upon them, and fills them with hope and new courage. And they have need of all the courage that can be had. Their track over the huge mountain chain is strewn as they go with frozen beasts, and with not a few bodies of men, who cannot be warmed, and must die as they fall. M. Gabet survived with difficulty, and only by the incessant care of his comrades. Brigands were on the watch, and there was a battle. There was a region of foul air among the mountains, which it required the most determined courage to get through; and the same may be said of the snow-drifts which overtook the caravan. As soon as they got down to the grass again, there was a fire in the camp; and in the first town there was a population of thieves, which left no hope of repose to the traveller. The hearts of the missionaries do not appear to have drooped; but that of the reader does, till he finds that Lla-Ssa is now not far off.

They did get there at last, then? Yes, they did. And how was it with them when they had reached their goal? They did not see the Grand Lama. The fear was that—(the priests have written it, so we may)—this god incarnate should catch the small-pox, which was known to have been in the caravan. But all else seemed to go well. The missionaries were protected and honoured by the Thibetian authorities, and the priests of Buddha, high and low. They set up their crucifix, and dressed their altar, and put on their sacred garments, and felt that their work was so well begun as to be half done. Their hearts were singing for joy when the devil overthrew their work—the devil in the shape of our old enemy, the Chinese Commissioner, Ki-Chan, who was Viceroy of Canton when the war broke out, and who failed in his negociations for peace with the English. This able man was recovering from his disgraces in 1846, and was envoy at Lla-Ssa when the missionaries arrived there. In order to please his Emperor, who could not relish having Europeans beyond his frontier in the heart of Asia, Ki-Chan determined that the strangers should leave Lla-Ssa. The grieved Thibetians had no power to resist. They could only testify their good-will by every method, open or secret (but especially secret), that they could devise. The missionaries could not obtain leave to shape their journey by the way of Calcutta; but they were conveyed with as much convenience and honour as could be commanded by the long route to China and through it. For the sake of their faith and its future prospects (they say), they battled stoutly for their dignity and convenience: and when they had obtained it, they enjoyed it with the glee of a couple of school-boys, out on a half-holiday. The first part of the journey, over the mountain region which guards the Chinese frontier, was necessarily formidable—full of danger and hardship. Once in China, they called for their palankeens, and travelled luxuriously, at the public expense, across the whole breadth of China.

They never gave up;—never thought of this interruption as more than a suspension of their mission. And they were right. They are gone back to their work, after having sent a spirited appeal to their own government, and undergone an examination before the Grand Mandarins of the Celestial Empire.

"WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?"

About the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatised as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the

principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favour of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighbouring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a Court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empanelled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough—it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and, if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned and recorded a verdict of GUILTY.

The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner.

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the Court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomster.

It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For any sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; other five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man in an agony of deadly terror raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but as a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not—they lifted him, and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known: it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families amongst the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for—and his slaughter remained a mystery, until, about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

CHIPS.

WHAT GODFATHERS HAVE DONE FOR OMNIBUSES.

We are often puzzled to know what our godfathers have done for us: we know exactly how much they promised—we have even grateful glimpses of a silver mug; but we are at a loss to know the precise amount of moral culture—the particular quality of instruction with which they favored us. Omnibuses labour under the same disadvantage as that of which individuals complain. But those have godfathers who positively do them harm, by painting upon the panels they are to wear through life, names the most romantic and the most absurd. I came to London in ignorance of its streets and its suburbs. I knew nothing of Vauxhall; I was a stranger to the charms of Greenwich; I had only dreamt of Blackwall and whitebait; and my notions concerning the direction of Camden Town were of the haziest. I was told that I need not fear, inasmuch as, by keeping in the principal thoroughfares, I should always find omnibuses that would convey me to any quarter of the great city. But I soon discovered that I had been misled.

The first day I walked along the Strand, I was bound for St. John's Wood, and was told that I had only to look out for an omnibus proceeding to this suburb to effect my object. Accordingly I looked about. First came by the Favourite, but why the favourite? Had it won an omnibus race, and was now bound on another? Then followed Jones! Jones!—by its speed it seemed to be bound for the whereabouts of Davy Jones: but why Jones? Is Jones a great public character who has given his name to a London suburb? I had not recovered my surprise at the Jones omnibus before the Times appeared. It was a green omnibus, on its way, I learnt, on minute investigation, not to Blackfriars, but to Westminster Bridge. Its peculiar relation to the present state of affairs in this or any other country, I could not apprehend. Close behind the Times came the Shepherd—I thought that meant for Shepherd's Bush—but I am not clear on the matter even now. The Shepherd was followed by the Paragon of omnibuses—a very dusty vehicle. Presently the Atlas came in sight. I thought this belonged to a company plying to the most classical part of London, but it flew past with its bright-green panels; and I resolved to make my way to Fenchurch Street—there to proceed per train to Camden Town, whence I would walk to St. John's Wood. This I achieved by the aid of a new cheap omnibus, christened Bank, in unmistakeable letters on one of its panels. On my way to Fenchurch Street, I noticed many other omnibuses, strangely and foolishly christened. There was the Tally-ho! Surely, I thought, this must be a vehicle which carries the sporting cockney to the meet of the Brixton harriers or to the Camden fox-hounds that uncover at the Mother Red Cap. There was the Enchantress—which I set down at once as in the possession of some suburban temple of the Muses. There was the British Queen—of course an omnibus running to Buckingham Palace. There was the Nelson—bound, of course, for the Nelson column at Charing Cross. These were my decisions: but on inquiry I found that the British Queen be-

longed to Peckham, and dwelt near the Enchantress; and that the Nelson never got further west than Fleet Street.

Thus it appears to me that godfathers have been playing absurd games with omnibuses; that the sooner they find useful names for their vehicles the better, both for the public and for themselves. Let them take counsel of the Putney, the Chelsea, and the Kensington proprietors.

THE GOSSIP OF LEBANON.

THERE is village gossip everywhere. I was for some time domesticated in the village of Betela on the Lebanon, and there we had our gossip—certainly we had. Would you believe that the wife of sheik Useph (the chief of the Druse sheiks among us) met my wife one day at the house of a mutual friend, and said she to my wife, "Why have you lived so long in our village without calling to see me." "Being a stranger here," my wife answered, "I thought it was not my place to pay the first visit." "Oh!" answered Madam Useph, very quickly, "it was not to be supposed that *I* could think of calling upon *you*, because you reside in that portion of the village belonging to the younger branch of sheiks." My wife, understanding this, called upon the good lady on the following day, and was warmly welcomed; refreshment was offered her of pipes, coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats; but during the whole of our stay on the Lebanon we were not honoured with a return visit from Madam Useph.

I never could understand very much, from talk we had in Betela, of the Druse religion. I believe it is a dark subject with most people, and there is not much light thrown on it in books. The vulgar seem to be profane, the common Druse has no religion, but confides the practice of it as wholly to the priests as we confide to a standing army (or a volunteer militia) the business of war. Once upon a time, about eight hundred and fifty years ago, there was a man named Hakim-be-Aonrehi, of Cairo, one of the family of Fatimists, caliphs of Bagdad. Hakim preached a sort of doctrine which Derussi pronounced admirable, Hakim-be-Aonrehi died, Derussi preached, and his followers were Derussis or Druses. But his followers were very few in Cairo, so he went into Syria, and settled at last on the Libanus, where he found people willing to accept him for a prophet. The people who were profited by the prophet Derussi liked his easy doctrine, that they had nothing at all to do. I believe that there exist to this day among the Druses no places of common worship, and few forms or ceremonies. A few individuals who are called "Acal," or the Initiated, act as priests, and are obliged to conform to certain habits, and submit to some restrictions. If one of these religious men, for example, should chance to have an estate or money bequeathed to him, he is obliged to satisfy his conscience by exchanging it for something else, equal in value, of which he can be quite sure that it has never passed through wicked hands. A Mussulman abhors a Druse more than a Christian. One, he says, has a religion, and does worship the true God: the other has no religion, and is worse, therefore, than a dog.

It is wrong, however, to say, that the Druse priests have no ceremonies. One night the child of a sheik died in our village. At daybreak it was laid out and buried. The burial was in this fashion. The corpse went first upon a cushion, the little child decently covered with a yellow handkerchief. Beside the corpse walked half-a-dozen priests, in flowing beards, wearing enormous white turbans and blue robes. All the sheiks in the village followed, howling mournfully No women were present. The tomb to which they travelled was a vault hollowed out of the road-side rock, belonging to the elder branch of sheiks. When it was reached, the body was set down before the entrance, and the priests, forming a circle around it, began a series of prayers, accompanied with many gestures, and varied occasionally with a dirge. The gestures consisted in holding the hands together before the face after the manner of an open book, resting them on the turban, touching the forehead and cheeks, and finally resolved themselves always into a vigorous stroking of the beard. The body was then taken into the vault and placed in a wooden box or coffin. This having been done, the priests re-assembled outside, and seating themselves in a circle, concluded the ceremony with a prayer. During the service the followers, who formed a framework to the whole scene, stood or sat, as it pleased them, smoking their long pipes, and accompanying each whiff with a melancholy moan.

Poor child! I do not wonder that it died. I wonder how any children lived that were born in our village. I used to look with wonder at the sugar-loaf heads of the Arabs, when they lifted up their fez or turban. The heads were all well-shaven, except that there was left a small top-knot of hair—for the convenience of those who would have hereafter to pull them up to heaven—so on the shaven heads one could not but remark with surprise the conical shape. I nearly found to my cost how this was managed by the compression of the skull in infancy. A little son came to me on the Lebanon, whose Arab nurse has never ceased to grieve that she was not allowed to make him a complete beauty.

The souls of good men and children when they die, go, said the Druses of our village, into the bodies of free beasts—gazelles, hares, foxes; those of the wicked inhabit beasts of burden, so that they may get well beaten. I once saw a poor horse in another village on

the Lebanon, against whom everybody seemed to feel a spite. Some kicked, some beat, some stoned it. I was sadly puzzled to account for so much wanton cruelty, until a friendly mountaineer informed me that the body of the horse was known to contain the soul of a very wicked old Turk, against whom, as a Turk, nobody dared lift a finger, but for whom everybody had a stick at hand now that the strutting son of Turkey had become a horse. In Egypt, I remember, there is a belief that certain small white lizards, common in a house, incorporate the souls of wicked donkey-drivers. This superstition has arisen out of a resemblance between the sound made by the harmless little lizard, and the click of the tongue with which it is common for drivers to urge on an ass or horse.

The Arabs in our village were a lazy set of people, but with no industry could I ever learn to imitate their luxurious method of drinking. They have an earthen bottle, called a "goula," with a small round pipe by way of spout, and they will take this goula full of water, hold it above them at arm's length, throw their heads back beneath it, open their mouths gently, and let the water trickle down their throats in a continual stream. They will slip, in this way, more than a pint of water down their throats like oil, without closing their lips, or making any visible movement of deglutition. What the physiologists may say I do not know. The fact is a fact, and it is a fact that I choked myself, like a goose, very seriously, in an ambitious attempt to drink like a Druse.

As for the laziness of Druses. I will give you a good notion of that—an unexaggerated fact. One day, while I was sporting among the mountains, I came upon some men who were making a stone hedge, while there were others digging a ditch in soil of the lightest kind—mere loose mould. They were at work with wooden spades of ordinary size, and to each spade there were allowed three men! Two men were at the handle, and to the lower part of the handle ropes were attached, by which a third man helped the other two in lifting up the spadeful of soil. How many Druses make a navvie?

A HOUSEHOLD WORD

TO MY COUSIN HELEN.

Pleasant are thine eyes, dear Helen,
Sunny, soft, and kind;
Of a true warm heart the token,
And a quiet mind.
Few have seen their looks of welcome,
Few thy heart hath known,
Round thee dwelling, sisters, kindred,
All thou call'st "*thine own.*"
Cherished yet,—a scarce-fledged nestling—
By the Parent Dove,
Still thy soft glance, where it falleth,
Meeteth love for love!

But, when thou shalt pass the portals
Of thy childish years,
When the narrow circle widens
Of thy hopes and fears,
When great crowds of alien faces
Those sweet eyes shall see,
When "the World" shall greet thee, Helen,
Then, how shall it be?

As the Sun, at early morning,
Sees the leaden streams
Glisten with a tender radiance
Borrowed from his beams;—
As the Moon, at midnight shining,
On the sad grey waves,—
Sees her own smile onward creeping
To the dark sea caves;
As an Angel's presence lighteth
Dull and common ground,—
So the spirit of thy childhood
Still shall linger round
When thy untried steps shall wander
Forth from Home's calm root,
Goodness shall be there to guide thee,
Evil, stand aloof
Still those eyes shall keep their sunshine
Free from crime or care,
Still be gently raised to Heaven
Full of love and prayer,
And the coldest, the most worldly,
Pronest to condemn,
Can but look upon thee kindly,—
As thou look'st on them!

FRENCH PROVINCIAL NEWS.

An Englishman is so spoiled by the freedom, the ability, and the voluminousness of his own country newspapers—for we will now leave London and Paris out of the question—that he will hardly condescend to take up one of those flimsy, brief, and (so to speak) silent journals, which he sees now and then during his progress on the Continent; especially as there has been of late so much said about the restrictions laid upon the French press. "These papers can contain nothing instructive or interesting," think most travellers; "they are not worth looking at; they are the most barren of waste paper."

Such had been my thoughts for many weeks, when a marriage took place in my neighbourhood, between a man whose strength seemed to be all running to moustache, and an active bright-eyed *bourgeoise*, who will no doubt carry on his business should she become a widow, and who will meanwhile take three-quarters of the trouble of the concern off his hands. One of the local papers was handed to me, on the supposition that I might like to see the news! In politeness I must look to see how they had announced the poor little man's marriage.

Well, well!—This part of the paper is not so badly arranged, though it differs considerably from the English fashion. Births, marriages, and deaths is our order of precedence; the French begin with "Publications of marriage." How would you like that, young

ladies and gentlemen? How would you like to see your banns put up in the local Mercury, with your names, residences, and majority or minority at full length? "Publications of marriage, marriages, births, and deaths." And here I find my happy couple—the lady's age stated to a month. It would ruin any English newspaper, not excepting the Times, to dare to throw such figures in the face of a fair reader. It is a shame! Here is our bride's age (her Christian names are Claudine Mélanie) stated to be thirty-five years and two months.

I cannot help liking the way in which the births are inserted. With us it would be:—"On such a day, the lady (thanks to improved taste it is now usual to say the wife) of Samuel Smith, Esq., of a son." Of a son is an elliptical and barbarous expression; it is also an unpolite way of receiving the poor little stranger; of a son—of a nameless thing that happens to have a sex: for they might almost as well print it, of a child. Will anybody take the hint, and raise our babies to their proper place in literature, after considering the good sense of the following French method of inserting *Naissances?* "April the Twenty-seventh: Françoise Désirée Desombre, daughter of Charles François, saddler, and of Eugénie Petronille Lecoustre.—April the Twenty-eighth: Louis Jules César Terbone, son of César, carrier, and of Marie Louise Antoinette Mongin." The new worker added to the world is thus ushered into society with due respect.

Deaths are published in much the same form as with us, only more briefly; thus, "*Décès*:—May the Fourth, Marie Josèphe Bourdon, eighty years four months, born at Saint Pierre, widow of Adrien François Macron." But the advertisements further illustrate the funereal customs of France. It is usual there, not only for the relations of the deceased to be present at the interment, but friends and connections make a point of following the procession in considerable numbers. For this purpose numerous mourning letters of invitation are issued; but to prevent misunderstandings amongst captious acquaintances, advertisements like the following are not unfrequent:—"Monsieur and Madame Depuit and their family, have the honour to thank the persons who had the kindness to be present at the funeral and interment of Charles Alphonse Depuit, and they beg those who, through forgetfulness, did not receive letters of invitation, to have the goodness to excuse them."

I did not think to find so much as that in a French journal. The ice is broken; let us look a little farther. There is always real life in advertisements; now here is one not to be matched, perhaps, at home? "Madame Julianie Blitz, *dentiste*, from Paris, Rue de l'Abbaye, opposite the Rue Sainte Croix, Arras, has the honour to inform her patrons that she has returned from that city. Persons who will have the goodness to continue to honour her with their confidence, either for the fixing of teeth without hooks or ligatures, or for their extraction, are begged to apply at her residence. She stops hollow teeth with the mineral succedanéum, a cold paste, by means of which extraction is avoided." A lady dentist!

Why not? If one's teeth must be drawn, they may as well be drawn by a woman as by a man, if nature has but made her sufficiently strong-fisted. The gentle sex of the operator would inspire a degree of courage in the men who suffered torture: they would be ashamed to appear timid in her presence. If the lady were a particularly charming person, and there were no other convenient way of making her acquaintance, it would always be an admissible excuse, if she were a *dentiste*, to go and have a tooth drawn, whenever we desired her conversation. We complain in England of the few means of gaining a respectable livelihood, which are left open to women. Our unprovided dames and damsels must do as they do in France; that is to say, boldly seize and take possession of any position—such as this profession of dentist—which is likely to suit them. People will laugh a little at first; but it is better to be laughed at for a while than starve for a lifetime. It is almost better to be starved outright, than to lead a long life of anxiety and half-starvation.

Another point which this advertisement will illustrate has yet to be explained. At the side of the title of the paper there appears in small print this announcement:—"Advertisements twenty centimes"—or twopence English—"the line." The above advertisement fills eight lines, costing, therefore, one shilling and fourpence. It will be seen at once that the moderate price of the advertisement is a saving to the customer. What Madame Blitz's charges are, I know not; but her first requisite is to get a living. That secured, she can afford to draw real teeth and to supply false ones, at a much lower rate, when her advertisements only cost her one shilling and fourpence each, instead of half-a-guinea and upwards.

Another paper, whose advertisements are a little dearer, namely, twopence-halfpenny a line, announces the "Sale of four horses. *On Sunday next*, May 9, 1852, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at Saint-Laurent-de-Brévedent, on the farm cultivated by Madame Letestu, widow, M. Duflo, bailiff, of Angerville l'Orcher, will proceed to the public sale of four carriage and draught horses. Three of them are five years old; one, two years." It is not unusual in France to hold auctions on Sunday afternoons or evenings. Such things are not regarded as sinful acts of sabbath-breaking, as they would be considered in England, and especially in Scotland; but are tolerated and practised on the Roman Catholic principle that the laity, after attending mass, are at

liberty to spend the rest of the Sunday in any way which is not in itself vicious or criminal. The Journal de Montreuil gives the List of Prizes for the local cattle-show this year, and the conclusion of the whole is, that "The Exhibition will be held *on Sunday*, July 11, 1852, *at nine o'clock in the morning*, in the square of the Hôtel de Ville of Montreuil."

I did not think to have found in France so apt an illustration of the connection between godliness and cleanliness, as is given by the previous number of the same journal:—"The inauguration of the water-works, and their benediction, will take place next Sunday. It seems certain that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, both in town and country, will visit Montreuil, in order to be present at a splendid fête which the administration proposes to give, and the programme of which is this:—City of Montreuil-sur-Mer. Inauguration of the raising the water into the town. Benediction of the building containing the hydraulic machine, established in the lower town for forcing the water. The Mayor of the City of Montreuil, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, considering that the raising of water into the town—an event offering so many difficulties to surmount, has at last been accomplished, and thus fulfils the wishes so frequently expressed by the inhabitants, that it is an event which the town ought to mark by a solemnity—Decrees:—Art. I. The civil and military authorities will be requested to assemble at the Hôtel de Ville next Sunday, April 25, at half-past twelve, in order to proceed thence in state to the Ville-Basse, to the mills called *du Roi*, for the purpose of being present at the benediction of the building, which contains the hydraulic machine established at that spot to raise water into the town. Art. II. The company of Sapper-Firemen will be present at this ceremony; it will assemble for this purpose within the walls of the Hôtel de Ville, the said day, April 25, present month, at half-past twelve:—The band of music of the old national guard of this town will join the company of Sapper-Firemen:—After the religious ceremony, the procession will return to the Hôtel de Ville in the same order in which it left it:—Art. III. The said day of the ceremony, at seven o'clock in the morning, a distribution of bread and meat will be made to the poor of the town." The following amusements are next promised:—"At two o'clock in the afternoon, a shooting-match. At three, a tennis-match. At four, a foot-race (the prizes to be trousers and a waistcoat). At six o'clock, a public ball in the Place Verte, during which the public fountain was to discharge wine. At nine, a subscription ball, for the benefit of the poor, in the saloon of the Hôtel de Ville;" which, with the engine-house and reservoir, was to be illuminated all night.

Contrast such a Sunday as this with one in Glasgow or in Edinburgh, and a man can hardly believe the Scotch and the French towns to be situated in the same quarter of the world, and to form part of one common Christendom. At the festival above described, everything went off marvellously well, to the great edification of the people. It is right, we should add, that the most perfect order reigned during the benediction; two addresses from the clergy touched all hearts, and the divines returned with the procession to the Town Hall, amidst respectful salutations and joyous shouts. The shooters shot, the runners ran, the tennis-players frisked. The fountain that spouted wine caused inexhaustible fun, and the illuminations and the two balls closed the entertainment. "We cannot spare room," says the newspaper reporter, "to give an exact account of this *fête;* suffice it to add that the whole town was in a state of joyfulness, and seemed, that day, to consist of only one single immense family, presided over by its kind mother, the Municipal Authority."

It is to be expected that papers, which are politically restricted, should contain an extra quantity of small talk and wonderful events, of the same nature as those which help our sub-editors over so many gaps. Here, however, the penny-a-liner signs his contribution, and openly reaps all the glory which his poetic genius may have earned. Thus:—"Yesterday morning two cows were butting at each other in the farm-yard of citizen J. B. Dupuis. One of them darted across the yard, arrived at a well from thirty-six to forty *mètres* (more than one hundred feet English) deep, and fell into it. After unheard-of efforts, they managed to draw her out; when, extraordinary to relate, the animal, which had not received the least injury, walked into her cow-house.—TRIDON."

One would like to know whether the credit of this performance is due to the talent of the cow, or to the learning of M. Tridon. The feat *may* have originated in the columns of some English paper. Some of these scraps of news, however, are sufficiently marked by local characteristics, to protect us from the risk of their naturalisation in Great Britain. "Auxerre, November 15th, 1851.—Last week, at the moment when a railway tender was passing along the line from Saint Florentin to Tonnerre, a wolf boldly leaped upon it and attacked the stoker. The man immediately seized his shovel, and repulsed the aggressor, who fell upon the rail, and was instantly crushed to pieces. (*National*)."

The horrid passion for gambling seems spread over the whole continent; and it is found by experience, that of all the different forms of gambling, lotteries are the most fearful instruments by which a people can be made to scourge itself with its own vices. Long may we be before our papers can show paragraphs like this. "Lottery of the Gold Ingots.—To the particulars furnished yesterday,

we are now able to add some others. A grocer living on the Boulevard du Temple, has gained a prize of twenty-five thousand francs (one thousand pounds). He was on the point of retiring from business, after receiving his little fortune. A *commissionaire* (light porter) of the Rue St. Honoré gained five thousand francs; a young seamstress, living in the Rue Neuve-Breda, one thousand francs. Two or three years since, a dealer in river-sand, living on the Quai Numappes, died, leaving a wife and children, and his affairs somewhat embarrassed. A brave woman, who had been their servant, unhesitatingly assisted her mistress with her savings. To this worthy woman has fallen the prize of four hundred thousand francs. There is a report of a young servant-girl, who had drawn fifteen hundred francs, the amount of her hoardings, from the Savings Bank, in order to buy fifteen hundred lottery tickets with that money; but who got nothing. It is rumoured that another young servant-girl, of the Rue Saint Denis, on finding that she had lost her savings, four hundred francs, which she had put into the lottery, has become insane. It is asserted that, up to the present moment, there have already been presented to the Pay-office of the Lottery nine tickets bearing the number which gained the grand prize, and seven bearing the number which gained the prize of two hundred thousand francs. It is added, in explanation of these facts, which may give rise to so much controversy, that clever hands had forged the winning numbers."

We have only to follow mentally the train of thought which these few sentences will suggest, to appreciate the consequences of a national system of lotteries. French literature is full of examples, in which girls and women, of low and high birth, have been dragged through every possible defilement, to utter starvation, in order to gratify an insatiable craving after gambling by lottery. The cheap price of the tickets tempts the victims to pawn the last rag, and abstain from the last morsel, in the delusive hope of at last gaining a fortune. The Journal de l'Arrondissement du Havre, May 4, 1852, advertises five lotteries; the tickets are one franc for each chance; but tickets are also to be bought which comprise a chance in each lottery of the five. It is cruel to hold out to poor wretches the temptation of "twenty thousand, ten thousand, five thousand, *or* two thousand francs, for one franc!" The "or" reads as if the miserable being had only to choose his fortune. It matters little that the profits of these lotteries are devoted to charitable institutions, and church-building, and that abbots and mayors preside at the council of administration. Such men ought to know that a single franc earned by honest industry is more likely to thrive and bring happiness than twenty thousand francs gained by a lottery ticket.

To skip to another subject in the same journal, how would the milkmen in our large towns like the introduction of such foreign ways as this? "Tribunal of Correctional Police [at Havre, or Le Havre, as we ought to call it], M. Duchemein, judge, in the chair. Sitting of May 4, 1852. Stéphanie Bourelle, aged forty-two years, born at Turretot, farmer, living at Nointot, wife of Brutus Grainder, fined fifty francs for adulterating milk. The evidence of this sentence shall, further, be inserted at the expense of the convicted party in the Journal de l'Arrondissement du Havre, in the Journal de Bolbec, and shall be posted in bills to the amount of twenty-five copies."

Lastly, these small and brief French papers, amidst their scanty scraps of news, often show us our own portraits, in the colours which they assume when reflected from a continental glass. *Les Anglais* are the topic of many a curious paragraph, and furnish not unfrequent anecdotes to the provincial press. We have some odd countrymen who give themselves airs, and are traditionally supposed to represent the dignity of Great Britain. For example; —"There is at this moment (April 22, 1852) in Paris, an Englishman who is really the most curious production of his country, so fertile in originals. He is a man of about eight-and-thirty years. Is he attacked with the spleen? It is probable, the fact is that he obstinately refuses to enter into conversation with any person whatever. In the splendid hotel of the *quartier des Italiens*, where he has fixed himself for the last six weeks, he has forbidden the waiter who attends on him ever to speak a word to him. He behaves with a cold and calm brutality which is without a rival. We are informed that the other day, when taking a ride in the Champs Elysées, he astonished, in this respect, a mass of loungers and inquisitive people. He was accompanied by his servant, who was on horseback as well as himself. He dismounted, and gave the bridle of his horse to this young man to hold. When he desired to get on horseback again, the servant held the bridle for him; but during this operation, the end of the riding-whip which the servant held in his hand touched the master's face; then, you should have seen our *Anglais* with imperturbable coolness give his servant the most vigorous kick in the thigh that you can imagine. The man, English, like his master, coldly raised his hand to his cap. As to the crowd which was present at this scene, it seemed to be extremely indignant, and literally yelled at the gentleman, who put spurs to his horse, and without seeming even to have heard them, turned off in the direction of the Barrière de l'Etoile. This *Anglais* is not insane, as one might perhaps be induced to believe. In a grand *Restaurant*, where he goes to dine, in company with two of his countrymen who alone apparently have the permission to speak to him,

he converses in the style of a perfectly well-educated man in the possession of all his faculties."

The chances are that this *gentleman Anglais* would conduct himself in a drawing-room not quite so well as the groom he kicked publicly; and that if a Frenchman were to insult him grossly by words only, accompanying all sorts of abuse with bows and smiles, he would feel greatly flattered; for if this Englishman exist at all, his taciturnity depends on ignorance of French.

The following anecdote is told by the author of the Paris letters in l'Assemblée Nationale, and quoted by l'Industriel Calaisien:—"Some days since, a manufacturer happened to be dining with a magistrate. All the guests were enjoying the lively talk of a novelist, who also works for the theatre, and, by the way, works exceedingly well. That evening he was full of fun; his wit sparkled like a discharge of fireworks. The dinner went off like a flash of lightning." (This, you perceive, is a French way of writing briskly for the country newspapers.)

"When they had left the table, the manufacturer took the novelist aside, and with a bow said,

"Ah! Monsieur, how much you have gratified me!"

"Monsieur!"

"No, really; you have a great reputation for talent; but I did not expect to find you so amusing."

"But, Monsieur!"

"Monsieur," continued the manufacturer, "my wife is indisposed."

"Ah!"

"For some time past she has been dull and out of spirits. Would you have the goodness to come and dine with me one of these days? You will amuse her."

"You believe that I shall amuse your wife?"

"I do, indeed. Do come."

"Very well, Monsieur; but of course you know the terms?"

The manufacturer stared at the novelist. "The terms!" he repeated, like a man who tries to understand what is meant.

"Certainly," replied the other, without hesitation: "when I dine out—with a manufacturer—that's five hundred francs."

"Ah!"

"To be sure! You manufacture chemicals, or cotton goods, or beet-root sugar, or heaven knows what; you sell those things, and get your living by them, don't you?"

"Yes; but"—

"I," continued the novelist, "work my brains, and I live by what I can spin out of them; that's my merchandise, you understand. When a gentleman invites me to dinner, to amuse his wife, who is dull, that's six hundred francs."

"What a capital joke!"

"No joke at all! Madame your wife is a little low; *Eh bien!* send me the cash, and I will come and divert her."

The dinner has not yet been reported.

PRINTED FORGERIES.

Hoaxes, mystifications, forgeries, impostures of every kind—whether for personal or party purposes, or from mere mercenary motives—had long ceased to be a novelty in the literature of the Continent, before the literary or learned of England became addicted to the same pleasant pastime. In this country, historians, antiquarians, critics, and readers had long suffered from the injurious effects of continental ingenuity—from the elaborate writings of scholars who never had any existence, and learned lights thrown upon "historical" events which never came to pass—before the perplexing and poisonous fruit of these practices began to flourish in our more sullen soil; and it is due to "a neighbouring nation" to notice that the first literary imposture which rises into the dignity of a real, elaborate, uncompromising, and mischievous forgery, was—an importation. George Psalmanaazaar, the distinguished Japanese, and historian of the Island of Formosa, if not a Frenchman—which he is ascertained to have been by education, and most probably by birth—was certainly not a native of these islands.

George Chalmers, the literary antiquary, enlightened the curious public, some fifty years since, with the discovery of what was believed to be the first English newspaper, the English Mercurie, date 1588. We are indebted to Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, for the exposure, a few years ago, of this established and unquestionable forgery, which seems to have been concocted by Dr. Birch, assisted, perhaps, by his friends, the Yorkes, with what motive we cannot even guess.

Daniel Defoe, at a later period, was a master of a more harmless species of mystification. Who, among the civilised and sentimental even of the present day, does not—in the face of all fact—believe in his heart in Robinson Crusoe? There is one portion of the history of this wonderful work which, fortunately, we are not bound to believe—namely the fraudulent appropriation by the author of Alexander Selkirk's notes. This calumny has been long since successfully refuted. Some other of Defoe's "authentic" narratives are not so well known. The Adventures of a Cavalier during the Thirty Years' War were long believed, even by eminent authorities, to be literally and circumstantially true. And true indeed they are, when we have once set aside the fact that the cavalier in question had no existence; for the rest, the adventures are for the most part strictly historical, and those for which there is no direct authority are valuable probabilities illustrative of the great contest in which the cavalier is supposed to have taken part. In

the same manner, the Life of Colonel Jack, Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Captain Singleton, are all living and breathing persons; in their biographies everything is true with the exception of the names and dates; and even these have been widely and implicitly believed by the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative persons. Defoe's most amusing mystification, however, was his pamphlet, entitled A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's book of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." The story, which is told on the alleged authority of persons then living, details with marvellous minuteness the appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Veal to her friend—not under mysterious and solemn circumstances, with which even Mrs. Radcliffe can scarcely, now, inspire terror—but at noon day, in Mrs. Bargrave's house, where the ghost gained admission by simply knocking at the door. Neither is the spirit conventionally attired; she is in Mrs. Veal's (riding) habit as she lived, and has altogether the appearance of a respectable lady making a morning call. The air of truth which pervades every detail of the interview, throws the reader completely off his guard, and the first hint—which is most carelessly and artistically incidental—of the visitor's immateriality, is something startling as a sensation. Very artful also is the ghost's puff of Drelincourt on Death, in which lies the whole object of the pamphlet. The pamphlet was, in fact, a bookseller's puff, concocted to sell off a large edition of M. Drelincourt's work, which had been long lying idle on the publisher's shelves. And so great was the credence given everywhere to the ghost story, that the not very learned or lively treatise went off like wildfire.

The first important event in the life of Psalmanaazaar—his birth—remains a mystery, and is likely to remain so, in company with the long list of important mysteries which are not worth the trouble of solution. Nobody knows the name of the Free-school where his education was commenced, nor of the archiepiscopal city at whose Jesuit college it was continued. The name of the young gentleman to whom on leaving the college he acted as tutor has not been handed down to fame, and the circumstances which led him to fall into a "mean and rambling life," as one of his biographers describes it, have never been recorded. He seems, from the very first, to have directed his attention to imposture; as much from natural taste as for the means of livelihood. His first crusade was against religious enthusiasts. He was of Irish extraction—so said some credentials which he contrived to procure—left his country, not for his country's good; but for the good of the Roman Catholic religion. Determining to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, his first necessity was a pilgrim's garb, which he contrived to carry off, together with the appropriate staff, from a chapel at noon-day. The rest of the adventure we gather from no unimpeachable source—himself. "Being thus accoutred, and furnished with a pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, and persons of figure, by whom I could be understood; and found them mostly so generous and credulous that I might easily have saved money, and put myself into a much better dress, before I had gone through a score or two of miles. But so powerful was my vanity and extravagance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed everything worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

He seems to have been about sixteen years of age when, while wandering in Germany, he first hit upon the project of passing for a native of the island of Formosa. He set to work immediately, with equal ardour and ingenuity, to form a new alphabet and language; a grammar; a division of the year into twenty months; and, finally, a new religion. In the prosecution of his scheme he experienced many difficulties. But these he surmounted by degrees. He accustomed himself to writing backwards, after the practice of eastern nations, and was observed worshipping the rising and setting sun, and practising various minor mummeries, with due decorum. In short, he passed everywhere for a Japanese converted to Christianity; and, resuming his old pilgrim habit, recommenced his tour in the Low Countries.

At Liege he entered into the Dutch service, and was carried by his commander to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterwards entered into the service of the Elector of Cologne, and finding, it may be presumed, that as a convert he did not attract sufficient attention, he assumed the character of a Japanese in a benighted and unenlightened condition. As he probably anticipated, he immediately became an object of interest. At Sluys, Brigadier Lander, a Scottish Colonel, introduced him to one Innes, the chaplain of his regiment, with a view to a spiritual conference. This was an important step in the life of the adventurer. Innes seems to have been the chief cause of the imposture being carried to its height. That he had an early inkling of the deception there can be no doubt; but he was far too prudent to avow the fact, preferring the credit of the conversion, as likely to favour his advancement in the Church.

It was arranged in the first instance that Innes should procure Psalmanaazaar's discharge; but he delayed taking this preparatory step until he should hear from the Bishop of London, to whom he had written on the subject. At length, finding that his *protégé* was paying attention to some Dutch ministers, he saw that no time was to be lost,

and resolved at once to baptize the impostor —for such he had now, in his own mind, established him to be. It may be here mentioned that he had arrived at this fact by a stratagem. He had asked Psalmanaazaar to write a passage of Cicero *twice* in the Formosan language, and he noticed some considerable variations in the respective renderings. He advised the adventurer with some significance to be more prepared for the future—a warning of which Psalmanaazaar took advantage by perfecting his alphabet and general system, and producing in fact an entirely new language. He subsequently accompanied Innes to England, where he attracted considerable attention amongst the learned. When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, it was pronounced by some of the first men of the day to be grammatical, and a real language, from the simple circumstance that it resembled no other. Next appeared the Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a native of that Isle, 1704; which contained, besides the descriptive matter, pictorial illustrations of their dress, religious ceremonies, their tabernacle, and altars to the sun, moon, and the ten stars! their architecture, royal and domestic habitations, &c. This fabulous history seems to have been projected by Innes, who lent Varenius to Psalmanaazaar to assist him in his task. In the meantime he trumpeted forth the Formosan and his work in every possible direction—to such an extent indeed that the booksellers scarcely allowed the author two months for the production of his wonderful volume. The fame of the work spread far and near. The first edition was sold at once; but it was not long before doubts were expressed as to its veracity; and in the second edition the author was fain to publish a vindication. The fact was, he had fallen into some awkward blunders. He stated, for instance, that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually; and though this was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island without occasioning depopulation, he persisted in not lessening the number. A lively controversy upon the subject was kept up for some years, but eventually the author repented of his imposture, and made a full confession, which he left to be printed after his death. The latter years of his life were passed in useful literary pursuits, notwithstanding that he was guilty of a minor imposture in connexion with his great one—nothing less than fathering the invention of a white composition called Formosan japan—which speculation proved a decided failure. Psalmanaazaar was a favourite in contemporary literary circles, where he was recommended by his powers as a conversationalist. Dr. Johnson took pleasure in his society, and speaks of him with respect. He fared better than his patron Innes, who, in consequence of another nefarious transaction in which he was engaged, lost his character, and was generally avoided. Psalmanaazaar died in May, 1763.

While the author of this startling and masterly imposture was making amends in mature age for the failings of his youth, the representative of a lower class of dishonesty—a person of inferior abilities and meaner moral character—was proceeding in a stealthy, secret manner to undermine the reputation of one of our greatest English poets. Lauder was a professional critic of some talent, in a limited sphere. He contributed to the then flourishing Gentleman's Magazine; and in the pages of that periodical attracted attention by a series of articles, in which he brought charges of plagiarism against Milton. The public were not therefore unprepared for the appearance, in 1750, of a work called "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." In the preface to this work, Lauder says, in reference to the origin of the poem:

"It is related by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that Paradise Lost was at first a tragedy; and, therefore, amongst tragedies the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript published from Milton's own hand, among a great many subjects for tragedy, is 'Adam Unparadised, or Adam in Exile;' and this, therefore, may justly be supposed the embryo of the great poem. When, therefore, I observed that Adam in exile was named amongst them, I doubted not but in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of Paradise Lost. Nor was my expectation disappointed; for having found the 'Adamus Exsul' of Grotius, I found, or imagined myself to find, the *prima stamina* of this wonderful poem." The ingenious critic rendered the admirers of Milton very uncomfortable, until the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Douglas; who had a very simple but very convincing story to tell. In the year 1690, it appears there was printed in London a Latin translation of the Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, by one Hogæus, as he called himself on the title page, or Hogg, as he was probably known by his personal friends. And further, it was very plainly proved that the greater portion of the passages cited by Mr. Lauder were not quotations from Masenius, Grotius, and the rest, but from the very intelligent translation, by Hogæus, of Milton himself! The striking, and frequently literal resemblance between these quotations and passages in Milton's works may thus be easily conceived. In cases where Mr. Lauder had not availed himself of Hogæus, he had not scrupled to interpolate, and manufacture whole passages, which never had any existence in the writings of the authors from whom he pretended to quote.

Whatever doubt might exist after Mr.

Douglas's very valuable pamphlet with regard to the entire falsity of the charges brought against Milton, was speedily set at rest by Mr. Lauder himself in An Apology which he "most humbly addressed" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1751, wherein he makes an abject confession of his fraud.

In the year following the exposure of this mean and mischievous impostor, there was born at Bristol, of poor parents, a boy who was destined, some sixteen years after, to occasion a literary controversy which can scarcely be considered settled, even in our own day.

In the year 1768, at the time of the opening of the New Bridge, at Bristol, there appeared in Farley's Weekly Journal (October 1), an Account of the Ceremonies observed at the Opening of the Old Bridge, taken, it was said, from a very ancient manuscript. The performance attracted attention; and, after much inquiry, it was discovered that the person who brought the copy to the office was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton. He was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had obtained the original MS., and returned some evasive answers. Ultimately he stated that he had received this, together with many other MSS., in prose and verse, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church.

The evidence of the boy's mother and sister is corroborative of his statement. Mrs. Chatterton tells us that her husband's uncle, John Chatterton, being sexton of Redcliffe Church, furnished her husband, the schoolmaster, with many old parchments for covering the boys' copy books—these parchments having been found as described by her son. The best of them were put to the use intended; the rest remained in a cupboard. She thinks her husband read some of them, but does not know that he transcribed any, or was acquainted with their value. It was not until years afterwards—in another house, whither the parchments were removed with the family—that her son made the important discovery. Having examined their contents, he told his mother that he had "found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it." He then took possession of all the parchments, and was continually rummaging for more. "One day," she says, "happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of these parchments, he swore a great oath, and, stripping the book, carried away the cover in his pocket."

After the affair of the Bridge, Chatterton imparted some of the MSS. to Mr. George Caleott, pewterer, of Bristol; namely, the "Bristow Tragedy," and some other pieces. These Caleott communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who had been long engaged upon a history of Bristol. Most of the pieces purported to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a monk or secular priest of the fifteenth century, and his friend, Mr. Cannynge, an eminent Bristol merchant of the same period. Notwithstanding some prevarications in Chatterton's story, Mr. Barrett believed the main portion of it, and even inserted some specimens of Rowley in his history.

In March, 1769, Chatterton sent Horace Walpole, who had not then long completed his Anecdotes of Painters, an offer to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had once flourished at Bristol—sending him at the same time a specimen of some poetry of the same remote period. Receiving some encouragement on the score of the verses, he again wrote to Walpole, asking for his influence and assistance in a project which he had then formed of "seeking his fortune" in the metropolis—not on the ground that he himself was a man of genius, but because he was acquainted with a person, as he said, who was possessed of great manuscript treasures, discovered at Bristol. It was this person who had lent him the former specimens, and also the "Elenoure and Inga," which he transmitted with his second letter. Walpole was at first deceived by these alleged antiquities; but Gray and Mason having pronounced them to be forgeries, he returned them to Chatterton with a cold reply. There are various reports about Chatterton's personal conduct at this period; he is said to have become an infidel and a profligate—but neither charge has been proved. All that we know for certain is, that he contrived to get to London without Walpole's assistance; that he there subsisted by writing satires and miscellaneous pieces—being employed, it is said, in some cases, by the Government for party purposes. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, Beckford, and others—but failed to procure any substantial benefit from them.

Owing to some change in his affairs—the nature of which is unknown—he seems, soon after, to have abandoned all hope of gaining the objects of his ambition—advancement and distinction. He removed from Shoreditch to a lodging in Brook Street, Holborn, and here he fell into poverty and despondency. "The short remainder of his days were spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel (his landlady) to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry—though he had not eaten anything for two or three days. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, it is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the burying ground belonging to Shoe Lane workhouse." Thus was the seal put upon Chatterton's secret.

Warton, one of the most distinguished opponents of the genuineness of these poems, makes a general onslaught against them, in his History of Poetry. He does not even consider them to be very skilful forgeries.

The characters in several of the manuscripts are of modern formation, mixed up most inconsistently with antique. The parchment is old, but made to look still older by yellow ochre, which can easily be rubbed off; the ink also has been tinctured with a yellow cast. In some coats of arms, drawn upon the MS. of Cannynge's Feast, the hand of a modern herald is clearly traceable. He remarks, also, upon an unnatural affectation of antique spelling and obsolete words, side by side with combinations of words and forms of phrases, which had no existence at the pretended date of the poems. In the Battle of Hastings,—said to be translated from the Saxon,—Stonehenge is called a Druidical temple; while at the period when the poem might be supposed to be written, no other notion prevailed concerning this monument than the supposition that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. After urging several similar arguments, Warton concludes by giving the whole of the poems to Chatterton: if for no other reason, on the very probable supposition that the author of the Execution of Sir C. Baudwin, might easily be the writer of the rest.

The sad and solemn conclusion of poor Chatterton's career, leaves us no heart to dwell upon the feeble waggeries of some literary mystificators who succeeded him. Nor, indeed, under any circumstances, are such frolics worthy of any special notice. It was more than a score of years after the publication of the Rowley Poems, before any deep-meaning and really respectable forgery was brought to light. With the author of Vortigern and Rowena is associated no vulgar mystery. He has told us all about himself with most touching confidence.

Mr. Ireland's first essay at literary imposture was unwittingly suggested by his father; whose estimation of the works of Shakespeare was without bounds. It was not a mere matter of literary taste; it was not merely enthusiasm; but a creed and a faith. The most minute matters associated in the most distant manner with his idol, were carefully treasured. To please his father, young Ireland hit upon the notion of concocting nothing less than an autograph of the great poet. This duly made its appearance in the form of a mortgage deed, drawn up with a careful imitation of the legal hand-writing of the reign of James the First, and the "signature" of Shakespeare—cramped, eccentric, and unmistakeably genuine!

Who but the son can properly describe the father's joy when this precious parchment was presented to him, as having been found among some (unspecified) documents in the (imaginary) library of some *château* belonging to some (fictitious) friend. The deed, which purported to be between Shakespeare and one Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries, to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction.

Then, as the novelty of the discovery wore off, came the increased voracity which follows the first taste of blood. The old gentleman became eager and inquiring. There were probably more Shakespeare papers in the same place; and it was the duty of his son to make further researches. In vain did the unfortunate fabricator resist and return evasive answers. The antiquaries, and his father at the head of them, became more exacting. To save himself from importunities, and perhaps exposure, Mr. Ireland now penned Shakespeare's Profession of Faith and a few letters, all of which passed muster: in many instances documents produced as two hundred years old had scarcely been in existence two hours. Then followed a decisive step. An original play by Shakespeare was pronounced to be extant; and to support his assertion, Ireland, to the great joy of the happiest of parents, produced the Vortigern and Rowena, which distinguished critics admitted to private readings pronounced to be a genuine work of the poet; and it was ultimately arranged to bring it out at Drury Lane.

Prior to this, however, some suspicions of the validity of the production had crept abroad, and were now made the subject of controversy in pamphlets and newspapers. Malone, one of the most distinguished among the opponents, made a collection of documents intended to prove the forgery; but he did not succeed in bringing them out before the representation of the piece. He issued, however, a notice to the public, warning them of the imposture, which he intended to expose. To this the elder Ireland replied by a handbill, which he caused to be circulated among the multitude, who, towards the hour of performance, were choking up the avenues to the theatre.

Meantime there were enemies within as well as without Drury Lane; and the principal of these was a no less important personage than Kemble the manager. The latter brought all the force of his wide and weighty influence against the piece; by which he called forth a very severe rebuke from Sheridan, who reminded him that he was forgetting his duty as a servant of the theatre. Ireland had also an important opponent in Mrs. Siddons, who refused to lend her aid in palming Vortigern upon the public.

The piece however was announced for representation "positively" on the 2nd of April, 1796. Kemble had, it seems, endeavoured to fix the previous night for its production, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of All Fools' Day." Being detected in this damaging attempt, probably by the quick perception of Sheridan, the uncompromising manager succeeded in announcing My Grandmother as the farce to follow—a sarcasm obvious enough to a thoroughly London audience. This was not all; leagued with Malone, and the rest of the sworn opponents, and with a real literary

enthusiasm to which he was cheerfully prepared to sacrifice the interests of the theatre, Kemble had recourse to every expedient prior to, and on the night of representation, in order to crush the play. He arranged with a number of devoted adherents who were carefully posted in the house, to give himself the signal for the uproar. The signal agreed upon was the line which happened to occur in one of his own speeches—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which line he took care to deliver in a sufficiently pointed manner, and with a tremendous result. Never had such an uproar, and such derisive laughter and hooting, been heard within the walls of that most respectable theatre. Waiting with great patience until he could again obtain a hearing, Kemble came forward, and reiterated the line "with an expression," as Mr. Ireland tells us, "the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive."

The demonstration upon this assumed all the indignity of a "row;" and it was kept up with such effect that not one syllable more of the play was intelligible. The line occurs towards the close of the second scene of Act V.—being the last scene but one of the drama—prior to which no hostility had been manifested. Indeed, so decided was the applause that many—even of the performers—were confident of success. This was notwithstanding that Kemble had given several parts in the play not only to the most incompetent, but to the most absurd actors he could find. He had also placed Dignum purposely in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sound of trumpets, he had to say "Let them bellow on," "which words were uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang that no muscles save those of adamant could have resisted."

Malone's "Investigation," which was a final blow to the pretensions of the play, was not long in making its appearance. After this, Mr. Chalmers published, first his "Apology for the Believers," and then a "Supplemental Apology," wherein, says Mr. Ireland, "though advocating the untenable side of the question, he displayed a far greater depth of antiquarian research and scholastic reasoning than his opponent; in short there is scarcely one position laid down by Malone that is not most satisfactorily refuted by Chalmers."

Ireland adds that this warfare affected him only in so far as it caused suffering to his father, who was even himself accused of having fabricated the papers, and this, he avows, was his sole reason for satisfying "the world" on the subject. The play of Henry the Second was another Shakspearian attempt by the same author; but it deceived few, and attracted generally but little attention. Mr. Ireland has since made his appearance as the author of a novel called "Rizzio." He had previously taken up his residence in Paris, where Napoleon showed him favour and attention. In England he was never forgiven by the distinguished critics, among whom was Boswell, whom he had deceived. He returned eventually, however, to his native country, and died in London not many years ago.

The name of Allan Cunningham, in association with this class of literary ingenuity, brings us down to something like our own times. It was in the summer of 1809, that Mr. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries, in company with Stothard the painter, for the purpose of collecting materials and drawings for a new edition of the works of Burns. He took with him a letter of introduction to a young stonemason of literary tastes—ambitious, ardent, and obscure. Their talk was all about Burns, the old Border ballads, and the Jacobite songs of the Fifteen and the Forty-five. Cromek slighted some of Allan's poems, which it may be supposed the young bard did not fail to read to him, and sighed after the old minstrelsy. "The disappointed poet" (says Mr. Peter Cunningham in the interesting introduction to his father's songs) . . . "changed the conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale." Cromek was immediately seized with the notion of a collection; "the idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and to set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway." Cromek was delighted with the idea; the "Collection," with appropriate notes and illustrations, in due time appeared, and was pronounced by competent authorities to breathe the genuine Jacobite spirit which it was impossible to mistake. Professor Wilson was the first to detect the "Jacobite spirit" as not being exactly "proof," and mercilessly exposed the deception in Blackwood—with due respect, however, for the original powers of the poet.

The last successful, and perhaps most pardonable of literary forgeries, came forth under the title of Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch. The story, (which is supposed to be told by one Abraham Schweidler, Lutheran Pastor at Coserow, during the early part of the Thirty Years' War) appeared at Berlin in 1843, "edited" by Doctor Meinhold. At that time a school of criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the head, gave great offence to faithful and pious people, by an assumption of critical infallibility so nice as to discriminate, even in the Gospels, between what is true and what the critics were pleased to say is false. Dr. Meinhold determined to play the Infallibles a trick. He wrote the Amber Witch, and pretended that it had been brought to him by his sexton; who had found it in a niche in the church, where it had lain for centuries among

a heap of old hymn books and parish accounts. Strauss and Company were fairly caught. They published an acute analysis of the fiction, and pronounced it to be a genuine chronicle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Meinhold having thus trapped his prey, confessed the deception, and extinguished the authority of the, till then, dreaded critics.

The forgery of the Shelley letters—so fresh in the recollection of the public—is one of the most mischievous examples of the most mischievous class of literary impostures; and from various signs of the times not to be passed unnoticed by those who watch and weigh, we may expect to see even worse—that is to say cleverer, scholars of the same school. The discovery was made accidentally by Mr. Palgrave, who happened—while glancing through the volume published by Mr. Moxon—to detect in a letter supposed to be written by Shelley, a portion of an article on Florence written for the Quarterly Review in 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. This was sufficient to put Mr. Moxon upon the scent. At the General Post Office the letters were declared to be genuine, "to the best of the belief" of the clerks. The postmarks were then compared with the postmarks of Byron's genuine letters to Mr. Murray, posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and addressed to the same place—London. Here they failed. Where "Ravenna," on a genuine letter, was in a small, sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was a large uncertain type; and in the letters from Venice the post-mark was stamped in an *italic*, and not, as in the Shelley specimens, in a Roman letter. In other respects—seals, hand writing, manner and even matter—everything seemed undoubtedly genuine. The onus of the matter then rested with Mr. White, the publisher, from whom the letters had been purchased. Mr. White published a long account of the manner in which he had purchased them from "a well-dressed lady-like young person," who called upon him at different periods, giving very little account of herself, and still less of the manner in which the letters had come into her possession. He was introduced subsequently, however, to a person who stated himself to be a son of Byron, and the husband of the lady; and from him Mr. White completed his purchases. "It is proper," says the Athenæum in noticing the above transactions, "to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats; that these forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors; that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim; that they have been sold at public auctions, and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank; and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books, bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages. . . At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters, were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries." Other letters, however, which seem to have emanated from the same source, had been previously sold by public auction. One—the most infamous—in which Shelley makes an assertion against the fidelity of his wife, sold, it is said, for six guineas.

The form of correspondence—especially when it involves calumnies against the dead—is the most dangerous form in which the literary forger has yet exercised his labours. That such impositions are active and widely spread—not only in England, but in many parts of the Continent—there can be no doubt.

SHADOWS.

DAY AND NIGHT.

As most of us have our Doubles, so, in many noticeable lives, there are a Day and Night so wonderfully contrasted, so strikingly opposed, so very picturesque in their opposition to each other, that there can be few more remarkable subjects for consideration.

Let me recal a few such Days and Nights.

The weather is sultry, scorching, though there are banks of heavy clouds in the sky. A hot wind shakes the strangely-shaped leaves of gaunt trees fitfully to and fro, or agitates tufts of brushwood and furze, rankly luxuriant, which grow here and there on the gray rocks. There are sudden declivities, and more rocks beyond, furrowed, scarred and seamed by tears of brine. On every side beyond, as far as the strained eye can reach, is the interminable sea. There are birds overhead with sullen flapping wings, and insects and reptiles of strange shape beneath. In a mean house with whitewashed walls and crazy Venetian blinds, with paltry furniture strangely diversified by rich pieces of plate and jewellers' ware, is a man in a bath with a Madras handkerchief tied round his head. Anon he is dressed by his servants, with whom he is peevish and fretful. He grumbles at the coffee at breakfast, abuses his attendants, begins a dozen things and does not accomplish one. Now he is in his garden: you will observe that he is short, stout, and with a discontented expression of countenance. He wears a large straw hat, a white jacket and trowsers, a check shirt, and has a black handkerchief knotted round his neck. He takes up a newspaper and throws it down, a newspaper and casts it aside. He is idle and

loathes his idleness. Through an open window you may look into his plain study, of which the walls are covered with striped paper. You may see hanging there, a portrait of a little child and a map of the world.

Who may this man be? What was he? A testy East India captain with a liver complaint, a disappointed Indigo planter, a crusty widower with a lagging Chancery suit? No. It is Night now, but Day was. Ten years before, he stood on the steps of a throne in Nôtre Dame with the chief of the Catholic church behind him, with the dignitaries of that church, the princes of his empire, the marshals of his armies, the ladies of his court, the flower of his subjects on his right hand and on his left. He was arrayed in velvet, satin, and gold, laurels on his head and a sceptre in his hand. He was Napoleon the Great, *Empereur et roi;* now he is General Bonaparte, a prisoner at St. Helena, at the beck and call of an English orderly officer. The portrait of the little child is that of the King of Rome, whose melancholy double, the pale young man in a white coat, is to be Metternichised in Vienna yonder, and the map is of the world which was to have been his inheritance.

Again. We are in the pit of an Italian theatre. Wax tapers, in bell-shaped shades, flare round the dress-circle, for we are in the eighteenth century, and as yet gas and fish-tail burners are not. Gaudy frescoes decorate the front of the tiers of boxes; the palisade of the orchestra is surmounted with a spiked *chevaux-de-frise;* the occupants of the pit wear cocked-hats and wigs, and, in the dress circle, the beaux wear laced ruffles and sparkling-hilted swords, and the belles powder and patches. In one of the proscenium-boxes is the Grand Duke, sitting, imposing in embroidery; behind him are his suite, standing humble in ditto. The corresponding *loge* on the other side of the proscenium is empty. The first act of the opera is over, and an intermediary ballet is being performed. An impossible shepherd, in blue satin trunks, a cauliflower wig, and carrying a golden crook, makes choregraphic overtures, to live with him and be his love, to an apocryphal shepherdess in a *robe Pompadour* and hair-powder. You would see such a pair nowhere else save in Arcadia, or in Wardour Street, and in Dresden China. More shepherds and shepherdesses execute pastoral gambadoes, and the divertissement is over. Then commences the second act of the opera. About this time, verging on half-past nine in the evening, you hear the door of the vacant private box open. An easy chair is brought down to the front, and a book of the opera, a bottle of essences, and a golden snuff-box are placed upon the ledge before it. Anon enters unto these an infirm, staggering, broken-looking old man, with a splendid dress hanging in slovenly magnificence on his half-palsied limbs. He has a bloated countenance, marbled with purple stains, a heavy eye-lid and a blood-shot eye that once must have been bright blue. Every feature is shattered, weary, drooping, and flaccid. Every nerve is unstrung: the man is a wreck, and an unsightly one. His flabby hands are covered with rings, a crumpled blue ribbon crosses his breast, and round his neck hangs another ribbon, from which dangles something that sparkles, like a diamond star. Finally, he is more than three parts inebriated. It is easy to understand that from his unsteady hand, from the dozing torpor into which he occasionally falls, from the querulous incoherence of his speech, from the anxiety manifested by the thin, pale, old man in uniform, with the cross of a commander of Saint Louis, and the hard featured gentlemen with silver thistles in their cravats, who stand on either side of their master, and seem momentarily to fear that he will fall out of his chair. The beaux and belles in the dress circle do not seem to express much curiosity at the advent of this intoxicated gentleman. They merely whisper "*E il Signore Cavaliere*: he is very far gone to-night," or words to that effect. The spectacle is no novelty. The opera is that most beautiful one by Gluck, Orfeo. The Orpheus of the evening, in a Grecian tunic, but bewigged and powdered according to orthodoxy, is singing the sublime lament, "*Che farò senza Euridice?*" The beautiful wailing melody floats upwards, and for a moment the belles forget to flirt, and the beaux to swagger. Cambric handkerchiefs are used for other purposes than to assure the owner that the rouge on the cheeks holds fast, and is not coming off. What is the slovenly magnifico opposite the Grand Duke doing? During the prelude he was nodding his head and breathing stertorously; but as the song proceeds, he sits erect in his chair; his blue eye dilates; a score of years of seams and furrows on his brows and cheeks vanish: he is a man. But the strain concludes, and his Excellency bursts into a fit of passionate weeping, and has recourse to the bottle of essences.

His Excellency has not spent a pleasant day. He has been bullied by his chaplain, snubbed by his chamberlain, and has had a deadly quarrel with his favorite. Moreover his dinner has disagreed with him, and he has drunk a great deal more, both before and after it, than is good for him. Are these tears merely the offspring of maudlin drunkenness; or has the music touched some responsive chord of the cracked lyre, sent some thoughts of what he was through his obfuscated brain clouded with wine of Alicant and strong waters? Have the strains he has heard to-night, some mysterious connection (as only music can have) with his youth, his dead happiness, his hopes crushed for ever;—with the days when he was Charles Edward Stuart, pretending to the Crown of England; when he rode through the streets of Edinburgh at the head of the clans, amid the crooning of the bagpipes, the shouts of his

partisans, the waving of silken banners broidered by the white hands of noble ladies. "*Non sum qualis eram*," his chaplain will tell him; but, ah, me! what a sorry evening is this to so bright a morning.

To come nearer home: the good Queen Anne reigns in England, and an enthusiastic phalanx of High Church ragamuffins have just been bellowing round the Queen's sedan chair, "God save your majesty and Doctor Sacheverell." There are a great many country gentlemen in town, for term is just on, and the cause list is full. A white haired patriarch in extreme old age, who has been subpœnaed on some trial, has strolled from Westminster Hall, and entered the House of Lords, where he stands peering curiously at the carved roof and dingy tapestry, and scarlet covered woolsack. He is one of those men in whose whole apparel and bearing you seem to read farmer, as in another man's you will read thief. His snowy white locks, his ruddy, sunburnt, freckled countenance carved into a thousand wrinkles, like a Nuremberg nut-cracker, tell of hale, hearty old age. You may read farmer in his flapped felt hat and long duffel coat; in his scarlet-flapped waistcoat and boots of untanned leather, his stout ashen staff, with a crutch and leathern strap. His full clear eye, his pleasant smile, his jaunty, though feeble bearing, say clearly farmer—a well to do, Queen-loving, God-fearing old agriculturist. His life has probably passed in peace and comfort; and when he dies he will sleep in the green churchyard where his fore-elders sleep. Here is a London gentleman who accosts him, a coffee-house wit, a blood skilled in the nice conduct of a clouded cane. He patronises the old farmer, and undertakes to show him the lions of the place. This is the door leading to my Lord Chancellor's robing room; from behind that curtain enters Her Majesty; there is the gallery for the peeresses; there the bar. Is he not astonished? Is not the place magnificent? Being from the country ("Shocking Bœotian," says the blood mincingly to himself) he has probably never been in the House of Lords before. The old man raises his stick, and points it, tremulously, towards where blazing in crimson velvet, embroidery and gold is the Throne. "Never," he answers, "since I sat in that chair!" The old farmer's double was Richard Cromwell, whilom Lord Protector of England.

Here is a placid-looking little old man, trotting briskly down John Street, Tottenham Court Road. He is about seventy, apparently, but walks erect. He has a natty little three-cornered hat, a well-brushed black suit, rather white at the seams, grey silk stockings, and silver buckles in his shoes. Two powdered *ailes de pigeon* give relief to his simple good-humoured countenance, and his hair is gathered behind into a neat *queue*, which leaves a meandering line of powder on the back of his coat. His linen is very white, so are his hands, on one of the fingers of which he wears a ring of price. He lodges in a little street in the neighbourhood, pays his rent regularly, has frequent friendly chats with the book-stall keepers, of whom he is an excellent customer, and with whom he is highly popular; pats all the children on the head, and smiles affably at the maid-servants. The neighbours set him down as a retired schoolmaster, a half-pay navy purser, or, perhaps, a widower with a small independence. At any rate, he is a pleasant body, and quite the gentleman. This is about the close of his Day. Would you like to know his Night? Read the Old Bailey Sessions Paper: ask the Bow Street officers, who have been tracking him for years, and have captured him at last; who are carrying him handcuffed to Newgate, to stand his trial for murder. His double was Governor Wall, commandant of Goree, who was hanged for the murder of Serjeant Armstrong, whom he caused to be flogged to death; very strongly adjuring the drummer who inflicted the torture, to cut his liver out!

But I should never end were I to notice a tithe of the Days and Nights that flit across this paper while I write. A paralytic old octogenarian, drivelling, idiotic, and who, of all the passions of his other self has preserved but one,—the most grovelling avarice,—hobbles across a room, and, glancing at himself in a mirror, mutters, "That was once a man." The man was John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. A moping invalid, imbecile and speechless, dozing in an arm-chair, sees a servant endeavouring to break an obstinate lump of coal in the grate: "It's a stone, you blackguard!" he cries; and these are the first words he has spoken for years—the first that have passed his lips since the Day shone no more on Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Anon a shrivelled little dotard, with a bald head and a yellow face, clad in a nightcap, drawers, and slippers, comes grimacing to my desk, and tells me that although it is Night now, he, Louis the Fourteenth, had his Day—*Ludovico Magno:* of the Porte St. Denis: Louis le Grand in the Gallery of Versailles: in a towering perruque and high-heeled shoes, giving laws to princes. A mincing gentleman in powder, with a sky-blue coat, a waistcoat lined with rose-coloured satin, and silk stockings, and with an air something between a *petit maître* and a dancing-master, tells me that, when alive, he lived over an upholsterer's shop, in the Rue St. Honoré; that he was frugal, just, and incorruptible; that he was beloved by his landlord and landlady; but that he had a double of the Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety; a double who swam in the blood of all that was great and noble in France; a double whose name was Maximilian Robespierre.

O Day and Night, but this is wondrous strange!

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUR HONORABLE FRIEND.

WE are delighted to find that he has got in! Our honorable friend is triumphantly returned to serve in the next Parliament. He is the honorable member for Verbosity—the best represented place in England.

Our honorable friend has issued an address of congratulation to the Electors, which is worthy of that noble constituency, and is a very pretty piece of composition. In electing him, he says, they have covered themselves with glory, and England has been true to herself. (In his preliminary address he had remarked, in a poetical quotation of great rarity, that nought could make us rue, if England to herself did prove but true.)

Our honorable friend delivers a prediction, in the same document, that the feeble minions of a faction will never hold up their heads any more; and that the finger of scorn will point at them in their dejected state, through countless ages of time. Further, that the hireling tools that would destroy the sacred bulwarks of our nationality are unworthy of the name of Englishmen; and that so long as the sea shall roll around our ocean-girded isle, so long his motto shall be, No Surrender. Certain dogged persons of low principles and no intellect, have disputed whether any body knows who the minions are, or what the faction is, or which are the hireling tools and which the sacred bulwarks, or what it is that is never to be surrendered, and if not, why not. But, our honorable friend the member for Verbosity knows all about it.

Our honorable friend has sat in several parliaments, and given bushels of votes. He is a man of that profundity in the matter of vote-giving, that you never know what he means. When he seems to be voting pure white, he may be in reality voting jet black. When he says Yes, it is just as likely as not—or rather more so—that he means No. This is the statesmanship of our honorable friend. It is in this, that he differs from mere unparliamentary men. *You* may not know what he meant then, or what he means now; but our honorable friend knows, and did from the first know, both what he meant then, and what he means now; and when he said he didn't mean it then, he did in fact say, that he means it now. And if you mean to say that you did not then, and do not now, know what he did mean then, or does mean now our honorable friend will be glad to receive an explicit declaration from you whether you are prepared to destroy the sacred bulwarks of our nationality.

Our honorable friend, the member for Verbosity, has this great attribute, that he always means something, and always means the same thing. When he came down to that House and mournfully boasted in his place, as an individual member of the assembled Commons of this great and happy country, that he could lay his hand upon his heart, and solemnly declare that no consideration on earth should induce him, at any time or under any circumstances, to go as far north as Berwick-upon-Tweed; and when he nevertheless, next year, did go to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and even beyond it, to Edinburgh; he had one single meaning, one and indivisible. And God forbid (our honorable friend says) that he should waste another argument upon the man who professes that he cannot understand it! "I do NOT, gentlemen," said our honorable friend, with indignant emphasis and amid great cheering, on one such public occasion. "I do NOT, gentlemen, I am free to confess, envy the feelings of that man whose mind is so constituted as that he can hold such language to me, and yet lay his head upon his pillow, claiming to be a native of that land,

> Whose march is o'er the mountain-wave,
> Whose home is on the deep!

(Vehement cheering, and man expelled.)

When our honorable friend issued his preliminary address to the constituent body of Verbosity on the occasion of one particular glorious triumph, it was supposed by some of his enemies, that even he would be placed in a situation of difficulty by the following comparatively trifling conjunction of circumstance. The dozen noblemen and gentlemen whom our honorable friend supported, had "come in," expressly to do a certain thing. Now, four of the dozen said, at a certain place, that they didn't mean to do that thing, and had never meant to do it; another four of the dozen said, at another certain place, that they did mean to do that thing, and had always meant to do it; two of the remaining four

said, at two other certain places, that they meant to do half of that thing (but differed about which half), and to do a variety of nameless wonders instead of the other half; and one of the remaining two declared that the thing itself was dead and buried, while the other as strenuously protested that it was alive and kicking. It was admitted that the parliamentary genius of our honorable friend would be quite able to reconcile such small discrepancies as these; but, there remained the additional difficulty that each of the twelve made entirely different statements at different places, and that all the twelve called everything visible and invisible, sacred and profane, to witness, that they were a perfectly impregnable phalanx of unanimity. This, it was apprehended, would be a stumbling-block to our honorable friend.

The difficulty came before our honorable friend, in this way. He went down to Verbosity to meet his free and independent constituents, and to render an account (as he informed them in the local papers) of the trust they had confided to his hands—that trust which it was one of the proudest privileges of an Englishman to possess—that trust which it was the proudest privilege of an Englishman to hold. It may be mentioned as a proof of the great general interest attaching to the contest, that a Lunatic whom nobody employed or knew, went down to Verbosity with several thousand pounds in gold, determined to give the whole away—which he actually did; and that all the publicans opened their houses for nothing. Likewise, several fighting men, and a patriotic group of burglars sportively armed with life-preservers, proceeded (in barouches and very drunk) to the scene of action at their own expense; these children of nature having conceived a warm attachment to our honorable friend, and intending, in their artless manner, to testify it by knocking the voters in the opposite interest on the head.

Our honorable friend being come into the presence of his constituents, and having professed with great suavity that he was delighted to see his good friend Tipkisson there, in his working dress—his good friend Tipkisson being an inveterate saddler, who always opposes him, and for whom he has a mortal hatred—made them a brisk, ginger-beery sort of speech, in which he showed them how the dozen noblemen and gentlemen had (in exactly ten days from their coming in) exercised a surprisingly beneficial effect on the whole financial condition of Europe, had altered the state of the exports and imports for the current half-year, had prevented the drain of gold, had made all that matter right about the glut of the raw material, and had restored all sorts of balances with which the superseded noblemen and gentlemen had played the deuce—and all this, with wheat at so much a quarter, gold at so much an ounce, and the Bank of England discounting good bills at so much per cent.! He might be asked, he observed in a peroration of great power, what were his principles? His principles were what they always had been. His principles were written in the countenances of the lion and unicorn; were stamped indelibly upon the royal shield which those grand animals supported, and upon the free words of fire which that shield bore. His principles were, Britannia and her sea-king trident! His principles were, commercial prosperity co-existently with perfect and profound agricultural contentment; but short of this he would never stop. His principles were, these,—with the addition of his colors nailed to the mast, every man's heart in the right place, every man's eye open, every man's hand ready, every man's mind on the alert. His principles were, these, concurrently with a general revision of something—speaking generally—and a possible re-adjustment of something else, not to be mentioned more particularly. His principles, to sum up all in a word, were, Hearths and Altars, Labor and Capital, Crown and Sceptre, Elephant and Castle. And now, if his good friend Tipkisson required any further explanation from him he (our honorable friend) was there, willing and ready to give it.

Tipkisson, who all this time had stood conspicuous in the crowd, with his arms folded and his eyes intently fastened on our honorable friend; Tipkisson, who throughout our honorable friend's address had not relaxed a muscle of his visage, but had stood there, wholly unaffected by the torrent of eloquence: an object of contempt and scorn to mankind (by which we mean, of course, to the supporters of our honorable friend); Tipkisson now said that he was a plain man (Cries of "You are indeed!"), and that what he wanted to know was, what our honorable friend and the dozen noblemen and gentlemen were driving at?

Our honorable friend immediately replied, "At the illimitable perspective."

It was considered by the whole assembly that this happy statement of our honorable friend's political views ought, immediately, to have settled Tipkisson's business and covered him with confusion; but, that implacable person, regardless of the execrations that were heaped upon him from all sides (by which we mean, of course, from our honorable friend's side), persisted in retaining an unmoved countenance, and obstinately retorted that if our honorable friend meant that, he wished to know what *that* meant?

It was in repelling this most objectionable and indecent opposition, that our honorable friend displayed his highest qualifications for the representation of Verbosity. His warmest supporters present, and those who were best acquainted with his generalship, supposed that the moment was come when he would fall back upon the sacred bulwarks of our

nationality. No such thing. He replied thus: "My good friend Tipkisson, gentlemen, wishes to know what I mean when he asks me what we are driving at, and when I candidly tell him, at the illimitable perspective. He wishes (if I understand him) to know what I mean?" "I do!" says Tipkisson, amid cries of "Shame" and "Down with him." "Gentlemen," says our honorable friend, "I will indulge my good friend Tipkisson, by telling him, both what I mean and what I don't mean. (Cheers and cries of "Give it him!") Be it known to him then, and to all whom it may concern, that I do mean altars, hearths, and homes, and that I don't mean mosques and Mahommedanism!" The effect of this home-thrust was terrific. Tipkisson (who is a Baptist) was hooted down and hustled out, and has ever since been regarded as a Turkish Renegade who contemplates an early pilgrimage to Mecca. Nor was he the only discomfited man. The charge, while it stuck to him, was magically transferred to our honorable friend's opponent, who was represented in an immense variety of placards as a firm believer in Mahomet; and the men of Verbosity were asked to choose between our honorable friend and the Bible, and our honorable friend's opponent and the Koran. They decided for our honorable friend, and rallied round the illimitable perspective.

It has been claimed for our honorable friend, with much appearance of reason, that he was the first to hand sacred matters to electioneering tactics. However this may be, the fine precedent was undoubtedly set in a Verbosity election: and it is certain that our honorable friend (who was a disciple of Brahma in his youth, and was a Buddhist when we had the honour of travelling with him a few years ago,) always professes in public more anxiety than the whole Bench of Bishops, regarding the theological and doxological opinions of every man, woman, and child, in the United Kingdom.

As we began by saying that our honorable friend has got in again at this last election, and that we are delighted to find that he has got in, so we will conclude. Our honorable friend cannot come in for Verbosity too often. It is a good sign; it is a great example. It is to men like our honorable friend, and to contests like those from which he comes triumphant, that we are mainly indebted for that ready interest in politics, that fresh enthusiasm in the discharge of the duties of citizenship, that ardent desire to rush to the poll, at present so manifest throughout England. When the contest lies (as it sometimes does) between two such men as our honorable friend, it stimulates the finest emotions of our nature, and awakens the highest admiration of which our heads and hearts are capable.

It is not too much to predict that our honorable friend will be always at his post in the ensuing session. Whatever the question be, or whatever the form of its discussion; address to the crown, election-petition, expenditure of the public money, extension of the public suffrage, education, crime; in the whole house, in committee of the whole house, in select committee; in every parliamentary discussion of every subject, everywhere: the Honorable Member for Verbosity will most certainly be found.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

The following narrative is not fictitious. It has been taken down from the lips of the narrator, whose sufferings are described; with the object of shewing what Transportation, at the present time, really is.

MANY years ago—eventful years with me—I stood at the bar of a court of justice, and heard the terrible announcement of the judge, that I was to be transported to a penal colony for the remainder of my life. My innocence of the crime of which twelve men had, at the end of my long trial, declared me guilty, has since been established. I have not forgotten, nor shall I ever forget, with what emotions I rose, at the end of a trial which lasted a whole week, to make my last appeal, "in arrest of judgment." My appeal was in vain; and, when I heard my principal fellow prisoner whom I then knew to be guilty, asserting in fewer words—though with scarcely less fervour—that he also was guiltless, I felt how little the most emphatic assertions of a prisoner could weigh with those who have had long experience in the administration of justice. Then, and not till then, a feeling of my utter helplessness came upon me. The complete isolation of the soul of every man from me had never before presented itself so strongly to my mind. My fellow prisoner has since acquitted me of all participation in his crime. How different, then, were the thoughts and feelings in our breasts, as we stood there side by side. Yet the crowd about us were as unable to look into the mind of the guilty man, as I was powerless to make known to them my own.

The present separate celled prison omnibus had not come into use at that time; and, after the trial was over, myself and a batch of other prisoners were conveyed from Newgate in a long van open at the top and guarded by a policeman, in the place of conductor, to the prison at Milbank. I was chained leg to leg with a man who had been twice convicted of burglary. The operation of riveting on the irons is a painful one, and is performed with as much rudeness and with as little feeling as it could have been done five centuries since—each stroke of the riveting hammer causing a sensation of pain something like tooth-drawing. It was a fine spring morning; and through the entrance of the vehicle, I caught a glimpse—perhaps, as I thought, for the last time—of the busy streets, already growing

strange to me after the three months' imprisonment which preceded my trial. I thought of how often I had passed through those very streets, as free and happy as any of the throng I saw there. Some stood to look at our vehicle; though most were too busy to take any heed of us. The sun was shining; the shopkeepers, here and there, were unfurling their street blinds, or watering the pavement in front of their doors. A water cart had passed over one part of our route, and the air seemed so fresh to me, who had been used to the close atmosphere of a prison cell, that I could have shut my eyes and fancied myself in the country. The narrow strip of sky between the two lines of houses which we were able to observe above our roofless vehicle seemed bluer than it had ever been before: the colours of the shops were brighter; the people in the streets, men, women, and children, more neat and clean than when I had seen them last. A business-like air was in the countenances of most of them. Every one seemed to be charged with an errand. I almost wondered to see them wending so gravely towards the city on such a fine morning. Yet how often I had been one of them; and had never dreamed, unless by predetermination, of wandering away into the country on such a fine day to enjoy that liberty, of which I had never truly known the value until then.

It was indeed many a day before I saw again anything so refreshing as the sight of the streets in that half-hour's ride. At Milbank I remained about two months. Meanwhile I heard nothing of what had passed in the world outside the walls of my prison—what was the public opinion upon my sentence; or whether the efforts of my few friends on my behalf were likely to prove successful. One night, however, I learnt from a turnkey—a kind-hearted man—that one of my fellow prisoners (not the principal one) had confessed his guilt, and had exonerated me from all participation in it: but I heard no more. Nothing occurred to show that this circumstance exercised a favourable influence over my fate. Indeed, I knew that such confessions have ordinarily little effect. I was, therefore, not surprised when I heard from the officer on duty, as he looked into my cell one night, that we were to be removed early on the following morning.

At about four o'clock we were accordingly called forth, and ordered to put on an entirely new suit of clothes, consisting of a coarse brown serge jacket, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, highlows, and a particularly frightful skull-cap. All the articles appeared to have been selected at random, without the slightest reference to the dimensions of the wearer; the jacket would have enveloped two such bodies as mine, and the breeches scarcely came down to my knees. A few minutes were allowed for the slipping on of these garments; after which every man received a hunch of bread, and we were equipped for a voyage of seventeen thousand miles. We were formed in line, and handcuffed two and two; a heavy iron chain, in addition, being passed through a ring of the handcuff, so as to fasten about a dozen of us together. The signal was then given to march; and we proceeded, under a strong guard of the prison officers with muskets loaded, down to the river side in front of the prison, to embark.

Notwithstanding the early hour, a number of persons were there to watch the process of embarkation. Whatever may be said of the failure of the Government in the systems for the treatment of convicts, they have been eminently successful in rendering their appearance abject and pitiable: when to the ugliness of the clothing was added the total disregard of bulk and stature, the appearance of some of our party was perfectly ludicrous. The nether garments of one man, intended to reach to the knee, only had to be buttoned a little above his ancles; whilst those of others did not extend to the knee. Two hundred and twenty of us were conveyed in three drafts on board a steamer in waiting to convey us. Our boat contained seventy. I could not help thinking of water parties of a different character; but, upon the whole, my mind was more tranquil than I could have expected. I endeavoured, as far as possible, to step out of myself and to speculate upon the history and character of those who, with one exception, were strangers to me; but who were now to be my companions by night and day, for at least four months; and to wonder if there was one among them with whom I might hope to beguile the long and wearisome days and nights of the coming voyage.

At Milbank we had been kept upon the silent and solitary system. The restraint being removed aboard the steamer, every man seemed determined to make up for lost time. Many had been former acquaintances, and had a world of news to exchange. Nothing could have produced a stranger effect than their conduct, contrasted with their abject appearance, condition, and prospects. They laughed, jested, and sang; and, despite the chains with which they were loaded, some of them even danced. My nearest neighbour was one of the merriest. He exulted in the many escapes he had had, and in the fact that, after all, he was only transported for ten years.

At Woolwich we were put aboard the convict ship; every man as he descended into the hold being numbered on the back, like one of a flock of sheep. The centre of the vessel was appropriated to the prisoners; and was divided into compartments, each accommodating eight men, with a square table and seats of portable deal boards, arranged in tiers—above and below—all round. At night these were so disposed as to form sleeping berths.

If any one will imagine a long room filled with pauper coffins with the lids off, he will have a good idea of our dormitory. Our irons were immediately knocked off; but, on the following morning, we were one at a time summoned on deck and ironed more heavily, having a ring round the ancle, with a long heavy chain attached to another ring. This we dragged about with us till my leg was severely excoriated; and getting in and out of my sleeping berth, and going up and down the ladder became a difficult task. I have since learnt that it is not usual to chain prisoners on the voyage, except for misconduct; and I believe that my fellow-prisoners had to attribute this to the accident of my being among their number. But if they thus suffered on my account, Heaven knows I suffered enough on theirs during the voyage; for petty offences were frequently committed, of which the particular authors could not be detected; consequently, all were punished by increased privations. During our stay at Woolwich, the prisoners were allowed to write to their friends, and to take a last farewell of those who might choose to visit them, although strangers were compelled to remain in a boat alongside, and were not allowed to come aboard. So disfigured were they by their dress and close cut hair, that wives could scarcely recognise their own husbands. A gentleman who had known me from childhood said, "If I had not heard your voice, I could not believe it was yourself." Excepting some affecting leave-takings, the time here was spent in great hilarity. Some of the prisoners' friends brought them a little money; and it was mysteriously hinted to me by one of the officers of the vessel, that a round Dutch cheese, scooped out and filled with sovereigns, would be found useful; but I was unable to avail myself of his counsel. Some tea, which was afterwards stolen from me, and a few shillings were all my viaticum. There was a subscription for a violin; but it was subsequently found that no one was capable of playing on it. Nevertheless, without music and with a heavy chain clanking to one leg, some danced as merrily as if they had been in a booth at a fair. They were also allowed to make purchases of the "bumboat-man," who appeared to enjoy a monopoly of this branch of Government patronage. He supplied a variety of trifling articles, such as cakes, fruit, needles, thread, tin plates, &c., at a profit of about one hundred and fifty per cent.; but his customers contrived to square the account in a way peculiarly their own; for, while he was extorting an undue profit on the one hand, his basket was generally robbed by [illegible] thieves on the other.

In the river our rations consisted of biscuit, soup, and cocoa, night and morning. At sea we had salt meat with a pudding—pleasantly termed plum-pudding—but he was lucky indeed who found a plum in his slice. On alternate days we had pork and pea-soup. Each man received an iron spoon and a tin pot, but no plates, knives or forks. Upon a kind hint from the surgeon (who is the representative of Government in a convict ship), I had purchased a tin plate, although, as I was the only member of my mess who indulged in this luxury, it exposed me to some coarse ridicule; but as I bore this with good humour, my companions (seven more desperate characters could not well have been found) were soon reconciled to me and my tin plate. The food was delivered to one of every eight men, who was called the captain of the mess. He then divided it—meat or pudding—into eight lots; and these were laid in two rows on the mess table. To prevent partiality, one of the mess was selected to name the several owners, turning his back, whilst another, placing his hand on the tempting lump, cried out "Who shall?" I subsequently, however, discovered that under this ostentatious parade of fair play there lurked the grossest injustice; for having noticed that both the parties engaged in dealing out "even handed justice," always got the largest portions, and that their office was regarded as a privilege, I was led to inquire of one of the mess during the voyage, and learnt that there was a well understood confederacy between the adjudicators.

Our ship was of five hundred and sixty tons burden; and besides the ordinary complement of seamen, carried a military guard of fifty men. The entire management of the two hundred and twenty prisoners was confided to the surgeon, whose duties were both arduous and dangerous; for it was impossible for him to avoid incurring the ill-will of some of the more desperate characters. We had also a chaplain, who read prayers every day in the prison when the sea was not too rough; and on Sundays performed divine service on deck, which we all attended.

The day fixed for our departure had (as is customary) been studiously concealed from us. One morning we were towed down the river, and about two miles out into the Channel. The time passed at Woolwich—from the corresponding with friends, dealings with the bumboat-man, the temporary enjoyment of little luxuries of which they had been long deprived, the revival of old acquaintances, the exchange of news and of messages, the eager examination of newspapers occasionally, though secretly, introduced—was one of comparative enjoyment to most of the prisoners. But there were those who, like myself, clung to the hope that they would yet be snatched from the abyss of misery which lay before them. The bumboat-man's basket had no attraction for them, nor could they enjoy any of the gratifications placed for a moment within their reach. They corresponded continually with their friends, scanned with eager anxiety every boat that came alongside, and observed with wistful eye every post

delivery. Circumstances did justify hopes in some; but they sank as the vessel got rapidly out to sea. Still many clung to them; adverse winds might keep us in the Downs, where a countermand might yet be received. These hopes were, however, in no case realised. Order and quiet was now maintained; but the men generally were much depressed as we gradually lost sight of land, and began to speculate upon the sufferings which awaited them. Our place of destination was generally understood (although that was kept as secret as possible) to be Norfolk Island.

Once at sea, and every hope being cut off for the present, I resolved to submit myself as cheerfully as possible to my strange fate, and to endeavour to be useful to my fellow prisoners; trusting that my life might be spared through the dangers of a long sea voyage, and the hardships of a penal settlement, until that day of justice and reinstatement in society which I never doubted would, sooner or later, arrive. I was made librarian, chaplain's clerk, and inspector of the night watch; so that, although my miseries were neither few nor trifling, the want of occupation was not one of the number. The books constituting the library were supplied by various charitable societies; they were selected with care, being confined to religious and scientific subjects popularly treated, excluding such as would convey information that was likely to be misapplied. Many were on natural history with plates, and these were much sought after by those who could not read—a large proportion. Our books were a blessing, and I am persuaded had a good effect upon the minds and feelings. There were about one hundred volumes, great and small; and, notwithstanding they were in constant circulation, there was not one deficient at the end of the voyage.

The authorities aboard were very jealous of books upon nautical and geographical subjects. On one occasion the captain, noticing a volume of "Guthrie's Geography" in a prisoner's hand, immediately seized and threw it overboard. It was supposed that information might be derived from such sources which would tempt the prisoners to endeavour to take the ship, and effect their escape; and, in truth, the practicability of this was a favourite topic; especially with those who had been transported before, and who had pretty accurate information as to instances of both success and failure in the seizing of ships, as well by crews as by convicts. Our irons had been taken off on first getting to sea, and it was said that the capture of the ship, and an escape to the coast would be easy, if the prisoners were true to each other. The successful seizure of the Wellington by convicts on its way from Sydney to Norfolk Island, as well as the famous mutiny of the Bounty, were quoted as instances of the facility with which the object might be accomplished. It was generally believed that a sudden rush upon the poop would settle the matter—that the sentinels would, in a moment, be overpowered and disarmed. Amongst the prisoners were several old sailors who, it was believed, would be able to steer the ship should the mates prove refractory. Nothing, I believe, prevented the attempt but the consciousness that there were those among themselves who would have been as much opposed to their design as the captain himself, and who would have frustrated it, if there had been any serious intention of carrying it into execution. Before we were well out of the Channel we encountered a severe gale, which carried away our foretop-gallant mast and royal. A great number of the prisoners were sea-sick. When it is remembered how wretched is the saloon of even a first-class steamer occupied by the most civilised of human beings, with convenient berths, attentive stewards, and all suitable appliances, some faint, but very inadequate idea, may be gained of the loathsome and miserable circumstances in which I was placed, with one-third of our party sea-sick, and no provision made for such a state of things.

We had not been a month at sea when the small-pox broke out amongst us; although, by the exertions of the medical officer, it was confined to six of our number. A young man, whom I had previously remarked as one of the finest and most robust-looking aboard, fell a victim. He was committed to the deep in the usual manner; the church service being read by the chaplain, and I acting as clerk. All the prisoners were assembled on deck, and many of them seemed affected. For myself I rejoiced that, although a transported convict, and in spite of my degrading dress and miserable condition, I could respond without shame to the beautiful prayers of the burial service. The rest recovered; and, after this, the general health was very good. We had no vegetables, except some preserved potatoes, which only lasted three weeks.

Before we arrived at the Cape we kept too far out at sea to catch more than shadowy glimpses of the land; these, however, sufficed for topics of conversation, especially as we were enabled to learn from day to day the exact progress we made. The most distinct view we obtained of any land was of Gough's Island, in 40 degrees, 19 minutes latitude, and 7 degrees, 30 minutes west longitude; six days after sighting which we bore up for the Cape, at the request of the surgeon, who represented to the captain that the health of the prisoners required rest and the support of fresh provisions for a few days. Flights of pigeons indicated the approach of land, though still five hundred miles distant. The water lost its deep blue tint, and the swell of the waves grew less and less. We entered Simon's Bay seventy-one days after leaving Woolwich. When one lynx-eyed man declared he could

see a team of four horses with a driver, his assertion produced a loud laugh; but when its motion was distinctly observable, and nearer approach confirmed the fact that it actually was a man driving a waggon with four horses, the excitement was immense. The weather was very fine. The bay is in the form of a horse-shoe, shut in with mountains, the slopes of which are green to the water's edge, and dotted far and wide with white villas.

I cannot express the intense desire I felt to land and to explore the regions beyond those mountains; which, to my imagination, concealed a paradise. I would at that moment have accepted my liberty, even if the country had been inhabited by cannibals. I cannot, therefore, be surprised—with the beautiful shores stretched so temptingly around us—at the numerous plans of escape which were anxiously discussed during the few days we remained in the bay; especially as it was the first and last time in the course of the voyage that such a temptation would occur. A party of four of the prisoners made a desperate effort. Three of them were employed about the ship, and had, therefore, facilities for making arrangements for flight. They were not compelled to descend into the prison dungeon, like the rest of us, an hour before sunset. The fourth answered to his name at the evening muster, but slipped back instead of descending the ladder, and concealed himself upon deck until midnight; when all four glided stealthily down the ship's side, and struck out for the shore. Whether they eluded the sentinels, or were in collusion with them, was not known; but, as it was one of the brilliant moonlight nights of those latitudes, and the bay was perfectly calm, they could hardly have escaped the observation of the sentinels on duty The vessel lay at anchor in the centre of the bay, which at that part is three miles broad; so that land, at the nearest point, which they could hardly have ventured to approach—guard being constantly on duty there—was a mile and a half distant. But they calculated upon getting rest upon the anchor chains of other vessels lying between our ship and the shore. They found their strength, however, less than they had expected, for they had not allowed for the weakening effects of a two months' voyage upon wretched and unvaried diet. Three of them turned back, and with great difficulty regained the ship—indeed, but for the help of one of them, who was a good swimmer and a man of extraordinary muscular power, the other two would have been drowned. The fourth man firmly refused to turn back, preferring, as he said, death itself to Norfolk Island. The three who returned were found at daylight upon deck, their clothes saturated with the salt water, and were reported. The surgeon, upon discovering the escape of one of his men was much excited; information was given to the authorities ashore; scouts were despatched to Cape Town, and in all directions, but no tidings were obtained of the runaway. By some it was conjectured that he had been snapped under by one of the sharks with which the bay abounds. This was the man to whom I had been chained leg to leg at Newgate. He had been a steward on board a ship, and had frequently been at Cape Town. There is no doubt, therefore, that he had planned all along to get away at this point. He was transported a second time for housebreaking; the commission of which crime he did not deny. Indeed, it was by no means usual for the prisoners among themselves to deny their guilt; nor was there any inducement to do so. On the contrary, such a pretence, if credited, only produced distrust, from the want of community of feeling, views, interests, and principles, which form the only bond among those unhappy men. A convict who said, "I am innocent," was in danger of the fate of the white crow, whose brethren picked out his eyes simply from the different colour of his plumage.

Like all the other offences of my fellow-captives, this escape drew down upon the whole of us increased privations. The surgeon hastened our departure; and, during the rest of our stay, we were almost always kept below; getting only an occasional peep at the magnificent coast through the port-holes. We were restricted from making little purchases—which had been permitted before—of oranges, eggs, salt fish, and Cape wine; all of which were extremely cheap, and were brought alongside by a very fine specimen of the Hottentot race, who spoke English about as well as the Chinese Comprador at Canton, or the market women at Boulogne or Calais. Nearly all my leisure, during my stay here, was spent in writing letters to my friends and to persons of influence in England; no less than nineteen of which I despatched by different opportunities.

On the seventh day after entering this beautiful bay a favourable breeze sprang up, and we set sail for Norfolk Island. After doubling the Cape, we got into the Trade Winds; which continued with us—although at times very light almost to a dead calm—for the rest of our voyage. Flights of albatrosses and other sea birds accompanied us; wheeling about the ship in graceful circles, and occasionally darting down and soaring up again with some small fish in their beaks. To shoot them was a favourite amusement with the civil and military officers aboard.

We had left the Cape about three weeks, when there was a general murmuring among the men, which some of the more desperate sought to kindle into open mutiny. At the commencement of our voyage, there had been exhibited on deck a table showing the rations to which we were entitled under the contractor's agreement with the Government; and in it was the item of "two gallons of wine

each," to be given in the course of the voyage. This had a smack of luxury with it which seemed out of keeping with the rest of our miserable dietary; but experience had shown that prisoners became so reduced by a four months' voyage, crowded together to suffocation, as absolutely to require some slight stimulant, and accordingly this modicum of wine (Cape) was ordered, and came under the head of "Medical comforts." This had been served out to each man mixed with lime juice—a gill at a time, once a week. As even the allowance had not commenced until we had been some time at sea, it was evident that, at this rate, there would be a large surplus at the end of the voyage. We were in about 40 degrees of latitude; and, with our slender clothing and reduced condition, suffered severely from cold. The more evil-disposed insisted that keeping back the wine was a deliberate fraud—a foretaste of the cruelty and injustice in store for them, and hinted that any fate was better than Norfolk Island, where all chance of escape would be cut off. They compared their own strength with the military guard, counted up many soldiers and sailors who would, they believed, desert to their side upon the first outbreak. I observed more attention was paid to these dangerous suggestions than formerly; and, amongst a considerable party of the oldest prisoners, there seemed a more fixed and serious purpose. Thinking it probable that the surgeon, who had shown great zeal and humanity hitherto, had proper reasons for reserving the wine, I was loath to interfere; but the aspect of affairs was every day becoming more alarming. Men left their berths and debated in clusters, for hours together, various schemes for seizing the ship. In this state of things, I suggested that we should respectfully memorialise the surgeon on the subject. My proposal was at first very jeeringly received; but some of the better disposed approving of it, the rest agreed, believing, and I fear hoping, that the memorial would be treated as an impertinence, and thus fan the flame they had kindled. I immediately prepared an address; expressing our gratitude for the medical skill and kindness we had received, and respectfully stating our complaint as to the wine. This being signed by the captain of each of the different messes on behalf of the whole, I forwarded it to the surgeon, with a note stating the circumstances which had induced me to interfere. In a few minutes he came down, and said that withholding the wine was the result of a miscalculation, and assured us that we should receive the remainder in double allowances daily for the future—a promise which he faithfully observed. This kept the men in good humour for the rest of the voyage, and the evil counsels, which were every now and then repeated by some of the most desperate, failed of their intended effect.

Between the Cape and Norfolk Island, a distance of about ten thousand miles, we only sighted one sail, which was believed to be an American whaler. I had hoped to catch a glimpse of the little volcanic island of St. Pauls; but, for the sake of a stronger and steadier wind, our Captain kept a much higher latitude than is usual, and we passed the island at about three hundred miles to the south.

Among my two hundred and twenty companions, I found one—I am sorry to say only one—in whose society and conversation I found solace and amusement. He was a fine young man, with an intelligent countenance, and not quite twenty-one years of age. His was a sad story. He had been a merchant's clerk, and in an evil hour had been tempted by the offer of a promising speculation to create himself a capital by forging acceptances, These he renewed as they became due, until an accident led to his detection. He had a young wife, to whom he had been married only three months. On the very night of his apprehension he had been reading aloud to her "The Diary of a late Physician;" and, having finished one of the short stories he turned the page, and his eye caught the title of the next. It was the episode of the "Forger." He hesitated a moment; but, as he told me, he felt his wife's eye upon him, and a guilty fear of awakening her suspicions compelled him to read on. The details of the story sank deep into his heart, and he observed with a superstitious dread his wife's intense interest in the hero of the narrative. He had not laid down the book an hour, when the officers of justice arrived: he was torn from his wife, tried, and convicted.—He had read extensively, and possessed an extraordinary memory—would to Heaven that all who are tempted to sin, as he had sinned, might picture to themselves his mental suffering! Sometimes we spent many hours of the night together, standing at the foot of our berths, discoursing of every conceivable subject that could serve to lift him for awhile above the feeling of his degraded position; but there were periods when he sank into a low despondency for days together. In vain I sought to cheer him with the prospect of future liberty, and an honourable career that should atone for past error; far away from the scene of his first crime.

We had now left England three months; yet this period seemed to me a life of misery, to which all my previous career was but a short prologue. My sufferings, both mental and physical, had much weakened me, and there were times when I found it hard to keep that hopeful and patient tone of mind, with which I had tried to go through the voyage. It was monstrous and incredible (I thought) that I, who had never offended against the laws of my country, should be there suffering the most terrible punishment, short of death, which had been devised for the worst of ruffians; and when my mind was overwrought by this thought I marvelled

at the tameness with which I had endured it. I remember once endeavouring to trace those ideas of the duty of bearing injustice with patience, to their origin; and, it seemed to me, that I had been cheating myself all along with the maxims of those who had never suffered as I had, or had even imagined such a case as mine. These gloomy thoughts visited me mostly at night-time; and, although the morning generally brought with it a calmer feeling and a more reasonable consideration of the uselessness of anything I might say or do to ameliorate my condition, I could not help, while the mood lasted, feeling impatient and discontented with myself, as if I had "lacked gall to make oppression bitter."

My dreams since my conviction had been almost invariably of a painful nature. The bustle of the day, and the routine of duties to which I had now become accustomed, served to occupy my mind; but, on finding myself alone, the feeling of my misfortunes weighed heavily upon me, and in my sleep this sense seemed to give birth to every possible variety of fearful and distressing imagination. Once, and once only, do I distinctly remember dreaming of my former condition. It was on the night after we had been promised the increased allowance of wine. This trifling piece of good fortune, and the satisfaction I felt in having removed a cause of discontent breaking the dreary monotony of convict life, were sufficient to beget in me better spirits. My hopes for the future grew brighter that night, and the miseries of the past seemed to me soon about to be forgotten in happier times. Thus, in spite of the intense cold, and our scanty bed clothing, I fell asleep. Then it was, that with no fear of the gun of the sentry, or the hard life-struggle with the waves which had probably overcome my unhappy comrade, I slipped away from that dungeon floating on the wide ocean; and, in an instant, retracing all our long and wearisome voyage, was again in England, in my old home. There was little remarkable in the dream itself. I was merely living again one of the ordinary days of my previous life. But how strange that there was no presentiment of coming evil, no wonderment at my own intense delight in the commonest things of life! How strange to have been shown the time to come, with all its terrible experiences; and then to drink a Lethe draught, and slipping back again, to have no memory of it—every thought and recollection of what I had suffered shuffled off with my degrading garments, and left behind in that gloomy ship's hold; where, but a moment before, I had lain down to sleep with my miserable companions. I was at home. Faces of old friends were there. The same furniture was about the room, the same pictures upon the walls; but the table was strewn with strange books in rich and curious binding, which I was examining and wondering how they came there. Blessed dream! not a whit less sweet or real while it lasted than if its magic flight and freedom had been true.

I do not know how long this fancy lasted, but I think I had been dreaming all the time I had been asleep. At all events I was still amid the same scene, when I felt some one shake me, and heard a voice calling me by name. No wonder that the spell was broken at the well-known sound of that voice. It was the man whom I loathed as the author of all my misfortunes, and with whom I had been supposed to have been associated in guilt. I had not known that it was his turn to watch that night, for I had studiously avoided all intercourse with him from the day of my sentence. It was the duty of the watchman to awaken me to relieve him, and thus, by a strange fatality, it fell to him to arouse me from the only dream of happiness vouchsafed to me during the voyage.

It may be of interest to the reader to know something of the routine of management of the convicts on the voyage. The medical superintendent, as I have mentioned, is invested with absolute control over the prisoners, and is responsible for their safety. He was assisted in our vessel by two overseers who had been non-commissioned officers in the army, and were to be overseers in Norfolk Island: one of them was, by his own account, as profligate and unprincipled a vagabond as ever I met with. The most recent piece of scoundrelism which this officer—selected for carrying out the great probation system—frequently related and chuckled over to the prisoners, was a promise of marriage he had made to a servant, who was to accompany him to enjoy his "colonial appointment," and by which he had got her watch and several years' savings. The latter fact was considered highly amusing, and contributed not a little to his popularity. He had promised to marry her on a day when he knew that the ship would have been at least a week at sea. As it eventually turned out, the maiden was not so easily disposed of; for she took a passage shortly after in another ship; and, on her arrival in the colony demanded the fulfilment of his promise, under pain of an exposure; which it seems the wretch had not the courage to brave. Whether matrimony, under the circumstances, made either of the parties happy, is more than I can say.

At six o'clock every morning, the prison door was unlocked by one of these overseers, who called out "Beds up!" whereupon every man arose from his berth, rolled up his bedding—consisting of a thin mattrass and one blanket, and took them on deck, where they remained all day to be aired. Then the floor of the prison was scraped and swept in turns by the prisoners who did not fulfil any special office—such as schoolmaster, clerk, captain of the mess. The captains received the day's rations for their respective messes. Those who liked it got something of a wash

with salt water, introduced from the forecastle with a leathern pipe. Ablutions performed under such difficulties led to many practical jokes, and not a few battles. At eight o'clock, a pint of cocoa was served out to each man; which, with his biscuit, made his breakfast. Immediately afterwards school was commenced, books were distributed, and exchanged; the surgeon examined the sick, heard complaints, and awarded punishments. These consisted of confinement below deck, heavy chains, imprisonment in a kind of sentry box on deck, resembling a Chinese cage, in which the inmate can neither sit, lie down, nor stand upright. We had only one case of flogging. In the afternoon, we usually had prayers read by the chaplain; sometimes with a moral exordium, which was delivered in an impressive and earnest manner. At five o'clock we had a pint of tea. Neither our tea nor our cocoa bore much resemblance to the beverages which I had previously known under those names; but they were warm and comforting. At six o'clock the beds were taken down and arranged; and at half-past six we were mustered, and returned, one by one to our prison, where we were locked in—a sentinel, with loaded musket and fixed bayonet, being placed at the door. Our night was thus nearly twelve hours long. It being too dark to read, and as it was impossible to sleep much more than half the time, I was compelled, for four or five hours every night, to hear little else than narratives of offences and criminal indulgences, of the most revolting character. Obscene and blasphemous songs were nightly composed and sung; and schemes for future crimes were proposed and discussed, with a coolness which I shudder to call to mind. The only check on them was the sentinel at the door, who now and then thrust his bayonet between the bars, when it was getting very late or the men were unusually uproarious, and called out "silence."

Our voyage occupied one hundred and twenty-four days; and—when it is considered that one-half of that time was passed in this loathsome place, in darkness, and with such companions—some idea may be formed of what I suffered in this comparatively small portion of my captivity. I have not dwelt upon the miseries which, in addition to those inflicted on all my companions, were peculiarly my own; but I can sincerely say, that not for a Dukedom would I pass such another four months.

We had, however, now and then, a little fun; one of the most prolific sources of which was the exquisite power of mimicry possessed by a diminutive sickly-looking youth. The second overseer was an Irishman, who not only spoke an unusually broad brogue, but exhibited many ludicrous national characteristics. These were caught with the truth of a mirror (only adding a little interest) by our humorous companion; and the object of his ridicule never appeared in sight but an ill-suppressed burst of laughter was heard at his expense. The clever young rogue became an object of even more fear than aversion to our overseer; who would walk half round the prison and back again, rather than encounter his terrible foe.

In the course of the voyage, I took every opportunity of informing myself, as far as possible, of the history and character of my companions, both from themselves and their fellow convicts. No mixed society of free and unconvicted persons could well present greater variety, both morally and intellectually, than these men. There was Dick Pearson, a man of middle age who, though he called himself a sailor, was quite a specimen of the transported convict. He had lived, even from boyhood, by highway robbery, burglary, and other offences of a most daring character. He had been convicted fifteen times, and had already served one penalty of seven years transportation. There was scarcely a known crime in which this man was not adept, or a prison within twenty miles of the metropolis of which he had not been an occupant. To obtain as full an insight as possible into the criminal mind, to judge how far there was any hope of reclaiming such men, and what was most likely to lead to reform, I frequently conversed with Dick and others of his class. In exchange, he asked me a variety of questions upon geography—a kind of curiosity which, as I have already stated, was regarded with much suspicion by the authorities. Indeed, among the convicts, he made no secret that his object was to obtain such information as might be useful to them, if they succeeded in his favourite project of seizing the ship. That he was capable of putting into execution such a design, subsequent events at Norfolk Island sufficiently proved. Upon one occasion, Dick ventured to hint the great possibility of a successful mutiny, as he knew that it would be supported by several of the sailors, and even by some of the military guard; which latter statement was, I am afraid, true. I pointed out to him the preparations which had been made to resist such an attempt, the small chance of victory, the increased suffering which would be entailed upon all the prisoners in case of failure, and that even success could only be purchased by much bloodshed on both sides. This, he said, he considered would be fully justified to obtain their liberty; the faintest hope of which, he thought, well worth the peril of their lives. The attempt to escape at Symon's Bay was planned by him; and subsequently, on landing, he was the ringleader of a more serious and desperate conspiracy for effecting the escape of a large body of the prisoners from Norfolk Island.

How different a character was poor, meek, good-hearted Steven! He was about fifty years old, and had been for many years a respectable stockbroker. Being unfortunate in

some speculations into which he was drawn, he applied himself to that last refuge of the intelligent destitute—the business of a schoolmaster—the profits of which were never adequate to support his large family in decency. In emergencies he had been in the habit of applying to his brother—a wealthy member of one of the learned professions—who occasionally assisted him. On his last application for an advance of five pounds, the brother was unfortunately absent from England; and Stoven, goaded by the sufferings of his family, unhappily conceived the idea of forging his brother's acceptance for the amount of which he had asked the loan; intending, as he assured me, to acquaint his brother of it, persuading himself that he would forgive him and provide for the payment, if he should himself be unable to do so. His moderation, however, was his destruction; for the bill fell into the hands of a gentleman who knew his brother, and expressed his surprise at seeing an acceptance of his in circulation for so insignificant a sum. The brother naturally denied having put his name to any such bill. Inquiries were made, and he was compelled to give evidence against his own brother, to consign him to convict infamy, and, as it proved, to death. He died a victim to the privations and misery of the voyage.

Then we had one of the Rebeccaites. He had been a small farmer in South Wales, and had taken a prominent part in the practical resistance to the turnpike extortion; against which he and his neighbours had petitioned and protested in vain. It has been said that a man cannot unknowingly commit a crime. In a moral sense, at least, this is true; and Morgan, so far from being cognisant of crime, I have no doubt, firmly believed he was discharging his duty to himself and his neighbours. Throughout the voyage, and subsequently in Norfolk Island, the conduct of this man—and of some others of his countrymen (with the exception of one man, a desperate ruffian), who, for a similar offence, were suffering with him—was sufficient to show that they were the unlikeliest of men to be guilty of a moral crime. Dick Pearson, poor Stoven, and Morgan, who may be considered as types of classes aboard, were all members of one mess, enduring the same sufferings (if Dick, hardened as he was, suffered at all), and all with the same sentence of seven years transportation.

Considering our miserable plight as to clothing, food, and everything else, it might be supposed that the thievish propensities of the men must, perforce, have remained in abeyance. Not a day or night, however, passed without some robbery. The worst of them seemed to take a delight in "keeping their hands in," no matter how contemptible the prize might be. Knives being forbidden, fragments of tin plates, to serve roughly the purpose of cutting, were eagerly sought for. As I have mentioned, a tin pint pot was delivered to every prisoner at the commencement of the voyage, which served to receive his cocoa, as well as his pea-soup. I had not been at sea a couple of days when I found that mine had been changed. But, as they were scarcely distinguishable one from the other, I gave the new-comer a thorough cleaning, and adopted it in lieu of my own. The very next day, however, a man sidled up to my mess, and suddenly clapping his hand upon the pot, exclaimed, "Halloa! what are you a-doing with my tin pot?" "How do you know it is yours?" I inquired. "There's my mark at the side," he replied, "and there should be a round O at the bottom." I turned it up; and, seeing the mark of identity referred to, felt bound to surrender it. The pot was received with an appearance of indignation, and I was treated as if I had attempted to do a dirty trick, and advised "not to try that game on again." My messmates chuckled at the scene; and it was subsequently explained to me that this trick of exchanging was a common trick amongst prisoners. I suffered much inconvenience in consequence for several days; and, for want of my pot to receive them, was deprived of my rations of cocoa, tea and soup. At length I got another; for, happening to mention the trick which had been played me to one of the prisoners, a rough fellow with a most ferocious cast of countenance, he insisted upon my taking his, saying he would try to get the use of his messmates', and reminding me that I had written a letter for him at Woolwich—a circumstance which it is not remarkable that I had forgotten, as I had written at least fifty, while in the river. I had, indeed, frequent proofs that a kindness is sometimes long remembered, and often gratefully requited, by even the worst of criminals.

Towards the end of our voyage, and when about three hundred miles from Norfolk Island, we encountered a terrific storm. The Pacific is like Othello's mind, "not easily moved; but, being wrought, vexed in the extreme." For two or three days, it had presented an appearance little in accordance with its name; and, on this night, the storm increased to a hurricane. During the whole night the hatches were fastened down, and we could do nothing but lie and listen to the frequent breaking and long roll of the thunder, the rushing of water over the decks, and the terrific howling of the wind in the rigging. Nothing could be more helpless than our condition in the event of any disaster to the ship. A compact mass of human life closed; fastened down; the narrow outlet strongly barred. We were perfectly helpless. We could hear the din of the sailors running to and fro; and in the intervals of the thunder, their responsive "Aye, aye, Sir," to the orders of their captain. At every plunge of the vessel, all seemed to wait in breathless expectation that it was about to founder; but

again and again we rose, and the lightning flashing through our tiny portholes, showed distinctly every object in the prison. It was curious to observe the effect of terror upon some of the most hardened of my companions. The most noisy were silent then. Some, who at other times were accustomed to hold in contempt a more civilised mind, asked me —with a tone of civility which I had never experienced from them before—my opinion upon our situation. Men, who were perhaps in action the most daring, finding no resource in their own minds in that terrible and helpless state, appealed to me—as to an oracle—as to "whether we should go to the bottom;" to which, of course, I could only reply, that in comparison with the number of safe voyages, shipwrecks were extremely rare, and that we were in the hands of a skilful captain.

Our near approach to Norfolk Island was regarded with different feelings by the men. The greater part, who detested regular labour above all things, would, I think, have preferred to spend the rest of their "lagging" aboard the ship. For my own part, I had an unspeakable desire to leave it; hoping that whatever fresh sufferings might await me, I should at least be placed in less close contiguity with the rest of the prisoners.—At length, after a voyage of four calendar months, we came in sight of our place of captivity. We first saw Nepean Island, which at a distance had an extremely hard and repulsive appearance; but, as the main island came to view, the magnificent Norfolk Island pine trees had an imposing and pleasing aspect. Here and there we had glimpses of the richly wooded slopes which adorn all the islands of the Pacific.

There being no harbour, we lay off about a mile from the coral reefs, the captain exchanging signals with the shore; shortly after which a boat came alongside, rowed by prisoners. We were conveyed ashore under a guard of soldiers in each boat. It was remarkable that after a voyage of seventeen thousand miles, several of my companions were, in this passage of about a mile from the ship to the shore, sea-sick. This was doubtless owing to the new motion of the boat. True to their instincts, they continued to rob one another to the last. One prisoner had a pair of Wellington boots stolen from him in the boat; having on his way to the shore taken them off for some purpose. They were purloined by two other prisoners, who had shared the plunder between them, each being discovered with an odd boot (much too small to be of any use to him) concealed in his trowsers, which having been selected with that disregard for the dimensions of the wearer already mentioned, afforded him ample space for the concealment of any booty of the kind. Two of the guard also complained that they had been robbed of "sticks" of tobacco.

On the morning of our landing, a calm had succeeded the storm. The cloudless sky had a brilliant hue known only in that delightful parallel of latitude, which borders on a tropical climate. I felt cheered by the sight of land, and by the healthful breezes which fanned us as we left the ship. I was prepared to meet great hardships; but I did not expect the horrors which awaited me. In happy ignorance, my feelings were rather of an agreeable kind as I first set foot on that paradise; which, changed by the wickedness of man, has been since termed, "The Ocean Hell."

THE THINKER AND THE DOER.

One sits at home, with pale impassive brow,
Bent on the eloquence of lifeless letters;
Noting man's thoughts from Mind's first dawn, till now,
When Truth seems, Heaven-inspired, to burst her fetters.

Another plies the force of stalwart limbs,
And keen wit sharpen'd by the whirl of action;
For midnight lore no studious lamp he trims,
Curtain'd and muffled from the world's distraction.

Two destinies—converging to one end,
The glorious issue of all human labour;
Where in harmonious union softly blend
The praise of God, the profit of our neighbour.

Each has his gift—the stamp affix'd at birth,
That marks him for the servant of a Master:
The chosen steward of His realm of Earth;
The shepherd watching for a higher Pastor.

Each has his crown—of earthly laurels here,
Gather'd and woven by the hand of mortals;
And when the Spirit City's towers appear,
Dropp'd on his brows by angels at its portals.

Judge not which serves his mighty Master best,
Haply thou mightest be true worth's detractor;
For each obeys his nature's high behest,—
The close-pent thinker, and the busy actor.

TEN MINUTES "CROSS COUNTRY."

In the days when railway locomotion was looked upon as something highly interesting, but humorously chimerical and impracticable, a merry fellow prophesied that ere many years, "England would become like a gridiron." A harmless enthusiast, this merry fellow, but slightly amenable to those commissions *de lunatico* with which his brother enthusiasts had been visited: Salomon de Caus for talking some nonsense about steam; Cyrano de Bergerac for his meanderings in aerostation; and that madcap, Galileo, for raving about the movement of the earth. Railroads and thirty miles an hour! How we laughed in our Hessian boots, and Cossack trowsers, and high-collared coats, at the absurdity of the thing; how waggish the committees of the House of Commons waxed; and what smart things the Quarterly

Review said about steam. Somehow, the world hath wagged considerably since then, and the prediction of the merry fellow has been, like a great many other jovial prophecies, considerably more than accomplished. The railway gridiron not only spreads itself over the map; but innumerable little auxiliary bars, called branch lines, continue to intersect it; so that the gridiron assumes, day by day, more the aspect of—what shall I say?—a sheet of paper on which a centipede, his hundred legs well dipped in ink, has been executing a cheerful hornpipe. Am I exaggerating? I call witnesses to disprove the assertion: Bradshaw's railway guide, nay, the very stones of the Whistleby station, which as all men know is on the Whistleby, Slocumb, and Dumbledowndeary branch of the East Appleshire line, a succursal of the great Nornor-eastern trunk line. At this station I find myself one Sunday evening provided with a return ticket from Whistleby to Rabylon Bridge. The up train—so a porter in a full suit of velveteen, well oiled, tells me—will be due in twenty minutes. The evening being fine, I see no reason why I should not take a stroll "cross country."

This cross country is not strange to me; for, when I was a dweller in the tents of that Dumbledowndeary of which I have already been bold enough to speak, I frequently wandered from thence to Whistleby, and from Whistleby through that cross country which includes in its circuit, two or three villages, and many farms. Whither shall my walk be now? Two miles away, along green lanes, running between orchards and at the foot of a hill, in a hollow so deep as to be almost like a pit, lies Codlingford. A lovely little village it is, though unhealthy through its situation—so unhealthy, indeed, that it was decimated by the cholera, till the frightened villagers rolled blazing tar-barrels down the steep street to drive the maleficent vapours away. Not hither will I walk now, however; for two great silk-printing factories, with tier above tier of windows in distressing regularity, mar the otherwise charming landscape: tall chimneys tower over the penthouse roofs and swinging inn signs; and streams of indigo and cochineal discolour the once pellucid creek, where I know of several trout, and have some suspicion of perch, even. Not Codlingford-wise, through which the great Dover road runs, and through which it is traditionally reported that seventy stage coaches (when there were coaches), passed every day, will I bend my steps; nor shall my walk be to Crabapple Heath, an inland Dumbledowndeary in miniature, whose inhabitants have run mad on the subject of shops, as those of Dumbledowndeary have upon houses, and have erected Imperial tea warehouses; and "Saloons of Fashion" and Pantechnicons of wearing apparel, and Berlin wool establishments amid the gorse and furze, and almost as "unprofitably gay;" when, goodness knows the one "everything shop" of the village, whose proprietor dispensed linendrapery, sweet-stuff, ironmongery, Leghorn bonnets, patent medicines, boots and shoes, and cheap periodicals, with equal impartiality, was quite enough for their simple requirements. The Crabappleians wait for customers, as do the Dumbledowndearians for tenants. Neither will I wend my steps to the church, a grey old building, with a leaden steeple charmingly out of the perpendicular, whose rusted weathercock, all on one side, gazes with a sort of sleepy astonishment at the bran-new railway, running close by, and the little railway cottage in Kentish ragstone, where a railway *employé* passes his time between whistling, smoking, and warning off the line any stray bullock, which in the absorbing gravity of cud-chewing might otherwise stare an express train in the face, and be thereby converted into premature beef. This church is well worth visiting, though I have not time to tarry there to-day. Mr. Gray might have composed his Elegy in the green churchyard, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;" or in the church where painstaking churchwardens have covered rich oak carvings, and stone pilasters, and fretted roof, with one unvarying coat of whitewash—and would, I dare say, had they had their way, have whitewashed the great squire's pew, with its somnolent crimson-covered hassocks and cushions, its corpulent prayer-books and Bibles, giving an additional coat of priming to the stone tablets erected to worthies who flourished two hundred year ago, the monumental brasses telling of mitred abbots and signet-ringed priors, in the days when matins and complins were sung in Dumbledowndeary church, and rich copes and dalmatics hung in the little vestry instead of the parson's plain gown and surplice, flanked by the "Churchman's Almanack," a paper relating to assessed taxes, a box of lucifers, and the clerk's snuff-box. Mr. Gray, I say, might have meditated on the tombs of a succession of village magnates, "Lords of this Manor of Codlingford," or on the great altar-tomb where some pious dame of the olden time lies in marble, her hands piously joined, and her feet resting on a little dog; or, haply, he might have strolled into the belfry, where hang the frayed and faded bell-ropes, and where a gaily-emblazoned board, like a cheerful hatchment, tells of the achievements of the Rochester "youths" in the year of grace, 1730, how many bob majors they rang, and how Jesse Cotes was tenor. He might have moralised on the little gap (like a grave) under the gallery stairs, where the tressels and coil of ropes lie; he might have filled the pulpit with crowds of mind-pictured preachers: shaven friars, cowled penitents, and stoled bishops; Episcopalians with beard and moustache; crop-eared Presbyterians in Geneva band, beating the drum ecclesiastic; red-coated Independents, with Bible in one hand and broadsword in the other;

smug rectors of Queen Anne's time, with rosy gills and cauliflower wigs, upholding Doctor Sacheverell; portly Georgian vicars thundering at the squire (slumbering peacefully in his pew) on a question of doctrine and tithes. He might have wandered into the churchyard again, and listened through the half-opened porch to the organ, tenderly handled by the amateur organist (a worthy man, and a shoemaker, mundanely speaking), or watched the sun-dial, whose hands nor Papist nor Calvinist, stout Episcopalian nor fierce Nonjuror, had been able to tamper with, and gazed at the boats rippling the silver surface of the river, and the purple haze from the fields gradually arising to meet a blue descending veil from heaven, till the shadows were indefinitely prolonged, and the stars began to shine.

But I have no call to do this; for my name is not Gray, and I am no poet. I promised myself and you, reader, a walk; and behold, I have been telling you where we are *not* to go, without instructing you as to where our promenade is really to be. Shall it be to Abbey wood, whose name is all that now remains to recall the once renowned Abbey of Pippinham? But I should have my Dugdale with me to enjoy properly a walk thither. Sitting by this ruined but yet sturdy oak tree, which perchance has sheltered beneath its gnarled branches many a cowled and shaven monk in the old time, sitting thus with the *Monasticon Anglicanum* before me, there would be voices of the past for me in Pippinham Wood. I should live again in the time when there were monks and abbeys; for all that distressingly modern public-house yonder, with its flourishes about "fine ale," and "Poppins's ginger-beer," in lieu of the ancient hostelry, the black jack, and the stoup of Canary; for all the brutal Vandalism of that brazen bill-sticker who has posted a placard of somebody's weekly newspaper, price threepence, on a charmingly antique wall, all shingle, round pebbles, and moss, a fragment perchance of the old abbey: nay, which might have been a borough, God wot, returning its burgess to Parliament before the Reform Bill.

And, while I yet hesitate as to where I shall walk, I see "looming in the distance," as Mr. Disraeli would say, a wreath of white smoke; and know that in a very few minutes the up train will be due at Whistleby. The bell rings; I hasten to the platform; Bodlingford, Crabapple Heath, Pippinham Wood, and all the cross country are nothing to me now, for my time is up, and I am bound for Babylon Bridge.

So, also, at a larger station, and on a longer line do we stand, often forgetful that the sands are running through the glass. Now proposing to walk, now to ride; now irresolutely balancing between a jaunt in yon sleepy-looking one horse fly, and a ride on one of that string of mettlesome hobbyhorses, till another bell rings; and, gliding slowly into the station, comes another train, hung with black, whose stoker carries a scythe and hour glass, and whose guard a mattock and a spade.

THE FLYING BRIDGE.

Quand J'étais Jeune, "When I was Young; Recollections of an Old Man," by Paul L. Jacob, who styles himself *Bibliophile*, Book-lover, and Member of all the Academies, is an amusing collection of anecdotes; the writer of which might not have liked to be compelled to raise his hand and swear that every incident contained in it is matter of fact, chronicled as it actually occurred. Nevertheless, sketches of what *might* come under the eye of a French printer, journalist, novelist, and theatrical critic during the ominous period between 1762 and '82 would be interesting, if they had only probability and general truthfulness (though not literal truth) to recommend them. That is as much as can be expected when any man sits down to write fragments of his own life, and is perhaps quite as much as we usually get, in many narratives and descriptions which profess to maintain the most complete accuracy.

The author, in his first very extraordinary chapter, *L'Imprimeur*, "The Printer," tells us, "My name is Jacob, which would announce me to be a Jew; but I am a Frenchman of a good *bourgeoisie* and of a learned stock; for my great uncle, *le père* Louis Jacob, who lived in 1648, published a treatise on the best libraries, public and private, which have been and at present are, in the world; and my great grandfather Jacob, who did not discover the philosopher's stone in the hermetic science, published in 1647, 'The Clavicle, or the science of Raymond Lulle;' these are authentic titles of nobility, and I do not intend to degenerate."

His second chapter is *Le Pont Volant*, "The Flying Bridge," which now follows:—

In the year 1764, memorable in history for the definitive expulsion of the Jesuits, who were banished from France on the occasion of the outrage of Damiens against Louis the Fifteenth—as they had already been by Henry the Fourth, as a punishment of the crime of Jean Chatel—I had only just finished my philosophy at the Collége de Montagu, although I had a beard on my chin; for collegiate education being more extended than in our days, it was not unusual to see grown men on the benches of the schools: such instances are now only to be found in the German Universities. I must confess, however, that we were all over barded, cuirassed, and caparisoned with Greek and Latin.

At that time, I inhabited a small apartment suited to my modest income, and situated in the fifth story of a six-storied house in the Rue d'Ecosse in order to be within easy reach

of the course of lectures at the Ecole de Droit, Rue Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais. This Quartier Saint Jaques, where my youth was spent in studious solitude, was as dear to me as a second country; I loved that interesting population of booksellers and antiquarians, who printed and sold under the patronage of the University. In their shops, and in the midst of their family of volumes, I passed the sweetest moments, and found the most lively pleasures; for I still wore my white robe of innocence, and a coat of coarse stuff rubbed at the elbows, with breeches of drugget (long since well ripened at the knees) and speckled stockings that displayed the meagre outlines of my calves.

But behold, one fine morning, adieu to booksellers, ancient and modern; adieu to black-letter editions and parchment manuscripts! I fell in love, dumbly, patiently, expectantly in love. You know nothing about the state of a *bibliophile* who transfers his love of paper, printing, and binding, to a single animated object of recent date; a new and rare work which can be revised and augmented; whose first page is still maiden, and which is guarded with more jealousy than an ancient Elzevir.

In a house on the other side of the street, at an attic window opposite to my garret, I perceived a fair pretty face, which I regarded with complaisance. Melancholy blue eyes, a cherry mouth, modest and inviting expression, curling hair untouched by powder, a nymph-like figure unencumbered by hoop-petticoats, charming arms, and a goddess's bosom, which my indiscreet eyes caught a glimpse of through the folds of the neckerchief; the least of these perfections would have been enough to soften a harder heart and disorder a stronger head than mine.

Nevertheless, she was only a book-stitcher who worked for M. Barbon's library. She was twenty years old, and had only her little chamber and her liberty, although many of the Latin classics had already passed through her hands. Her name was plain Nanette; and her face might serve her instead of letters of nobility, since the Comtesse Dubarry rose from a lower station—and Louis the Fifteenth's was a petticoat government.

Still Nanette was discreet, and stuck to her stitching. The neighbourhood of the colleges, the schools, and the encyclopedists, had not prevailed against her virtue; or rather, a love which she concealed preserved her from the dangers to which she was exposed by her beauty and her inexperience, from young and old libertines. As to me, who observed her at every hour of the day, and even of the night, without remarking the shadow of a man in her room, or the slightest equivocal symptom in her conduct, I allowed myself to be seduced by these austere appearances; and I gradually became enthusiastic about the most chaste and the most adorable of book-stitchers, without having the courage to address a single word to her.

She was in the habit of bringing her work before an open window, doubtless to be nearer to the light, which hardly penetrated to the back of her attic; but I persuaded myself, in spite of the denials of diffidence, that I was not unconnected with those long pauses, during which I simply believed I was the only object of the looks and smiles which seemed to reach me in a direct line. I began to imitate the book-stitcher by installing myself at my window between piles of old volumes, whose leaves I inattentively turned over without being intoxicated by their learned dust; my eyes were directed towards my neighbour, who seemed to take pleasure in my following her example of turning papers about, and who managed the rustling of the printed leaves in a sort of regular cadence, which made harmonious music in the ears of a *bibliophile*.

In the course of a month I collated more than a hundred folio volumes, while Nanette stitched more than a hundred duodecimos. In love, the act of gazing is the burning mirror of Archimedes, which set fire to ships sailing in the open sea.

I soon forgot that the width of the street separated us, and I sent forth sighs, which were re-echoed. My joy was at its height, because I imagined that I had hunted to bay that innocence which was intimidated, whose outworks were stormed, and which only required to make an honourable capitulation; so true is it, that a man blindly in love can see nothing, not even in broad sunshine! I ventured to employ the offensive arms of signs with the head, inviting grimaces, the telegraphic language of gestures, flying kisses, and letters; but no answer was given to these regular modes of attack, which I directed with all the art of Ovid and of Gentil Bernard. The book-stitcher only blushed with downcast eyes, or redoubled her industry without looking at my window, or turned round to laugh, or even, after having tried to keep a serious countenance, lost her temper, and retreated from the window. I attributed these different manœuvres to coquetry and female cunning. Poor novice that I was!

In the upper story, and over my chamber, there lodged a young theologian, whose friends—rich agriculturists of Picardy—destined him for the ecclesiastical profession. He had been sent for this purpose to study, at Paris, the Sorbonne sacred and canon law, under *père* Riballier, who, after the illustrious *dom* Calmet, was the first doctor of religious science, and who was to acquire so ridiculous a reputation for his criticism of the "Bélisaire" of M. de Marmontel.

Athanase Gerbier—such was the name of the apprentice priest—united in his person all sorts of qualities which could be useless to a churchman, who desires only to gain the

favour of God by edifying his neighbour. He might have been admitted among the guards of Frederic King of Prussia, for the sake of his gigantic stature. His black and bright eyes, his curly hair and beard, his delicate and regular features—composed a physiognomy capable of inspiring wandering thoughts in the toughest of devotees. So that it was only for his own defence that he wore the long cassock of brown cloth, the bands, and the hat of the seculars.

Athanase Gerbier yielded with so bad a grace to the pious intentions of his father, that he only just wiped the dust off the benches of the theological class, and gained nothing by his apprenticeship except an invincible disgust for the gown which he was destined to wear. He scarcely retained enough Latin and sufficient technical phrases to answer the necessary examinations. But as the clergy at this epoch, estimating their power by the number of annual recruits, were not difficult about the choice of their new members, he was admitted against his own will by the bishop, and judged fit to be ordained priest at Whitsuntide. His father, proud of having such a son as a blessing upon his house and lands, wrote to him to present himself at Amiens, where the ceremony of ordination would take place in the presence of his family. Gerbier, who had hoped as a last resource, that an episcopal sentence would favour his wishes by pronouncing his rejection, fell into a state of disconsolate helplessness; for he had not the moral courage to resist the paternal authority, which despotically disposed of his future life, and condemned him to a profession so repugnant to his natural inclinations. He suffered from this cowardly weakness, which he secretly acknowledged and cursed as the cause of his critical position; still he made no attempt to conquer it. Such is the effect of childish prejudice.

I had endeavoured to form with him an intimacy of neighbourhood and of study; but he was too timid and too silent to accept my repeated advances, which seemed rather to embarrass him, if I could judge from his blushing, his stammering, and his beating a retreat with overstrained politeness.

I often began with him an entirely personal conversation, in order to set him at ease and enter more into his confidence; but his furbelowed masters had already cured his natural frankness and engrained him with hypocrisy. Moreover, he was ashamed of his ignorance, which I exposed without intending it, and our meetings occurred less frequently in proportion as I lost more time in my intrigue at the window, which I had to carry on all by myself. There was even between us a coldness not far from turning into hatred; for Gerbier avoided me, and darted threatening glances at me.

One day I found him on the staircase: he carried a little chest, and stopped at every step, not so much to take breath under his burden as to defer the moment of departure; he shed tears, and wiped them away with the back of his hand. I noticed him closely before accosting him, and felt pity for his grief.

"What reason have you for tears, Monsieur Athanase?" I asked, with an air of interest which was not feigned; "has anything unpleasant occurred in respect to your thesis?"

"Ah!" replied he, nipping his eyebrows, "you are very glad of my departure! Yes, my father has come to fetch me, and take me to Amiens, to be a priest! *Mon dieu!* if I dare confess the truth to him! Yes, I am the most unfortunate of men!"

"What! you are going to be ordained a priest? I congratulate you; it is very respectable, and you may get forward with a little audacity, address, and talent, especially if you preach. Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Bossuet are the models to follow. I advise you to make your first attempts in the style of Massillon: his is the eloquence of the heart; you would thereby get the women on your side, and they make the reputation of a preacher."

"*Ma foi!* preach yourself, if that gives you any amusement; as fo me, I had rather throw myself into the river. But you shall not profit much by my absence, Monsieur; and if I do not come back to tell you what's what, and have my revenge of your treachery! 'Tis too bad, much too bad, Monsieur Jacob!"

As if he was afraid of having expressed too clearly the bottom of his thoughts, he turned his back and left me, without the least regard to my well-meant condolence, and without acquainting me with the motive for his ill-will, which I had never suspected.

I reflected a moment on these mysterious reproaches; and while I was thinking of following him to obtain an explanation of these last words, I saw him at the turn of the Rue d'Ecosse in his fathers *char-à-banc*. Nanette, motionless at her window, with red eyes and clasped hands, looked after him till he disappeared. She took no notice of the glances which I shot from the street to her attic, but shut her window with a slam, and appeared no more the whole day long, though I uselessly remained at mine to watch her.

In the evening I observed that she went out with a basket in her hand, and ran to a fruit-woman, doubtless to get something for her supper. I determined to wait for her in the passage of her house, and bluntly declare my love to her, which deprived me of all repose. In fact, when she returned with her basket full of nothing but charcoal, and passed close to me without recognising me in the darkness in which we were, I seized her by the arm, and suddenly approached my face so close to hers, undoubtedly through the force of attraction, that she screamed with surprise as she endeavoured to escape from

this *tête-à-tête*, which commenced with a kiss.

"Mademoiselle," said I, with ardour, "I venture here to intercede with you for some one who loves you more than you think, and who is exceedingly unhappy!"

"And 'tis you who speak to me on his account!" replied she, mistaking the ambiguous sense of this declaration; "but his timidity has not prevented his declaring sentiments which I share with him; I know how unhappy he is, and I blame his incredible weakness. I am more unhappy than he. To-morrow I shall have ceased to suffer!"

"Is it possible that you love him, my dear Nanette!" cried I, squeezing her hand. "Then his happiness only depends upon yourself, and I entreat you not to let him languish. Permit me to visit you, to love you constantly! I am now the happiest of men!"

"Monsieur, you are not then a friend of his?" she replied, disengaging herself from my hands. "And that I should think he had confided all to you! When I really love, it is for life; and it is better to die than to renounce the beloved object. Adieu, Monsieur; you will be sorry to have so ill understood me!"

She had escaped before I had time to think of detaining her, and she scolded me in these terms from the top of the staircase, up which she had run, while I remained below silent and stupefied at these strange maledictions, which I did not understand, especially when I compared them with the opening portion of our friendly interview.

I remembered the verses in Virgil where Galatea hides herself in the osier-ground, in order to be followed and caught there; and the tardy inspiration started me on the track of the fair fugitive. But I could not catch her: in vain I entreated her outside the door and through the key-hole; she did not deign to answer me, the pitiless Nanette! The silence which reigned in her chamber even made me think that she had chosen some other hiding-place, and I descended slowly, not without making a halt at every step and raising my head to listen whether she did not call me.

This flight, which was not caused by coquetry, discouraged me at first by scattering doubts in the midst of a passion which was as incredulous, as it was inexperienced. Still, it is not the first blow which destroys a deliberately formed opinion, and I gradually returned to the belief that I was beloved. My doubts were even effaced by the shadow of favourable presumptions, and I interpreted to my advantage what had before appeared the most adverse to my hopes. We so easily deceive ourselves about what we desire! I had no difficulty in drawing a happy omen from the conversation which had so greatly surprised and afflicted me; I persuaded myself that Nanette had withdrawn herself from my blunt declaration to conceal her trouble and delay her defeat; I ended by concluding that the sensitive book-stitcher was not less impatient than myself for some occasion which might hasten the ordinary *dénouement*. I therefore determined to make this occasion arise as soon as possible—the imagination of a young man is so bold and extravagant when spurred on by love, and when it gallops unbridled over the waste ground of desire!

It was summer, and as the heat of the day is retained during the night in those houses where the fresh air does not penetrate, Nanette usually left her window half-open during the evening, in order to breathe a less suffocating atmosphere while she slept, and, while watching her motions, I became aware of this dangerous habit.

I had often calculated the distance between our two windows, and every time, this distance, which I devoured in idea, was diminished in my eyes; this day I familiarised myself with it, by means of measuring it according to the desire of passing it which I felt—fifteen feet in breadth, and sixty in height; I had only to throw a bridge from one side of the street to the other; and, enchanted with this audacious project, which would have put a fairy's wand to the proof, I excited myself by the certainty of success to venture on these risks and perils. All my castles in the air were at that time situated in the Rue d'Ecosse.

I immediately busied myself about the means of creating a bridge which should have sufficient solidity for me to pass it, without imminent danger of my carrying away the flexible flooring under my weight. I had, when twenty-four, a sure foot and an eye steady enough to save me from trips and giddiness. Moreover, love is a lucky guide in the greatest hazards.

When the night had caused the lights to be put out, and set the neighbours snoring, I groped my way into the street, where I had remarked a pile of planks which had been brought yesterday to the front of a cabinet-maker's shop. I had taken care to hang out from my balcony a long and stout rope, to which I fastened two oaken planks, and by which I afterwards hoisted them to my chamber-window, without noise and without accident. I mentally triumphed over my future conquest, when I found myself the proprietor of these capital boards, which I was not slow in making use of; thus, with my rope I fastened the shortest and the thickest to the sill of my window, from which it projected about six feet, and on this first scaffolding I pushed my second plank to the opposite window, in such a manner that the extremities had scarcely at each end a point of support.

Oh! how I leapt with joy while admiring this bridge of a single arch, boldly thrown across the street, and giving me a pathway two

feet wide, without a parapet! I was too impatient to make trial of my aërial construction to contemplate it very long at a distance, and discover its defects: to hesitate under such circumstances was to retreat. But love performs impossibilities—and I was mad with love!

I only looked at the happy termination of the path which I had to travel in the air, and I bravely ventured cross-legs on this plank, which bent and shook at every motion I made. When I was in the middle of the bridge, which was ready to give way with me, and when I measured with a glance that frightful perpendicular height, I felt a cold shiver to the very tip of my hair, and I shut my eyes to save myself from falling, for a giddiness made the neighbouring objects turn and twist, caused a singing in my ears, and a grinding of my teeth, made my blood stagnate, and my heart beat. It was only for one moment, a terrible moment, that I fancied I must be killed, and I forgot Nanette; then I took courage, and as it was more difficult to go back than to advance, I did advance, resigned to what might happen. I owed thanks to my lucky star when I got into harbour without shipwreck, and escaped from that horrible nightmare by reaching the shore: that is to say, Nanette's window. This window, which I pushed gently, resisted my efforts; from which I concluded that it was fastened, and I directly sought for a method of opening it without making a noise. I determined, however, on no account to raise the siege of a place which was almost carried by storm. I listened whether Nanette did not wake, and I pressed my face against the dim glass in the hope of distinguishing what was going on within. I perceived a reddish glimmer, which tinged the white curtains of the bed with a spectral light, and I wondered at this great fire kindled on the hearth in the midst of

[redacted] sigh attracted my looks and my at[redacted] down below into the street, where a man [redacted] standing sentinel. The presence of this troublesome witness, who seemed to have stopped for the purpose of observing me, urged me to hasten the *dénouement* of the adventure, and I darted a more searching glance into the chamber. I then beheld all:—Nanette, stretched upon her bed but not undressed, seemed deprived of consciousness; a brasier of charcoal near her surrounded her with an atmosphere of poisonous smoke: she was on the point of perishing, if she was not already dead of suffocation.

I hesitated no longer; I forgot the man who was watching me, and the fragile support on which I was suspended; I threw myself with all my strength against the worm-eaten sashes, and smashed them in pieces, as well as the glass panes, which I could hear rattle down upon the pavement. But I had entered Nanette's chamber, and the fresh air which rushed upon her immediately counteracted the influence of that stupefying smoke. I stamped and extinguished the burning charcoal under my feet, and, almost suffocated myself, I ran to the assistance of the insensible Nanette; I called her by name, I rubbed her hands in mine, and moistened her temples with cold water.

Sensation gradually returned; but, paralysed by the effects of the vapour, she revealed the thoughts which had lulled her sleep of death.

"Athanase! is it you?" said she, stretching out her arms as if to embrace me. "I have killed myself for grief because I had no more hope of becoming your wife. Athanase, my love, pardon me, and think of your poor Nanette!"

"Confusion!" thought I to myself, with disappointment. "Athanase! 'tis not me then that she loves? 'tis a little late for me to learn the truth. Why did not she tell me? I should not have run the risk of breaking my neck; yes, but then I should not have saved her!"

"Athanase! ah! it is not he;" she continued, regaining the use of her senses as the carbonic exhalations were driven off by the sharp night-air. "You here, M. Jacob? Who gave you leave to intrude into my room? You are not come to prevent me from dying? But you are mistaken; I do not love you. I love none but Athanase Gerbier, and I am dying because they have made him a priest."

"You shall not die, Mademoiselle," I replied, the more respectfully that I had it at heart to repair the errors of my presumption; "I deceived myself, I confess, and I beg you to forget it, in return for the service which I am rendering to my neighbour Athanase, by restoring you to him safe and sound. A few minutes later, I shudder at the thought of it, and you would have been lost. Pardon me for having entered by your window."

"Pardon you?" cried a thundering voice, which proceeded from my own chamber. "Yes, when I have punished you for your infamous treachery; when I shall have trampled you both under my feet, and overwhelmed you with scorn. Where is the wretch, that I may strangle him!"

At those words, the plank of the bridge rattled and tottered under the steps of a man, who darted into the attic; and, with his fist raised, threw me down near the bed on which Nanette was still lying, feeble and almost asleep, as if she were intoxicated. That voice, those steps, and the blow which felled me to the ground, awoke her from her stupor and she sat up pale and haggard.

"Nanette," said he, stammering with rage, "I find you faithless and culpable! I who have renounced my father, my family, and my profession, for the sake of loving you only in the world. The very day of my departure, you receive my rival."

Athanase Gerbier, in despair at leaving Paris and his mistress to devote himself to the Church, had waited till his father stopped at the first inn, and then fled, in spite of the distance of several leagues. He returned to Paris, joyous and out of breath, faint with hunger and fatigue, bathed in perspiration and dust, but sustained by the love which drove him back. On his arrival in the Rue d'Ecosse, towards midnight, he observed a communication established between my window and that of Nanette. He also saw, on this mysterious bridge, a living shadow travelling with prudent slowness. Grief and astonishment deprived him of speech, and he remained the mute spectator of what he would have hindered at the price of his blood. He refused to believe his own eyes for the sake of excusing his dear Nanette; but, as soon as I had broken the sashes and disappeared through the breach, he was no longer master of himself. He swore a thousand deaths, cried vengeance, and sought the most prompt mode of surprising me. I had neglected to shut the street door; he mounted the stairs without hindrance, penetrated into my apartment, and blindly crossed over by the dangerous road which I had passed with so much precaution.

"Ah!" said Nanette in a persuasive tone, and folding him in her arms, "thank from the bottom of your heart, and repay with a grateful friendship this good M. Jacob, who has saved my life; for, without him, you would have found only my corpse. I had resolved to suffocate myself!"

"*You* are the cause of her dying," added I, with a smile, "and *I* bring her to life: still she does not love me, and will love no one but you!"

We embraced each other. They promised me friendship instead of love, and I assisted these lovers with so disinterested a zeal, that in spite of an angry father—in spite of the bishop and the Sorbonne—in spite of misfortune and the rest, this history finished, like the old fairy tales, with a marriage and a numerous family.

ALL ABOUT PIGS.

Considering how many nations abhor pork, it may appear remarkable that the pig has been so generally deemed a valuable animal. The Jews, the Mohammedans, and the Hindoos, all shun pork as an article of food. There is a story told of the early Jews, which places their porco-phobia in rather a ludicrous light. Although they were forbidden to eat pork, they were permitted to rear pigs for sale, and they might also use lard as a fuel for their lamps; but about 70 B.C. further restrictions were laid on them. Dr. Kitto states that, at that period, Jerusalem was besieged by one of two brothers, who were rival claimants for power. The besieger, not wishing to interrupt the services of the temple, permitted an arrangement under which money was let down from the temple in a box, in return for which the lambs required for the daily sacrifices were sent up. But one morning, some mischievous Jerusalemite contrived to put a pig into the box instead of a lamb. When half way, the pig reared himself up, and happened to rest his fore feet upon the temple wall! This sacrilege was enough to bring about a new decree or law, prohibiting the rearing of swine at Jerusalem.

The wild pigs, unowned and uncared for, which roam about many cities, obtrude themselves upon the notice of travellers in a way most unavoidable. Thus, Colonel Sykes says that in the Deccan, every village abounds in wild hogs, but any property in them is equally abjured by individuals and the community; they live in the streets, they are public scavengers, and they dispute with the dogs the possession of the offal thrown out from the houses.

The Cincinnati pigs, which Mrs. Trollope, Sir Charles Lyell, and other English tourists in America have commented upon, are not all rovers; there is much pig-enterprise in this great centre of Ohio commerce. Lyell describes the unowned swine, and also the sleeker animals which bring large fortunes to the "pork aristocracy" of Cincinnati. The former is a roaming, restless, thriftless brute, with long legs, porcupine-like bristles, a hide of almost rhinocerine thickness, and much of the grim aspect of a wolf; whereas the tame hog of the same city has been rendered a most valuable animal.

To what extent a pig may be useful to man while yet living, in addition to the purposes which he subserves when dead, has, perhaps, not yet been fairly ascertained. Certain it is that pigs are treated in a very ungentlemanly way, by the gentlemen who walk on two legs. Charles Lamb, it is true, by his Disquisition on Roast Pig, does by implication pay a compliment to the living animal. But Leigh Hunt characterises a pig as an animal "having a peculiar turn of mind; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys." The moral and mental philosophy of a pig's existence is thus ingeniously set forth by Sir Francis Head:—"With pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do, having no enjoyment, nothing to look forward to, but the pail which feeds him; must eagerly (or, as we accuse him, greedily), greet its arrival. Having no business or diversion—nothing to occupy his hours—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a super-abundance of food. To encourage this nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his

system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig thus treated, gorges himself, sleeps, eats again, sleeps, awakes in a fright, screams, struggles against the blue apron, screams fainter and fainter, turns up the whites of his little eyes, and dies!"

But though the progress of modern civilisation may not have advanced far into pigdom, yet do we occasionally hear of shrewd knacks and habits acquired by these animals. The jungle-hog of India, we are told, makes his bed of meadow-grass; this he cuts down with his teeth, as if it were done with a scythe, and piles it up into oblong heaps, as regularly as thatch on houses. When he has thus collected a large heap, he creeps under it to rest: when he leaves it he creeps out at the other end without disturbing it. He remains quite invisible when in his house, but leaves a loop-hole through which to have an eye upon his enemies. In Minorca an ass and a hog are occasionally yoked together to a plough; and Pennant speaks of a Morayshire farmer who used a cow, a sow, and two horses, to form his team. In Hertfordshire a farmer once went to St. Alban's market in a small cart drawn by four hogs; and a hog has been known to submit to the saddle and bridle. In some parts of Italy, pigs are employed to hunt for truffles. A string is tied to the animal's leg, and he is led into the fields where truffles grow: wherever he stops, smells the soil, and roots up the ground, there truffles will be found.

In connexion with field-sports, the boar of olden time occurs naturally to the mind of modern readers. Of the legends, the histories, the songs, the pictures relating to boar-hunting, every one knows something; and that sport is not even now extinct. We have few or no wild boars in England, but many parts of the Continent abound in them. The Prince of Condé kept dogs for boar-hunting down to 1830; and more than one "noble lord" are reported to have enjoyed this sport in the south of France in recent times. If it be true that the boar's head, which graces the dinner-table at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas day, is "neatly carved in wood," it argues a sad scarcity of real boars' heads. But if the sportsman does not now act *against* the pig, he occasionally acts *with* him. It is related that the gamekeeper of the late Sir H. St. John Mildmay, while pursuing his avocations in the New Forest, conceived the idea of educating a pigling to fill the part of a pointer dog. The pig used to accompany him to a considerable distance from home; and he enticed her still further by the bribe of a kind of pudding made of barley meal, which he carried in one of his pockets; his other pocket was filled with stones, to throw at the pig whenever she misbehaved. She proved tolerably tractable; and he soon taught her what he wished, by this system of rewards and punishments. She became an excellent pointer. One fault, alas! she had: she was an epicure in delicate young lamb; and ate, without cooking, sundry lambs which became her prey in the farm-yard. She was lowered from her dignity as a pointer, and became—bacon.

It must be confessed, however, that any enumeration of the uses of the living pig to man will necessarily be a short one; and we will, therefore, trace him through the ordeal by which he is made a valuable dead pig.

The rearing of pigs for the market has become a much more carefully studied occupation than in former days. It was once deemed that any refuse would suffice for any pig; but pig-breeders have become philosophers, knowing that the quality of pork depends on the food of the animal. Certain it is that pigs are nearly as omnivorous as the bipeds who own and kill them. They will eat all kinds of clover, cabbage, vetches, lucern; all such roots as potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsneps; all the varieties of corn, beans, and peas; linseed meal and oil-cake; beech-mast and acorns; apples and other fruits (if they can get them); the grains and wash from distilleries and breweries (many a pig has been drunk with distillery refuse); the refuse from starch-works and from corn-mills; the potato peelings, and the cabbage-cuttings, and all the odds and ends which constitute kitchen refuse; the more dainty butter-milk and skim-milk, and whey, which give the choice niceties of "dairy-fed pork"—all are welcome to the pig. According to the purposes for which the animals are destined, so is the food chosen by those who make it a matter of business. If they are to be sucking-pigs, to be killed at two or three weeks old, their quality will be affected by the food which the mother eats; if they are to rise to the dignity of porkers, they are fed carefully to meet the palates of London buyers, who are mightily particular in their fresh pork; if they are to become bacon-hogs, they undergo a certain kind of fattening after they get beyond the age of porkers.

In respect to the prize pigs, which lead such a life of fame every December, they are fed on barley-meal, steamed potatoes, Indian corn, skim-milk, pea-meal, and various other things which pigs do love; and the rearers try to discover which fodder has the greatest fat-producing qualities. Thus we find that, at the Christmas Cattle Show in 1851, as at its predecessors, the medals and the purses of sovereigns were awarded to the owners and breeders of fat pigs, who were able to show what kind of food, and for what length of time, had produced the roly-poly state of the animals. One had revelled in buck-wheat, barley-meal, peas, and milk-and-water; another in barley-meal, potatoes, and whey; and so on. As to the appearance of these pets—trying to stand and to look out of their eyes, but unable to do either—most persons are familiar with it.

The English pigs are better fed than the Irish, but the latter are more important to their owners; for it remains too often true that the pig is "the gintleman that pays the rint." They are often bedded better than the children of the cotter, and if he had anything better than potatoes to give them, he would do so; but he has not, hence, Irish bacon and pork are somewhat coarse. Almost the whole of this comes over to England, for poor Paddy can seldom afford to eat his own pig. Pig-jobbers, Mr. Inglis tells us, attend in large numbers at Irish markets and fairs. A pig-dealer would come to a countryman who held a pig by a string, "How much do you ask?" "Twenty-eight shillings," the answer might be. "Hold out yer hand," says the buyer; and the proprietor of the pig holds out his hand accordingly. The buyer places a penny in it, and then strikes it with a force that might break the back of an ox. "Will ye take twenty shillings?" The other shakes his head. "Ask twenty-four, and see if I will give it yer." After a little more bargaining, the purchase is agreed on, and perhaps an odd shilling spent in whiskey.

The sides of Irish bacon are sent, roughly salted, to London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other English ports; they are consigned to bacon-curers or provision-merchants, who complete the necessary processes, and render the flitches and hams fit for sale. The lard or fat of a pig "takes salt," as it is termed, very readily, and hence the fitness of pork for salting and curing. Attempts have often been made to guess at the number of pigs, and the quantity of pig-produce, which reach England from Ireland; but, since the trade between the two countries has been assimilated to a coasting trade, authentic data are wanting. In 1837, the number of pigs which crossed Saint George's Channel was seven hundred thousand; but steam-navigation must since have increased this number. With respect to the metropolis, about forty thousand pigs are annually sold in Smithfield, fifteen thousand sucking pigs at Newgate Market, one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand stone of dead pig at the same market, and five hundred thousand stone at Leadenhall. Most of this is English produce.

The remarkable processes by which pig-meat is cured, are best illustrated, perhaps, by Westphalia hams. The hams are piled up in deep tubs and covered with layers of salt, saltpetre, and a small quantity of bay leaves. In this situation they are left for five days; a strong pickle of salt and water is then made, in which the hams are immersed; and when this pickle has thoroughly penetrated the meat, the hams are soaked for twelve hours in pure spring water. They are lastly hung up for three weeks in a smoke made from juniper bushes, which in that country are very plentiful. Some of the French chemists have made a fierce onslaught on saltpetre, as an agent in curing hams and bacon; they say that the nitric acid clings to the meat in too obstinate a manner, and that most of the ill effects of such food, when eaten too exclusively, may be traced to the saltpetre; they recommend sugar in the place of saltpetre.

The fresh pork, the salt pork, the head, the bacon, the pettitoes, the black-puddings (in which the blood of pig takes a part)—these are the forms in which our friend the grunter contributes to the dinner-table. But his uses do not end here. There is the lard, there is the skin, there are the bristles. The lard, made by a careful treatment of pig-fat, is an exceedingly pure substance, and is employed in numberless ways by the cook, the apothecary, and the perfumer. Ointments have very generally lard as one of their ingredients; and as for perfumery, if the bear's grease, and the marrow oil, and the Circassian cream, and the pomade divine, and the lip-salve—if they could speak, they would, doubtless, have much to say concerning the virtues of lard.

Pig-skin is converted into a leather, and a very tough leather it makes; so tough, indeed, that no other equals it as a material for saddles. A hard rider would soon rub and thump a saddle to death, were it formed of anything less obdurate than pig-skin; and hence pig-skin has come to have a sort of figurative meaning among equestrians. It is also used for pocket-books, and for some other purposes. The supply of pig leather depends upon the prevalence, or otherwise, of the practice of cooking pork with the skin on; very little pig-leather is derived from English pigs. In Mexico the skins of hogs, blown up like bladders, serve as water-bags for the itinerant water-dealers.

But a much more important piggish contribution to man's use consists in bristles. These bristles are used in England to an enormous amount; and it is found that Russia and Prussia are almost the only countries which can furnish us with the requisite supply. The bristles of small pigs are short and slender; the only good kinds are obtained from large hogs. About two million pounds of bristles are imported annually, all taken from the top of the hog's back, where alone they are large and strong enough. It has been calculated that an average bristle weighs about two grains, that about a pound is yielded by each hog, that two million Russian and Prussian hogs have thus annually to contribute to the wants of the English brush-maker, and that the number of individual bristles thus contributed cannot be much less than seven thousand millions! The bristles are variously coloured, and are sorted before being used by the brush-maker; they are dressed by a sort of combing process, and are sometimes bleached. Great is the number of species in the brush genus, to

which the pig-bristle lends its aid; there are painting-brushes and dusting-brushes, white-wash-brushes and distemper-brushes, stair-brooms and hearth-brooms, shoe-brushes and clothes-brushes, scrubbing-brushes and bottle-brushes, hair-brushes and tooth-brushes—brushes round and brushes flat, brushes hollow and brushes solid, brushes with handles and brushes without (or *sine manubrium*, as an inventor has learnedly named them). Bristles are also, as we know, employed by the cobbler; and they are used in making the tough ropes with which the Shetland fowlers carry on their perilous trade.

In Mexico and other countries where pigs are reared on a large scale, many manufactures are carried on in which pig-produce bears a part. Cincinnati seems to take the lead of all other towns in this respect. Mrs. Trollope complains that she never saw a newspaper without remarking such advertisements as the following: "Wanted immediately, four thousand fat hogs;" "For sale, two thousand barrels of prime pork;" and that it is impossible to walk the Cincinnati streets without encountering snouts of various degrees of uncleanness. It is said that the Cincinnati pig-trade began about 1825, at a time when the Germans formed a notable proportion of the population. Some speculators began by making pickled pork of the sides and hams of the pigs; others thought that the "trotters" and the "cheeks" might command a sale; others established sausage manufactories; while the butchers were willing to kill the pigs for the sake of the skin and bristles. A Frenchman established a brush-work, and bought and used all the bristles; another collected the finer hair from the animal, washed and curled it, and used it as a stuffing for mattrasses. Then came a lard speculator; machines were invented for pressing oil out of lard (and beautiful oil this seems to be, as the late Great Exhibition testified); and the solid residue of this pressed lard became the basis of an extensive stearine candle manufacture. Then came a chemist, who mourned over the red streams which polluted the streets of the town; he "killed two birds with one stone," by removing the unsightly refuse, and establishing a large manufactory for obtaining prussiate of potash from the pigs' blood.

Good reader; we have not, it is true, supplied that autobiography of which the opening paragraph treated; but we have, it is hoped, gone "the whole hog" in showing the main points in the life and death of a pig, and the varied services which—willingly or not—he renders to man. Many persons profess to go "the whole hog," without knowing the origin of the phrase; and we may therefore tell them that Virginia is reputed to be its birthplace. When a Virginian butcher kills a pig, he is said to ask his customers whether they will "go the whole hog," as, in such case, he sells at a lower price per pound than if they pick out the prime joints only.

A PAGE FROM A SAD BOOK.

In the winter of 1851 I left Philadelphia, at that time my place of residence in the United States, to make a short stay in Boston. My acquaintance with Boston is but slight; for I visited it during a period of cheerless cold, heightened by the constant prevalence of east winds; and my own engagements prevented many wanderings. One excursion, however, which I took in its vicinity, put me in possession of a document which I think may prove not uninteresting to the readers of "Household Words."

About fifteen miles from Boston stands Salem, which will now be known to many through Nathaniel Hawthorne's introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." In this story, allusion is made to the belief in witchcraft, which, nearly two centuries ago, spread like an epidemic not only over portions of England and the European continent, but also in these far off colonies; and, most virulently of all, in the now unimportant little town of Salem. Hearing that in the court-house of Salem a few records of the examination of some of the victims of a wild and destructive superstition were permitted to be seen, I was glad to have the opportunity of accompanying a friend on a short visit to the town.

Our first visit was to the Custom House. We found it exactly as described by Hawthorne—a dreary-looking brick building, very much out of repair; the paint-work worn and dingy, and the grass growing in the chinks of the stones around it, rather conveying the idea of a deserted mansion of faded gentility, than an office in which some little segment of national business was daily being transacted. We first entered a room on the ground-floor, in which a number of official-looking personages were assembled, at that time apparently not very actively employed; and, in one or two of whom I fancied I recognised some resemblance to those very respectable fixtures of Government service Hawthorne unceremoniously introduced to the public. As in his days of surveyorship, the floor was thickly strewn with grey sand; but, in place of a stove, an immense pile of wood logs was blazing and crackling on the hearth; casting around the most cheerful and inspiring glow. After warming ourselves for a few moments, we ascended to the second story.

The room we entered was a large, unfinished apartment, covered with the dust of years, and serving no other purpose than that of a lumber-room. It was a strange, suggestive place; a chamber for ghost revels, in which you could not long remain without raising mental ghosts for yourself. In one corner several barrels were piled, in which

had been stowed papers filled with curious records of the judicial and business doings of past generations. Scattered over the floor, was a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends from all parts of the world;—boxes, the mystery of whose dust-hidden contents I vainly endeavoured to penetrate; veritable Turkish pipes; canes from the wide cane-brakes of the Southern States; a bag of dates and some bottles of sweet Eastern wine (to the good quality of both of which I can testify); several beautiful sea-shells; a large square of tapestry; one of Raphael's cartoons, which had been brought over from Palermo. Lastly a strange-looking musical instrument, now, for the first time for a long period, opened for us to inspect. It was broken into one or two pieces, was otherwise woefully damaged, and was covered with dust. It had been the property of a poor Frenchman, who had spent many years in conceiving and working out what was now a melancholy wreck; but which, in its perfect state, had been an ingenious piece of mechanism, in which a number of little automaton figures appeared to be the active agents in producing the music. The Frenchman accomplished his labour, had just begun to exhibit it to the world and to reap the harvest of his patience and skill, when he died; and by some chance, it had been sent to fall to pieces in the obscure lumber-room of the Salem Custom House. Here was the tragedy! The barrels in the corner might excite curious speculations as to their contents; but the result of a man's life of thoughtful effort, passing to decay unseen and unappreciated, suggested many a sad and profound reflection; and, with a tender pity, I laid my hand upon this neglected child of the poor Frenchman's toil, along whose wooden frame and wire nerves the living spirit of his thoughts had passed.

Quitting the chamber, I accompanied my friends to the Court House; where we were soon busily occupied with the object of our visit. Most eagerly did we turn over the sheets of yellow, time-stained paper, patiently deciphering records written in a cramped and ancient hand. Here we read depositions as to the most extraordinary bewitchments of cattle, the casting of divers persons into grievous fits by the appearance (as the supposed demon was termed) of those accused, the torturing them with pins, and many other diabolical appliances of the black art. We were shown a large bottle full of the very pins, now rusty and discoloured, which had been taken from the bodies of those afflicted. Of the occurrence of all which I saw chronicled here, I had heard, read and believed; but in things which partake so much of the supernatural and improbable, until confronted by their positive evidences, we are scarcely able to feel their actuality. But here, in my sight, were the very pages recording words that had sworn away lives which, in these days of our better knowledge, we must pronounce to be guiltless of their alleged offences; and many were the thoughts and questions they irresistibly forced upon me. Who, in those mixed assemblages of judges, witnesses, and the accused, were the deceived parties? Were all alike resting under the same dark shadow of superstition? We find men holding responsible positions, —amongst whom we expect to meet with some of the best intelligences of their time —solemnly conducting examinations, issuing committals, and framing death-warrants. Men and women, as well as young persons down to fifteen or sixteen years of age, making depositions of a character so absurd, that we should call them laughable did we not remember human lives were staked on them. We cannot think that so many people, from malice or conscious ill-intent, could invent such statements; neither can we understand how they could possibly have believed what they say; or, if they did, by what process of the imagination they were wrought to such a pitch of fantastic illusion. It is all a troubled mystery.

We ascertained that these pages consisted of fragments of many examinations, besides some of the death-warrants of the unhappy so-called wizards and witches; but we did not find anything very distinctive to fix our attention for some time, as the evidence and accusations were for the most part the same in all. At last we took up a paper headed "The examination of Susannah Martin, May 2, 1692." The replies of this poor woman, standing up for her life against a terrible array of ignorance and superstition, surprised us by the evidence they gave of the clearest prudence and self-possession in a moment of such imminent trial. My friend remarked to me, "This paper corroborates the opinion I expressed a few minutes ago:—that the men and women who suffered during this period, were those whose higher mental gifts and greater breadth of character, placed them beyond the understanding of the common natures around them." The document ran thus—

The examination of Susannah Martin, May 2, 1692:—

As soon as she came into the meeting-house many persons fell into fits.

Judge. Hath this woman hurt you?

Abigail Williams said, "it is Goody Martin; she hath hurt me often."

Others by fits were hindered from speaking.

Eliza Hubbard said she had not hurt her.

John Indian said he never saw her.

Mercy Lewis pointed to her and fell into a fit.

Ann Putnam threw her glove in a fit at her.

The Examinant laughed.

Judge. What! do you laugh at it?

Susannah. Well I may at such folly.

Judge. Is this folly to see these so hurt?

Susannah. I never hurt man, woman, or child.

Mercy Lewis cried out, "she hath hurt me a great many times, and plucks me down!"

Then Martin laughed again.

Mary Walcot said this woman hath hurt her a great many times.

Susannah Sheldon also accused her of hurting her.

Judge. What do you say to this?

Susannah. I have no hand in witchcraft.

Judge. What did you do? Did you consent these should be hurt?

Susannah. No, never in my life.

Judge. What ails these people?

Susannah. I do not know.

Judge. But what do you think ails them?

Susannah. I do not desire to spend my judgment upon it.

Judge. Do you think they are bewitched?

Susannah. I do not think they are.

Judge. But tell us your thoughts about them.

Susannah. My thoughts are mine own when they are in, but when they are out they are another's. *You* said their master.

Judge. Who do you think is their master?

Susannah. If they be dealing in the Black Art you may know as well as I.

Judge. What have you done towards the hurt of these?

Susannah. I have done nothing.

Judge. Why it is you, or your appearance.

Susannah. I cannot help it.

Judge. That may be your master that hurts them?

Susannah. I desire to lead my life according to the Word of God.

Judge. Is this according to the word of God?

Susannah. If I were such a person, I would tell you the truth.

Judge. How comes your appearance just now to hurt these?

Susannah. How do I know?

Judge. Are you not willing to tell the truth?

Susannah. I cannot tell: he who appeared in Samuel's shape, a glorified shape, can appear in any one's shape.

Judge. Do you believe these afflicted persons do not say true?

Susannah. They may lie for aught I know.

Judge. May not you lie?

Susannah. I dare not tell a lie if it would save my life.

Judge. Then you will speak the truth, will you?

Susannah. I have spoken nothing else: I would do them any good.

Judge. I do not think you have such affection for those whom you just now insinuated had the Devil for their master.

The marshal who stood by her said she pinched her hands, and Eliza Hubbard was immediately afflicted.

Several of the afflicted said they saw her on the beam.

Judge. Pray God discover you if you be guilty!

Susannah. Amen, amen! A false tongue will never make a guilty person.

"You have been a long time coming to the court to-day," said Mercy Lewis; "you can come fast enough in the night."

. . . . . .

A few lines of the manuscript were here rather unintelligible.

. . . . . .

John Indian fell into a fit, and cried it was that woman. "She bites! She bites!"

And then they said Martin was biting her lips.

Judge. Have you not compassion on these afflicted?

Susannah. No; I have none!

They cried out, there was the black man along with her; and Goody Bibber confirmed it. Abigail Williams went towards her, but could not come near her. Nor Goody Bibber, though she had not accused her before. Also, Mary Walcot could not come near her.

John Indian said he would kill her if he came near her, but he fell down before he could touch her.

Judge. What is the reason these cannot come near you?

Susannah. I cannot tell: it may be that the Devil bears me more malice than another.

Judge. Do you not see God evidently discovering you?

Susannah. No; not a bit for that.

Judge. All the congregation, besides, think so.

Susannah. Let them think what they will.

Judge. What is the reason they cannot come to you?

Susannah. I do not know: but they can if they will; or else, if you please, I will come to them.

Judge. What was that the black man whispered to you?

Susannah. There was none whispered to me.

Here ends this fragment of examination. We carefully turned over all the papers in the hope of finding some further account of it, but met with nothing more respecting Susannah Martin save her death-warrant, of which I much regret I did not also obtain a copy. The glimpse we had had of her, however, had sufficed to arouse our warmest sympathies, and to leave in us a strong desire to learn more of a woman, whose truthful soul, in the midst of peril, shone out so calmly superior to its dark and malignant surroundings. A few days after this visit I quitted the neighbourhood of Boston, carrying with me two distinct remembrances, at least—the poor Frenchman's musical instrument, and the replies of the martyred Witch of Salem.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE FARMER OF TIPTREE HALL.

ON a fine morning in July, two hundred travellers might have been seen leisurely wandering along the road leading from the Kelvedon Railway Station to the good hostelry, the Star and Fleece. They had come down that morning from London by a special train. Before the doors of the Star and Fleece, upon the road that winds among the gabled houses and gardens of an Essex village, Kelvedon itself, horses stood ready caparisoned in vans, in carts, in phaetons, in waggons, in omnibuses, to convey the travellers to Tiptree Hall, for on that day the magician who, during the last eight years, has performed strange works upon the top of Tiptree Hill, had summoned men from afar to behold his annual display of gramarye.

Mechi—for that is the magician's name—dwelt for a long time as a necromancer in the heart of London, wearing outwardly the semblance of a tradesman, but prospering in trade by the exercise of magic. We have all heard of his work of art, commonly called the magic strop, out of which a few passes made with an edged tool are said to produce wonderful results. Carrying his magic with him into this and similar devices, it is not surprising that he should have at last gone so far as to succeed in making money. For the attainment of this result, it is reported that the necromancer needed aid from no less than three demons, named Sense, Energy, and Enterprise; and it is believed by some that he has carried these demons with him to the country, together with a portion of the money they have made, and that there they are all labouring together to create a magic farm upon the top of Tiptree Hill. There are some, also, who state that, as there are necromantic crystals in which it is said that only the fresh eyes of children can see wonders, so the magic in the works on Tiptree Hill is of a kind that can be practised only by a person having his wits clear and his temper good. If so, the magician cannot be a man whose hall we shall be disinclined to visit.

We get, therefore, with a good will into the omnibus that is to carry us to Tiptree, and listen to the talk within, for the soil without is dreary and the dull road, about which no tricks of gramarye have yet been played,

> "Is a straight ride unadvised by
> The least mischief worth a nay—
> Up and down—as dull as grammar on the eve
> of holiday."

A field outside, however, has suggested to some of our neighbours, who are all farmers visiting the magic farm, an animated dialogue on beans, and we have had mentally a heavy feed of beans, before new speakers arise, and there occurs a change of topic.

The next topic is corn: one inexpert theorist considering a whitened field to be white for the harvest, is informed that it is white with the multitude of blighted and dead stalks. The land is miserably poor; in some places the earth is left without attempt at cultivation, and shows but an inch or two of soil, where it has been cut for gravel. Then we come to a bare heath, Tiptree heath; the Hall is close by. Surely no man, unless he meant to farm by magic, would have selected such inhospitable ground in which to sow his seed, and hope for increase. Here are fields of promising appearance, concerning which the omnibus conductor volunteers some information. He is a genius of the soil, in a loam-coloured suit, with stains of clay upon his person, who by some art has been transformed into an omnibus conductor. "Ah," he says, "you hadn't a seen carn like that some year ago. That's Mr. Mechi's doing. The people used to laugh at 'un, but you may see by the carn they 've picked up some of his ideas." The genius of the soil is evidently glad of it, the soil itself seems to be glad of it, and send up its productions with a flourish.

The heath, however, there is no denying. The genius of the soil points to luxuriant corn on one side of the way, and many voices cry (not from the bowels of the earth, but from the bowels of the omnibus,) "that 's Mechi's!" We are at the outer gate of Tiptree Hall, and from a patch of barren heath, left at the threshold to remind all comers of what had been, we pass instantly between a wealth of shrubs and flowers, and our omnibus drives up to the Hall door.

Behind the door stands the magician, welcoming those friends who in vans, carts, phaetons, waggons, and omnibuses are collecting

on his farm. Horsemen and gig men, with carriage-men, arrive also, and some pedestrians; there will be three hundred of us here before the day is over.

An annual agricultural gathering it is called; but they are not all farmers who are here assembling, gossipping and making rapid attacks upon a lunch table in storming parties of fourteen. There are indeed stout farmers dressed for the day in white corduroys and yellow kids, blue stocks, and long napped beavers, who think themselves good food producers, as indeed they ought to be, for they are evidently good food consumers; these form among themselves one or two incredulous knots, having no faith in magic about which they have many a time on their own clods

> —"among themselves in pleasant vein
> Stood scoffing."

But there are also farmers, whose stout frames and wholesome faces tell only of the healthy character of an occupation that has by no means dulled their minds. These, though they are some of them old men, have evidently come to learn what may be learnt. There are one or two young farmers with eye-glasses, hard faces and crops of hair that has been well manured with grease about the roots: these evidently have nothing to learn—but there are other young men about whom old men cluster, young men who have things to teach, who have followed with keen eye the movements of the world, who have invented implements and given solid produce from their minds, who have themselves attained rank as magicians, and to whose call already spirits of the soil yield up their hidden treasures.

There are others in this group of many-minded men who have a thoughtful town-bred aspect. Some are impressed with the belief that there exists an intimate connexion between health in houses and fertility in fields. Many men, therefore, whose names are eminent among the advocates of public health, scholars and noblemen whose talents are devoted—as all talents ought to be devoted—to the furtherance of human progress, have come down to see the magic farm, and are now making assaults upon the farmer's lunch. The eyes of the country which communicate with the great head through its optic nerve, the Press, are also here; that is to say, there is a sprinkling of the representatives of newspapers. If there be no magic in the matter, certainly there must be marvel. If we are to say no more than that a successful London tradesman has gone down to Essex and applied London habits of free energy and enterprise to the cultivation of the soil, it certainly supplies us matter for reflection when we see him, as we now see Mr. Mechi (lunch being laid waste), set out from his own door to walk about his farm, followed and watched by three hundred men who represent all classes of opinion, among whom are some of the leading farmers and sanitary reformers, with a fair representation of the educated classes in this country, of the nobility, the gentry, and the public in general, with the ambassadors to London from America and Belgium. All these follow each other in a long file through the fields of Tiptree Hall to see and hear what has been done upon a farm of no greater extent than one hundred and fifty acres.

We traverse a garden that is smiling where the heath once frowned, and walk through a shrubbery of laurels growing there in token of the victory obtained in the great battle of civilisation fought on Tiptree Hill; so we come upon the farm, and one field that is more especially the farmer's field of glory. There is a piece of water near it, a small square cutting in the ground—some two feet square, perhaps; about this cutting the visitors collect. A pipe is discharging into it a full and even stream of water, which again passes out through another pipe, leaving a clear little pool into which a brown jug is dipped. The brown jug passes as a loving cup from lip to lip filled with delicious bog water. Bog water!—it may be magic, or it may be enterprise—but this fine field of ripening corn, four and a half quarters to the acre, was a bog when it was included in the eligible site of Tiptree Farm. Horses that came too near the spot over which we are now walking cheerfully enough under the summer sun, sank as flies do in treacle, and had to be dragged out by their yoke-fellows. Drain-pipes were sunk some sixteen feet under the surface of the bog; the water that was feeding on the substance of the land was caught in pipes, and carried off to feed the land elsewhere with its own substance. This is the water flowing for many hours daily by the square cutting over which we stand, and it supplies a large part of the water used for fertilising purposes throughout the farm. The bog land, after drainage, shrank as a sponge shrinks when the water is pressed out of it, and its level fell several feet, so that the drain-pipes do not now lie at an unreasonable depth below the surface. The transformation of a bog into a wheat field is good magic, or good work to be done before the farmers by a City tradesman.

But the City tradesman's farming does not pay. Certainly it has not paid up to the present time; nobody gives franker or fuller means for ascertaining that than the Farmer of Tiptree Hall himself. It is not, however, every man who encloses bog land and heath when he desires to own a profitable farm. It should be remembered also that the energy of Leadenhall Street, first let loose upon Essex, would be likely to make awkward agricultural mistakes, and did make such mistakes, for which it received good-humouredly the amplest share of ridicule, and set to work about amending them with undiminished zeal. It should be remembered also that the desire of the Farmer of Tiptree Hall is not

himself to thrive by farming, but to show others how they may do so. He walks before over uncertain ground, and bids men look and see where he treads safely, and on such ground follow him, but where he trips or gets into quagmire he desires that they take warning by his mishap, and keep away. Tiptree receives with open arms all promising ideas on agriculture, but promise and performance do not always sing in tune together. An energetic temper of experiment must therefore cost its owner something for a little while, but in the end it will assuredly attain to results that reward every adventure. A squire of the old school does not expect to reap a sudden harvest when he plants oaks: that sort of gain he designs for posterity. In like manner, the capital sunk in the Tiptree soil cannot be realised in one or in a dozen harvests. In calculating profit and loss we must spread them over years, not only past years, but future years; and we shall find that instead of laying out his improvement money upon a present annual loss, Mr. Mechi is assuredly paying towards a good deferred annuity—a better one than could have been attained in three successive life-times on the old follow-my-leader system.

We are now, however, following our leader, among barley, wheat, and clover, noticing occasionally little pipes crossing our path, and men here and there sprinkling jets out into the sun from gutta percha hose, of a liquid that conveys its name in scents upon the breeze—liquid manure. A gentleman, laudably curious to ascertain the strength and quality of this fertilizer as employed on Tiptree Farm, takes up a little of it in the hollow of his hand and places it in contact with his nose. Here, near the farm buildings, is the great tank, to the mouth of which we mount up the side of a rough mound. A couple of trap-doors being opened, we look down into a gloomy vault of the size of a small cottage, wherein there sleep, in a dull, heavy way, the remains of a great many things. Every atom of manure upon the farm, all offal, every dead dog or sheep, is buried here. Cattle dead of disease are skinned, cut into quarters and thrown down this trap-door. "What is the density of this mass, Mr. Mechi?" "If we were all to jump in it would float us all, and an elephant or two into the bargain." This is a country supply of Mechi's Magic Paste intended to improve the blades of grass and corn. Any gruel so thick and slab never was yet concocted in a witch's cauldron; a frog would be a ridiculous drop to throw into such a bucket; and the farm labourers who "round about this cauldron go," if they read Shakspere, must think him far from having attained sublimity in his ideal of a filthy mess. This is the filth collected on a single farm, every grain of which the seed upon the farm, fulfilling its appointed office in the scheme of nature, is ready to convert into corn, cabbage, clover, and the like, which will again pass into flesh. This pool is not a Slough of Despond, but a true Bethesda to the sickly land about it. Over this pool we may well think how large a tank would be required to hold the filth of London, and of many another city. Such filth lies partly stagnant under towns, and partly pours into their rivers; it ripens crops for undertakers in the city, and yields crops for butchers and for bakers in the field.

If we look down into the tank we shall perceive, now that the pool is stirred, no solid wheel could move in the thick mass to mix it properly; what iron could not manage is done by the impalpable substance of the air. Powerful streams of air are forced in from below by the adjoining engine; these make their way upward, and slowly the huge mass stirs, the scum breaks upon its surface, and strange shapes of corruption rise to the top, slowly pass aside, and sink again. Water, drained from the farm—the water that once puffed the land up as a diseased excrescence—a bog tumour, flows into the tank, is mixed with the more solid matter, and having thinned it to the due consistence, passes with it, in the form of liquid manure, through a pipe that lies under the strong thumb of a steam engine. Through a pipe five inches in diameter, the steam engine forces the fertilising stream into a series of tubes, which run under the brown skin of the soil as arteries run under our own skins, charged with nourishment. The blood-vessels of a farm are, of course, pipes of iron, arranged in a net-work not particularly close. It is only necessary that they should run to supply plugs fixed at regulated distances, from which a stream may be poured at will, as from a fire-plug in the street, through gutta percha hose. The force of the current at Tiptree, urged by an engine of very moderate horse-power, sends through a hose two hundred yards in length, a stream which is propelled to a distance of sixty feet from its point of escape into the open air. With such a piece of hose, therefore, the liquid manure may be made to fall in showers over a circle of soil having the plug for its centre, and a radius of two hundred and sixty feet. Fifteen plugs, with the help of gutta percha hose, suffice therefore to place every portion of the Tiptree Farm under the influence of this new system of irrigation. Of course there will be no manure heaps on a farm contrived upon this system, which has been in operation for the last seven or eight months at Tiptree; there will be no labour required for carting and spreading manure about the fields; above all there will be no loss of any particle of matter. Whatever rots in the tank to-day will probably be growing in the field to-morrow; there is no waste of matter and there is no waste of time. The manure heap might be transformed twice over into growing vegetables, and be back in the shape

of a double quantity of manure, instead of lying idle for a twelvemonth as it does occasionally in the old-fashioned farm-yard. Nothing lies idle at Tiptree. The tank is the great stomach of the farm into which all refuse goes as food, and forms the chyle that is to pass as the farm's blood through pipes under the whole surface of the land. It creates new life, out of which there comes new death, which returns to the great central stomach and builds up new life again. As the boys manage at leap-frog, the pot here is always kept a boiling, and death in the pot becomes life in the pasture.

The hose is of course managed without difficulty by a single man, who is able to irrigate—that is to say, to manure in the most effectual way—a large field in a comparatively little time. The cost of hose and piping is from three pounds fifteen shillings to four pounds an acre, "that is to say," says the Farmer of Tiptree, "if you go to the best market for your iron." We come down from the tank and pass into a clover-field to watch the simple process of irrigation with the hose. Velocity compensating for diminished space, there is poured from the hose as much liquid manure per minute as would flow in the same time through a pipe five inches in diameter at the pace of a common river current. As the somewhat too balsamic shower falls before us, gentlemen who have not taken the precaution to select a safe point of view, put up the umbrellas that they had been advised to bring by a merry shower in the morning. Liquid manure, however, forms the substance of the only showers that will fall to day upon the fields of Tiptree. The effect of this irrigation during past months on the present crops, excited in the next place the applause of farmers and the hopes of sanitary reformers.

Some time ago there was formed a company in London for the conveyance of the filth of the metropolis as sewage manure, at a small price for delivery on farms in the surrounding country. Whether the hopes of that company be dormant now, whether the company exists, we cannot tell; perhaps it was a chicken broken prematurely from the shell; but, as surely as there are railways, and as surely as there is gas, and as surely as there is a penny post, so surely will the day come when every town in England will perform for the surrounding country the work now done by the tank for Tiptree Farm; and the matter that makes putrid fever for ourselves shall have no time allowed it to remain in town and give out deadly fumes, but shall be carried off into the country to make bread for those who may live after us.

Little stands have been made about the farm by manufacturers, who take advantage of the agricultural gathering at Tiptree to display such tools and implements as are thought worth displaying. They are all such things as are designed for the satisfaction of farmers who believe that ploughs and sickles, nay, even spades, are things that did not attain their perfection fifty or a hundred years ago, and are not, perhaps, perfect now. Here, for example, is a stand of spades and forks, about which we assemble, and the man in charge of them is brought at once into the focus of a hundred eyes.

The stand is made over a patch of the hardest soil, a spade is taken, and it is found that with much effort it is simply impossible to dig with it efficiently in soil so hard. The man then takes a light fork, weighing two pounds less than the agricultural fork commonly put into the hands of labourers. Its five narrow prongs are of cast steel, and it is completed of one solid piece without joint or weld. With this fork the man proceeds to dig with wonderful facility the heavy stony soil. The prongs of such forks yield place to the stones, and bend round them, loosening the soil, springing instantly, when withdrawn, into their original form. A match was on one occasion tried between two workmen, one of whom used the old-fashioned, rigid, and broad-bladed fork, the other used one of these light implements (Winton's Parkes's they are called) with narrow tines of elastic steel. The man with the light fork earned four shillings while the other was earning two shillings and threepence, and the heavy fork after the match required an outlay of sixpence for repairs. The savings in repairs and renovation pay for the light fork several times in the course of a year, and in labour the saving is so great, that a man using this fork is said to lift—by the saving of two pounds on each effort—five tons less in the course of a day's work than his old-fashioned neighbour. Some of these forks are made still lighter for the use of children, who can earn good day wages by the use of them at twelve-inch trenching. These forks were regarded as playthings by the men when they were first brought to Tiptree, but it was soon found that whoever could get one of them to use was saved twenty per cent. of labour, and was able to perform his work more thoroughly than it could otherwise be done. Thus it appears that there is room for Young Agriculture to display its brains, even upon a pitchfork.

Who is Young Agriculture? We are sorry to be told that while the Agricultural College at Cirencester is indeed prospering at last, and has now fifty pupils, not one of those pupils is a farmer's son. Who, therefore, is Young Agriculture? A tradesman who brings brisk habits, sense, and enterprise out of the City is the representative of agriculture here on Tiptree Hill. Still there is hope. These earnest-looking farmers are not here for nothing. This quick-eyed Scotchman, who has travelled three or four hundred miles for the express purpose of seeing Tiptree, and is now satisfying his own mind by comparing for himself the digging powers of the spade

and fork, has a model farm of his own down in the north, and is not here for nothing. These young men, who group round one of their companions lying on the grass, and look so much at home among the wheat, are first cousins of Young Agriculture at the least. One of them has invented a subsoil drainage plough. Give him an order, go to bed, and you will find drain pipes laid under your land next morning as cleverly as though the fairies had been working for you. You may detect cautious old farmers taking this near relation of Young Agriculture by the button, and whispering ideas of contracts in his ear. Others are godfathers or parents to reaping machines. Three kinds of reaping machines stand here ready for action. The Farmer of Tiptree gives the word, the company of visitors form into a line along the path, some recklessly drive in among the grain to get a better view, the word is given, and Crosskill's machine charges the standing corn. The horses steadily advance, and as they pass we see the corn falling in sheaves, which a man forms with a rake as they fall, the crowd closes in and follows the machine over the clean stubble; a long strip of growing wheat is in a few minutes laid in sheaves, and the smooth surface of remaining stubble is declared by practised eyes to be superior to anything that they had ever seen upon a field that had been cut by sickle.

When thrashing machines were introduced, the farmers said that straw was damaged by them, and that they never could be generally used. Few large farmers now thrash by flail. Reaping machines, let him croak who will, must follow. Here follows one already, McCormick's upon Crosskill's. Form line again, and gentlemen who run into the corn be generalled, and understand that treading the wheat down before the path of the machine, gives a bad chance to the inventor. No matter! The corn falls, and a revolving wheel doing the work that was done by the rake just now, the labour of the man is confined to the placing of each sheaf on one side. There is a comparing of stubbles: Crosskill's machine is said by some to leave the best stubble, and McCormick's to deposit most advantageously the fallen corn. No matter! Here comes Hussey's as improved by Garrett. Each machine is to have two trials, and the Farmer of Tiptree Hall is enthusiastically urging them to charge into his immature crops, caring more for the ripening of agricultural ideas than for the ripening of an acre or two of his corn. Which is the best machine we are unable to say, the present best no doubt will in due time be bettered. With one of the machines as they are now made, two men and two horses can reap fifteen acres in a day. For the comfort of any one who wishes to see Young Agriculture prospering, we are glad to add that from one maker alone there have already issued six hundred of these machines, which will be at work during the approaching harvest, and that they are now being issued from the same manufactory at the rate of about six a day.

One of the reaping machines is next put to the severe test of mowing clover in a field that has been for some weeks overrun by sheep,—that is Hussey's (Garrett's edition); its cutting edge has been so much improved, that the machine trots round the field, along or across deep furrows, in all manner of directions, followed by a train of triumphing admirers. We enter into many conversations, sitting in the sun, with half the company who are now lagging among these machines; but whether Garrett's Hussey, Crosskill, or McCormick was the favourite machine, we are unable fairly to discover; each has its good points and its knot of true believers. It is pleasant work to do nothing now that the heat of afternoon is come upon us, nothing but sit on a machine and see a line of active men, some using their umbrellas now as parasols, trailing off in the distance following the indefatigable Tiptree marshal to review his pigs. We are too lazy to go to pigs, but it pleases our laziness to see these people travelling like a black train of ants by the ditch side; to hear the engine puffing, to watch the fertilising fountains playing in the distance like small waterspouts, such spouts as possibly might indicate a whale at sea. It is pleasant to look at the old, battered farm labourer, who is telling his experience and praising these new days which, whatever they may do for the soil, do much more for the labourer. He tells of cheerful oversight and willing labour, of wholesome cottages, and of such matters; he envies neither ox nor pig. What good work might a clever farmer do when seconded with healthy, well-instructed labourers, who have intelligence enough to drop the fatness of a little sense upon the soil? We know, however, that such labourers belong rather to Young Agriculture than to old. In the district occupied by Tiptree Hall, the farmers, we are told, raise for the improvement of their roads—and they are bad enough—a rate of threepence in the pound; but for the improvement of their reason, they refuse to pay more than three-farthings, which yields on the whole fifteen pounds a year, for the establishment of schools and the providing a fit education for the labourers throughout the parish.

It is time now, however, to shake off dull sloth and join the caravan, which may be discerned winding in the distance through a field of mangold-wurzel.

We effect a junction with the troop, which represents no longer the main body of the invaders of Essex, in a cabbage field; here we are told great things of the prosperous state of the mangold-wurzel, through whose country the caravan had lately passed. One half of the farm on Tiptree Hill yields grain,

for one of the advantages resulting from the improved farming systems is an abbreviation of the old series of rotation of crops: the same field will yield wheat every alternate year, with profitable things during the interval. The productive power of the country, as regards bread, will therefore, be increased in every direction by Young Agriculture, when its day shall come. Look here, for example, at this machine, a drill, which its inventor is expounding in the paddock. It will so place every single grain in its right place upon the soil, that when such machines shall be used throughout the country, thousands of bushels of corn that are now thrown as waste seed over the surface of the kingdom will be reserved for food. A pint of corn carefully put into the soil by a machine like this is worth a bushel scattered as Old Agriculture scatters it. Use my drill, says the inventor, and you may feed the country and have corn to export.

The drill is rolling quietly along a garden walk depositing its grains for public inspection; it is nearly three o'clock, and hands are being washed, the outdoor work is over, and on a large barn floor tables are spread, at which, surrounded by flowers and laurels, the three hundred gather about their host, and sit down sociably to dinner. Wine and speeches end the day. Men of European fame as labourers for civilisation urge the moral of the day's experience. They speak of the future of agriculture, the intimate connexion that exists between the necessities of farmers, and the measures necessary for the health of towns. Liquid manure sends its odour from the neighbouring steam engine; and as the great fact of the day at Tiptree, it has doubtless a fair right to be represented, and to address, after dinner, if not the ears, yet in its own way the noses of the company. The most incredulous farmers, prophesying by the inspiration of Port wine, loudly request all men to hear, hear, hear the great want of education and good homes for labourers; they applaud the desire for thorough drainage of prejudice out of the old agricultural head. A few prudent men, mindful of nine o'clock and the return of the express train, have, during the last half hour, from time to time risen and left the room; these

> —"as they passed,
> Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
> Had stolen unheeded by."

So the movement becomes general at last towards the door; cigars are lighted, horses saddled, gigs depart; vans, carts, phaetons, waggons, and omnibuses fill; in a few hours the Tiptree Farm will lie asleep under the starlight, one of the drops of leaven sprinkled here and there about the country, that will surely in due time leaven the whole lump of English farming. The magic practices on Tiptree Hill have revealed to some of the three hundred who were there to-day knowledge of things that are to be hereafter And by the light that has come from a reclaimed bog in Essex—will-o'-the-wisp though you may call it—we have read some paragraphs out of a chapter in the future history of England.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

As I stood upon the beach, waiting for the remainder of the prisoners from the ship, and musing upon the strange destiny which had cast me among such companions, I could not help comparing my position, society, and prospects with those of that day twelve months. It was the 9th of November, the day of the great City festival, and I remembered well the 9th of November previously, a different kind of day to that bright cloudless morning. I was then enjoying a large income, with the brightest prospects. What a catalogue of ills I had suffered in those twelve months! The wreck of all that I possessed in the world; the estrangement of friends, the severance from those I dearly loved, imprisonment in three different dungeons, branded with all but a capital crime, transported for life to the worst of all penal settlements.

As the precise time of our arrival could not of course be previously known, no preparations had been made to receive us. The commissariat issues had already been made for that day, and thus, although we landed in the morning, we got nothing to eat till the next day. We were compelled to sleep on the floor of a granary; a bundle of blankets were thrown in to us, for which there was an immediate struggle, some getting two, others none at all. Next morning we were summoned by five o'clock, and taken down to bathe in a bay near the landing-place. This done, we had our breakfast—a dish of hominy, or boiled Indian corn. It was poor and insipid, but not disagreeable. As we were all considerably exhausted by a four months' voyage, a little time was necessary to make arrangements for setting us to work; we were allowed two days' rest, preparatory to entering upon our island labours. During this time, we were permitted to walk about the settlement and make ourselves acquainted with the establishments. The barracks for the prisoners were immediately fronting the sea; those of the military guard, consisting of two hundred men and officers, being about a quarter of a mile in the rear. On a pleasant elevation, overlooking the settlement, was Government House, the residence of the civil commandant; and in the immediate neighbourhood were about a dozen villas, the residences of the chaplain, the engineer, and other civil officers. On the first day, we were all drawn up in the barrack square and inspected by the civil commandant, accompanied by the medical superintendent who had charge of us on our voyage. The

commandant, addressing us, asked, "Has any man any complaint to make of the doctor?" but no complaint was made. The agricultural labourers were sent to a station called Longridge, about two miles inland, the rest being retained in the settlement. When the commandant and the medical superintendent retired, the chaplain paid us a visit. He was an intelligent, and, as I subsequently found, most benevolent man.

In the course of the two days' rest, I had an opportunity of inspecting the dormitories of the prisoners, and other parts of the establishment. I saw a body of men called the "chain gang." These were incorrigible offenders. Their legs were chained together, so that as they went to and fro to their work, they could step but a few inches at a time. Their appearance was abject in the extreme. The police were a smart-looking set of fellows, selected from the finest-looking men among the prisoners, very clean, and wearing striped shirts, blue jackets, and white duck trowsers, with leathern belts, and hats made from the cabbage-tree, which flourished on the Island, strips of which, woven and plaited, looked like straw. The police, however, either from negligence or connivance, or perhaps from sympathy with the prisoners, being themselves convicts, were very inefficient; for robberies were constantly committed in open day, in the heart of the settlement.

On my visit to the gaol, I had opportunities of observing some remarkable features in the conduct of that establishment. I was surprised at witnessing a pitched battle in the court-yard, under the eye of the governor of the gaol. Two men were brought out of the same cell; their chains were knocked off, and they had a set pugilistic encounter, until one of them avowing himself beaten, their chains were put on again, and they retired together into their cell. I was much struck with this novel feature in prison discipline, and ventured to ask the gaoler about it. He said, "Oh! they've been quarrelling for some time, and I thought it better they should fight it out." Shortly after, the dinners were taken round to the prisoners; and as the wardsman took the supply to each cell, he was vigilantly guarded by two soldiers with bayonets fixed, and the food was hastily and stealthily thrust in at the door, apparently with more alarm than the keeper of Wombwell's menagerie ever felt in feeding the most ferocious of his wild beasts. I found, upon inquiry, that these precautions were by no means superfluous, instances having occurred of most savage assaults upon the wardsmen by unhappy wretches, who had been rendered almost maniacs by sentences of solitary imprisonment for life in chains.

The sudden change from the ship ration to that of the Island, of which the homminy was the chief feature, gave at least a third of our men, myself included, an attack of dysentery, and I was thereby introduced to the medical superintendent of the Island, an able and humane man. Those who were well enough to work were all employed, either in trade, in husbandry, or as writers, according to their previous pursuits and qualifications, although access by convicts to the records of the Island was expressly forbidden by a regulation of the Home Government. I, with several others, was compelled to go into the hospital, where one of our party, an athletic Sussex farming man, died of the epidemic superinduced by the homminy. The illness of the men was attributed by some to the change of climate, but that theory was negatived by the fact that not one of the free officers, who landed with us, suffered at all. It is beyond doubt that dysentery and death were in numerous instances solely attributable to the diet.

The hospital was a low stone building close to the sea. Into the ward in which I lay, ten low pallets had been crammed with difficulty, and the heat was excessive; but there was a stillness about the place, and a gentle manner with my sick companions, subdued by suffering, which were strange after the noise and coarse brutality to which I had been so long accustomed. At night-time a cooler air came through the half-opened window, and it was a pleasure to lie awake and listen to the rolling of the sea upon the beach. But, as might be expected, there was little there to soothe the sufferer in the weariness of long sickness, much less to strengthen his soul in that last moment which is so terrible in its mystery even for the wisest and the best. Many of the most daring of the convicts have wrung a kind of respect from those over them by the terror of their vengeance—some ruffians indeed, to my knowledge, have even struck those high in command, and been suffered to go unpunished; but the sick and helpless could expect little consideration. Several deaths occurred while I was there, and the sense of the suffering around me depressed my spirits and retarded my convalescence. How different was this from all that I had previously known and associated with the idea of the sick-bed, the hushed and darkened room where you alone are ill, and every one about you is in good health, and you are the sole object of their pity and attention! Feverish and weary with long lying on my hard bed, the knowledge that there were many about me whose sufferings were greater than mine, instead of consoling me, seemed to shut me out from all compassion, and to make my misery still more unendurable. Nothing was there to remind me that sickness was an exceptional state, no token of health or cheerfulness which I too might hope one day to regain;—the greatest wretchedness of that wretched spot brought together where I lay, all life seemed to me sickly and overshadowed with death. And where were they who, the last time I had been ill, had sought by a hundred ways to make my sufferings lighter? Whose cares,

even when they gave me no relief, brought still a consolation in the kindly feeling which they showed? Did they still believe in my innocence in spite of all that had been brought against me? To some of those beside me, well-nigh worn out with pain, the approach of death, I thought, must seem an unaccustomed blessing: but to me how terrible was the thought of dying in that place! There were those in England for whose sakes, and on account of the sorrow and shame which my conviction had brought upon them, I prayed fervently to be spared for that day when I could make my innocence clear. For although with my last breath I had asserted the injustice of my sentence, in language so strong that any doubts which they might hold would have been dispelled, who was there to communicate the last words of a dying convict to his friends the other side of the globe? It was this thought which urged me to obtain ink and paper, which I did with much difficulty, in order to write a complete history and explanation of my case, in the hope of finding means of forwarding it to England. This task, though accomplished with great difficulty, was the principle which, I believe, alone sustained me in that miserable place. Ill as I was, I never failed to avail myself of an opportunity for continuing my task, sometimes hurriedly concealing my manuscript under the bed-clothes at the sound of a footstep, with an anxious fear lest some one would deprive me of my papers, or in a moment destroy the fruit of my labours; until at length one day I saw it finished. I have not forgotten how joyfully I wrote the last sheet. That day I hid the whole of the manuscript under my pillow, and slept a sweeter and a longer sleep than I had known since I left England.

The relief afforded by the change of rations, aided by proper medicines, enabled me in about a month to leave that scene of misery and death. I was, however, still in a very weakly condition, and as the doctor reported me unfit for severe physical labour, and it was customary to allow the superintendents of different divisions of convicts the services as writers of such of them as had been well educated, and two or three of our party had been so employed, I rejoiced to find that several applications were now made for my services. For reasons not then known to me, these applications were refused, and I had the misfortune to be appointed "Wardsman;" this was by far the most loathsome, perilous, and unhealthy occupation on the Island. Its duties were to preserve order in a dormitory of two hundred criminals, many of whom, as subsequent events showed, would not scruple to take the life of an individual who, like myself, was at once their drudge and their overseer. Locked in with these ruffians, from seven in the evening until six o'clock on the following morning, my task was then to cleanse and purify their dormitory for their reception and accommodation the next night. The disgusting details of the labour thus selected for me, I will not go into. The doctor pointed out various labours besides that of writer, such as hut-keeper, bag-mender, &c., suited to me, and protested in vain against the invidious cruelty to which I was subjected. The men being shut in the ward about ten or twelve hours every night, they did not, of course, sleep all the time. To amuse themselves in the darkness they would form little groups to listen to one of their number narrating his exploits. Others who had nothing exciting to tell in this way were driven to relate little stories, often of the most childish kind. It was a strange thing, and full of matter for reflection, to hear men, in whose rough tones I sometimes recognised some of the most stolid and hardened of the prisoners, gravely narrating an imperfectly remembered version of such childish stories as "Jack the Giant Killer," for the amusement of their companions, who, with equal gravity, would correct him from their own recollections, or enter into a ridiculous discussion on some of the facts. Familiar as they were with crime—in all that concerned book-lore they were but children, and when they found themselves driven to seek some amusement for the mind, the old nursery tales—the fact of their knowing which, I thought, showed that in infancy, at least, some one had regarded them with affection—were all that they could find. Seeing this, I tried the experiment of some stories from English and Roman History, to which they listened with eager attention, urging me to repeat and extend my narratives.

When I had been on the Island about ten weeks, a most desperate attempt at escape was made by a party of prisoners. The ship in which we performed our voyage had since been to Sydney, and returned with provisions and troops. A gang of prisoners, about twenty in number, had been employed as a boat's crew to assist in bringing the stores as well as the troops from the ship. Whilst engaged in this labour, a well-organised conspiracy was formed to effect their escape, and which nearly succeeded. For this purpose, provisions and other requisites had been got together—probably spared from their own messes, or contributed by other convicts to whom they had communicated their intentions. Everything was kept a profound secret; for it is a remarkable fact that, although political conspiracies, as we are taught by history, are almost invariably brought to light by the treachery or cowardice of one of the confederates, plots among convicts are rarely divulged even by those who, having no interest in the venture, have been accidentally made privy to it. These provisions they found opportunities of burying in the sands of the sea-shore, at a place called Windmill Point, about half-a-mile distant. There being no harbour, the vessel lay at

about a mile from the beach. All being prepared, one morning the boat left the shore as usual, with a crew consisting of twelve prisoners, a coxswain, and three soldiers with pistols loaded. About half way to the ship, the whole of the prisoners, upon some signal from their ringleader, rose simultaneously, and flung themselves upon the coxswain and guard before they had time to fire. The coxswain was instantly secured and bound; but the soldiers were either thrown into the sea, or in their fright leaped overboard. The head of the gang, Dick Pearson, a daring fellow who had been a seaman and who aided the escape of the man at Symon's Bay, seized the helm and directed the boat towards the headland, called Windmill Point, to take in their supplies and some of their confederates. These latter, however, had been detained by some accidental circumstances, and the boat was kept lying off until it attracted the attention of some parties on the shore near this point, as well as of the captain of the ship. The military were immediately summoned to the spot. Signs were made to them to ship their oars in token of surrender, but Dick Pearson was not the man to yield, or to allow the others to give way to their fears. They were within half musket-shot from the shore, but he, sitting still at the helm coolly steering the boat, ordered them, in a voice that could be heard from the shore, to pull for their lives. The soldiers levelled, the word was given to fire, and immediately a line of musketry flashed and cracked along the beach. When the smoke cleared away, however, the soldiers being armed with the good old British musket, the men were still seen rowing in the boat, their daring leader sitting still at the helm apparently untouched; and, although several vollies were discharged before they were completely out of gunshot range, not one of the party was struck. The mutineers, although they had not been able to secure their provisions, put out to sea with all speed. It was well known among the convicts that such attempts have almost invariably failed; and in all cases have been attended with privations, in comparison with which, what they endured on the island were insignificant. But the passion for liberty is no mere flourish of poets and orators. Something more than a consideration of the comparative material enjoyments of the one and the other state, is at the bottom of that longing to be free, which will sometimes induce even those to whom every generous sentiment would seem to be unknown, to incur risks disproportioned to the utmost increase of personal comfort which they can expect to gain. The position of many on the Island, in comparison with their previous life, could not have been extremely irksome; but the sense of restraint is continually with them, becoming, at last, almost insupportable. It is, indeed, no problem to me, that these men, in spite of the preparations for retaking them, which they could see on shore and aboard the vessel and which made their escape hopeless, continued to strain every muscle for their miserable chance of getting out on the wide ocean, without sail, compass, or provisions. The captain, observing their motions and having the wind in his favour, effectually hemmed them in, and they were compelled to surrender. Knowing the general character of the men, and the feeling which animates them, I do not doubt that if they had had any arms they would even then have made a desperate resistance; and of this the records of attempts to escape from the Island afford abundant instances. A lengthened investigation subsequently took place. The soldiers swore that they were seized upon and violently flung overboard; the prisoners, on the other hand, protested that they leaped into the sea in their fright, or accidentally fell over in the struggle.

In favour of the latter view there was a strong circumstance, and which showed so much humanity as to create great doubt whether they were fairly chargeable with the cruelty of purchasing their own liberty, with the sacrifice of the lives of the guard. The men, seeing the soldiers struggling in the water, threw to them one of the oars, to which they clung until they were picked up by a boat from the shore. It was of course a very important question, whether the mutineers had been merely guilty of an attempt to escape, or whether to that was added the crime of an attempt of murder. The men were afterwards tried by a jury of five military officers; when the guard, uncatechised, echoed of course the statements in their depositions; and the accused were all convicted and condemned to death. This sentence would, I feel sure, have been carried into effect, but for the interposition of the chaplain. As it was, their original sentences were extended to transportation for life.

It was during my detention in the Island that the famous massacre, headed by Westwood, *alias* Jacky Jacky, already described in a previous number of Household Words, took place. One of the principal causes which led to that fearful outbreak was the stoppage of the daily allowance of two pounds of potatoes, which, from the saltness of the beef, were in that hot climate almost absolutely necessary. Upon the failure of the potato crop, an equivalent for these two pounds of sweet potatoes was sought, and it was at length determined by the authorities that two ounces of raw salt pork, being exactly similar in money value, should be given as a substitute. The official report says: "This has created much dissatisfaction among the men generally, from the very small quantity, which could, with due regard to the public purse, be apportioned: and so difficult has it been to make the men comprehend the equity of such an equivalent, that a large number for a long time refused to receive it, in the hope that some other substitute would

ultimately be granted them." The substitution of two ounces of pork for two pounds of potatoes was an exasperating mockery, which the men bore with patience until the sudden seizure of all their pots and cooking utensils, when an outbreak ensued, resulting in a fearful loss of life.

Fourteen men, in all, were tried by special commission for the Jacky-Jacky massacre. An eye-witness of the proceedings on the trial states that the majority manifested no contrition for their offence. Some laughed and jested; others browbeat witnesses in a style quite professional, and, I presume, acquired in a long experience of courts of justice in England. One addressed the Court at considerable length, after having cleverly examined the witnesses, speaking fluently and well, enumerating all the weak points in the evidence against him, and noting every discrepancy in the facts. This man was more deeply implicated than any, except Westwood. Another, an Irish lad of scarce twenty years of age, began his defence by calling a witness, whom, after a careful personal scrutiny, he dismissed without a question, professing "not to like the look of the fellow." Having called another witness, who described himself as a "scourger or flagellator," much merriment ensued among the prisoners, and the Irish lad finally joked him out of the witness-box, and called another, with whom the following dialogue took place:—

Prisoner. You're Darker, I believe?

Witness. I am.

Prisoner. You've an extensive acquaintance on the island?

Witness. I know the men on the settlement mostly.

Prisoner. Divil doubt ye! It's the big rogues is best known. Now, Darker, tell me. Didn't ye some months ago say to a man on this island, that you had so much villainy in yir head, that it was a-busting out at yir ears?

Here the judge's patience was exhausted, although such scenes are common on such occasions, and the witness was ordered to stand down. Twelve were found guilty. On hearing their sentences they became extremely violent, cursing the prosecutor and all connected with the trial. Westwood alone was calm and orderly. At the conclusion of the sentence he rose, and in a calm, unbroken voice addressed the Court. He seemed contrite, but had lost none of that coolness and air of resolution, which had characterised him throughout. He expressed deep sorrow for his share in the massacre, sensible that he could say but little in extenuation of it. He expected to suffer, and was content to die, but regretted that innocent men should be involved in the punishment. It was observed, however, that he did not mention any names. He went on to say that he entered life with a kindly feeling towards his fellow-men, which had been changed into misanthropy by harsh treatment, fraud, and cruelty. "Since childhood," he exclaimed, "I have never known what kindness was. I have struggled for liberty, and have robbed, when in the bush, to supply the cravings of nature but I never raised my hand against a fellow-creature till the present time." He complained bitterly of the harsh treatment he had received, not at Norfolk Island, but previously in Van Dieman's Land. It was said by an officer on the Island that, in his case, there was some ground for the complaint; for he had heard that an act of brutality on the part of an overseer was the occasion of Westwood's absconding and taking to those courses, which now, at the age of twenty-six, brought him to an ignominious end.

The twelve were hanged, with five others, a few days afterwards; the office of executioner being filled by two convicts who volunteered their services. There were upwards of twenty candidates for the appointment. One of the two men selected stated, in his written application, that having been a notorious offender and now deeply penitent for his past misconduct, he "hoped to be permitted to retrieve his character by serving the Government on the present occasion."

I continued at my disgusting employment of wardsman for sixteen months, only interrupted by the frequent illnesses and returns to the hospital which it produced. It was not until the good chaplain, who was at my pallet-side every day, believed me to be dying, that the doctor's recommendation was partially complied with. I was removed to the Cascades—a more salubrious part of the Island; though even there I was ordered to perform the very duties which had so repeatedly brought me to the brink of the grave. The change of air, however, had a beneficial effect, but, I had no sooner recovered my strength, than I was ordered back, and sent to field labour in a heavy gang, with a doubly convicted felon for my overseer—notorious for his severity, and for the irritating and frivolous accusations he constantly made against the twenty-four men committed to his control; either of whom he could at any moment get flogged or imprisoned upon his unsupported testimony. Fortunately I did not incur his displeasure.

Covered with dirt, weakened from insufficient food; sometimes drenched with rain, at others, standing up to my knees in slush, and under a broiling sun that made the mud steam around me, I continued at this horrible labour for three months, when a vacancy occurred in a writership, which it was found difficult to fill up, and the commandant was at length compelled to yield to a pressing application for my services. I was, therefore, at length permitted to lay aside the hoe for the pen; but even in this improved condition, I had the same rations, and was at the desk from five in the morning until nine at night; and when my appetite for the coarse food which I had been able to eat while toiling in the open

air was destroyed by the close sedentary confinement, and my superintendent asked for me the indulgence of a little milk daily, in lieu of the salt meat which I could not eat, it was refused.

Among the many remarkable prisoners in the island, by no means the least so was my predecessor in this writership. He was a native of Bengal, where he had received an excellent education; was a fine classic, and spoke several modern languages fluently. He had acquired considerable distinction in the British legion in Spain. Upon his return to England he fell into dissipated and extravagant habits, to support which he forged bills of exchange on a British nobleman, whose acquaintance he had made. He was a good-looking but delicate man, and fond of comparing himself with Abd-el-Kader, to whose portraits he bore a strong resemblance.

We had prisoners from every part of the British dominions, and, indeed, from almost every part of the world. Besides English, Irish, Scotch, Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, there were Chinamen from Hong Kong, Aborigines from New Holland, West Indian Blacks, Greeks, Caffres, and Malays. Among these were soldiers, for desertion, idiots, madmen, boys of seventeen, and old men of eighty. All these were indiscriminately herded together, without reference to age, crime, nation, or any other distinction.

Upon the whole, the conduct of the prisoners to me was extremely kind. Thus, when it was my turn to carry a bundle of heavy hoes to the field, they would frequently insist upon relieving me of the load. Upon one occasion, whilst drawing water from a deep well, my straw hat (which had been ordered by the doctor) fell to the bottom; upon which, one of the men, whom I scarcely knew, immediately caught hold of the chain, and insisted upon descending to fetch it. It was in vain I entreated him not to incur such a risk merely for a hat, and pointed out the insecurity of the chain. He went down, and I stood watching with trembling anxiety at the top. At length, to my unspeakable relief, he was wound up again; when he handed me the hat, saying, "One good turn deserves another." What the good turn may have been that I had done him, I never had the slightest idea.

Nothing, however, could induce them to resist the temptation of thieving. They soon stole my shoes while I was asleep. When a humane officer observed me working at the water-cart barefoot, in a heavy rain, he sent me a pair of his own boots. The untiring kindness of the young man convicted of forgery, whose despair and sufferings on board ship I have already described, I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude. Frequently, when he found me sinking under my heavy trials, he would insist upon sharing my task. It was the happiest moment of my life upon the Island, when an opportunity presented itself of making him some return. He had from the first been employed as chief writer in an office, and discharged his duties in a most exemplary manner for eighteen months, when a few sticks of tobacco were found concealed in the clothes of a fellow clerk; and my friend was suspected of being a party to its introduction into the office. Dishonesty was not imputed to either of them; but the use of tobacco, or the traffic in it, was a grave offence. They were, accordingly, for the first time, both sent into the field to work in a broiling sun in the gullies. After a few days I successfully employed some influence which I had now acquired, and got my friend again placed in an office, where he remained.

Wretched as my condition was here, it was not without its agreeable, and even happy moments. As soon as my case had become better known by the investigations which took place, a sympathy was expressed towards me, not only by the worthy chaplain, but by the civil and military officers generally. They entered into conversation with me in the course of their walks and rides, whether they found me in the ward, at the stone-heap, in the plough-field, or at the desk. Anxious to be as useful as possible, I every evening in the week, as well as morning and afternoon on Sundays, taught in the schools and distributed books among the men. These duties brought me into frequent communication with the chaplain, who would sometimes detain me a whole evening. In the charm of his refined society and instructive conversation, I have, for the time, forgotten my sad condition. Often, when the last bell announced the moment for locking up for the night, I seemed to be rudely awakened from some pleasant dream. What a change of scene and of company, from the chaplain and his library, to the convicts and their loathsome hut!

My duties now frequently took me to various parts of the Island, affording me opportunities of remarking its beauties. Its entire length is about ten miles; its breadth about seven. It is evidently of recent volcanic origin. It is beautifully diversified by hills and valleys, and the sea is in sight from almost every part. For the free inhabitants who do not have to labour in the heat of the day, the climate is luxurious—a delicious sea-breeze playing constantly over the Island. Peaches, guavas, grapes, bananas, and other fruits grow everywhere. In the gardens of the officers, pomegranates, loquots, and other delicious fruits were in great perfection. In winter, peas, cabbages, and other European vegetables are produced in abundance.

The coast is everywhere indented with bays and inlets. In one of these retired nooks I have sometimes enjoyed a bath which a prince might have envied. The woods were filled with parrots and other birds of magnificent

plumage; but their notes were most monotonous. The birds of the Pacific isles have no song. The nights in Norfolk Island are more beautiful than a European can imagine. The moon gives a light by which a newspaper may be read with ease. The air is generally clear; and during the writership, when I had a hut to myself in the midst of a large garden, I have frequently at dead of night left my hammock and walked about the garden, with no other clothing than my night-dress, without experiencing the slightest ill effect.

We had but one storm during my stay there, but that was terrific. Such rain! it came down rather in sheets than in drops; and the thunder seemed to shake the very island. Snow had not been seen for many years. None of the trees are deciduous, and the pasture-lands there present the appearance of a rich green velvet. Mount Pitt, a thousand feet above the level of the sea, is crowned with trees of the richest foliage and every variety of tint. Conspicuous amongst them rises the graceful Norfolk Island pine. The lanes in many parts of the Island are lined on each side by lemon trees, meeting overhead, and hung with the golden fruit, forming a fragrant bower miles in length. The harbour of Sydney is highly picturesque; Ceylon is magnificent in scenery; and there are parts of Van Dieman's Land of great beauty; but Norfolk Island is the loveliest spot I ever beheld. How strange, I have often thought, that such a Paradise should be the chosen abode of the refuse of criminals, doubly and trebly sifted.

I had passed two years and six months on the Island when news arrived, that, in consequence of representations made to the home authorities of the abominations and misgovernment in that settlement, the establishment was to be broken up; and I was removed with three hundred other prisoners to Van Dieman's Land.

For more than three years I had now been deprived of my liberty. "Hope deferred" had, long since, made my heart sick. Letters and statements, which I had myself written and despatched to England under the greatest difficulties, while labouring in the fields, and while sick in the hospital, had served to keep alive my hopes; and it was well for me, perhaps, when after fixing the time that must elapse before a reply could be returned, and marking anxiously the months as they rolled away, I eagerly watched for the arrival of a vessel in the harbour, that I was ignorant of the fact that scarcely one of these appeals ever reached its destination, and that one upon which I had most relied, addressed by the chaplain of the Island to the first Minister of the Crown, had got no further than Hobart Town. At length, however, the noble exertions of a gentleman who had been unceasing in his inquiries into every fact connected with my case were successful. About a week after my removal to Van Dieman's Land, I received the intelligence that a conditional "pardon" had arrived, giving me liberty, though without permission to land in England.

The superintendent, who communicated to me this news, said, "You must give me your prison clothing, and proceed to Hobart Town, where you will receive the necessary document." Having no clothes of my own, or any money or friends to assist me in that part, I asked what clothes would be given or lent me to travel in. To this he merely replied, "I have no orders about that." The principal communication with Hobart Town was by water, but as the pardon was unaccompanied by any authority for a free passage, I was unable to obtain one. By land it was about ninety miles, through an almost untrodden region—a gum tree wilderness—without for the greater part any roads, except a slight kind of sheep track, at many places quite effaced by heavy rains; but I was compelled to go, and for aught that the Government provided me, under such extraordinary circumstances, I might have wandered to Hobart Town naked and without food. My miserable fellow prisoners however had more compassion, and clubbed together such few odd articles of wearing apparel as they happened to possess; and the superintendent and the religious instructor kindly eked out the charity of those whose fellow captive I had so long been, to enable me to set out upon my journey—a wandering mendicant round the earth—having the fixed resolve to proceed to Paris, a distance of twenty thousand miles, there to renew my struggle for that justice which I knew must be the result of a re-examination of the facts of my case. I sometimes travelled thirty miles of that weary, though welcome journey, without seeing a human being from whom to inquire my way. Knowing, however, the position of Hobart Town, the sun served as my compass by day, and the stars by night. My course sometimes lay along the sea-coast; but oftener deep in the woods, on emerging from which, the scenery was often extremely beautiful. After crossing mountains and fording streams, and sleeping occasionally in the shade of a tree, in three days and three nights I reached my destination. Had a stage harlequin suddenly made his appearance, he could scarcely have attracted more attention than I did, in my motley, ill-fitting suit. I was, however, soon metamorphosed, being most kindly received by the chaplain and the Judge of Assize who had known me in my captivity.

After a brief stay at Hobart Town, aided by subscriptions from the Lieutenant-Governor and other principal inhabitants, I took ship for Sydney. Here my case was fully reviewed and investigated, and I received further and very liberal assistance to prosecute my journey. In fifty days I reached Canton,

and in thirty more, Madras. Having letters of introduction to the judges and other persons of distinction there, I was received and entertained with munificent hospitality. For three weeks, while I waited for the steamer to convey me to Suez, I became the guest of one of the chief officers of the Presidency, who appropriated a suite of apartments, bath-room, library, carriage, and two servants, to my especial use. What a charming scene is a dinner-party in India! The very heat is made a source of delight. A feeling of deep repose is in the dusty saloon. The floor, paved with smooth stone, without carpet; the air rendered deliciously cool by passing through wet matting; the eye refreshed by the choicest flowers encircling the doorway and drooping in through the open windows; the guests attired in snow-white dresses of Chinese grass-cloth, more cool and delicate than the finest muslin; the barefooted native servants, in their white robes and red turbans, gliding noiselessly about; everything reminds you of those Oriental stories which we are earliest taught, and whose scenes, long after floating in the mind, become the elements of dreams. From above the punka kept up an artificial breeze, while ice appeared as plentiful as if we had been regaling ourselves on the Grands Mulets. What Eastern story could be more strange than those vicissitudes which had finally brought me amid such scenes.

I reached Paris by the overland route *viâ* Trieste, passing through Southern Germany, and down the Danube and the Rhine, having letters of introduction to eminent persons there. Through them I succeeded in securing the attention of Her Majesty's ambassador to my case; and, after the lapse of six months, I received a free pardon, with a letter from the Secretary of State acknowledging my innocence.

THE CITIES OF TIME.

In a deep and death-like forest
Where the midnight ever broodeth,
And within whose solemn silence
Man nor beast nor bird obtrudeth,—
Wrecks and ruins of great cities,
Crowded once with countless numbers,
Shroud them in the massive branches,
Blackening in their moulder'd slumbers.

Spacious were these regal structures,
As their Titan sprawl evinces,
Peopled once by kings with harems,
Priests and soldiers, chiefs and princes;
All the rest were slaves more lowly,
And their fragile habitations
Perished, with the stalls and stables
Of their quadruped relations.

Palace, pyramid, and column,
Temples, idols, and traditions,
Arts and skill, and pomp of tyrants—
Scorning human recognitions:
Such their grandeur of past ages,
Such the end of all their glory,
In barbaric height of power
Darkness hath devour'd their story.

Turn thine eye upon the present,
Where the northland swims in rivers,
Itaska and the Rocky Mountains
Are their spring-head's glorious givers.
On they flow to ocean, southward,
Shining, leaping, and expanding;
In a vision I behold them—
'Midst these despot ruins standing.

Leaping rush the foaming rapids
Towards the cataract, eddying, spooming,
O'er the precipice of granite,
Down the gorge with hollow booming!
Thence advance the mighty rivers
Through vast tracts and rolling prairies,
Fields of maize, and rice, and cotton,
Meads and mines for gnomes and fairies.

On the banks are scatter'd sparely
Village, log-hut, lone location,
But upon the river's bosom,
Floating towns attest a Nation!
Life and labour, commerce, progress,
Seeds of men and riches sowing,
O'er five thousand miles now witness
Fertile borders—cities growing.

While in Yucatan I ponder
O'er oblivion's crushing paces;
Mississippi, and Missouri,
Oh, love freedom in all races!
In the future I behold ye,
Clad with cities and with glory,
Nobly hold your course—take warning
By these wrecks and ruins hoary.

Last great strong-hold left for Freedom,
Patriots seek thee o'er the ocean,
Since the world's be-soldier'd pagods
League once more, and claim devotion.
But thou wilt not, ever passive,
See man for his birth-right struggle,
Ten years—and thy star-lit banner
Shall o'ertop the blood-stain'd juggle.

Farewell, self entombing ruins!
Void, majestical, and nameless;
Type of splendours, now so mournful,
Would thine origin were blameless.
Forests clasp'd thee in embraces,
Now the earth shall fold thee rotten,
Scorning man—to God a stranger—
Pass to dust—and be forgotten!

DINING WITH THE MILLION.

The French journals, debarred from the discussion of prohibited politics, have been lately discovering several heroes in humble life. Modest merit is very apt thus to turn up in the newspapers at dead seasons, like the Shower of Frogs, and Tremendous Turnips, which, in England, are among the most important results of the close of the parliamentary session. It happens occasionally that we read in the obituary of some very

distinguished person, an honour to his country; whose like, the journalist informs us, we ne'er shall look upon again, and whose name we thus hear mentioned for the first time. We have never suspected the great man's existence until he has ceased to exist. We have never known of the honour we enjoyed until we have ceased to enjoy it.

Thus it is that a large portion of the Parisian public were perhaps utterly unable to do honour to the Père Nicolet, until they were all of a sudden deprived of him. Death, however, unlocks the biographical treasures of the French journals, and they have celebrated the memory of Père Nicolet with that nicely-modulated mournfulness, that neatly-balanced regret, that well-punctuated pity, and that enlarged sympathy which a *feuilletonist* (who is paid by the line) can never coldly repress.

"Who is, or rather, who was Père Nicolet?" may especially be asked in our own country, where ignorance—so that it be the result of choice—is so distinguished and respectable.

Few can answer the question better than I can. The Père Nicolet! how well I remember that great and magnificent man. The remembrance carries me back (with a swiftness comparable to nothing but Prince Hussein's carpet, or an Excursion at two and two-pence,) to old familiar Paris—to

* "Other lips and other hearts,"

not to mention other cookery and other *cartes*—Paris with its narrow Seine, that divides, but does not separate its shores; its terraces, fountains, and statues; its sauntering and sun; its immaculate toilettes, and morals (occasionally) to correspond; its balls where people actually dance, and its conversaziones where talking is not unknown—Paris, where people go to the Opera merely because they like music, and yawn not, though a play be in nine acts; where gloves are carried to perfection; where it is not customary to consider any man a snob or a swindler until you have been introduced to him; where nobody is so ill-bred as to blush, although many, perhaps, have reason to do so; where everybody is a great deal more polite to everybody else than anybody deserves; where all the children are men, and all the men are children, and where all the ladies are more important than the two put together; for the politest nation in Europe fully recognises the Rights of Woman to govern—and to work.

The Père Nicolet! The mention of his name recalls an eventful evening. Everybody who has been accustomed to sun himself occasionally in Paris has experienced the difficulty of dining. Not difficulty in a vulgar sense. That may be experienced elsewhere, even in our own happy land, where great men have been reduced to feed their horses upon cheese-cakes. I allude to the more painful embarrassment of prandial riches. In England, according to Ude, a man is troubled in the choice of a religious sect, because there are fifty of them; but he has no hesitation as to his fish sauce, because there is, or was, but one. In France the case is reversed. The example of the English philosopher Hobson—proverbial for the ready adaptation of his inclination to his alternativeless condition—is readily followed in matters of faith; it is in feeding (can alliteration excuse a coarse expression?) that the Frenchman finds himself at fault. Thus it is that in Paris, I have found what I may call a carte-load of five hundred dishes an insuperable difficulty in the way of a dinner, compared to which the English embarrassment between a steak and a chop, or a chop and a steak, is felicity itself. What monotony in variety it is to go the round of the *restaurants!* How soon the gilding is taken off the Maison Dorée; how quickly the Café de Paris ceases to be distinguished from any other café—de Paris, or elsewhere; what a disagreeable family the Trois Frères speedily become. Then Vachette, Véry, and Vefour—Vefour, Véry, and Vachette!—are ringing the changes in vain. The dinner which was probably prepared for the Sleeping Beauty previously to her siesta, and kept waiting a hundred years, may have been found somewhat behind the age when it came to be eaten; but it could not have been more changeless and unchangeable than those great conservative *cuisines*.

Be it observed, however, that I am not assuming to myself any particular claims to epicurean honours. I am not going to set up an ideal on so very material a subject, to talk about the spiritual and divine side of gastronomy; to fall into affected raptures at the traditions of Vatel or the treatise of Savarin; to talk of the rare repasts I used *not* to revel in before the old Rocher was ruined, and the wonderful old vintages which I must confess had *not* then come under my notice. Nobody raves in this manner but antiquated dogs, who have not only had their day, but who have been making a night of it ever since—except perhaps the comic *bon vivant* of some Irish magazine, who has probably drawn his inspiration from a *restaurant* in the Palais Royal, at two francs, *prix fixe*. Perhaps there is no subject upon which more nonsense has been written (inclusive of the lucubrations of the comic Irishman) on both sides of the question than upon French cookery. For my part, I am perfectly aware that the best dinners in the world are to be had in Paris, if you go to the right places. But the vaunted variety is all nonsense as far as the accidental diner is concerned. Deduct from the ten thousand *plats*, or whatever number the *carte* may profess to contain, the dishes that do not happen to be in season (always a large proportion); those that never are, and never will be in season (a still larger number); those of which, at whatever time you dine, the last *plat* has just been served (an equally

large number); those which require to be specially ordered in the morning (not a few); and you will find that as to selection the remainder is not very bewildering—especially when it is remembered that two different names very often refer to one dish or to two, with a difference so slight as to be scarcely distinguishable.

Having thus, I hope, justified myself for finding promiscuous dining in Paris monotonous after a few months of it, I need not farther explain how I came to test the resources of the Barriers in this respect, and how, in the course of not finding what I was looking for, I met with the Père Nicolet.

The Barriers, I may premise, are a grand resort, not only of dancers (to whom I have already alluded in this journal) but of diners and drinkers of all descriptions and degrees. It is owing to their happy attraction that so few drunken persons are seen about the streets of the city; and not, as has been sagaciously inferred, because drunken persons are by any means rare phenomena among a Parisian population. The *octroi* duty upon viands and wine entering Paris, was diminished a few months ago by a popular act of the President, but not sufficiently so to injure the interests of the *restaurants* outside. It is when the neighbourhood around becomes so thickly populated that the Government find it desirable to extend the boundary and bring it within the jurisdiction of the city authorities—which has happened now and then—that these establishments suffer. Placed under the ban of the *octroi*, their wines and viands are no longer cheaper than in the heart of the city; and their customers forsake them for new establishments set up on the outside of the new Barriers—destined perhaps some day to be themselves subjected to a similar proceeding.

Meantime, on every day of the year—but on Sundays more especially—thousands upon thousands, attracted perhaps as much by the excursion as by other considerations, flock to these *restaurants* to transact the mighty affair of dinner. Let us plant ourselves—that is to say, myself and two or three congenial associates, at one of the largest and most respectable. The place is the Barrière Clichy, and the time, Sunday, at six o'clock. The principal dining room, on the first floor, is spacious and lofty, with all the windows open to the air. Nearly all the long narrow tables—which look very white and well appointed—are occupied by satisfied or expectant guests. Yonder is a respectable shopkeeper at the head of his very respectable family. See with what well-bred politeness he places chairs for his wife and the elder girls; who hang up their bonnets, and adjust their already nicely adjusted hair in the mirror with perfect composure—not at all embarrassed by the presence of a couple of hundred persons whom they have never seen before. At the next table is a grisette dining with a young gentleman of rustic appearance, with red ears, who does not seem quite at his ease. Never mind, she does, that's very plain. They are waiting to order their dinner. The young lady stamps impatiently with her little foot upon the floor, and strikes a glass with a fork to attract the attention of a waiter—a practice that is considered underbred by fastidious persons; and which, to be sure, one does not observe at the Trois Frères. The *garçon* at length arrives, and the young lady pours into his ear a voluble order;—a flood of *Jullienne* soup and a bottle of anything but *ordinaire* wine, corking it down with a long array of solid matters to correspond. The young gentleman with the red ears, meantime, grins nervously; and indeed does little else during a very long dinner, making up, however, for the subordinate part he has hitherto played, by paying the bill. Round the room are scattered similar parties, arranged variously. Now a lady and gentleman—then a gentleman alone—then a lady alone (who partakes of everything with great gravity and decorum); then two ladies together, who exchange confidences with mysterious gestures, show one another little letters, and are a little lavish in the article of curaçoa; then two gentlemen together, who are talking about the two ladies, exchange a glance with one of them, and depart.

Such is a specimen of the society usually to be met with at a dinner outside the Barriers. If you wish to exchange a little for the worse, you will not find the process very difficult. In the *restaurants* of a lower class, there is a greater preponderance of cold veal and fried potatoes among the viands, and of blouses among the guests. The wine, too, is rougher, and what Englishmen call fruity. You will be amused, too, during dinner, by musical performers (who walk in promiscuously from the street), conjurors, and other ingenious persons—some of whom whistle duets with imaginary birds, which they are supposed to carry in their pockets, and imitate the noises of various animals with a fidelity which I have seldom known equalled.

The sun is setting as I stroll forth with my friends along the exterior Boulevards, rather dull, as becomes inhabitants of our beloved island, and anxious for "something to turn up" to amuse us. One proposes a visit to a suburban ball; another, an irruption into a select wedding party, which is making a great noise in a large house adjacent, where dancing may be seen through the open windows. The last proposition is negatived on the ground that we are not friends of the family, and might possibly be ejected with ignominy. I had myself, by the way, assisted at one of these entertainments a few days previously. It had been given by my laundress, on the occasion of the marriage of one of her "young ladies" with a youth belonging to my hotel.

On that occasion I had been bored, I must say; and, moreover, had found myself compelled to contribute, in the style of a *milord*, towards setting up the young pair in life—for which purpose a soup-plate was sent round among the guests. It was next proposed to inspect the manners of the lower orders. With great pleasure;—but how, and where? Somebody had heard of a great establishment, which could not be far off, where "the million" were in the habit of congregating to an unlimited extent—on Sundays especially. We would stop the first intelligent plebeian we came across, and inquire for such a place. Here is a man in a blouse, with a pipe in his mouth: a circle is formed round him, and six questions are addressed to him at once. He is a plebeian, but not intelligent—so we let him pass. The next is our man: he looks contemptuously at us for our ignorance, and directs us to the Barrière de Rochechouart—*le Petit Ramponneau*, kept by the Père Nicolet, whom everybody (sarcastic emphasis on everybody) knows.

The Barrière de Rochechouart is not far off; and the Barrier once gained, the *Petit Ramponneau* is not difficult to find. A long passage, bordered by trees, leads into a spacious court-yard, bounded by gardens. Round the court-yard, taking the air pleasantly, hang the carcases of sheep and oxen in great—in astonishing—in overwhelming numbers. Not a pleasant spectacle, truly, to a person of taste; but, viewed with an utilitarian eye, magnificent indeed. Mr. Pelham would find it simply disgusting: Mr. M'Culloch would probably describe it as a grand and gratifying sight. Making our way across the court-yard, rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pelham, we pass through the most conspicuous door fronting us, and find ourselves at once in the kitchen—an immense hall, crowded with company, well lighted up, and redolent of

—— "the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners."

On the right hand, on entering, there is a bar—a pewter counter crowded with wooden wine measures—in the regular public-house style; but with something more of adornment in the way of flowers and mirrors. On the left, the actual *batterie de cuisine* is railed off, like the sacred portion of a banking-house. On the sacred side of the railing the prominent object is a copper of portentous dimensions;—seething and hissing and sending forth a fragrant steam, which, night and day, I believe, is never known to stop. Cooks, light and active, white-capped and jacketed, are flitting about, and receiving directions from the proprietor—the great and solemn Nicolet himself. To say that the Père was stout, would be, simply, to convey the idea of a man who has more than the ordinary amount of flesh upon his bones. To say that he was solemn and grand, would not be distinguishing him from the general notion of solemnity and grandeur, as associated with any heavy and stupid persons. Let it be understood then that he united all these qualities in their very best sense, and had, besides, a *bonhommie* and good-humour that is not always found reconciled with them. As he stood there distributing his orders, and himself assisting continually in their execution, he looked like a monarch; and, probably, felt himself to be every inch a king.

Meantime, a crowd through which we had elbowed our way, are choking up the space between the counter and the sacred railing, all intent upon winning their way to a little aperture, through which dishes of smoking and savoury ragout, or whatever the compound may be called, are being distributed to each comer in succession, as he thrusts in his arm. This great object gained, he passes on and finds a table where it pleases him. This, it should be observed, is no difficult matter. In this principal room itself long tables and benches are arranged on all sides; in the garden, in every direction, similar accommodation; up stairs, in several large rooms, extensive preparations are spread. Everywhere—up stairs, down stairs, throughout the garden—groups are engaged in the one great occupation. Conversation,—here in whispers, there buzzing; now boisterous, anon, roaring and unrestrained—on every side. Heartiness and hilarity predominant, and everybody at his ease. As we stroll through the place, our foreign—and, shall I add, distinguished—appearance, so unusual at the *Petit Ramponneau*, attracts attention. I hear somebody stigmatize us as spies, but somebody else re-assures the suspector by a description a little nearer the mark—that we are only English—a little eccentric. It should not be forgotten by philosophic persons who like to intrude into strange scenes, that a good-humoured word to the roughest and most quarrelsome-looking fellow has always a good effect; and that nothing stops the democratic mouth so effectually as wine.

Having "inspected," as the newspapers call it, the resources of the place, we planted ourselves down stairs to see what it could afford us by way of refreshment. Here the proprietor himself was at hand, all bows and blandishments and expressions of "distinguished consideration," and, through him, we duly made the acquaintance of some of the other people of the house, who were taking their own dinner—or supper, now that the labours of the day were at an end. One of these—a lively, bright-eyed young lady, who went about like a benevolent countess, a youthful Lady Bountiful, great in ministering charities—I understood to be the daughter of the proprietor. We had succeeded in accomplishing a very satisfactory fraternisation in that quarter by the time our wine arrived.

The wine, I may observe, was some of the best Burgundy—at the price— I ever drank, and we gave it due honour accordingly, to the delight of the Père, who prided himself especially upon his cellar. We invited him to partake, and he immediately sat down and grew communicative. The conversation turned naturally upon himself; then upon his house. He had commenced on his present system, he told us, a poor man, without a penny to bless himself with. By the exercise of industry and economy, which—I have since learned—approached to something like heroism, he became what I saw him. As I saw him, he was simply a cook in a white cap and apron. But he was, in reality, something very different. His wealth, I have since learned, was immense—indeed, he had the reputation of being a millionaire. Yet, with all his prosperity, he never changed his old habits, nor made the slightest attempt to set himself up higher in the social scale, which men of a tenth part of his means are accomplishing successfully every day. He might have married his daughters to bankers even; but he gave them to men of his own rank, and was satisfied so that they were happy. As for the business, it had increased by degrees to its present extent; and even now it augmented day by day. Nor did he gain his wealth by any undue contribution upon the poor: on the contrary, the *Petit Ramponneau* was the greatest blessing that they could enjoy. A dinner there, he assured me to my surprise, cost the visitor but five *sous*, exclusive of wine, which, however, could be enjoyed at a proportionately economical rate. If any testimonial was wanting to the excellence of the system, it could be found in the number of persons who availed themselves of it—sometimes from three to four and five thousand in the course of the day. Of these, the majority were of the very poorest class, as I could see for myself; but among them were many of an apparent respectability that made their presence there a matter of surprise. The number of persons of the better classes who were reduced by "circumstances" to dine there, was by no means inconsiderable. He himself, the Père, had often recognised faces that had been familiar to him in far different scenes. And he was convinced that the establishment which, by good management, was so large a source of profit to himself, was an inestimable benefit to the poorer classes of Paris.

I thought of the many thousands in London who starve more expensively than they could dine at the *Petit Ramponneau*, and entirely agreed with the worthy Père.

While we were talking, the guests had been gradually moving off; plates and dishes were being carried away in huge piles; the tables and benches were being cleared and re-arranged; the copper had ceased to hiss, and the furnace to roar. Everything denoted preparations for closing.

Presently half a-dozen men began to roll some huge tubs—nearly as high as themselves—into the court-yard. I asked the meaning of this arrangement. "They are the wine-barrels that have supplied the consumption of to-day," was the reply.

I was fairly astonished, and by a matter of the merest detail. It gave me the best idea I could have formed of the large number of the frequenters of the *Petit Ramponneau*. But so it always is. Statistics tell us very astonishing things in calculations and total results; but they suggest nothing definite to ordinary minds; but the sight of these huge empty wine-barrels gave me a more distinct idea of the enormous consumption of wine in one day, than the most skilful grouping or tabulating of figures could possibly have done.

Here we took our leave of our new acquaintances, and made the best of our way into Paris. As for the *Petit Ramponneau*, it flourishes still, I believe; but I regret to learn that the worthy proprietor is among the things that were. Poor fellow! he died, I am told, true to the last to his simple unostentatious system; in his white cap and apron by the side of the great copper and the roaring furnace.

CHIPS.

BERRINGTON'S KNAPSACK.

In a corner of a newspaper we met, the other day, with a neat little story of a sanguine man. It bore the heading "Privy Council," and took the form of an application for the renewal of a patent.

The hero of the tale is a gentleman named Berrington, who, some time ago—certainly more than fourteen years ago—invented an improved knapsack. The knapsacks then used in the army were notoriously cumbrous, artfully contrived to press the belt over the lungs in walking, and to impede the free movements of the soldier. Mr. Angelo, who instructs the army in sword exercise, stated that chiefly, or entirely, owing to the weight and bad adjustment of the belt and knapsack employed in the army fifteen years ago, nine out of ten of the infantry became flat-chested.

Mr. Berrington, impressed with this fact, exercised his wits in the invention of a knapsack that should be light, that should be so hung as to remove the pressure from the surface of the chest, and that should in itself be more convenient than the old knapsack for the purposes to which a knapsack is applied. Mr. Berrington succeeded in his intention; at any rate, he said that he did, and no man contradicted him. His improved knapsack had the further claim on patronage that it was a float, and would act as a life-preserver in case of shipwreck. So that, in case of the wreck of a transport-ship—and the recent

fate of the Birkenhead reminds us that such terrible events do now and then occur—the lives of soldiers provided with the improved knapsack would not very readily be lost.

Mr. Berrington having invented his knapsack—an affair, the merits of which could be proved or disproved in ten minutes by any impartial man—took out a patent. It was so obvious to him that the substitution of his knapsack for that which was in use fifteen years ago, would increase the health, comfort, and efficiency of troops, that he was quite sure it would be adopted after due inquiry by the Government, and substituted gradually for the old machines. He took out a patent for—fourteen years! The sanguine man! Is there another man in England who believes that either military or naval authorities in this country are able, in so short a time as fourteen years, to grasp a new idea. The revolutionary notion! Knapsacks now are precisely what they were fifteen years ago, and soldiers become flat-chested in the old proportion. Mr. Berrington took out his patent in the year 1838, and his fourteen years of hope and effort having now expired, he applied the other day for a renewal of his patent for seven years more. The sanguine inventor believed that, if the authorities could not adopt his improvement of the soldier's knapsack in fourteen years, they certainly would do something in twenty-one.

The seven more years were granted, the bench going through the form of expressing some surprise at the neglect of the invention, which would almost throw discredit on the truth of its pretensions. Since, however, all evidence was in favour of the new knapsack, and the renewal of the patent was not opposed on any ground of demerit, the patent was renewed for seven years. Seven years hence, however, we very much fear that soldiers' knapsacks will be what they now are, and what they were fifteen or fifty years ago. The whole dress and equipment of our infantry requires reform. Ten minutes would suffice to demonstrate some ten blunders therein, easily removed. Nevertheless, we should not like to risk the value of a patent on the chance of one amendment introduced, of their own accord, by the authorities during the next ten years.

WRECK AND RUIN.

In October 1848, I went over to the Island of Capri, some twenty miles from Naples, to enjoy a rustic festival. Our party consisted of some Englishmen and some Italians; the latter, being in the service of the Government, had a fixed limit to their leave of absence. When the morning arrived that was appointed for the departure of our Italian friends, we accompanied them to the shore, where they made their arrangements for the passage back to the mainland. There was a strong west-and-by-south wind roaring round the island and the sea looked dangerous, but in Naples, where there is no career for a young man out of Government employ, an official must not trifle with his post. The preparations, therefore, for the launching of the boat went on.

It was one of those wide-bottomed boats, commonly used in the Port of Naples, upon which the stranger starts out for a moonlight row to Posilippo, or betakes himself with his portmanteau and his carpet-bag, or with his wife and her pill-box-full of a few things to the steamer. Such boats are not made for riding on a stormy sea. The men preparing to put out that morning were our two friends the officials, and two boatmen. One of the passengers was hailed by the captain of a good strong bark upon the point of starting. "Come with us, Raffaelluccio, it will be madness to sail out in that cockleshell through such a sea!" Raffaelluccio, a delicate youth, replied that he was no coward. He had come in the boat and might go back in the boat, with the Madonna's blessing. The other passenger was a stout black-bearded man, and the two boatmen were a youth and a weather-beaten sailor from the port of Naples.

The little harbour at Capri is so sheltered from certain winds that there is often a deceptive smoothness in its waters. It was only by looking out to sea that one detected, on that wild October morning, how the waters writhed under the torture of the wind. Far as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with those smaller storm waves, called in the phrase of the country *pecore;* these, as the day advanced, swelled into great billows, *cavalloni*, which came rolling on upon our little island, and dashed violently against the coast of Massa and Sorrento.

The boat had been shoved off, and had returned for some article, left accidentally behind. A group of weatherwise old sailors thronged about the fool-hardy crew, in vain urging them to wait for fairer weather. They put out to sea again, and made straight for the cape under the summer palace of Tiberius. This is a well-known point which boatmen often seek when they desire to catch a direct wind for their passage to the mainland. The gale that had been blowing round the island appeared to pour out from this point its undivided force, and beat the sea with a strength almost irresistible. We saw the mast of the little boat snapped the moment it had reached the cape, and the crew put back, not to await calmer weather, but to seek another temporary mast, and start again. No threat or persuasion could detain the Italians, who feared to exceed their term of leave. A rude mast was set up, and again the boat started, leaping across wave after wave. We saw no more of it. "I watched it for some distance," said the captain of the barque, which had started at the same time. "Their mast bent

as though it would break with every puff of wind, and the little sail fluttered like a handkerchief upon the waves. In a moment it disappeared, and we knew that our foreboding had proved true." The rest of the tale I had from the lips of the black-bearded official, the sole survivor; and a wilder tale of human passion does not often fall within the bounds of sober truth.

The old mariner at starting had been placed at the helm, as the most competent man of the party; but there was an alarming difference between the eddies, currents, and billows at the cape, and the smooth waters of the Bay of Naples. A monstrous *cavallone* appeared in the distance; leaping, roaring, foaming, it was close upon their quarter; its crest overhung them; in an instant, said my informant, they were swallowed up. The boat was overturned, but the crew—struggling desperately for life—rose with it once more to the surface, clinging to its bottom. In their last agony they glared upon each other, face to face among the beating waves, and the loud execrations of his companions were poured passionately on the ancient mariner, whose want of skill was cursed as the fatal cause of their despair. The hold of the poor old fellow, weak with age and faint with emotion, had not strength to bear him up amid the tossing of the waters, and as his grasp relaxed, the others watched his weakness with a fiendish satisfaction. "It is some consolation," exclaimed one, "to see you die first, fool as you are." He did not hear the latest maledictions, but went down in the deep sea. The next who died was Raffaelluccio, upon whose daily work the daily bread of a mother and three sisters depended; "I am stiff with cold and can hang on no longer," he said to his companion. "Get on my shoulders," was the answer of the stronger man. And so he did, and so he died, the living man with the dead weight upon him grappling still for life and drifting before the storm. The young boatman, the other survivor, trembling himself upon the brink of eternity, crept round to the dead body, and having robbed it of a watch and chain and other valuables, pushed it from the shoulders of his friend into the sea. So there remained these two men, clinging to the boat and gazing on each other anxiously.

The thought had crossed the mind of the young man that if they lived until they should be thrown ashore, the surviving passenger would require that he should deliver up the watch and other valuables to the family of Raffaelluccio. He may not have taken them with a design of theft. He probably saw that the dead body cumbered his companion, and committed it from a good human motive to the sea, having removed the jewellery. But to retain possession of the property, his conscience did not bid him shrink from murder of which no eye of man would ever see the stain. An unexpected blow would silence his companion, and leave him on the boat to drift to land, a sole survivor, quietly made richer by the wreck. "I read it in his eyes," said my informant. "The devil was in them, and I watched him well, but a heavy sea raised his side of the boat—that was his opportunity; and immediately he struck a heavy blow upon my head. If he was the younger I was the stronger, and he summoned me to struggle for my life, or for that chance of life which either of us had upon the gulf of waters. There was a horrible wrestling. I am the only survivor.

"All that day, and through a stormy, pitch-dark night, I lay tossed about, almost senseless, in the Bay of Naples. But, before dawn on the second day my boat was cast ashore at Torre dell' Annunziata, and there locked between two rocks. I had just strength to crawl to the Coast Guard-house, in which I perceived that lights were twinkling. I was spurned. My papers were demanded.

"Faint as I was, in time I found it possible to make the good officials understand my case, and excuse the production of credentials from the fishes. They took me in and treated me with Christian kindness. My looks had frightened them; my face was bloated, and my eyes protruded like those of a lobster."

The mother of Raffaelluccio was living in Capri, and I was there when the news came back of her son's fate. In the darkness of an October night, the ruined family—the bereaved mother and her daughters—mounted to their house-top, and turning towards the sea, shrieked wildly for the son and brother whom it held from them.

The voice of woe that then thrilled in my ears will never be forgotten. I never knew till then what agony could be, not expressed only, but communicated by the wail of women.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT proud and wicked French nobility who dragged their country to destruction, and who were every day and every year regarded with deeper hatred and detestation in the hearts of the French people, learnt nothing, even from the defeat of Agincourt. So far from uniting against the common enemy, they became, among themselves, more violent, more bloody, and more false—if that were possible—than they had been before. The Count of Armagnac persuaded the French king to plunder of her treasures Queen Isabella of Bavaria, and to make her a prisoner. She, who had hitherto been the bitter enemy of the Duke of Burgundy, proposed to join him, in revenge. He attacked her guards and carried her off to Troyes, where she proclaimed herself Regent of France, and made him her lieutenant. The Armagnac party were at that time possessed of Paris; but, one of the gates of the city being secretly opened on a

certain night to a party of the duke's men, they got into Paris, threw into the prisons all the Armagnacs upon whom they could lay their hands, and, a few nights afterwards, with the aid of a furious mob of sixty thousand people, broke the prisons open, and killed them all. The former Dauphin was now dead, and the king's third son bore the title. Him, in the height of this murderous scene, a French knight hurried out of bed, wrapt in a sheet, and bore away to Poitiers. So, when the revengeful Isabella and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph after the slaughter of their enemies, the Dauphin was proclaimed at Poitiers as the real Regent.

King Henry had not been idle since his victory of Agincourt, but had repulsed a brave attempt of the French to recover Harfleur; had gradually conquered a great part of Normandy; and, at this crisis of affairs, took the important town of Rouen, after a siege of half a year. This great loss so alarmed the French, that the Duke of Burgundy proposed that a meeting to treat of peace should be held between the French and the English kings in a plain by the river Seine. On the appointed day, King Henry appeared there, with his two brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, and a thousand men. The unfortunate French King, being more mad than usual that day, could not come; but, the Queen came, and with her the Princess Catherine: who was a very lovely creature, and who made a real impression on King Henry, now that he saw her for the first time. This was the most important circumstance that arose out of the meeting. As if it were impossible for a French nobleman of that time to be true to his word of honor in anything, Henry discovered that the Duke of Burgundy was, at that very moment, in secret treaty with the Dauphin; and he therefore abandoned the negociation. The Duke of Burgundy and the Dauphin, each of whom with the best reason distrusted the other as a noble ruffian surrounded by a party of noble ruffians, were rather at a loss how to proceed after this; but, at length they agreed to meet, on a bridge over the river Yonne, where it was arranged that there should be two strong gates put up, with an empty space between them; and that the Duke of Burgundy should come into that space by one gate, with ten men only; and that the Dauphin should come into that space by the other gate, also with ten men, and no more. So far the Dauphin kept his word, but no farther. When the Duke of Burgundy was on his knee before him in the act of speaking, one of the Dauphin's noble ruffians cut the said duke down with a small axe, and others speedily finished him. It was in vain for the Dauphin to pretend that this base murder was not done with his consent; it was too bad, even for France, and caused a general horror. The duke's heir hastened to make a treaty with King Henry, and the French Queen engaged that her husband should consent to it, whatever it was. Henry made peace, on condition of receiving the Princess Catherine in marriage, and being made Regent of France during the rest of the King's life-time, and succeeding to the French crown at his death. He was soon married to the beautiful Princess, and took her proudly home to England, where she was crowned with great honor and glory.

This peace was called the Perpetual Peace; we shall soon see how long it lasted. It gave great satisfaction to the French people, although they were so poor and miserable, that, at the time of the celebration of the Royal marriage, numbers of them were dying with starvation, on the dunghills in the streets of Paris. There was some resistance, on the part of the Dauphin in some few parts of France, but King Henry beat it all down.

And now, with his great possessions in France secured, and his beautiful wife to cheer him, and a son born to give him greater happiness, all appeared bright before him. But, in the fulness of his triumph and the height of his power, Death came upon him, and his day was done. When he fell ill at Vincennes, and found that he could not recover, he was very calm and quiet, and spoke serenely to those who wept around his bed. His wife and child, he said, he left to the loving care of his brother the Duke of Bedford, and his other faithful nobles. He gave them his advice that England should establish a friendship with the new Duke of Burgundy, and offer him the regency of France; that it should not set free the royal princes who had been taken at Agincourt; and that, whatever quarrel might arise with France, England should never make peace without holding Normandy. Then, he laid down his head, and asked the attendant priests to chant the penitential psalms. Amid which solemn sounds, on the thirty-first of August, one thousand four hundred and twenty-two, in only the thirty-fourth year of his age and the tenth of his reign, King Henry the Fifth passed away.

Slowly and mournfully they carried his embalmed body in a procession of great state to Paris, and thence to Rouen where his Queen was: from whom the sad intelligence of his death was concealed until he had been dead some days. Thence, lying on a bed of crimson and gold, with a golden crown upon the head, and a golden ball and sceptre lying in the nerveless hands, they carried it to Calais, with such a great retinue as seemed to dye the roads black for miles. The King of Scotland acted as chief mourner, all the Royal Household followed, the knights wore black armour and black plumes of feathers, crowds of men bore torches, making the night as light as day; and the widowed Princess followed last of all. At Calais there was a fleet of ships to bring the funeral host to Dover, and so, by way of London Bridge,

where the service for the dead was chanted as it passed along, they brought the body to Westminster Abbey, and there buried it with great respect and reverence.

It had been the wish of the late King, that while his infant son KING HENRY THE SIXTH, at this time only nine months old, was under age, the Duke of Gloucester should be appointed Regent. The English Parliament, however, preferred to appoint a Council of Regency, with the Duke of Bedford at its head: to be represented, in his absence only, by the Duke of Gloucester. The Parliament would seem to have been wise in this, for Gloucester soon showed himself to be ambitious and troublesome, and, in the gratification of his own personal schemes, gave dangerous offence to the Duke of Burgundy, which was with difficulty adjusted.

As that duke declined the Regency of France, it was bestowed by the poor French King upon the Duke of Bedford. But, the French King dying within two months, the Dauphin instantly asserted his claim to the French throne, and was actually crowned under the title of CHARLES THE SEVENTH. The Duke of Bedford, to be a match for him, entered into a friendly league with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, and gave them his two sisters in marriage. War with France was immediately renewed, and the Perpetual Peace came to an untimely end.

In the first campaign, the English, aided by this alliance, were speedily successful. As Scotland, however, had sent the French five thousand men, and might send more, or attack the North of England while England was busy with France, it was considered that it would be a good thing to offer the Scottish King, James, who had been so long imprisoned, his liberty, on his paying forty thousand pounds for his board and lodging during nineteen years, and engaging to forbid his subjects from serving under the flag of France. It is pleasant to know, not only that the amiable captive at last regained his freedom upon these terms, but, that he married a noble English lady with whom he had been long in love, and became an excellent King. I am afraid we have met with some Kings in this history, and shall meet with some more, who would have been very much the better, and would have left the world much happier, if they had been imprisoned nineteen years too.

In the second campaign, the English gained a considerable victory at Verneuil, in a battle which was chiefly remarkable, otherwise, for their resorting to the odd expedient of tying their baggage-horses together by the heads and tails, and jumbling them up with the baggage, so as to convert them into a sort of live fortification—which was found useful to the troops, but which I should think was not agreeable to the horses. For three years afterwards very little was done, owing to both sides being too poor for war, which is a very expensive entertainment; but, a council was then held in Paris, in which it was decided to lay siege to the town of Orleans, which was a place of great importance to the Dauphin's cause. An English army of ten thousand men was dispatched on this service, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, a general of fame. He being unfortunately killed early in the siege, the Earl of Suffolk took his place; under whom (reinforced by SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, who brought up four hundred waggons laden with salt herrings and other provisions for the troops, and, beating off the French who tried to intercept him, came victorious out of a hot skirmish, which was afterwards called in jest the Battle of the Herrings), the town of Orleans was so completely hemmed in, that the besieged proposed to yield it up to their countryman the Duke of Burgundy. The English general, however, replied that his English men had won it, so far, by their blood and valor, and that his English men must have it. There seemed to be no hope for the town, or for the Dauphin, who was so dismayed that he even thought of flying to Scotland or to Spain—when a peasant girl rose up and changed the whole state of affairs.

The story of this peasant girl I have now to tell.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN a remote village among some wild hills in the province of Lorraine, there lived a countryman whose name was JACQUES D'ARC. He had a daughter, JOAN OF ARC, who was at this time in her twentieth year. She had been a solitary girl from her childhood; she had often tended sheep and cattle for whole days where no human figure was seen or human voice heard; and she had often knelt, for hours together, in the gloomy empty little village chapel, looking up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it, until she fancied that she saw shadowy figures standing there, and even that she heard them speak to her. The people in that part of France were very ignorant and very superstitious, and they had many ghostly tales to tell about what they dreamed, and what they saw among the lonely hills when the clouds and the mists were resting on them. So, they easily believed that Joan saw strange sights, and they whispered among themselves that angels and spirits talked to her.

At last, Joan told her father that she had one day been surprised by a great unearthly light, and had afterwards heard a solemn voice, which said it was Saint Michael's voice, telling her that she was to go and help the Dauphin. Soon after this (she said), Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret had appeared to her, with sparkling crowns upon their heads, and had encouraged her to be virtuous and resolute. These visions had returned sometimes; but the Voices very often; and

the voices always said, "Joan, thou art appointed by Heaven to go and help the Dauphin!". She almost always heard them while the chapel bells were ringing.

There is no doubt, now, that Joan believed she saw and heard these things. It is very well known that such delusions are a disease which is not by any means uncommon. It is probable enough that there were figures of Saint Michael, and Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret, in the little chapel (where they would be very likely to have shining crowns upon their heads), and that they first gave Joan the idea of those three personages. She had long been a moping, fanciful girl, and, though she was a very good girl, I dare say she was a little vain, and wishful for notoriety.

Her father, something wiser than his neighbours, said, "I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy. Thou hadst better have a kind husband to take care of thee, girl, and work to employ thy mind!" But Joan told him in reply, that she had taken a vow never to have a husband, and that she must go as Heaven directed her, to help the Dauphin. It happened, unfortunately for her father's persuasions, and most unfortunately for the poor girl, too, that a party of the Dauphin's enemies found their way into the village while Joan's disorder was at this point, and burnt the chapel, and drove out the inhabitants. The cruelties she saw committed, touched Joan's heart and made her worse. She said that the voices and the figures were now continually with her; that they told her she was the girl who, according to an old prophecy, was to deliver France; that she must go and help the Dauphin, and must remain with him until he should be crowned at Rheims; and that she must travel a long way to a certain lord named Baudricourt, who could and would, bring her into the Dauphin's presence. As her father still said, "I tell thee Joan, it is thy fancy," she set off to find out this lord, accompanied by an uncle, a poor village wheelwright and cart-maker, who believed in the reality of her visions. They travelled a long way and went on and on, over a rough country, full of the Duke of Burgundy's men, and of all kinds of robbers and marauders, until they came to where this lord was.

When his servants told him that there was a poor peasant girl named Joan of Arc, accompanied by nobody but an old village wheelwright and cart-maker, who wished to see him, because she was commanded to help the Dauphin and save France, Baudricourt burst out a laughing and bade them send the girl away. But, he soon heard so much about her lingering in the town, and praying in the churches, and seeing visions, and doing harm to no one, that he sent for her, and questioned her. As she said the same things after she had been well sprinkled with holy water as she had said before the sprinkling, Baudricourt began to think there might be something in it. At all events, he thought it worth while to send her on to the town of Chinon, where the Dauphin was. So, he bought her a horse, and a sword, and gave her two squires to conduct her. As the Voices had told Joan that she was to wear a man's dress, now, she put one on, and girded her sword to her side, and bound spurs to her heels, and mounted her horse and rode away with her two squires. As to her uncle the wheelwright, he stood staring at his niece in wonder until she was out of sight—as well he might—and then went home again. The best place, too.

Joan and her two squires rode on and on, until they came to Chinon, where she was, after some doubt, admitted into the Dauphin's presence. Picking him out immediately from all his court, she told him that she came commanded by Heaven to subdue his enemies and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. She also told him (or he pretended so afterwards to make the greater impression upon his soldiers) a number of his secrets known only to himself, and, furthermore, she said there was an old, old sword in the cathedral of Saint Catherine at Fierbois, marked with five old crosses on the blade, which Saint Catherine had ordered her to wear. Now, nobody knew anything about this old, old sword, but when the cathedral came to be examined—which was immediately done—there, sure enough, the sword was found! The Dauphin then required a number of grave priests and bishops to give him their opinion whether the girl derived her power from good spirits or from evil spirits, which they held prodigiously long debates about, in the course of which several learned men fell fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last, when one gruff old gentleman had said to Joan, "What language do your Voices speak?" and when Joan had replied to the gruff old gentleman "A pleasanter language than yours," they agreed that it was all correct, and that Joan of Arc was inspired from Heaven. This wonderful circumstance put new heart into the Dauphin's soldiers when they heard of it, and dispirited the English army, who took Joan for a witch.

So Joan mounted horse again, and again rode on and on, until she came to Orleans. But, she rode now, as never peasant girl had ridden yet. She rode upon a white war-horse, in a suit of glittering armour; with the old, old sword from the cathedral, newly burnished, in her belt; with a white flag carried before her, upon which were a picture of God, and the words Jesus Maria. In this splendid state, at the head of a great body of troops escorting provisions of all kinds for the starving inhabitants of Orleans, she appeared before that beleaguered city. When the people on the walls beheld her, they cried out "The Maid is come! The Maid of the Prophecy is come to deliver us!" And this, and the

sight of the Maid fighting at the head of their men, made the French so bold, and made the English so fearful, that the English line of forts was soon broken, the troops and provisions were got into the town, and Orleans was saved.

Joan, henceforth called THE MAID OF ORLEANS, remained within the walls for a few days, and caused letters to be thrown over, ordering Lord Suffolk and his Englishmen to depart from before the town according to the will of Heaven. As the English general very positively declined to believe that Joan knew anything about the will of Heaven (which did not mend the matter with his soldiers, for they stupidly said if she were not inspired, she was a witch, and it was of no use to fight against a witch), she mounted her white war-horse again, and ordered her white banner to advance. The besiegers held the bridge, and some strong towers upon the bridge; and here the Maid of Orleans attacked them. The fight was fourteen hours long. She planted a scaling ladder with her own hands, and mounted a tower wall, but was struck by an English arrow in the neck, and fell into the trench. She was carried away and the arrow was taken out, during which operation she screamed and cried with the pain, as any other girl might have done; but presently she said that the Voices were speaking to her and soothing her to rest. After a while, she got up, and was again foremost in the fight. When the English, who had seen her fall and supposed her to be dead, saw this, they were troubled with the strangest fears, and some of them cried out that they beheld Saint Michael on a white horse (probably Joan herself) fighting for the French. They lost the bridge, and lost the towers, and next day set their chain of forts on fire, and left the place.

But, as Lord Suffolk himself retired no farther than the town of Jargeau, which was only a few miles off, the Maid of Orleans besieged him there, and he was taken prisoner. As the white banner scaled the wall, she was struck upon the head with a stone, and was again tumbled down into the ditch; but, she only cried all the more, as she lay there, "On, on, my countrymen! And fear nothing, for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" After this new success of the Maid's, several other fortresses and places which had previously held out against the Dauphin were delivered up without a battle; and at Patay she defeated the remainder of the English army, and set up her victorious white banner on a field where twelve hundred Englishmen lay dead.

She now urged the Dauphin (who always kept out of the way when there was any fighting) to proceed to Rheims, as the first part of her mission was accomplished; and to complete the whole by being crowned there. The Dauphin was in no particular hurry to do this, as Rheims was a long way off, and the English and the Duke of Burgundy were still strong in the country through which the road lay. However, they set forth, with ten thousand men, and again the Maid of Orleans rode on and on, upon her white war-horse, and in her shining armour. Whenever they came to a town which yielded readily, the soldiers believed in her; but, whenever they came to a town which gave them any trouble, they began to murmur that she was an impostor. The latter was particularly the case at Troyes, which finally yielded, however, through the persuasion of one Richard, a friar of the place. Friar Richard was in the old doubt about the Maid of Orleans, until he had sprinkled her well with holy water, and had also well sprinkled the threshold of the gate by which she came into the city. Finding that it made no change in her, he said, as the other grave old gentlemen had said, that it was all correct, and became her great ally.

So, at last, by dint of riding on and on, the Maid of Orleans, and the Dauphin, and the ten thousand sometimes believing and sometimes unbelieving men, came to Rheims. And in the great cathedral of Rheims, the Dauphin actually was crowned Charles the Seventh in a great assembly of the people. Then, the Maid, who with her white banner stood beside the King in that hour of his triumph, kneeled down upon the pavement at his feet, and said, with tears, that what she had been inspired to do, was done, and the only recompense she asked for, was, that she should now have leave to go back to her distant home, and her sturdily incredulous father, and her first simple escort the village wheelwright and cart-maker. But the King said, "No!" and made her and her family as noble as a King could, and settled upon her the income of a Count. Ah! happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans, if she had resumed her rustic dress that day, and had gone home to the little chapel and the wild hills, and had forgotten all these things, and had been a good man's wife, and heard no stranger voices than the voices of little children!

It was not to be, and she continued helping the King (she did a world for him, in alliance with Friar Richard), and trying to improve the lives of the coarse soldiers, and leading a religious, an unselfish, and a modest life, herself, beyond any doubt. Still, many times she prayed the King to let her go home; and once she even took off her bright armour and hung it up in a church, meaning never to wear it more. But, the King always won her back again—while she was of use to him—and so she went on and on and on, to her doom.

When the Duke of Bedford, who was a very able man, began to be active for England, and, by bringing the war back into France and by holding the Duke of Burgundy to his faith, to distress and disturb Charles very much, Charles sometimes asked the Maid of Orleans what the Voices said about it? But,

the Voices had become (very like ordinary voices in perplexed times,) contradictory and confused, so that now they said one thing, and now said another, and the Maid lost credit every day. Charles marched on Paris, which was opposed to him, and attacked the suburb of Saint Honoré. In this fight, being again struck down into the ditch, she was abandoned by the whole army. She lay unaided among a heap of dead, and crawled out how she could. Then, some of her believers went over to an opposition Maid, Catherine of La Rochelle, who said she was inspired to tell where there were treasures of buried money—though she never did—and then Joan accidentally broke the old, old sword, and others said that her power was broken with it. Finally, at the siege of Compiègne, held by the Duke of Burgundy, where she did valiant service, she was basely left alone in a retreat, though facing about and fighting to the last; and an archer pulled her off her horse.

O the uproar that was made, and the thanksgivings that were sung, about the capture of this one poor country-girl! O the way in which she was demanded to be tried for sorcery and heresy, and anything else you like, by the Inquisitor-General of France, and by this great man, and by that great man, until it is wearisome to think of! She was bought at last by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand francs, and was shut up in her narrow prison: plain Joan of Arc again, and Maid of Orleans no more.

I should never have done if I were to tell you how they had Joan out to examine her, and cross-examine her, and re-examine her, and worry her into saying anything and everything; and how all sorts of scholars and doctors bestowed their utmost tediousness upon her. Sixteen times she was brought out and shut up again, and worried, and entrapped, and argued with, until she was heart-sick of the dreary business. On the last occasion of this kind she was brought into a burial-place at Rouen, dismally decorated with a scaffold, and a stake and faggots, and the executioner, and a pulpit with a friar therein, and an awful sermon ready. It is very affecting to know that even at that pass the poor girl honored the mean vermin of a King, who had so used her for his purposes and so abandoned her; and, that while she had been regardless of reproaches heaped upon herself, she spoke out courageously for him.

It was natural in one so young, to hold to life. To save her life, she signed a declaration prepared for her—signed it with a cross, for she couldn't write—that all her visions and Voices had come from the Devil. Upon her recanting the past, and protesting that she would never wear a man's dress in future, she was condemned to imprisonment for life, "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

But, on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction, the visions and the Voices soon returned. It was quite natural that they should do so, for that kind of disease is much aggravated by fasting, loneliness, and anxiety of mind. It was not only got out of Joan that she considered herself inspired again, but, she was taken in a man's dress, which had been left—to entrap her—in her prison, and which she put on, in her solitude; perhaps, in remembrance of her past glories; perhaps, because the imaginary Voices told her. For this relapse into the sorcery and heresy and anything else you like, she was sentenced to be burnt to death. And, in the market-place of Rouen, in the hideous dress which the monks had invented for such spectacles, with priests and bishops sitting in a gallery looking on, though some had the Christian grace to go away, unable to endure the infamous scene; this shrieking girl—last seen amidst the smoke and fire, holding a crucifix between her hands; last heard, calling upon Christ—was burnt to ashes. They threw her ashes in the river Seine; but, they will rise against her murderers on the last day.

From the moment of her capture, neither the French King nor one single man in all his court raised a finger to save her. It is no defence of them that they may have never really believed in her, or that they may have won her victories by their skill and bravery. The more they pretended to believe in her, the more they had caused her to believe in herself; and she had ever been true to them, ever brave, ever nobly devoted. But, it is no wonder, that they, who were in all things false to themselves, false to one another, false to their country, false to Heaven, and false to Earth, should be monsters of ingratitude and treachery to a helpless peasant girl.

In the picturesque old town of Rouen, where weeds and grass grow high on the cathedral towers, and venerable Norman streets are still warm in the blessed sunlight though the monkish fires that once gleamed horribly upon them have long grown cold, there is a statue of Joan of Arc, in the scene of her last agony, the square to which she has given its present name. I know some statues of modern times—even in the World's metropolis, I think—which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater impostors.

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TAPPING THE BUTTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I AM fifty-four or thereabouts in age; weigh fourteen stone and a half; am five feet ten inches in height, and never had a day's illness in my life. Yet no man, perhaps, has travelled more for the recovery of his health. The junior partners would sulk uncommonly if it was mere pleasure that took me from London just as the heat began; they would grudge every week I spent at Brighton, Dover, Eastbourne, Worthing, Bonchurch, or Torquay, if they knew what a jolly life I led at all those places; but, when they hear my cough as I walk into the counting-room about the end of May, when they see the large vials of brandy and water, marked "Sedative Draught," which I drink with rueful face any time after two o'clock (I lunch on a roast fowl at half-past one); when they see, in short, what a determined valetudinarian I am, it is amazing how anxiously they advise me to be gone: "Poor old fellow!" I hear them saying; "he can't stand this long." "Governor's going, Snooks,"—I heard the book-keeper say to one of the clerks. "Where to?" inquired Snooks; "to Paris again, or Scotland?" "Don't be a fool!" was the book-keeper's reply, "you're an unfeeling beast. The poor old gent's a going to slip his wind. Nobody can stand all them cough mixtures and doctor's stuff; hear how he blows on the stair—puff, puff, puff!"

So, with the universal good-will of the whole establishment, I pack up my trunks, give my housekeeper injunctions of secresy, creep weakly into a cab, which picks me up at the office door, and spring radiant with health and happiness into a railway coach. But whither? Here is the merry month of June; I have arranged for an absence till the end of July, with ingenious preparations for a relapse till the beginning of September; about that time a sprained ancle will give me three weeks more, and the cool first week of October will tempt me back to moderate work in the mornings, and a quiet club dinner at night. Three or four months are to be disposed of, and what is to be done? Egypt is vulgar, and the continent unsafe. I have visited every scene "consecrated by antiquity or adventure," from Stonehenge and Runnymede to Jack Straw's Castle and the Love colleges of Dorset. I thought at one time of enrolling myself as an inmate in those sweet abodes, and afterwards publishing the results of my experience as "Nights in the Agapemone;" but this is a fastidious age, and Afra Behn and the Queen of Navarre have fallen into disuse. Mountains and rivers, towns and villages, Scotch lochs and Welsh coombs, have neither novelty nor attraction; and yet a pilgrimage without an object is a very dull affair, and an object, therefore, I must find. "I shall think of it on the way," I said, as I took out my ticket and paid the whole fare; and, with a railway guide in my hand, I racked my brains to discover some end and aim for a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. Better get out and chase butterflies than have no purpose in life. Last year I travelled from Dan to Beersheba in search of eighteen hundred and twenty Port, small binns of which are still to be met with in old-established way-side inns, where its charms have the additional advantage of being utterly unappreciated and inadequately charged for by the unconscious possessor; you sometimes also find a remnant in quiet country houses, where it is brought forth on great occasions, and treated with the veneration it deserves. But a man can't always travel in search of bees'-wing and cobwebs. Two years ago I determined to see fat cattle, and frequented agricultural shows and provincial aldermen's dinners, till the production of tallow appeared to be the chief end of man. Science, also, has had its attractions, and I followed the progresses of the *savants*, witnessed their experiments and attended their *conversaziones*, and heard the wonders of nature displayed by naturalists and geologists till I became persuaded of the reality of red lions and sea-serpents, and was ready to swear I had seen enormous specimens of both kinds of animals with my own eyes.

"It's of no use," I exclaimed in despair, when I had reached about forty miles from St. Paul's, and shut up Bradshaw with a force that alarmed my fellow passenger who was sitting opposite. It was a little prim old maid—there was no mistaking that—who had been gazing every now and then with an astonished look at the devotion of my whole time to the study of the times

of starting and arriving; very light eyes she had, and eyebrows to match—so light that they were almost undistinguishable, a thin nose so evidently formed for the reception of spectacles, that I couldn't help thinking there must be a pair bestriding it at that very moment, though, by some supernatural means rendered imperceptible by the naked eye. In fact, over the whole of her appearance there was spread such a film of invisibility from the colourlessness of countenance and dress, that I sometimes expected to see her evaporate altogether like the apparitions in a German story. However, she did not; but came forth in speech.

"Are you going far, sir? beautiful country! very fine day."

Now it was impossible to answer all these observations at once, unless by a bow; so I bowed.

"Very far, sir? a delightful railway this—so comfortable the carriages."

"Yes."

"To the very end of the line, sir? Are you afraid of accidents in a railway? Do you think they're likely to happen here?"

"No."

"Not to the end of the line? Perhaps to an intermediate station? Business, sir?"

"Madam, you manage to ask always three questions in a breath, and I can't answer them at once. As to how far I am going, I have not made up my mind. The object of my journey is not business. This is a good railway, and I am not much afraid of an accident."

"You remind me, sir, excuse me for saying so, of the great Mr. Pinker, of the Butts; he never gives me a straight answer to my separate questions, but waits till they have accumulated to a good number, and then touches on them in their exact order."

"The great Mr. Pinker?" I inquired.

"You've heard of him, surely? the childrens' book Mr. Pinker—he is such a charming man, and edited the last edition of Goody Twoshoes."

"And the Butts?" I further inquired.

"My village; six miles from the next station—were you never at the Butts? There's a chalybeate there; are you fond of chalybeates?"

"No."

"That's odd. You put me so in mind of the great Miss Wormer. You don't say you've never seen her? nor heard of her?"

"Never."

"Wonderful! why, she's Biddy Budd, the greatest woman in England: such a soul—such a genius."

"Biddy Budd, who is Biddy Budd?"

"Miss Wormer, I tell you. How surprised the great Mr. Bangles will be when he hears that the name of Biddy Budd is unknown to a single European—you're European, of course."

"I never heard of such a quantity of great people," I said; "do they all live at the Butts?"

"All? yes, and a great many more, all great and distinguished. Mr. Bangles is a great mathematician, and has invented a gig—come, sir, you don't pretend not to know the Bangles three-wheel?"

"Not I, madam, but if the Butts is only six miles from the station, I shall certainly make a pilgrimage to the residence of so many celebrities. Is there an inn at the Butts?"

"The best inn in England. The great Mr. Smith keeps it."

"Is he great, too?"

"He gained the tulip prize two years running—a very great man. You will be delighted with the Queeker Arms—the sign is the family coat of the great Queeker family. Mr. Q. talks of standing for the county, and studies politics night and day—a great man. He doesn't like Sir Robert Peel; do you, sir?"

I saw no use in making the lady my confidante, and gave no answer, but resolved that, in lack of a better object for a journey, a visit to the Temple of Fame, described in such glowing colours by my companion, would be a very good one. I am fond of seeing great men—I saw Napoleon on board the Northumberland, and Thistlewood hanged. I have also seen the Swiss giantess, and Tom Thumb.

On coming to the station I helped my new acquaintance to descend, and afterwards took charge of an infinite variety of trunks and boxes. The train speedily passed on, and I found myself standing on the platform, keeping guard like a sentry over the luggage, while the lady kept her eye fixed on me as if she had been inspecting officer.

"Do you stop here, sir? a very dull place, and quite new. We don't like it."

"No, madam; I am going on to the Butts. Your description has so interested me that I can't resist the inclination to visit it."

The lady pulled her veil down a little farther, and gave a short little cough, and then went sidling about among her traps, counting them two or three times over, and looking at them as if calculating their size and weight. At last she nodded her head in a very satisfied manner, and said, "It will just do. Your fly can carry us all, and I can show the way. Mamma will say I am a very forward girl in making such an offer, but I know the world, and you won't think worse of me for being frank and open." I looked again at her face as she talked of her mamma, and called herself a girl. She was fifty years old if she was a day, or, in fact, might have passed for any age from fifty upwards; for her locks were so light coloured that they might have done duty as grey hairs in a rapid state of descent with sorrow to the grave; and her features so indistinct that they seemed to have worn away in the course of years. Her

mamma must be a rum one—I thought—but they're all wonderful people at the Butts; and I would rather explore that undiscovered region than the sources of the Nile. But I had no time for these meditations, for I soon found sufficient occupation in fitting her and her possessions into the one-horse fly, which, on a signal from her, had drawn up beside us. There were two or three trunks, two or three bandboxes, a great number of baskets, great and small, a birdcage, and an uncountable variety of paper parcels, so that when, after much shaking and shifting, she was fairly seated, I looked in vain for any room in or about the vehicle for myself. However her lynx eye discovered a small unoccupied space beside the driver, which, by dint of sitting sideways, with my legs dangling over the wheel, she thought might be available, but even her ingenuity could discover no process by which any room could be made for my portmanteau. She therefore gave positive orders to the innkeeper to forward my luggage at once in a light cart to the Quecker Arms, and professing great fear that her mamma would be alarmed if she did not arrive soon, she begged the man to drive as hard as he could, and off we went. The woman's voice was extraordinary; it was so shrill and clear, that, sitting quietly among her baggage, and in spite of the rumbling and creaking of our fly over a not very well-made road, and the jumbling of the miscellaneous articles tied on the roof, she made every syllable as distinct to me on the driving-seat as if we had been close together in a silent room.

"Do you see that thorn bush on the right hand, and the elm tree a little way down the lane? That's the scene of Biddy Budd's Fable of the Donkey and the Crow. The donkey stood under the thorn and wished for wings, and the crow sat on the elm and wished for long ears. Pretty idea, isn't it? and what do you think is the moral of the story? That people should be contented with their positions and not wish to change with their neighbours? O dear, not at all. It alludes to the Reverend Stephen Budge, of Gaperton Vicarage, who thinks himself a poet, and says his Pegasus can fly. But, you see, Biddy Budd makes great fun of him, for she puts a crow's wings on a donkey, and calls it 'The Winged Pegasus of a certain reverend would-be poet, who resides not a hundred miles from Gapertoll Vicarage.' Isn't that witty and severe? She's immensely religious, is Miss Wormer, and says the most biting things you ever heard. Drive on, coachman, mamma will be greatly alarmed—"

Here there was a pause for a moment in the stream of sound that went whistling into my ear like a heated wire.

"You had better get threepence ready," it began again. "There's a 'pike round the corner. Mr. Slockam—a great wit, Mr. Slockum; they say his writings, when they come out, will be very like Joseph Miller's—worked for one or two years at an epigram on that 'pike. It was kept then by a man of the name of Salmon, and he had come to the second line where he talked of the "net" produce, but before he got any farther Salmon left the 'pike, and now William Jones keeps it. There he is—you had better pay him the threepence. Very hard on Mr. Slockum, wasn't it? Mr. Slockum kept three pupils—but at present they've all gone away—and he advertises to take half-a-dozen, at five pounds a year less than his printed terms, provided they are the sons of gentlemen. So when they come, they will be a delightful accession to our society."

By dint of great exertion, I managed to ask her how many families there were in the Butts altogether, and the question seemed to make her amazingly happy.

"Let me see," she said, laying a long thin unsubstantial fore-finger of one hand on the fore-finger of the other—"let me see. There's the Grove—where the Wormers live; there were once three elm trees, they say, on the ground, so they call it the Grove—that's one. The Wilderness—Mr. Pinker's, a very large place, more than an acre, and an excellent house, coach-house and stable, entrance lodge and iron gates, quite a show place—that's two. Then there's Belvidere Castle, mamma's—a large house on the right with Venetian blinds to the upper windows and a green verandah; the porch is round, with turrets on the top, so we call it the Castle—that's three. Then, there's the Bangles's—he calls it Niagara Villa because there's a spring that falls into a shell—that's four. The Dingle—the Cave—the Den—the Hollow—the Mount—the Vale—the Levels—the Hermitage—Oporto Hall—"

"Ha!" I said or rather roared, "that's a nice name for a house; who lives there?"

"The great Mr. Mudd, and his charming nieces the Miss Boltons—"

"And what is Mr. Mudd great in?"

"Decanters. He won the prize at the Fine Art Exhibition for a decanter that holds three bottles, and doesn't look much bigger than a pint."

I determined, if possible, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Mudd, who struck me to be the most usefully ingenious of all the distinguished characters I had heard described.

"Then there's the parsonage—it isn't the parsonage, but only the house where the curate lives—Mr. Platterwipe, who is a wonderful musician and plays on the flute delightfully, and also on the bass fiddle. He is a great genius, and reads the prayers through his nose, with a twist up at the end of them like the chorus to a ballad. It's quite charming, and as he says he has a vocation for celibacy, we young ladies just consider him one of ourselves, and Mr. Slockum calls us the Nunpareils. See, there's Mr. Bangles's—there's the Grove—that's the Hermitage—and this is Mamma's."

I saw before me—at the foot of a moderate elevation, but which I afterwards found was called the mountain—a scattered hamlet of twenty or thirty houses built irregularly along the course of a little stream. There were hedge-rows and apple-trees as far as the eye could reach; a glorious sun was shining upon the scene, and glanced from the windows of the different villas, and basked upon their roofs, and turned the thin wreaths of smoke that went upward from the kitchen chimneys into many-coloured ribbons losing themselves in the clear blue of the sky. And I confessed at once that it was a beautiful prospect, and a very fitting residence for the saints and sages who had here set up their rest. But what could be the reason of so many of the *élite* of the earth establishing themselves here? or was it the fact of coming here that gave them all their wonderful abilities? Could Mr. Bangles have invented a gig if he had lived in London? Could Mr. Mudd have produced a three-quart bottle looking like a pint, if his lines had been cast in Yorkshire? "Thank you, sir," said the voice, in the midst of these reflections; "the luggage is off now, and it's all right. I'm so much obliged to you for bringing me in your fly. Drive on to the Queeker Arms. I have recommended the house to the gentleman. The gentleman will pay." And before I had time to turn myself fairly round on the driving-seat, my communicative companion had disappeared within the porch of the Castle, and left me to pursue my way to the hotel.

"What is that lady's name?" I inquired of the driver.

"Gawker, sir. Her and her mother carries on their trade in that 'ere house."

"What trade? What do they do?"

"They skins flints," replied the driver, in a very bitter tone; "and sweats spoons when they can catch 'em."

I didn't carry on any further conversation with the man, who had accompanied his last observation with a look of disdain at me, and the thumb of his right hand applied to the point of his nose, the usual place of the projected little finger being supplied by the whip. I silently paid him his demand, and stood expectant on the step of the Queeker Arms.

"House, ho!" I cried, looking in vain for a waiter, or a bell to summon one. "House, ho! Are you all asleep?"

No answer came for a long time. At last a sort of chambermaid, a stout woman with a slop-pail, crossed the hall, and I renewed my thumpings and hallooings. The glass door at the top of the stairs continued closed; and the woman putting her hand to her lips, as if to enjoin silence, passed on in chambermaiden meditation, fancy free. I at last got angry, and became very emphatic in my kicks and bumps against the inhospitable door. "Such a place pretending to be the chosen habitation of the wise and good! and such a miserable locked up old barrack pretending to be an inn! I'll try if I can't force my way in, in spite of bolts and bars." But I had not succeeded in more than damaging one of the panels and twisting off the handle of the lock, when a voice from the area commanded me to desist and go my ways for a housebreaker, or they would let loose the dog. And on looking through the rails, I saw a tatterdemallion stableboy seated on an empty barrel, where he had perched himself to enjoy the sun and had evidently fallen asleep.

"You insolent ragamuffin," I exclaimed; "if you don't tell some one to open the door instantly, I'll have the landlord before a magistrate for refusing accommodation to a traveller on his lawful occasions."

"We don't care for bagmen here," rejoined the strapper on the barrel, "nor about their aweful occasions either. The gentlefolks are busy and won't be disturbed."

"Won't they?" I cried, again applying a thundering kick to the door, that shook one of the panes into the passage with a crash that echoed through the house like an avalanche of glass. "We shall see that: house, ho!" A door at the farther end of the hall was cautiously opened, and four or five heads were pushed inquiringly forth; after looking at me for a minute or two, the possessors of the aforesaid heads put their fingers to their lips like the witches in Macbeth, and in the same careful manner as they had opened the door, closed it again.

"Oh, that's your plan, is it?" I vociferated, now fairly in a rage. "You have no right to keep me out of a house of public entertainment, so here goes."

And stepping back a yard or two to gain impetus for the blow, I rushed at the door with all my might—hands, feet, and shoulders—and in an instant I found myself lying in the passage among the fragments of wood and glass, like the picture of Samson among the ruins of Dagon's Temple. The resemblance was immediately made more complete by the rushing forward of all the Philistines, male and female, who were within hearing of the noise. They clustered round me with terror depicted on their faces, and exclamations of surprise and horror escaping from their lips. "Housebreaker—Irishman—madman"—were among the gentlest of the names by which they saluted my appearance among them.

"Where is the landlord?" I said, endeavouring to restrain my wrath; "I'll punish him severely for his behaviour."

"What has he been doing, sir?" inquired a very tall and very gentleman-like man. "If you come here to revenge yourself for some real or imagined wrong, allow me to tell you that personal violence is not the way to attain your object. The tribunals of this great and happy country are open to the meanest as well as to the loftiest of its sons. Can't you apply to an attorney?"

A murmur of applause ran round the

crowd, and from the exclamations I overheard I perceived I had before me the great Mr. Slockum.

"I may, perhaps, have recourse to the law afterwards," I said; "but in the meantime I'll show that inhospitable fool, Mr. Smith, that he has no right to shut his door in the face of a respectable man, who can pay for his entertainment. Where is the landlord?" A very small, dark-haired individual, dressed in black, and rejoicing in a stiff white neck-cloth, here stepped timidly forward, and said, "I am Mr. Smith." To look at the man, you would have thought him a curate after Dr. Pewsey's own heart, for his collar was very low, and his neck very strongly enveloped in white cambric; his hair also was demurely parted on the top of his left temple, projecting a long deciduous lock over his right eye; altogether it was difficult to make out whether he was one of the Neo-Anglican clergy, or a waiter dressed for duty at the London Tavern.

"Oh, you're Mr. Smith," I said; "and what do you mean, sir, by pretending to keep an hotel and refusing admittance to any one who chooses to come in?" Before Mr. Smith had time to answer, a fat, strong-looking man laid his hand on the landlord's shoulder.

"Let me answer him, Smith," he said. "I'm sure, sir," he continued, addressing me, "you will at once pardon poor Smith's oversight in having locked his door, if you take any interest in the progress of knowledge or the triumph of eloquence and wisdom. Our learned friend, Mr. Slockum, was in the middle of a fascinating lecture at the time you made your appearance; and I confess we were all so carried away by his oratory that we were very ill-pleased at the interruption. If you will kindly forgive the rudeness of your first reception, I feel sure you will be highly gratified if we can prevail on Mr. Slockum to resume his discourse. He is great—immensely great"—added the gentleman in a lower key—"and you will be delighted, I am sure."

"I had heard Mr. Slockum's name before," I answered, "from my friend, Miss Gawker."

"A friend of Miss Gawker"—cried the assemblage unanimously—"of the great Arabella. Do pray come into the Hall of Eloquence." And in the friendliest manner possible I was admitted to the lecture; and my new friend, the stout man, who had acted as champion for Mr. Smith, conducted me to a chair in the front rank of the audience.

"I take a deep interest in the prosperity of the hotel," he continued, while Mr. Slockum mounted the rostrum, "and, indeed, of the whole estate. I am proprietor of it. Ignatius Queeker."

This, then, was the chief of the family—of the great family of the Queekers, furnishing the heraldic emblems to the sign-board of the Queeker Arms! I sat silently down, and the lecture recommenced. I was rather curious to hear how the author would proceed, for I remembered that he had taken several years to write two lines of an epigram, and of course I gave him credit for having devoted a long time to the composition of his present essay. In this I was not far mistaken, for before he had proceeded a page, I discovered he was lecturing in the future tense on the probable effect of a Reform in Parliament, as proposed by Lord Grey and Lord John Russell. The picture he drew of the results of that measure made my hair stand on end. Five years would not elapse before the guillotine would be in full play in the middle of Fleet Street. He gave a description of the heroic death of an imaginary Lord Mayor, which made several of us burst into tears. Then the description he gave of the degradation of the Commons was most appalling. Instead of the honourable ambition which now prompted the pure and lofty to bestow their hundreds and thousands in support of poor voters, in order, by their disinterested assistance, to obtain a seat in the great council of the nation, he foresaw a time when election contests would be at an end; when the only struggle would be to avoid being chosen as representative of county or borough; when the only expense entailed on the elected would be—as in the ever estimable militia ballot—the payment of a substitute. "Gatton and Sarum," he said, "are still the twin stars that guide the weary mariners on their voyage of patriotism and honour. Extinguish Castor, extinguish Pollux, what will be left to direct the steersman's way? The smoke of a thousand factories in Manchester and Birmingham will blacken with pestiferous pall the heaven in which Pitt read the signs of the times. Life and dignity will equally expire. A headless monarch will sit on a legless throne; and the monster Reform will insultingly blow the trumpet—or, like Nero, play the fiddle—among the ruins which it made."

This peroration was nearly drowned in the shout with which it was received. When the raptures that filled us had subsided, he announced that in a few years he hoped to deliver a lecture on the proofs, from internal evidences, that Walter Scott wrote the Waverly Novels. We were all enchanted with the prospect of future enjoyment; and I began to think I had got embarked by some means on what Alfred Tennyson would call "the backward flowing flood of time," and that the Butts was a quiet village still situated on the shores of 1820—but the audience were all in the dress of 1852, and the railway was within six miles.

Sitting within two or three of me were two remarkably pretty girls, the only faces, indeed, in the room that did not seem of the same pre-Adamite date with the lecture. They laughed behind their handkerchiefs till I thought they would offend the dignity of the assemblage, but, somehow, when they caught my eye, their mirth was greatly increased. Whether it was from sympathy with my

feelings, or from the absurd appearance I must have made in listening to the astounding revelations of the prophetic lecturer, I cannot say. It is delightful to see girls laugh, especially when they are young and have good teeth, so I encouraged them in their mirth by seeming intensely interested in the whole affair. This behaviour apparently pleased the assembly, especially Mr. Slockum. He came up to me as the company began to disperse, and invited me in the warmest and friendliest manner to spend the evening at Mr. Mudd's, for I found that hospitality in this astonishing district was almost as vicarious as the information was antediluvian. I accepted with the greatest pleasure, and shook hands with a great number of people as they were going out, who all expressed the greatest happiness in the prospect of seeing me again. From this I gathered that the whole parish was about to honour Mr. Mudd with its presence; and in order to do justice to the brilliant assemblage, and get myself into perfectly good humour, I ordered the best dinner Mr. Smith could furnish, and a bottle of old Port that should do honour to the Queeker Arms.

MONSTERS OF FAITH.

We people in this western world have, in our time, not less than those who went before us, been witnesses of many acts of eccentric and exaggerated faith. We have seen this virtue dressed in many a guise, tricked out in many a hue. We have seen it in the meanest and the highest. Johanna Southcote, and Thom, and several others in their time put the old Saxon faith of this country to a pretty severe test; in the present day Mr. Price passes it through a comfortable Oriental ordeal at his Agapemone. In the countries of southern Europe for ages past, we know how Catholic faith has been experimented upon by means of old bones, old coats, pieces of decayed timber, and weeping images; whilst Protestant faith has been staked, and burnt, and hanged, and cut into very small pieces. I will say nothing of secular faith—of faith in Cock Lane ghosts, in the Volunteer Apostles described in a recent number of Household Words, and of the Mysterious Rappings which have lately so wondrously thriven in the United States.

What is cold, dwarfed, European faith, when compared with the huge monstrous faith of the barbarous land of the sun? The two will no more bear comparison than will the Surrey Hills compare with the Himalayas, or the Thames and the Garonne bear being mentioned beside the Ganges and the Burrumpootra. The scenes I am about to relate are not selected for their rarity or for any peculiarity about them; they may be met with at any of the many festivals, or Poojahs, throughout India proper.

The village at which the Poojah I witnessed was held, was not very far distant from one of the leading cities of Bengal, a city numbering possibly half a million of inhabitants, with a highly populous country round about it for many a league. The reader will, therefore, readily imagine the crowding and rushing which took place from all sides, to witness the festival of a deity in whom all believed, for, away from the south, there are comparatively but few of any other faith than Hindooism.

It was high noon when I arrived on the ground in my palanquin; and by favour of the friendship of the British collector of Howdahpore I was admitted within the most privileged circle, and took up my stand beneath the pleasant shade of a wide-spreading Jambo tree. I had time and opportunity to note the place and the people; for the sacred operations had not as yet commenced. The spot we were assembled in was in an extensive valley lightly wooded at intervals, and commanding a picturesque view of a rather wide river which flowed on to Howdahpore, and was now busy with many boats loaded with passengers. On the river bank nearest to us, a number of bamboo and leaf sheds had been hastily erected, in which carousals and amusements of various kinds were in progress or preparation. Flowers decorated the ample doorways, and hung festooned from many a roof; while high above, wooing in vain a passing breeze and brightly glaring in the noon-day tropic sun, gay streamers drooped in burning listlessness. From the topmost summits of some of the loftiest trees—and they *are* lofty here—long tapering poles extended other flags and strips of coloured cloth. In cool, shady nooks, where clumps of spreading jungle kindly grew, at other times the haunts of fiercest tigers, or worse, of cruel Thugs, small knots of Hindoo families of rank were grouped in silent watchfulness. The lordly Zemindar of the district; the exacting Tulukdhar, the terror of village ryots; the grinding Putindhar: all these were there in eastern feudal pomp.

Far as the eye could reach, the rich green valley teemed with human life. Thousands on thousands flocked from many a point, and pressed to where the gaudy flags and beating drums told of the approaching Poojah. The steady hum of the vast multitude seemed like the ocean's fall on some far distant shore. Grief, joy, pain, pleasure, prayers and songs, blended with howling madness, or cries of devotees, in one strange, stormy discord; the heat and glare, the many new and striking garbs, the sea of dusky visages and brightly glaring eyes, mixed with the varied gorgeous foliage, and flinging into contrast the lovely gentleness of distant hills and woods, made up a whole not easy to forget, yet difficult to paint.

But my attention was before long directed to some preparations in progress not far from

where I stood. I had observed several huge poles standing at a great height, with ropes and some apparatus attached to them, the use of which I knew from report alone. Here I had remarked a great deal of bustling activity; a number of attendants were beating back the crowd in order to clear a space around one of the loftiest of the poles I have mentioned. This was a work of much difficulty, for the mob was both excited and dense. At length, however, they succeeded in the task, and finding the ground before me pretty clear, I advanced close to the scene of action. Round about the pole were a number of Fakirs or Ascetics, a sort of self-mutilated hermits, who hope and firmly believe that, by distorting their limbs into all sorts of impossible positions and shapes, they have secured the favour of some unpronounceable divinity, and with that a ready and certain passport to some future state about which they have not the most remote idea, which renders their devotion the more praiseworthy.

There was one miserable object, with his long matted locks of dirty red streaming over his shoulders, and one withered arm and hand held blighted high above his head, immoveable. It had been forced into that unnatural position years ago, and what was then an act of free will, was now a matter of necessity; the arm would no longer return to its true position, but pointed in its thin and bony haggardness to heaven. Another dark-eyed, dark-haired ascetic had held his hands for years so firmly clasped together, that the long talon-like nails were to be seen growing through the palms of his hands and appearing at the back. Some I saw with thick ropes actually threaded through their flesh quite round their bodies, many times, in bleeding coils; more than one young woman was there with her neck and shoulders thickly studded over with sharp short needles stuck firmly in the flesh. One man, a young man too, had forced a sort of spear right through the fleshy part of his foot, with the thick wooden handle downwards, on which he walked, quite indifferent to any sort of inconvenience. There was no lack of others, all self-tortured, maimed, and trussed, and skewered, as though about to be spitted and put down to the fire.

The object which all by one consent agreed to gaze at, was a young and pretty-looking girl, almost a child in manner, who sat upon the ground so sadly, yet so calm and almost happy, that I could not persuade myself one so young and gentle was about to be barbarously tortured. Yet so it was. It appeared that her husband had, months since, gone upon some distant, dangerous journey; that being long absent, and rumours raised in the native bazaar of his death, she, the anxious wife, had vowed to Siva, the protector of life, to undergo self-torture on his next festival if her loved husband's life should be spared. He had returned, and now, mighty in faith and love, this simple-minded, single-hearted creature gave up herself to pain such as the stoutest of our sex or race might shrink from. She sat looking fondly on her little infant as it lay asleep in the arms of an old nurse, all unconscious of the mother's sacrifice, and turning her eyes from that to her husband, who stood near in a wild, excited state, she gave the signal that she was ready. The stout-limbed, burly-bodied husband rushed like a tiger at such of the crowd as attempted to press too near the sacrificial girl: he had a staff in his hand, and with it played such a tune on bare and turbaned heads and ebony shoulders, as brought down many an angry malediction on the player. The nurse with the infant moved farther away amongst the crowd of admiring spectators. Two or three persons, men and women, pressed forward to adjust the horrid-looking hooks. Was it possible, I thought, that those huge instruments of torture, heavy enough to hold an elephant, were to be forced into the flesh of that gentle girl! I felt sick as I saw the poor child stretched upon her face, and first one and then the other of those ugly, crooked pieces of iron forced slowly through the flesh and below the muscles of her back. They lifted her up, and as I watched her, I saw big drops of perspiration starting from her forehead: her small eyes seemed closed at first, and, for the moment, I fancied she had fainted; but as they raised her to her feet and then quickly drew her up in the air high above us, hanging by those two horrid hooks, I saw her looking down quite placidly. She sought her husband out, and seeing him watching her eagerly, gave him a smile, and, waving her little hands, drew from her bosom small pieces of the sacred cocoa-nut and flung them amidst the gazing crowd. To scramble for and obtain one of these precious fragments was deemed a fortunate thing, for they were supposed to contain all sorts of charmed powers.

And now the Poojah was fairly commenced. The ropes which carried the iron hooks were so arranged, that by pulling one end—which passed over the top of the pole—it swung round a plate of iron which set in motion the other rope holding the hooks and the living operator. Two men seized on this rope, and soon the poor girl was in rapid flight over the heads of the crowd, who cheered her on by a variety of wild cries, and shouts, and songs. Not that she seemed to need encouragement; her eyes were still bent towards her husband; I almost fancied she smiled as she caught his eye. There was no sign of pain, or shrinking, or yielding: she bore it as many a hero of the old world would have been proud to have done, scattering beneath her flowers and fruit amongst the busy throng.

I felt as though a heavy weight were off my mind when I perceived the whirling motion of the ropes first to slacken, and then to cease

and finally, the girl, all bleeding, relieved from the cruel torture. They laid her on a mat beneath some shady trees: the women gave her a draught of cool water in a cocoa-nut shell; But her thoughts were not upon herself: she looked anxiously around, and could not be satisfied until her husband sat beside her, and their little swarthy infant was placed within her arms. The only care her deep and open wounds received was to have them rubbed with a little turmeric powder, and covered with the fresh tender leaf of a banana.

Leaving this family group, I turned back to watch the further proceedings around the huge polo, where there was once more a great bustle and pressing amongst the crowd. This time the operator, or sufferer, whichever would be the most fitting term, was a man of middle age, and of the lowest ranks of the labouring class. He appeared to be perfectly indifferent to anything like suffering, as the two operators seized the flesh of his back, and another roughly thrust through it two hooks. In another minute he was whirling through the air as rapidly as the attendants could force him; still he seemed anxious to travel faster, and by signs and cries urged them to increased speed. The mob was delighted with this exhibition of perfect endurance and enthusiasm, and testified their approbation in a variety of modes. This man remained swinging for fully twenty minutes, at the end of which time he was released: somewhat less excited, I fancied, than when he was first hoisted in the air. I failed to learn his story, but it had reference, beyond a doubt, to some escape from danger, real or imaginary, and, of course, imputed to the direct interposition of the powerful Siva, or some equally efficacious deputy. The medical treatment of this devotee was on the ruder scale, and would have shocked the feelings and science of some of our army surgeons, to say nothing of civil practitioners. The root of turmeric was again employed, in fine powder, but placed in the wounds most hastily, and by way of forcing it thoroughly in, some one stood on his back, and trod in the powder with his heel.

I saw one other man hoisted up. He had taken the vow in order to save the life of a much-loved sister's child; and as he swung round and round in stoical indifference, the sister, a young creature with her little infant, sat looking at him as if she would willingly have borne the suffering in his stead. Doubtless there was a love linking these poor creatures together in their ignorance; which, mighty as it was, would have done honour to any highly gifted dwellers in the west. And, it must be remembered, their sacrifice was for the past; it was one of gratitude, and not of hope or fear for the future. Their prayers had been heard; and, although they knew not of that undying Providence which had listened to their voice and spared the young child's life, they turned to such stone and wooden deities as their forefathers had set up, and devoutly kept their vow.

There were other victims yet to be self-offered; but I had had enough, and the heat, and the noise, and the many strange effluvia were growing so rank and overpowering, that I prepared to retreat. As I returned through the dense crowd which made way for me, I perceived an aged woman preparing for a swing as stoically as any of the younger devotees who had gone before her. A tall, powerful-looking man was standing by her side, watching the preparations with considerable interest. He was her son; and, as I learnt, the cause of her present appearance in public. It had been some seven or eight years previously that the vow had been made to the stone deity; which, as they believed, had acted as a miracle and saved his life. It would have been fulfilled at once, but first poverty, and then ill-health, had stood in the way of its performance; and now, after this long lapse, being able to pay the necessary fees to the priests, she had left her distant home to carry out the never-to-be-forgotten vow. As I moved away in the distance, I heard the shouts of the enraptured multitude raised in honour of the old lady's fortitude; cry after cry floated on the breeze and died away in the din of drums, and pipes, and bells.

For miles the country round about was covered with festivity and uproar. Hundreds of fanatic companies were revelling in religious festive rites. In one leaf and bamboo shed, larger than the rest, I noticed, as I looked in unperceived, the young self-offered wife of that day, as gay and unconcerned by pain as any of the party; I might have fancied she had but just been married, instead of hanging in the air upon cruel hooks.

UP A COURT.

The spoon which was, or was supposed to be in my mouth when I was born, was, decidedly, not a silver spoon. If ever wood existed—hard-wood, *lignum vitæ*—my spoon was made of it. I had the daughter of a peeress for my godmother; but she never gave me anything, either in or out of my baptism, save a Bath bun. I have been patted more than once on the head by a live lord, and there is a tradition in my family that my nurse was once spoken to by a duke, a real English duke, with a garter on his gracious knee; whose grateful country, or friends, or somebody, caused him to be marmorified in that world-wide-known statue by the celebrated Praxlights, the sculptor, and in that state stuck up for all the world to gaze at, in the very centre of Madapolam Square;—a species of blanket being deviously twisted round his gracious body (leaving bare the garter-knee), and his fore-finger dexterously interleaving the pages of a volume supposed

to be the British constitution; of which he knew, honest man, about as much as he did of Confucius. This, however, is by the way. Praxlights, the sculptor, had to build a house to contain a studio for his statue, and had to pull it half down before he could get it out again. He goes about now with a horsewhip, with which he has been heard to menace the reverend Gilead Tuberose, chairman of the statue committee, who was supposed to have a secret leaning towards Jack Fiddas, Praxlights' rival ("that horrid Irish stone-cutter," as he contemptuously calls him), and who by his casting vote caused the golden snuff-box and silver chisel, with which Praxlights was presented on the day of inauguration of the statue, to be debited against his, Praxlights' account. Be it as it may, my godmother has cut me, and the live lord, Heaven knows where he is, and the duke he is dead, and I am none the better for their patronage, and have not one shirt or boot the more for their condescension. They lived *at* Court, and I live up a court, so there is or was something in common between us.

Sometimes of a fine May day when the sun is shining brightly, and after the streets have been well watered, on a Thursday, and during the height of the London season, I please myself to come forth from my court, in the parish of Saint Crapulens, and to pay a visit to that other Court, which foreign diplomatists love to call the Court of Saint James's, and in which I include the front of Saint James's Palace, Mr. Sam's library, the two first clubhouses in St. James's Street, and Mr. Crollins the tailor's. I delight in a drawing-room. Ragged, horny-palmed, foodless wretch as I may be, the sun is mine; the music of the Life Guards Band, the Park patereroes, the gorgeous bouquets and silk stockings of the tremendous footmen, the gold, the lace, the jewels, crosses and orders—all these for the moment I possess. When, squalid beggar with never a coat to my back as I may be, a Doctor of Divinity condescends to share the same pavement with me, and in full canonicals too; when a bishop condescends to hustle me; when I am for a moment a privileged spectator of an altercation between Inspector Bumps of the A division (very grand in silver lace and white gloves on drawing-room days) and an ambassador—a gorgeous creature, a pillar of pride on which they have hung votive crosses and stars, like the wreaths of immortelles on the railings of the column in the Place Vendôme—I cry "here is equality." When I see the horses with their satin coats, their small nervous heads, champing and stamping in their splendid harness; when I see those jewel-boxes on wheels, called carriages; when I eye reverently the rosy coachmen with their well-fitting wigs and buckled shoes; when, encumbering the very roadway, dodging among scaffold poles, edging between carriage wheels, popping round corners, and treading the pavement gingerly, I encounter lords, ambassadors, generals, lawyers, and divines—I cry "here is splendour." I gaze with admiring astonishment at Mr. Sheriff Slowbob, who has evidently been puzzled where to put most silk and gold—on his coach or on himself. I glance complacently at Hon. Curtius Cow, of the United States, who is about to introduce to the Presence his cousin Rufus Cow, of Caucus County, Va., now on a literary mission connected with the "Johnnicakopolis Democrat," and formerly as neat a hand at sampling dry goods as any man in the Empire City. He had a trifling "difficulty" lately with Colonel I. Bonaparte Fownes, who, meeting him in Coon Street, and on a disputed question of "drinks" unpaid for at the colonel's store, drew a revolver, and fired: whereupon Rufus out with a bowie knife, and, to use his own expressive epithet, "barked" the colonel, ripping him up indeed "from the nave to the chops." I regard with respectful complacency the fine old wrecks of generals and admirals laid up in ordinary and gold lace; it is good for my eyesight to see their weather-beaten old faces and white hair. And, oh! sight of sights, I stare with rapt, yet tender and reverent love and admiration at the fair young daughters of Albion, at the almond eyes and pearl necklaces resting on necks more pearly; at the rosy lips and blonde tresses, the small hands and feet, the slight symmetrical forms; at the plumes and diamonds, the rustling silks and long sweeping trains. I chuckle when I see these children of the aristocracy, and as I am elbowed by a vicious-minded looking old Austrian minister plenipotentiary, with a coat on, that seems to have grown white in the face with fear and hatred of English freedom, and covered with a leprosy of orders—I say to him mentally, "Match that if you can, old boy." Nor, looking towards where the people stand, and stand unrebuked, though within popular limits (for on drawing-room days the shibboleth of the Police Commissioners' "move on" slumbers a little), looking towards the hard-fisted, labour-stained inheritors of the wooden spoon, who gaze with an equably placid grin at the spectacle—looking even towards the tattered and forlorn philosophers, such as I am, I do not read in their faces anything approaching to that expression of ferocious contempt and pusillanimous hatred which I have caught lowering on the features of the lookers-on at the grandest foreign merry-makings. "Curse them," the look seems to say; "they beat me, and starve me, and cheat me: they wring their golden toys and gewgaws out of my labour and sweat: they grind me under the wheels of the tawdry carriages." But here I con a different page, and different faces. Well, the faces seem to say there is a great deal of nonsense and extravagance, and a great deal of what may be popularly termed

humbug, here. Still there may be some good in it. I helped to make that grand sheriff's coach, and received a fair day's pay for a fair day's labour. There might be surely, and advantageously, a little less gold on yonder coats and carriages, and a little more in the pockets of myself, and of my mates; but still, should my son Tom ever become Field Marshal Smith, or my son John Lord Chancellor Brown, it will do me no harm to see them wear gold coats, and ride in gold coaches too. Who knows? They 're wondrous quick at learning. At which reflection the labour-beaten faces clear up, and the placid grins expand into a joyous guffaw, as a costermonger's cart, which has sprung from no man knows where, and of which the driver wears the most hopeless expression of being out of his element that ever costermonger wore, is made to curvet and to oscillate, to back and to advance, by infuriate policemen; who know as little what to do with it as does the driver himself; and, seeing that the up line and down line of carriages in all the streets are all crowded, can only menace him with their staves in a vague manner, and make sudden feints of arresting him, and dragging him off to a chimerical Greenyard. How are they to get him there?

Meanwhile, I have had my fill of the Court of Saint James's; and, summing myself in what I have seen—with the fanfare of the trumpets still in my ears, with the diamonds yet glittering, the plumes yet waving, the beautiful English faces yet sparkling before me—I creep back to my court in the parish of Saint Crapulens. If the reader likes, I will take him with me.

To Slaughterhouse Court. Low Lane, Saint Crapulens. Walk up the court, pray. Observe the dirt; also the smells. Walk inside. Observe a repetition of the dirt and the smells. Look at the people. Examine the children. Look at (but don't drink) the water, where there is any. I live here.

Why do I live here? It may be that I am a philosopher, an author dwelling up a court like Goldsmith or Johnson in solitude, total idleness, and "the pride of literature." It may be that I have nowhere else to live—that I have never possessed in my life half-a-dozen shirts, an umbrella, or a home. That I never was respectable. That I am one of the rabble—the lower classes—the inferior orders. That my father's name was Rag, and his father being Tag, I am Bobtail. Be it as it may, I live here.

Goodness knows who built Slaughterhorse Court; or, indeed, Calf Alley close by (leading into Bleeding-knife Yard); what sort of a man could he have been, so devoid of common sense, of common charity, to build, or to counsel the building of such a hole as this? It must always have been a hole. If every arrangement for dirt, discomfort, misery, and wretchedness had been systematic, organised, deliberately meditated, and carried out as a good joke, or a moral lesson, or for any object with malice prepense or aforethought by the architect, he could not have succeeded better. Slaughterhorse Court was built before there was gas; but the builder seems to have contemplated the possibility of such a invention; for he has rendered it almost impossible to erect gas lamps or to lay gas on. He has made little preventive nooks and corners, walls and beams to bark the laying on of water, to crush sewerage, to counteract the simplest measures of ventilation. He must have hated his species, this builder; he must have howled with joy to do them a mischief, to build this infernal spider's web for human flies to be tortured in.

I am not afraid to speak my mind. It is a hole, it is a spider's web. It is an uncovered sewer with an anthill burrowing in it. There is a rogue, though, who snuffs up its fetid atmosphere, as though it were laden with all the perfumes of Araby the blest. He takes care, however, not to live up our court. He lives on it. On stated days you may see him stop at the corner of Slaughterhorse Court and Low Lane, in a little wickerwork chaise, drawn by a fat, sleek-coated, vicious poney. He is an ill-looking man, with a double chin grovelling in the folds of an ill-washed neckcloth. He has fat hands, on which the starched end of his wristbands makes a mark, and of which the nails are in half-mourning. I never knew a good man to have hands like those. He is the landlord.

This fellow, fattening on the rents he grinds out of us poor courtiers, lives in a pleasant house at Highgate; a little gem of a cottage where there is ivy, and lilac, and geranium; where the odours of hay-ricks float on the air with golden wings; a little sweet-smelling eyrie on a high hill, which stands nodding familiarly to Hampstead, winking confidentially to Hornsey; but regarding with a supercilious stare of astonishment the great smoking, steaming giant of a city with a cupola-shaped hat and a ball and cross at the top, just as a fresh country lass, new from gathering primroses, would stare at a big, swart, grimy ballast-heaver drinking his thirteenth pint of beer after a hard day's walk alongside the "Maria Jane." Does he ever think, this double-chinned earthworm, grovelling in a honeysuckled summer-house in his slip of a garden, moistening his wicked old clay with beeswinged port, and smoking his comfortable pipe,—does he ever think on the quiet summer Sunday evenings, while watching the swallows wending their way to and fro the great city in the distance, that there is not a little bird among them but might be the bearer of a message of wrath and vengeance to him from Slaughterhorse Court; where the filthy houses he lets, and persists in letting, and in conniving at sub-letting and in refusing to improve, are so noisome, so infected, so hideous that the swallows will not

sit on the eaves to sun themselves; that the shrewd starlings avoid the place with a side-long, cock-eyed glance of aversion; that the homely sparrows (and Heaven knows *they* are not difficult to please) alight timidly, hop irresolutely in its loathsome precincts, and fly hurryscurry away; preferring rather to go crumbless to their nests than pick the crumbs from our table. What live things could thrive in Slaughterhorse Court, save obscene rats, and Chance the one-eyed terrier, who belongs to the costermonger (who has not got, I am afraid, a worse name than he deserves), and a mildewed cock, with a broken crest, and such poor, sodden, sallow human rubbish as we are? I doubt if Mr. Gooze, of Gooze Cottage, Highgate, troubles himself with much thought about Slaughterhorse Court. He may say with an opaque wheeze to his friend Broome, the ex dust-contractor, or to his crony, Grubb, the retired bone-boiler, "Them houses down Low Lane brings me a deal of money;" but what does he know, what does he think of, what does he care for the want, and crime, and misery, that dirt and sub-letting (both to be laid at his door) have wrought and are wreaking in Slaughterhorse Court. Heaven mend us all! We are all selfish. What should I care about the wretchedness of Slaughterhorse Court if I didn't live up it?

It is not only that Mr. Gooze drinks his Port, and smokes his pipe, and grows his geraniums, and keeps his gig at Gooze Cottage, Highgate, out of the rents of our court; Slaughterhorse Court supports other landlords. Gentlemen, friends of the middleman, of the sub-letting system, stop at No. 5, up our court, and take your fill of the beauties of sub-letting. No. 5 is the rottenest, filthiest house in our rotten filthy court. The woodwork, brickwork, stonework, are all rotten. The entrance passage shelves down like the entrance to a public-house cellar; the window frames have shrivelled, and left gaps between them and the window-cases. There is not a right angle among them. I would bet my morrow's dinner (if I earn one) that not one of the dingy panes of glass that have not yet been displaced by foul rags, tattered great coats, impossible flannel petticoats, brown paper, and scraps of the Newgate school of publications, has been cleaned for twenty years. The tenants have stripped what little piping or guttering there ever was away: the door-posts which were garnished with plates and bells, when there was only a moderate number of tenants—say, a dozen or a score, at No. 5—now present only the caverns of defunct bell-pulls, and one twisted, rusted bell-wire.

The different floors of this disreputable tenement are let and sub-let to an infamous degree of minuteness. It is not the sub-division of a house into so many rooms to so many tenants that I object to: it is that every room should in its turn be subdivided; that beds should be underlet, that in the garrets the very floors, sometimes, should be at a premium, that in the cellar one Phelim Connor—whom I would not libel by saying that he was from Ireland—pays a few shillings a week for a miserable den, into which he crams as many of his miserable countrymen and women as can afford to pay a few pence a night. I am poor and miserable, I know, but I am bold enough to lift up my voice against our court, because the evidence is there full, broad staring in the face of God's heaven, to bear me out; because I am ready at any time of the day to say to the gentlemen who live among plate-glass windows, ventilated rooms, chimnies that don't smoke, and doors that will shut, in Great Goliah Street, close by: "Walk in, gentlemen, hold your noses, tread gingerly; but walk in and satisfy yourselves. Not only number five, but many more numbers. Don't we want a little water? Don't we want a little soap? If we were better lodged, don't you think we should have a slight temptation to exert ourselves to get better fed and better taught? Depend upon it you would not have to sit on so many fever inquests, so many starvation inquests, so many murder inquests. If you would only have a word or two with our landlord, Mr. Gooze, you would not so often hear our voices quarrelling and blaspheming as you pass on your way to counting-house or to chapel. You would not be forced to pass through our court with fear and trembling after nightfall. You would not be compelled to expend so much virtuous indignation at vestry at the doings of that abominable den, Slaughterhorse Court: useless indignation, seeing that you allow the abomination to remain."

If you don't believe me, come and live up our court. Associate with Mr. Phelim Connor's lodgers, and his lodgers' lodgers, including the animalculæ. You are educated men: draw a parallel between Nebuchadnezzar grazing like an ox, and us, wallowing like pigs. Buy your victuals at the miserable little chandler's shop, where Mrs. M'Cann earns an ignoble livelihood by selling offal a little dearer than she bought it. Come! you are sure to find somebody at home. Some of our children are always sprawling or fighting in the dirt; some of our gentlemen are always smoking their pipes at the doorways; some of our ladies are always cowering or wrangling on the doorsteps.

Am I without hope for our court? Oh no! I have lived up it many years (I dwelt in Swag Alley—Grubb's Rents before), and have seen a very dismal and weary succession of dirty, fighting, unwashing years; but within the last few months hope—faint and distant, yet hope still—begins to peer above the horizon. From my window, at number eight, I can see the nearly completed tower of a public establishment for baths and wash-houses at the very corner of our court where erst was Muggins's beershop; a model lodging-house, at three shillings a head per week for

each lodger, has just been opened. The good time will come, and Mr. Gooze will be put to confusion yet.

THE RHYME OF THE CALIPH.*

THE Caliph Abderàma, in the pleasant South of Spain,
Long continued, firmly grounded on his people's love, to reign;
And one day his courtiers left him in his palace-hall alone,
And he fell into deep musings, sitting on his golden throne.

"Fifty years," he thought, "have vanished since I've held the royal power,
Standing in the midst of warfare with the calmness of a tower.
Fifty Winters, fifty Summers, fifty Autumns, fifty Springs,
Rise like flocks of birds before me, fluttering on their airy wings.

"I will shut mine eyes in darkness; I will close up both mine ears;
That my soul may look and listen down the vista of the years;
For I fain would gather wisdom of the rich and solemn Past,
And, from many-visaged Action, pluck the central Truth at last.

"Lo! the visions gather thickly! Through that length of time my hand
Has been clothed with awful power, and been honour'd through the land;
The young mothers murmur of me, as they sing their babes to rest,
Sitting at their open casements, when the sun is in the West.

"Riches I have had, uncounted—ample pleasures—regal state—
Might in all its sumptuous aspects—homage of the good and great—
And the liquid lays of poets, glittering from the gorgeous East,
All exalting Abderàma, have I heard at many a feast.

"Round my throne I have assembled grey philosophers, whose sleep
Brings them fiery revelations from the distant starry deep;
And my court has shone with warriors of the old Arabian race,
With their eager souls out-looking in the quick blood of the face.

"Art and Science, the twin-sisters, speak my praises near and far;
Learning, from her groves and cloisters, hails me as a morning star;
And, though threatened by the Faithless, I have kept my lands entire,
Underneath the sacred lightnings of the Crescent's silver fire.

"To increase my glory farther, and the largeness of my joys,
I have caused a wondrous palace in a garden to arise—
In a garden deep and leafy, where the sparkling walls are seen
Through the crowding of the tree-trunks, and the heavy, tremulous green.

"Like a vision in a sunset rise my palace-towers in air,
And the domes suspended lightly, and the galleries white and fair,
And the terrace-walks of marble, shadowy dim with citron bowers,
Where the birds, made faint with perfume, fall asleep upon the flowers.

"And within, the walls are builded all of lapis lazuli,
Overwrought with rubies sanguine, and the diamond's glancing eye,
And the air is cool'd with fountains, springing from the metal rich,
Each one with its golden sculptures standing in a jasper niche.

"Forty thousand silver columns lift the ceiling sapphirine,
Where the lamps of lucid crystal shed a languid light divine—
Shed a light on orbs of gold, that start and tremble into view,
Like the constellations kindled in a depth of evening blue.

"'Who so happy as our Caliph?' cry the people. 'Every hour
Is to him a stately vision, full of loveliness and power—
Lying in a light of jewels—laughing under lips of love,—
Like a rose-bud deeply reddening to the regal Sun above.'

"Idle words, and lightly spoken! In that lapse of fifty years,
I have noted every day which has been free from doubts and fears—
Every day of perfect pleasure, luscious, lingering, and serene,
When my soul has seemed a monarch. And the number is fourteen!

"Better had I been a herdsman, keeping flocks upon a hill,
Eating the earth's simple produce, drinking water from the rill!
Better had I been an Arab in the desert's luminous haze,
Living like a patriarch after Nature's unadulterate ways!

"Better to have dwelt unlook'd-for in some forest's shadows dun,
Where the leaves are pierc'd in triumph by the javelins of the sun!
Better to be born, and die, in some calm nest, howe'er obscure,
With a vine about the casements, and a fig-tree at the door!

* Abderama the Third, one of the Spanish-Arabian caliphs, is said to have left behind him, after his death in the year 961, when he had reigned fifty years, a paper containing the substance of the complaint embodied in these stanzas.

"Had I known no greater riches than the common
earth and air;
Had my flatterers been the tempests, blowing from
the mountains bare;
Had my palaces been caverns; had my fountains
been the floods;
Had my gardens been the valleys and the barky,
black-limb'd woods;

"Had I seen no other pageants than the trooping
clouds at even
(Islands of the airy ocean, with their baseless tops
in Heaven),
Or the Autumn forests, burning into heavy red and
brown,
And great flamy breadths of yellow, ere the leaves
are shatter'd down;

"Had I never felt the aching and the fiery-seeming
pain
Of the sceptre to the hand, and of the crown about
the brain,—
Happier would my days have glided, calmer would
my nights have flown!"
And the Caliph sigh'd full sorely, sitting on his
golden throne.

HOUSEHOLD SCENERY.

Most people amuse themselves, at one time or other of their lives, by fancying what sort of house they would like to live in; what sort of house they would build for themselves, if they had opportunity for that very charming amusement. But the last thing that people seem to have any thought about is the walls of their rooms. Yet, what is there that we see so much of as the walls of the rooms we live in? Even those who have the blessing of a country residence—those even who dwell in one of the very few remaining parsonages in the North of England, where a spacious porch shelters the house-door from draughts and driving rains, and who resort to that porch, looking out upon a meadow or a flower-garden,—even these have to sit between four walls for at least three-fourths of the year; and certainly always to sleep within them. It is all very well to revel in fine views from terrace or window; but it is well, also, to consider what our eyes shall rest upon in all times of sickness, of bad weather, and when the sun is below the horizon. It is a charming speculation to a man about to build a house for his own residence, to plan what it shall look like externally—how many rooms it shall have, and how they shall be most conveniently arranged; but the aspect of the four walls of each room is worth mature consideration too. In old times, people thought more of this matter than we do, if we may judge by the pains taken to decorate the interior of ancient buildings; and those who attend to the signs of civilisation assure us that there will be a revival of such thought and pains,—and very soon. Let us hope that this is true.

There could scarcely, at any former time, have been a greater variety in the walls of human abodes than there is now. High up in the north there are the Esquimaux, huddled together within a circular wall made of snow, built up in slabs, inclining inwards, so as to form a dome—a house of bee-hive shape. Our English feelings would be put to a severe trial in such a place. If the walls remain solid, it is only because the temperature is below freezing point. If we should begin to flatter ourselves with any notion of warm feet—of ceasing to ache and shiver with cold—at once the walls begin to steam and run down, and the wretched chill of thaw brings back despair. Much the same may be said of such palaces of ice as we read of in Russia. Translucent, glittering with a bluish star-like light, there is still the terrible alternative of frost or thaw within doors; each alike excluding all hope of wholesome warmth. Much pleasanter to our feelings is the South Sea Island dwelling, where the walls are nothing more than poles of bamboo; through which the morning and evening breeze may blow freely. To be sure, if privacy is desired, something more is requisite; for such an edifice seems to be designed for a community of that kind of stupid people, of whom the Americans say that they "cannot see through a ladder." However broad may be the eaves, however prolonged the thatch of palm-leaves, the sun must peep into the abode when he is low in the sky; and there is no hour of the day in that climate when the sun is a welcome visitor within doors. To meet these cases, there are mattings made of grass, which may be hung up where wanted. These simple hangings have a grace and charm about them which no others, however gay and costly, can boast: they are deliciously fragrant, especially when moistened. As the night dews descend, and when the breeze from the sea comes to shake these primitive curtains, a sweet scent charms the watcher, and spreads luxuriously through the dreams of the sleeper.

There are houses even now in civilised countries, which let the stars be seen through their walls. We have ourselves been entertained in a dwelling where the drawing-room was full of couches, easy chairs, books and musical instruments; where the dining-room was set out with an array of plate; but where, being wakeful in the night, we enjoyed the singular amusement of observing the stars passing over chinks in the walls, shining full into our eyes in the transit. How could this be? Why, the house was a log-house, on a plantation in a hot region. Perhaps from want of leisure, perhaps for the sake of coolness, the logs had been left rough, and the spaces between were not filled up with clay and moss, as is the practice further north. So the mosquitoes swarmed in and out, and hummed all night long; not to our annoyance, for we were safe within a "mosquito-bar," or muslin curtain, completely enveloping the bed; not to our annoyance, therefore,

and we may hope to their own satisfaction, unless they were hungry, and tantalized by our inaccessible presence. Poets compare human eyes to stars. It struck us that we preferred those real stars, shining through the wall, to certain glittering human eyes which a lady once saw shining from her wall. As the story goes, this poor lady—destined to a terrible fright—was sitting alone before the fire, opposite a mirror which rested on the mantelpiece, and taking off her jewelled necklace and bracelets before retiring to rest, when she looked up accidentally and saw in the mirror—what must have made a tapestried room terrible to her as long as she lived—for it was in a room hung with tapestry that she was sitting. She saw shining eyes rolling in the head of one of the woven figures, a sight which we, safe from all ambush of the kind, can never think of without a quiver of sympathetic dread. She knew that a thief was watching her, and that there must be some accomplice in the house who had cut out the eyes of the figure to enable him to do so. She did not go into hysterics, nor do anything else that was not to the purpose. She took no notice, sat awhile longer without looking into the mirror;—no doubt with a deadly horror of being approached from behind. She unfastened some part of her dress, yawned, put on a natural appearance of sleepiness, lighted her chamber candle, locked her jewel case, and—the only suspicious proceeding—left it on the table, walked steadily towards the eyes, the door being in that direction, quickly took the key from the lock, left the room, locked the door on the outside, and quietly went to seek help which she could better trust than that of her own servants. Such is one of the horrible stories which belong to the days of tapestry hangings, those curtain-coverings for walls which are perhaps the most objectionable of all modes of decorating apartments.

This is downright heresy, no doubt, in the eyes of those who make the pursuit of tapestry an idolatry. Nobody doubts the vast amount of pains and care spent on tapestry as an art. Nobody doubts the skill which so directed the shuttle or the needle as that they rivalled the pencil and the brush in their delineations. In fact, no art could be despised which employed the talents of the greatest painters; and while the cartoons of Raffaelle are associated in our minds with tapestry hangings, it is impossible to speak with disrespect of such a representative of the art of a past century. But we may be glad that it belonged to a past century, and that the present has done with tapestry. It might be necessary, in the days of imperfect building, to keep out draughts. King Alfred might have been glad of it before he invented his lantern, and when his candles were flaring and wasting so as to baffle him in his measurement of time by their burning; but we, in our tight houses, whose walls have no chinks and cracks, may better hang our apartments with clean, and light, and wholesome paper, which harbours no vermin, screens no thieves, and scares no fever patient with night-visions of perplexity and horror.

It does not appear, however, that tapestry was invented to cover defects in the building of walls. From the little we know, it may rather be inferred that it was first used as a convenient imitation of the more ancient decoration of painted walls. The first tapestries which are seen fluttering amidst the shadows of remote history, were in the East, and of the same monstrous order of delineation with the Egyptian decorations, which so many travellers have described for a thousand years past. The Egyptians used to paint the scenes of their lives and deaths,—their occupations, amusements, their funerals, and their mythology, upon the massive walls of their temples and tombs. There seems to be no doubt that the convenience of making these pictures moveable gave rise to the manufacture of woven hangings. One striking instance of this is on record, in the case of the hangings of the Tabernacle which Moses caused to be made in the desert. The description of the animals wrought on that tapestry answers exactly to that of the walls of an Egyptian temple; and it is the opinion of learned men that the Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, thence derived their notions of fantastic composite creatures—griffins, centaurs, and the like, which certainly were wrought in tapestries for the Greeks by Oriental workmen. After a time, the Greeks substituted prettier objects in the centres of their hangings, and drew off all the monstrosities into the borders. In like manner, during the Middle Ages, when tapestries were gifts for kings to bestow and to receive, there was great beauty of design and infinite delicacy of execution in the finer tapestries, on which artists spent their best pains, and kings spent a vast amount of money.

We must not suppose that all hangings were like those that our Henry the Eighth fostered, or the French Henry the Fourth and Louis the Fourteenth. While the royal and the rich hung their palaces and their mansions with such fabrics as the Gobelin tapestry, the less wealthy were content with plain velvet, with worsted stuff, with any thing that would hide their unsightly walls, and keep them warm in their ill-built houses. The best and the worst were alike a nuisance in a dwelling-house. They imbibed the smoke; they grew mouldy with damp; and, in hot weather, they gave out a worse plague (if there be a worse) than the mosquitoes of tropical countries. It appears to us, in our cleanly times, that our grandfathers knew nothing about this kind of delicacy. After the rushes on the floor, (which were offensive with filth,) came the tapestries, which were almost as bad; and, while this was the

condition of men's abodes, their persons were worthy of their dwellings—powder, pomatum, wigs, and other unnatural devices, rendering a pure state of skin impossible.

It was a great day when a Frenchman bethought himself that, instead of hangings of wrought carpeting, or of velvet-flock, or stuff, a covering for walls might be made of figured paper—cheaper, lighter, cleaner—preferable in every way. It is said that this invention was made known in 1632, and that the first blocks used in making paper hangings are preserved in Paris. England followed so soon that there was some dispute as to which ought to have the credit of the invention, but it was doubtless due to France. James the First had lately given two thousand pounds—a large sum in those days—to encourage a manufacture of fine tapestry at Mortlake; but it was in a drawing-room of the Royal Palace at Kensington that the first specimen of English paper-hanging was seen. If anybody is curious to know whether that paper was like any that we see now, we can tell nothing more than that it was an imitation of the "velvet-flock" then in common use.

The "flock" order of paper seems to be coming into fashion, more and more, after a long interval. Perhaps the truth is, that the reduction of the duty on paper hangings puts a higher class of papers within reach of a greater number of householders. Sir Robert Peel took off tenpence out of the shilling a yard duty on French paper hangings, which, before 1842, kept good decorations out of the reach of all but the wealthy. We remember the time—somewhere about 1818—when stencilling came into fashion, and was thought a great popular boon. Stencilling was done by splashing walls with colour through the interstices of tin patterns. The result was, a very coarse and untidy decoration of white-washed walls; the colours being bad, and the pattern never accurately made out for many consecutive feet of wall. But the work was so much cheaper than paper hangings, that people of small means were very glad of it; and, even in gentlemens' houses, the attics and servants' rooms were often thus coloured. Now, we seldom hear of stencilling; for papers of a tolerable quality and really good pattern may be had for less than a penny a yard, so that the abodes of the humble present a very different appearance now from any thing that could be seen even ten years ago. As for the taking off the duty, the story is the same that Free-traders are almost tired of telling about other articles. There were dismal prophecies that the French, who much excel us in the designs and preparations of paper hangings, would destroy the manufacture in England: and the wealthy did supply themselves—and perhaps do so still—almost exclusively from Paris; but, so much more extensively are paper hangings used, and so great is the improvement continually taking place through the emulation of the French by our manufacturers, that the manufacture is largely and steadily increasing. It only remains now to get the duty removed from the raw material, the paper, to give every body a fair chance of a neat set of walls to his dwelling-rooms, decorated according to his means.

Perhaps there are no gayer walls to be seen anywhere—in our country at least—than those we saw yesterday, on the premises of Her Majesty's Paper-stainer for Scotland, Mr. Wm. McCrie. This gentleman's walls—even the rough walls in the yards and passages—are as good as a rainbow for colours. The boys empty their brushes on the space next at hand, to save the trouble of washing them; and the result is a show which would make a little child—with its love of brilliant colours—scream for joy. There are things to be seen at Mr. McCrie's, which may please elderly people as much as rainbow hues can gratify a child. By means of studying there the process of paper-staining from beginning to end, glimpses are obtained into all classes of homes, from the Queen's palace, and the student's library, and aristocratic club-houses, down to the humble abode of two or three rooms in town or country.

The paper used in this manufacture is made in Scotland, whence it is sent to England and Ireland, where more of the staining goes on than in Scotland. Mr. McCrie's establishment near Edinburgh, and one in Glasgow, are the only ones north of the Tweed. For ordinary patterns, the Scotch paper is about two feet wide. The French are narrower—a circumstance which should be remembered, when the cost of hangings is reckoned by the piece. Some of the granite papers for halls and staircases, and panel papers are of greater and various width. The pieces, of twelve yards, are tied up in bundles of ten; so that a bundle contains one hundred and twenty yards. The first thing that is done with the contents of a bundle, when it is untied, is to fit it for receiving a pattern by covering it smoothly and evenly with a coat of Paris white, or tint, for the ground, made of sulphate of lime and water, with size, which forms in fact a cement, and sets the pattern. This Paris white arrives from Hull and Leith: the size is made on the premises, as the observer's nose informs him; and in the yard, he sees the bundles of buffalo skins from which it is made, and the cauldron in which they are boiled. No part of the business is more serious than that of the preparation of the size—both for making the pattern on the paper, and for attaching the hanging to the wall. The size made in hot weather is never good; it runs, and the pattern is blotchy in places; and for this mischief there is no remedy. If the production must go on, without waiting for cooler weather, the patterns must suffer, and the sellers must have patience. A much more serious

consideration for householders and decorators is, that none but the best size should be used for attaching the paper to the walls. Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed-rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night, in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness.

Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down; and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick—stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing. A lesser evil, but still a vexatious one, may be mentioned here: that when there is not alum enough in the size, it will not hold. A family, sitting around a table, at dinner or at work, does not relish the incident of the entire papering of the room coming down at once, with a tearing, crashing sound, and a cloud of dust. Worse still is the trouble when it is the pattern of the paper that is faded. A room was very prettily hung not long ago, with a paper where a bright green trail of foliage was the most conspicuous part of the pattern. Day after day everything in the room was found covered with a green dust; and the pattern on the wall faded in proportion. The size had, in fact, been insufficient to fix the green powder, one ingredient of which, by the way, was arsenic. The decorator, being sent for, saw at once what was the matter, and, with expressions of shame and concern, pulled down the pretty paper, and put up another without charge.—While on the subject of the mistakes that may be made in paper-hanging, we may mention one for which the householder is answerable, and not the manufacturer or decorator. While we are well, we ought to remember that we, and those belonging to us, shall some time or other be ill: and it is just as well to arrange the sleeping-rooms of our houses so as to give every advantage to invalids, when the day of sickness comes. It is of no consequence to the healthful, perhaps, how their beds stand; but it may make the difference to a sick person, of fever or tranquillity, of sleep or no sleep, whether his bed stands, as it should do, north and south, or east and west; and whether the window is opposite the foot of the bed, or in some less annoying direction. In the same way we may never think of the pattern on the wall of our room, while we go to bed only to sleep and rise the moment we awake; but it is certain that delirium in fever cases has been precipitated, and that frightful visions, or teasing images, have been excited by fantastic patterns on chintz bed-curtains, or on the hangings of the walls. The paper for bed-rooms should be of a rather light colour, and of a pattern as indefinite as can be had. For our part, we like nothing so well as a blank paper of some pleasant hue, with a dark border for a relief: but there are many papers now which do not present any of the everlasting forms and varieties of the square, the circle, and the diamond. A watered paper, or any trailing pattern is objectionable, because the eye of the invalid will trace human profiles in them. There are patterns in abundance which are pretty enough in a humble way—consisting of an aggregate of various small figures—so small and so various as to create nothing to the eye but a pleasantly-broken colour.

Having delivered our conscience of this admonition, out of the doctoring and sick-nursing part of our experience, we may return to our paper-staining.

The laying on the Paris white is done by a machine. The wet whiting is thrown into a trough, where it is licked up by a cylinder, which daubs it on a cylindrical brush, which transfers it to another cylinder, under which the paper is drawn, receiving the plaster as it goes. A wide brush, like a fringe of soft bristles, is fixed before the last cylinder, and sweeps the paper as the long sheet passes on, distributing the coating evenly, and smoothing the surface. The paper, in lengths of twelve yards, is drawn out by little boys, who carry it over little heaps of sticks, lifting up a stick, and of course the wet paper with it, and hoisting both on a pole, so that the paper can be carried to the drying place without

being touched by human hands. Two boys thus carry away a piece in four folds, which of course do not touch each other. The lads, with their poles, lay the sticks across horizontal poles at some height from the ground; and there, still untouched, hangs the paper to dry.

If a polished ground is wanted, the paper—duly prepared by a chemical process in the open air—is rubbed with a lump of French chalk; then, with a surface of felt or flannel, and finally with a polishing brush; and from this treatment it comes out with a burnish like satin. The paper, with a polished or a dead ground, is now ready to receive the pattern.

There are three ways of giving it a pattern—by a printing machine, by block printing, and by marbling by hand. It appears that one machine does the work of about four block printers; that two persons may prepare the paper for fifteen printing tables; and that fifty workmen can, by great diligence, turn out three thousand pieces (of twelve yards each) per week. They are paid by the piece—from twenty-pence to two shillings per score, and a workman can easily earn from thirty to thirty-five shillings per week. The business is carried on in large airy rooms, and although much activity and strength of eye, foot, and hand are required for joining the pattern, lifting the heavy block, and stamping it, there is no pernicious fatigue, or perilous liability of any kind. It is altogether a favourable and fortunate kind of employment for a good workman.

In one part of the premises abides the designer, educated now, generally speaking, at one of our schools of design. He watches the French; he watches the English; he watches nature; and draws ideas from all for his patterns. Star patterns are eternal in popular favour; and so are lobby patterns—granites and marbles; but beyond these, all is uncertainty. A new set of designs must be made every year; and if a pattern does not pay its cost the first year, it never will. It may not be utterly lost, but it will never be remunerative. In one of the lower rooms at Mr. McCrie's, we trod upon wealth in a truly magnanimous manner. The floor was laid with obsolete blocks; and thus we trampled on many hundred pounds' worth of property.

The blocks are a pretty sight, from the beginning, when the block-cutter traces his pattern from oil paper upon the wood, and taps his chisel, sending it down to a certain depth in the wood (pine), and then clears out the spaces, up to the funeral ceremony of laying these memorials of departed fashions in the ground; that is, in the floor. Where little bits of the wood are broken away, they are supplied with brass or copper. The blocks for granite papers are stuck all over "with everything that will make a mark," as we were told; with odds and ends of copper and brass, and with common nail-heads. For the printing machine, the block is cylindrical, the process being just that of cylinder-printing of any kind. For the printing tables, the blocks are furnished with a strap at the back, to receive the workman's hand, and they are pressed down on the paper by a mallet driven by the workman's foot. Every time that he applies the block, he dips it on the surface of a stiff liquid in a trough by his side—the liquid being either the colour he wants to impress, or the oil which is to catch and retain the colour to be afterwards shed over it. For the best sort of gilding, gold leaf is applied: for the commoner gilding, bronze powder; for flock papers, the flock which is brought from the wool districts. The flock is wool, dyed of various colours, and reduced to powder. If the size or oil on which it is deposited be good, the flock cannot be rubbed off, or removed by any means short of scratching. The array of crimson flock papers is really superb in our day. One never tires of gazing at them in an establishment like this, and fancying how each would look in one's own study or dining-room. Of all charming rooms in a middle class house, the most bewitching, perhaps, is a library lined almost throughout with books, with the spaces between papered with a rich crimson flock paper, and affording room, between the book-cases, for a pedestal here and there, with a bust, or a good cast upon it, surmounted by a very few choice prints. The crimson makes a glorious ground for prints.

The workman has not always dismissed his piece when he has printed it from end to end. It may be a pattern of two colours, or of six, or even of twelve; and for each colour a fresh block and a fresh process are required, each repetition of course reckoning as a new piece in regard to his wages. The workman who does his work wholly by hand, he who marbles papers for lobbies and stair-walls, has also to go over it several times. The yellow polished ground is supplied to him ready for his brush. He veins it with a camel hair brush, dipped in a dark colour. One cannot but admire the decision with which he makes his strokes, and groups his veinings. We should stand hesitating which way to make our pencil wander, doubting whether we were making anything like marble; but the accustomed stainer wields his brush with as much purpose and decision as we do the pen, knowing as well where to go and wherefore. When he has thus veined a certain portion, he sprinkles, by jerking a brush, little drops of soap and turpentine, which make blotches, and give a marbled appearance to the whole surface. The coloured streaks, being diluted, spread into a perfect resemblance of the veins of marble; and nothing remains but to daub some white blotches into the centres of the groups of streaks. Of all the imitation papers this appeared to us the most perfect. The granite was good, with its glittering "frosting," which frosting is done by scattering,

very sparingly, particles of the thinnest possible glass from the glass-houses. The graining of oak papers is done by putting an iron comb in the place of the smoothing brush, when the paper receives its first coat.

Among the papers shown in the warehouse, where the completed goods are deposited, the most beautiful in our eyes was a broad panelled paper of white, watered with a panel border of roses. We looked in vain for the sort of hanging which we must think will be in demand ere long; a hanging which, being dark near the floor, becomes gradually lighter towards the ceiling. At present, decorators depend on a dark carpet and a light ceiling to give the effect indicated by decorative principle and required by a trained eye, some aid being given by a dark skirting board, and a cornice of light and bright colours; but there seems to be no reason why the hangings on the walls should not do their part, and there can be no doubt that a wide new range of design would be opened by following out this principle.

What we owe to the designers of good paper hangings can hardly be estimated by those who have not travelled in countries which assume to be highly civilised, but have no time to get things done in the best manner. Even at home, and in good houses, one meets occasionally with a mistake in the choice of a pattern: a mistake which causes irritation and annoyance to the visitor, from hour to hour; as when a pattern, which is everything that could be wished in the single breadth, gives birth to an imperfect form when joined with the next breadth; a diamond, for instance, which turns out a little smaller on one side than the other, or a curve which is not freely carried out. But in some parts of the United States, among other places, where money is not spared in decorating dwellings, but workmen are scarce and ill-qualified, one sees extraordinary spectacles on the walls of good houses. We were once standing in perplexed contemplation of our chamber wall, when our hostess entered, and told us how vexed she had been about it. She had employed an emigrant paper-hanger, who had passed himself off as a first-rate workman. She gave him the papers, and left him to his work. In a wonderfully short time, he came to her, exulting: he had done the job—capitally—he would say that for himself; he had "made every crease show." And so he had—with the most perverse ingenuity—by now spoiling the pattern, and now leaving a white thread of space between the breadths. There was no upholsterer's store within many miles, and therefore no remedy. Our hostess was English, and annoyed accordingly. The Americans care less for such things, or do not even discover them, unless the blemish is very flagrant. We remember a curious instance of this difference between the American and the English eye, which met our notice as far off as Lexington in Kentucky. We were taken, of course, to the Senate Chamber at Lexington—merely our own party—to see the room. A picture over the President's chair hanging awry, we naturally stepped upon a bench which stood below, and set it right with a touch; after which the party went home, to one of the best houses in the neighbourhood, where a young Englishman of rank and a Mr. Clay were to join us at dinner. Our hostess and her guests fell into conversation about furnishing drawing-rooms, and attention was drawn to the paper of the handsome room we were sitting in. All admired it; but we observed on the oddity of the workman having put up two breadths, in different parts of the room, upside down. The hostess laughingly doubted it, had never heard of it, could not see it now: would ask the young Englishman, and see if any body thought so but ourselves. Presently came a Mr. Moat with Mr. Clay. Mr. Moat was asked to look round the room, and say if he saw any blemish anywhere. He glanced round, and pointed to the two breadths that were topsy-turvy, to the amusement of the good-humoured hostess, who said the English eye was something past her comprehension. Upon this, Mr. Clay related that he had just been taking Mr. Moat to see the Senate Chamber, and that he had mounted a bench to set straight a map which he declared to be hung awry, though nobody else could see it. The laugh was now louder than ever; and then followed a discussion whether it was a privilege or a misfortune to be so particular as we English had proved ourselves. Perhaps we should suffer more from our particularity in a new country than the thing is worth; but we should be sorry to lay it aside at home.

The omnipresent gutta-percha is among the paper hangings already. It presents itself in the form of consolation to the owners of houses which are cursed with a damp wall or corner. As for a generally damp house, one has only to quit it, if one has ever been foolish enough to go into it. But there are many excellent houses with some faulty bit—some corner or projection which got wet in the building, and could never be got dry; and here comes in the gutta-percha paper most consolingly. The housewife may have rubbed, and warmed, and dried, with toil and pain, every summer; but in winter, the stains come again, and, towards spring, the green moss. She may have battened that end or corner; but then, there was the uneasy thought that the damp and the moss were growing behind the screen. In case of damp from driving rains, in exposed situations, it may be true that there is nothing like a mantle of ivy, under whose leaves dry dust may be found at the end of the wettest winter. But, if the damp be incurred in the process of building, the ivy is not the appropriate cure; and besides, it takes some years to cover the

end of a house. The gutta-percha paper confines the damp within the wall, at least, and compels it to evaporate externally, if at all. It thoroughly intercepts, if it cannot cure, a very great evil; and it will, no doubt, be in extensive use till all men are too sensible to have any damp corners in their houses at all.

CHIPS.

AN EQUESTRIAN MIRACLE.

THE following passage is quoted from the account of an unsuccessful search for Choughs in Cornwall, in an article headed "If this should meet his Eye." *

"A cavalier, after dinner, one day, betted that he would *ride* to the Land's End next morning. So, he mounted and got thus far. The shuddering horse turned and backed. The rider just saw the horse's hind feet going over the brink, threw himself off in agony, and escaped. The annual perished, and the last print of the clinging hoof is kept fresh by the guides. What an act of horsemanship to witness! This happened not many years ago, though the biped performer is since dead."

We have great pleasure in contradicting, on the unquestionable authority of General Sir Robert Arbuthnot, the courageous equestrian himself, the statement conveyed in the last period of this paragraph. That distinguished gentleman has been good enough to give us his own version of his performance.

"Having read in various publications erroneous statements of my miraculous escape at "the Land's End," when the horse I was riding fell over a cliff upwards of four hundred feet high, I have put on paper, at the request of a few friends, a true account of the transaction.

"In June 1804, when captain in a dragoon regiment and aide de camp to General Wilford, who was stationed at Falmouth, I attended him on an inspection of a yeomanry corps at Penzance. The day after the inspection, the general with a party proceeded to the Land's End on an excursion of pleasure; and, after taking refreshment at a house known by the name of "The First and Last House in England," three of the party, consisting of myself, Lieutenant Cubit of the Royal Artillery, and a clergyman who resided at Mazarion, preceded the others; and, on arriving at the top of the slope reaching down to the extremity of the Land's End—on each side of which was a steep precipice—I perceived that the grass was short and slippery; and, although a dragoon officer, I did not think it prudent to ride down; but my two companions being of a different opinion, did so, while I followed them leading my horse. After remaining a short time at the bottom, we mounted to rejoin the general; who had, with his party, reached the spot whence we had started, and were astonished—especially the general—at seeing me at the bottom of the hill and terrified at what afterwards occurred. Although I did not think it prudent to ride down, I fancied there could be no danger in riding up, and accordingly I mounted; but we had not proceeded far when my mare—a very spirited animal—became unruly, in consequence of the girths of the saddle going back, and she began to kick and plunge, inclining to the precipice on the right. Although in imminent danger, I did not happily lose my presence of mind, and I threw myself off when not more than four feet from the edge of the cliff. Mine was a hussar saddle, and the bridle having a whip at the end of it, I threw it over the mare's head, and was able to keep hold of it and to check her so as to prevent her kicking me. When she turned with her back to the cliff I let go, and she fell down and was dashed to pieces, leaving me on the ground close to the edge of the cliff. A person went down in a basket and brought up the shattered saddle and bridle, which a saddler at Penzance begged me to give him that he might hang it at the door of his shop.

"Many accounts of the event were circulated, but this is the true one."

* Vol. IV. page 600.

SOMETHING NEW.

"BE careful to ask for the Universal Magazine!" Thus, in 1747, was announced the first appearance of a new and startling publication, "price sixpence, to be published monthly by Act of Parliament."

The title page alone, not to speak of the elaborate frontispiece, was well worth the money. The former set forth, in three very long rows, what the Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure contained; beginning with News and ending with Architecture. Moreover the author, as the worthy superintendent called himself, kept his word; was not this as much as man could desire, upwards of a century ago? Have we more now, in these days of cheap serials? And can we produce such a picture to seduce and encourage the reader as that which adorns the volume now lying before us, on this rainy day in June, in an antique library, the shelves of which groan with a rich collection of this evidently highly successful Universal? There sits the author at his writing table, with long slender crooked legs; books to be reviewed; foolscap paper, ink and pens are under his hand. An attendant stands—accurately in the third position—offering him a volume; while another reaches one from a bookcase. But he heeds not the invitation; his thoughts, as well as his eyes, are bent upon a descending genius in the shape of Mercury, from whose caduceus flies a flag, inscribed with the name of the new periodical.

A contributor, with cocked hat in one hand and a copy of verses in the other, is endeavouring to attract his glances—apparently in vain. Globes, sextants, quadrants, planes, and compasses, strew the floor at his feet; a flight of steps leads from the library—which seems all window—to some unknown sea; on which floats a whole navy of singularly shaped vessels in full sail close to the shore of a very crowded city. Two lines at the top and two at the bottom of this picture, in very irregular text hand, denote the intention of the representation, thus:—

"From Art and Science true Contentment springs,
Science points out the Cause, Art the Use of things."

"Merit should be for ever placed
In Knowledge, Judgment, Wit, and Taste."

The reader's mind being thus prepared, he may safely open the book and look for knowledge and pleasure. The publisher first addresses the subscribers, and assures them that his gratitude is "extream" for their support. "Without," he nobly and impressively writes, "incurring the odious Character of vilifying and exclaiming against Other Monthly Publications, I can safely declare that I am the First that ever sold three sheets of letter-press, three copper-plates, and other Decorations at the same price! It must be allowed to be attended with much Labor and a surprising Expense!" This "surprising" work, he goes on to say, in defiance of grammar, is "divided between the Curious and the Industrious; and, what is more praise-worthy, Candour and Impartiality appears in every Part thereof." The publisher, warming with his subject, and with affection towards his authors, assures the reader that, "if anything has slipped by the Channel of an extensive and pressing Correspondence that can give Offence to any Public or Private person, they now beg their pardon." What could be said more to the purpose?

"Who with repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of Heaven nor Earth."

The publisher having concluded, let the authors speak. They, perhaps, will be a little less humble—a little more sarcastic—but let it pass. "As the Proprietor is neither afraid nor ashamed," say they, "to publish this Magazine in his own Name; neither shall we attempt to gain any reputation to this work by indecent language, and scandalously reflecting on those that have gone before us in the like method of Monthly Publications. The Fate of those that once flourished and are now forgotten, should convince others that pretend to monopolise wit and learning, and to set bounds to other people's knowledge and industry, that we have as much right to oblige and to entertain the publick as any other."

After this stinging reproof, assisted by italics and capitals—severely felt no doubt by the culprits at whom it was levelled—a promise is held out that, "the adventurous merchant, the industrious tradesman, the skilful mechanic, the toilsome farmer, and the careful housewife, shall never want some helps in their respective stations. . . . The reader may expect a whole body of Arts and Sciences, tales, fables, and (powerful climax!) even riddles."

No bounds being put to expectation, our ancestors must therefore naturally have encouraged themselves to undertake the perusal of a work destined, almost, to o'erinform their tenement of clay. It is more than probable that they were not disappointed; although we, in these days of progress, cannot keep ourselves from impertinently smiling at the simplicity of our respectable progenitors, who devoured such passages as we hit upon in turning over the leaves of their favourite magazine. and who were quite ravished with the novelties contained therein.

Would it not be worth the while of our modern editors to consider the propriety of introducing, at the present crisis, such a paper as the following to help the consciences of electors:

"HEADS OF SELF-EXAMINATION, PROPER TO BE USED BY EVERY ELECTOR IN GREAT BRITAIN BEFORE HE EITHER GIVES OR PROMISES HIS VOTE.

"1. Have I thoroughly considered the privileges which, as a Briton, I have a right to enjoy?

"2. Have I reflected that when I chuse a man to represent me I convey to him, for the time, all my share of the legislative power?

"3. If he has before had a seat in Parliament, how did he then behave? Was his steadfastness from a virtuous principle, or because the Minister did not bid up to his price? Did he listen at all to propositions of making easy; and did he bargain and higgle in a manner to create suspicion? Does he want to buy my suffrage or biass me by some favour or gratuity to give it in defiance of laws that make both him and me guilty in such a compact?"

After this we have a little history; and then our geography is helped by a very original map, adorned with a beautiful device of a tombstone and cornucopia. Science is illustrated by a page full of "Figs," singularly useful, and very marvellous. Law follows, with an "Opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General relative to Windows." Philosophy brings Earthquakes in his hand, with such an exordium as this: "I do not doubt but there is a supreme Being who moderates and guides the blind *impetus* and force of such raging and voracious motions."

Agriculture recommends the farmer in June "if his land be wet and spewy to sow cole or rape seed," and to mind his manure; nevertheless, deferring any directions about it "till another opportunity:"—an arrangement somewhat inconvenient to the farmer about to commence operating forthwith. Those who require to be positively assured

that a spade is a spade have their minds set at ease by the information, under the head of "Gardening," that "A Garden is an inclosed plot of ground, curiously cultivated and furnished with a variety of Fruits, Plants and Flowers. As to its form, that is to be according to the taste of the owner and the dimensions of the ground."

"The Complete English Housewife" may feel happy in the knowledge of the best method to serve her salmon and gooseberry sauce; "how to make a Pye of her Turbot," and what to do with her carp to make it eatable.

Receipts follow of remarkable importance. Amongst them is one "communicated by a Lady of great Charity and Distinction" for Sweating Powder; and another for Plague Water, in the latter of which, "master-wort and butter-bur, with lovage and zedoary," are prominent components. Immediately after the pages which record these treasures of knowledge, come the Poetry and Riddles, which are destined to recreate the student of so much learned matter. Here you have songs warbled by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall; Lines written in a Lady's Prayer-Book, beginning thus:—

"If you, fair Silvia, hope the gods will hear."—

On the heels of the Muses come the politics of Europe communicated in short hand, in this fashion:—

HAMBURGH, MAY 30th.—Dr. Blackwell confessed the treasons laid to his charge.

STOCKHOLM, JUNE 2nd.—Dr. Blackwell was sentenced to have his heart taken out of his body and burnt, &c.

LONDON, 5th.—The Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when John Cooke, for the Highway, Richard Ashcroft for Smuggling, and Samuel Hurlock for Murder, were condemned to be hanged. Thirteen were cast for transportation, one burnt in the hand, and five ordered to be whipped.

PETERSBURGH, 8th.—Veldt-Marshal Keith has obtained leave to resign his employments.

ROME, 27th.—The Pretender's eldest son, accompanied by several Scotch lords and gentlemen, arrived there.

LONDON, 12th.—It was ordered that every ship of war from one hundred to fifty guns, should carry as many marines as they mount guns.

MADRID, 13th.—A dreadful earthquake has happened at Lima in October last, which entirely demolished the town, and swallowed up all the treasures of that magnificent city, fifteen hundred inhabitants, seventy-four churches, fourteen monasteries, and fifteen hospitals.

LONDON, 17th.—This day His Majesty went to the House of Peers and made a most gracious speech from the throne.

Which gracious speech is given at full length; and on the same page is an ominous list of "those Persons particularly excepted in the Act of Grace," in which figure a fearful amount of Gordons, Frasers, Drummonds, and M'Donalds, whose attachment to "Charlie over the Water," placed them in the awkward predicament here set forth in full.

Then come the births, marriages, and deaths, certainly remarkable in their way: the candid spirit in which gentlemen, in those primitive times, proclaimed their motives for leading brides to the hymeneal altar is startling. Thomas Gordon, Esq., happily escaped the dangers of many of his namesakes, and marries Mrs. Trenchard: "a fortune of two thousand pounds per annum;" the Reverend Stephen Duck officiating on the happy occasion. Mr. Palmer, an eminent distiller, becomes the husband of Miss Patty Smith: "a two thousand pounds' fortune."

The bookseller's announcements come now in aid of the promised variety, by which we learn how literature flourishes.

Life of Henry Simms, *alias* Young Gentleman Harry, from his Birth to his Death at Tyburn, all wrote by himself in Newgate. Parker, Corbett.

The Jesuit Cabal further opened. Birt.

A Letter to the Tories. Say six-pence.

The trial at large at Westminster, wherein a young lady was plaintiff, and a reverend clergyman defendant, on the non-performance of a marriage contract, when the young lady had seven thousand pounds damages.

A Letter from a Travelling Tutor to a Noble Young Lord.

The prices of Stocks precede a charming portrait of the East and West elevations of Windsor Castle, ingeniously unlike the real building; and the reader has had his money's worth in one number.

OUR RUINS.

OUR town has not important commercial relations, if we except its trade in painted shells, polished pebbles, and mugs with views of the High Street gaudily daubed upon them. It has no port: its shipping includes only half-a-dozen crazy fishing-boats, and a few apple-green "pleasure" boats; from which it is the pleasure of visitors to add materially to the food Nature provides for the fish upon the coast. The local guide informs us that the Normans landed upon the coast, within a two-and-sixpenny fly drive of the Parade—that a young lady fell from the west cliff, of course only two days after her marriage—that there are smuggler's caves (which may be seen for sixpence a head,) well worth visiting—that the sea-bathing is reckoned the best on the coast, by competent authorities (that is, by the lodging-house keepers of the town). It is only, however, when the author of the guide approaches the great subject of his instructive volume, that he fairly gives the rein to his eloquence, and applies, with tremendous effect, the epithets "moss-covered"—"hoary"—"ivy-mantled"—"venerable"—"august," &c., &c., to the ruins which form the staple commodity of the place. No visitor should leave the town without having visited

the ruins, as they are closely connected with the History of England, and the charge is twopence to pass the gateway. Who would wish to remain in ignorance of the plans of this "tremendous fortress of old," while ginger-beer may be bought in the ruins of its hall, and biscuits are kept in the remains of its keep? Built firmly upon a commanding rock, it is not difficult to imagine that hence the sturdy warrior of old hurled dreadful stones upon the foe beneath: that hence the skilful archer winged his deadly shaft; that through these chinks the clumsy firelock of old thundered hot iron to the surrounding plain. But now it is difficult to trace the plan of the fortifications: a heap of severed walls, tottering corners, and thickly plastered bits of gateways, are all that remain. These, however, would be welcome pictures to the mind of any contemplative creatures, were they true ruins—did they lie here moulder-ing under the picturesque hand of Time, and marking fairly their centuries of existence in the long and various processes of their decay.

They are not the ruins of Time, how-ever: but those of a town council. Turn to any one of them, and you will find the meddling, unseemly mortar of the corpora-tion. You expect to tread here upon the mouldering dust of bygone greatness; but you are upon a fine grass-plot, primly decorated with flowers. The lichen, the scrambling mosses, and the sober dark ivy, are the vege-tation in keeping with the place; not mari-golds at a penny a root, and a pinch of ten-week stocks scattered by the porter's daughter. Some eight or nine months back we ventured a few remarks on ruins with silver keys; but here we have ruins with copper keys as systematically laid out for exhibition as the Chamber of Horrors in Baker Street. These ruins are not in the possession of a heavily mortgaged county family: yet are they patched up and apparelled in holiday guise to catch the halfpence of passing Londoners. In truth, this habit of "showing" the historic relics of the country, threatens to destroy the many grand wrecks of the cen-turies that have rolled by; and to substitute the vulgar patchwork of old stones adapted "to meet the taste of the age." This threat is woefully apparent in Our Ruins. Stones of the fourteenth century have been piled up with the plaster and taste of the nineteenth; and the meddling fingers of living showmen have toyed with the handiwork of the old Norman. Hence we have here a pile we may strictly call *our* ruins. Little enough of the castle, as Time undisturbed would have dealt with it, remains; but the mind of the visitor may be here elevated, for twopence, to the level of the taste at the command of a modern town council. Our builder deserves more credit for our ruins as they stand, than the old Normans can fairly claim. There is yet a little here which reminds the visitor of old barbaric pomp; but more that calls to mind the trowel of Stokes of our High Street. With this experience before us, we are not certain that a Board charged by Government with the guardianship of the historic relics of the country, would not be welcomed by a host of enlightened countrymen; and with these observations we resign the ruins of a Norman castle to the custody of a porter—to cultivate therein his marigolds, and to roll away the relics that disturb the order of his parterres.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A RAMBLE TO REHBURG.

Rehburg is a regular German watering place of the old school. The gambling tables have been wisely abolished since 1848, and, as far as I could judge, there may hardly be a quieter spot in Europe. It is situated, how-ever, in the midst of remarkably pretty scenery, and the whole aspect of the place is pleasant and friendly. A more agreeable picture than this little village, as I rode in the rich light of the summer afternoon along the woody road which passes through it, never soothed the spirits of a traveller. The trees threw a checkered varying shadow over gar-den and cottage as they sported about with my friend the breeze. Under doorways and in summer-houses sat the wives of the patriarchs of the neighbourhood, making stockings against the winter, or a band of coffee-sisters (Café-Schwestern) with their clean white cups before them, sat talking of their lovers, or singing gently some ballad of Schu-bert. The cows and the goats came lowing homewards along the road, a boy was bring-ing home his wearied team from the hay-field and cracking his noisy whip by the way, and two of those travelling workmen, who are to be found on every highway in Germany, were winding down a little hill which leads to the inn; with their long beards and picturesque hats, their staffs and their knapsacks, they looked but little like the journeymen watch-makers they were. I pulled up for awhile to enjoy the scene: to drink as it were my fill of that pure light air, and graven so pleasant a picture on my memory for ever, ere I went upon my way.

I dined simply but substantially at the village inn, and then, while my horse was resting, loitered to the little "Kurhaus" to see the company that assembled there twice a day to drink the "Molke," or goats' milk, which is said to work miracles. A band of eight rather unwashed-looking musicians were playing some not very lively airs as the people walked about, but my landlord said it was hardly to be expected they could be gayer upon a hundred thalers a year between them, and conscience obliged me to agree with him. The visitors to the bath were for the most part the usual collection of bewigged

and washed-out oddities, who assemble in such places in search of a new lease of life—people, whose characters, perhaps, were originally stamped in fast colours enough, but whom time, and trouble, and small annuities seem gradually to have fused all into the same pale faded tint. There was a German professor or two who had bewildered themselves with Greek roots and Chaldaic at Göttingen. There was a little lost old woman who fidgetted about, and seemed to know nobody, and to be on very distant terms even with herself, and not at all likely to put up with a liberty. There was a strayed dandy, who evidently ought to have been at Homburg, and the same eternal widow and her three daughters whom I have met everywhere these seven years, though why they do not stay at their uncle's rural deanery and marry the young solicitors and surgeons to whom they naturally belong, and whom they will marry at last, is a little mystery it might make one's heart ache to peep into too closely.

Going through the Kurhaus and a billiard-room, which I was glad to see deserted, I found myself among a low range of sheds, something like the booths at a fair, for not a single thing that they contained appeared to be of the slightest use to anybody. People living in small places, however, never like their friends to go anywhere without bringing them some little love gift or other. It is a bad thing to go against people's fancies in such cases, and in the commerce of life, if we expect to receive kindnesses and to win hearts, we must show a good-natured feeling for others, even in the simple deed and in the trifling word.

One may find "sermons in stones" if one looks for them, and we may certainly very often find an odd moral if we look for it. Here, in this little hospital, where every person, not a native of the place, either was or fancied himself ill—I had a great truth impressed on my mind quite as vividly as it has ever been before or since: "a lady never thinks herself too old to marry." I was rummaging about among trumpery of all kinds, and had finally bought a small China goose to give my friends as a forget-me-not, when an ominous little sharp sound upon the floor told me I had lost one of those bachelor's torments, a shirt button. "Madam," said I, deferentially, to the elderly lady, who had left a still more elderly gentleman to attend to me; "Madam, have you got any buttons to replace the one I have just lost." After a good deal of searching about—for, of course, she did not keep so useful an article as any part of her stock in trade—a new button was at length found, and as the elderly lady seemed a matronly sort of body, of some sixty-five winters, and had a good stiff beard on her chin, I, though a staid man enough, saw no harm in telling her that she would add to the favour which she had conferred upon me, if she would sew it on. Upon this she appeared to be taken with a strange kind of flutter, but as a new comer at the baths, who had already purchased to the magnificent extent of half-a-crown, was not to be lightly lost as a probable customer in future, she at length produced the necessary needle, and sitting down in the chair which the elderly gentleman had just quitted, I prepared for the operation. Much was I astonished to hear her say, in a tone of coquettish anguish: "Ah Gott, the Lord Court Counsellor (Herr Hofrath) will tease me finely about sewing on a shirt button for a young man." The Lord Court Counsellor, who must have been at least seventy, was, I suppose, the elderly gentleman who was carrying on a sort of faded flirtation with her; but I need not add after this, that my button was very badly sewn on. Flirtations and good housewifery seldom agree.

I was just returning to my inn after this, when a little group of people coming down the "Kurhaus" steps attracted my attention. It was composed of two gentlemen, evidently belonging to the better classes, and somewhat in the decline of life—a lady, who seemed to be the wife of one of them—a young man of about twenty, who looked like a student—and an invalid girl of some eighteen summers, who was, in the sight of all men but perhaps those to whom she was dearest, wearing away to the "Land of the Leal!" They interested me so strongly, and almost in spite of myself, that I tried to learn their history. It was short, but touching enough. The young maiden's lover had been killed in the wars of Holstein. He had fallen in the front of battle, with his sword in his hand, and the star of the Hohenzollern knighthood newly won upon his breast. He had died while her faith was whole in him, in the promise and the hope of youth; in the full flush of its beautiful romance he had passed away; like a song unfinished, like an air but just begun, the chords had ceased to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. So the maid had looked upon her dead lover as a hero, as something greater, nobler, better than anything which could be again. So great, and even as it has always seemed to me, so humbling to our grosser natures, is the love of a true-hearted woman.

The news did not seem to affect her very violently at first; she went about her household duties as usual, smiling often when kind eyes were watching her; but she drooped gradually. From being a fine, healthy girl, and one of those happily-constituted natures not easily moved, she became subject to needless alarms and cried frequently. One day she fainted; her brother had casually mentioned the name of her lover, who had been his college friend and "Dutzbruder" (Thou brother); when she came to herself, and they asked what had ailed her, she said, at last, "I think I—I—am going to join Wilhelm."

Then they knew her secret, and the wealth

of grief she had hoarded up in her heart so long. They took her to baths and watering places, hither and thither. The skill of physicians was exhausted in vain upon her. They led her from place to place, and she was always cheerful when they were with her, and the smile lingered ever on her lip; but if left alone the dark shadow came back, and at night her dreams were troubled, and she sobbed in her sleep as if her heart was breaking.

Her mother had died when she was young, or, perhaps, she might have found a balm for that early heavy sorrow, though it was beyond the art of another. The father of her dead lover and his mother, however, attended her everywhere, and it was very touching to see with what heart-aching anxiety they watched over her. Her brother, too, looked upon an almost solemn care of her to be among the duties he owed to his dead friend as much as to his sister; for the young soldier who slept far away had been his college friend and Dutzbruder, and of all feelings this friendship is, perhaps, the strongest in a German heart: as strong even as foster-brotherhood among the highlands of Scotland. If love, then, and watching and tenderness, if the very heart's blood of all around her could have prolonged that gentle life an hour, it would have been poured out like water. Alas! there is little hope; in another short week or two a bell shall be heard in the little chapel upon the hill, and a crucifix be born aloft: she shall be laid in "The Court of Peace" (Fried-Hof), and flowers shall blossom sweetly over that early and sacred grave. War is a dreadful thing, indeed, when such are of its fruits!

I rode homeward, rather saddened by this little history, loitering gently through the sweet-smelling hay-fields and ripening corn, looking like fairy gold in the moonlight, and I thought that I had spent one of those happy peaceful days it does one good to remember. Golden bells, as the Hungarians say, were ringing in my heart: a gentle peal full of love and gratitude to the Giver of all things, and of overflowing tenderness and charity to all created things. My very breathings felt like spontaneous prayer, and thus journeying among hills and woodland, by cottages trelliced over with the honeysuckle, and fragrant with eglantine and sweet-briar, I saw the quaint old city, with its gloomy streets and fantastic air, with something almost like regret that so pleasant an episode in my life was ended.

Great things had happened, however, while I was away. A sixteenth cousin of mine (thrice removed), who enjoys the high hereditary office of "Vice Uncoverer of the Soup" to His Effulgent Thoroughgoingness the Margraf of Schwarzwürst-Schinkens-Hausen, had chosen this day to give a *fête* (a hot troublesome dusty crowded assembly bewildered with noisy music), in commemoration of the occasion when the grand-uncle of His present Effulgency Rudolph, surnamed "The Terror of the Burghers," recovered from the chicken-pox. These occasions are, however, of such frequent occurrence throughout Germany, that their punctual observance goes very far to stop the wheels both of business and pleasure, and I had for some time made a practice of forgetting them; although not without many stern remonstrances from my excellent uncle, or, I should rather say, from "His Excellency" my uncle: for, at this almost inaccessible height of German dignity was he placed, in virtue of his office.

I had great trouble to excuse my absence when I returned, and I fear my uncle, though in the main a kind old man, will be long before he forgets my defection. It never seemed to occur, either to him or to his guests, that it is not a very exhilarating species of entertainment—or rather, that it is upon the whole, and when you come to think of it—more than sufficiently wearisome to pass a fine summer's evening, standing about in doorways in tight clothes and varnished boots. Besides which, I am getting a little tired of hearing my uncle and his friends tell me, so often, how many quarterings a man must have upon his escutcheon, in order that he may be qualified to take off the boots of His Effulgency, and wear a little gold key on the tails of his coat in token thereof.

Since writing the above, I have been at some trouble to ascertain what may be the virtues of the Molke, and of the different waters drank at German watering places, to occasion the general emigration which sets in about July—but without success. Some say that a kind of furor or ungovernable desire for unpalatable beverages seizes upon the Teutonic races about this period; while others assert, that having carefully avoided all contact with water for ten months in the year, exasperated nature insists on their washing themselves during the other two. Of their medical virtues I have heard such wonders, as could only have been the effects of a miracle (all attested by the principal innkeepers of the place), and they seem to be equally efficacious in matters which appeared formerly, to darkened minds, to concern the surgeon. A Bremen merchant whom I consulted, a short, squat man, told me that he had gone to Rehburg, "because he had broken his arm." He did not tell me whether the Molke had set it, but added, with a sigh, that "money was of little value, and did a man no good without health." I answered, that I was thankful to say I knew very well that health was a good thing; but what might be the sensations of a man who had money, I did not know, and, therefore, should now become reconciled to what I had hitherto regarded as a grief, and advise my friends to do likewise, and to profit by his moral.

I question, however, should any of us break a leg, whether drinking goats' milk will be the right way to set it.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE CITY PARLIAMENT.

I READ much in dusty folios. I think much of old kings and their subjects, dead and gone. I like to picture in my chamber the domestic life of mummies as they used to be, when they could walk about, and eat and drink, and kiss. Sometimes I have blundered through Cheapside, jostled by the crowd, and while I might be staring at the window of a music-shop, with my eyes fastened about the Bloomer painted on a polka, my head has been with Hathôr, who was the Egyptian Venus, and my whole mind busy in the ruins of her temple, near the village of Bedrechein. Over London Bridge, perhaps, I have dreamed that I was walking in the date wood which now covers the ground where Memphis stood. Passing Bucklersbury—sacred grove of cooks—my fixed gaze on the placard appended to the breast of a hungry-looking man, may have induced that individual to suppose that I was counting to myself the cost of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, and a pint of ale, preliminary to an acceptance of his public invitation to dine cheaply at Marrowfat's, while I was only conscious to myself of gazing at the statue of Sesostris, thirty-four and a half feet high, with its face flat on the ground, and wanting a great portion of its legs.

I do not look at names upon street-corners, I take no heed of turnings, yet, in the Roman Catacombs, I read every inscription. I have also copied writing from Etruscan tombs, and I have made rubbings in this country of a vast number of monumental brasses. I walked one day last winter in Cheapside—there was no "methought" about it—I had been walking through one half of huge London, through the very substance of the nut, until I reached the City, which lies like a maggot in the centre. I knew the City by the noise and dirt of its close thoroughfares, and by the thumbed look of its shops. I had been jostling my way for two hours through a huge population, with large heaps of wealth piled up on either side of the great human current. Unconsciously I became tossed by some eddy out of the full roar of the tide into the quietness of a small creek, which is named King Street, Cheapside. I know it, for it is become my Yarrow. I then visited it first, and I have since revisited the spot. Of a few impressions left upon my memory by these two visits, it is my desire now to present copies to the public generally, but particularly to my brother antiquarians.

At the time when I first drifted into King Street, I was reading an old book in modern Latin, Cardan's Confession of his Life. He was a man much hustled in the world three centuries ago, and I was so greatly interested in his narrative that I walked on without perceiving the direction I had taken (my desire was to go to Hackney), until I had fairly walked into the hall of an old building, which stood in the way of any farther progress. The change from open air to roof, the presence of antiquity, the frowns of two sublime idols, who reared in a corner of the hall their lofty fronts, caused me to close my book, and look with reverence about me. A person, in reply to my inquiry, informed me that the temple in which I stood was called Guildhall, and that the colossal idols, gorgeously coloured, and far superior in breadth of feature to the effeminate productions of Canova, Thorwaldsen, or Baily, were named Gog and Magog. Steps, leading through a suite of smaller antechambers, led to the recesses of the temple, and with a bold step I set forward to explore its inmost mysteries.

A venerable man in scarlet clothing stood in the third chamber, and pointed to a door, by which I entered to ascend a little flight of steps and reach a gallery. A humming and a drumming filled the air: a humming as of men, a drumming as upon a table with a hammer, and a monotonous cry of order, like the cry of Imaum from the Mosque. From the gallery I looked out upon a full concourse of the initiated, who assemble in the recesses of the Temple of Gog. Since there were a few men near me in the gallery, who had apparently accomplished the same adventure which I had myself brought to so fortunate an issue, of one of them I asked: "What place is this, and what may be the meaning of this humming and this drumming?" "Sir," he replied, "this is the House of Common Councilmen—the City Parliament—and members are now forwarding a bill through its first and second stages."

This, then, was that great Corporation of

the City of London, of which I had heard so much; that great civic Amphyctyony formed of deputies and members from the City wards, and with the objects of whose league was intimately bound up the protection, not indeed of the worship at Pytho, but of the market in Smithfield. The Amphyctyony was an honour to the age in which it was established, the Corporation of London is an honour to our own age. I am not one of its detractors. It is one of the few nooks into which the wisdom of our ancestors has, in the present day, been able to retreat and stand like a great boar at bay. If it be true, as Heyne suggested, that the Amphyctyony was a confederation against the Pelasgians, I know well that there is equal reason for a theory which would make the Corporation of London a confederation against the Pelasgians of our own day—the dull men who will think—as if the thinking had not all been done; and do not know that the world is five thousand eight hundred and fifty-six years old, and needs no teaching from the pert young fellows of thirty, forty, fifty, ay, or seventy, who talk about improved lights and reform. The Corporation may be an anachronism in these evil days, just as it sometimes occurs to me that I myself might have felt more at home in better times. If I could only have lived in the days mentioned by Manetho, when Misphragmuthosis liberated Egypt from the Hycsos, I should have seen some patriotism then, and my chest would have expanded, as it never can expand in these dull days. The nearest approach to a sense of patriotism that I have ever known, was that which I felt in the recesses of Guildhall when I first looked forth upon the grand scene of the assemblage of the Common Council. There sat the great Lord Mayor upon his chair of state, the solemn dignity of whose appearance has suggested the fine parallel of a modern poet—

> "Jove in his chair
> Of the skies Lord Mayor,"

and over the head of this grand, living Jove, towered upon a pedestal the statue of King George the Third, under which was inscribed the single patriotic sentiment "Born and Bred a Briton"—please to observe the B's.

I looked about me to take more notice of the bees, by whom the buzz and humming was created. Light from the ceiling streamed into their hive, around the walls of which, pictures were hung—pictures of royal personages, judges, mayors, admirals, and naval engagements. There were also busts. I trembled and blushed when I observed, for the first time, that by the hyphen of a long table, which ran down the centre of the floor, I was in some manner connected with the Chief Magistrate of London. The benches of the House of Common Councilmen arose on each side of the central table in rows; row behind row; well-cushioned and padded. Those benches were well filled by members, each of whom held in his hand a printed paper, on which I understood to be inscribed petitions, notices of motion, and the other business of the day. The dry and legal voice of the clerk of the House, who, gowned and wigged, stood at a table, was filing its way through a wedge of formal documents. There was a great rustling of the members' papers, and a great hum from the peopled banks on each side of the table. Between the banks also on each side of the long table, I observed a constant current produced by the movement of two gentlemen in wigs and gowns, who now had somebody to speak with near the door under the gallery, and then returned to the town clerk under the Mayor, and so like ghosts upon the margin of the Styx continually flitted to and fro.

The town clerk sat at a cross table near the feet of his Gamaliel, the Mayor. The Mayor's platform was extended on either side of him, and was supplied with seats sufficiently capacious; from which aldermen, who are entitled there to sit and thence to speak, looked down over a brass railing (like the greater gods of Olympus encompassing their Jove) upon the multitudes of lesser gods—Dii Minores of the corporation.

With what rapt attention I listened, on my first visit, to the proceedings in the recesses of the Hall of Gog that winter's day, I do not mean to tell. There was a fine debate. The stream of reading, after flowing long through the breezy murmur and the rustle on the benches, ceased at last, and a young man stood forward to address the House of Common Councilmen on business in which strong interest was taken. Noble passions were aroused. The gentleman upon his legs looked tranquil. He said that he had been put down very often, but to-day he was determined that his business should come on. Others were determined that it should not come on. He was told that he was in order, he was told that he was out of order; he was told to sit down, he was told to speak up; and a roar as of Smithfield on a market-day surrounded him. The clerk rose to explain the forms and ceremonies of the House: deciding that the honourable gentleman was perfectly in order. The clamour was resumed, and the clerk of the House was contradicted. Mr. Speaker, the Mayor, Jove himself, then rose to order, and endeavoured to appease all parties by the nectar of compromise. The honourable member, who had been declared in order, said, that being in order, he should wait for order, and would certainly not waive his claim to speak. At last an Alderman proposed over the brass railing that the question be adjourned to that day six months. Nobody seconded; and the opposition, having been aldermanized, fell asleep.

The question of the honourable member proved to be some question about gas, a thing in which I do not myself believe. It was so

clearly intended that the night should be dark, that there lies against gas the same objection that I have always urged against the use of chloroform; that it is a flying in the face of Providence. If a bright light were wanted longer than we have it naturally, the sun would not leave us when it does. If we ought to have more than a glimmer after sunset, we should have more than glimmer from the moon and stars. I consider rushlights most in harmony with Nature, and much less uncongenial than gas is, to the habits and opinions of antiquity. I was not sorry, therefore, when I found that the gentleman who opened this debate was the advocate of a company for supplying London with cheap gas; I say I was not sorry to perceive that he was heard unwillingly. I need not detail the particulars of that debate, one of the hottest I have ever heard; I need say only that it was heated by gas: gas was the matter that inflamed all minds, upon that memorable afternoon.

The storm of opinion beat most decidedly against the honourable gentleman who introduced the question, until the rising of an incautious opponent—although incautious, certainly not incorrect; for he assured the honourable House that "'e never in his life 'ad stated anything he couldn't prove." A second Euclid! I have made note of his name, and will supply it with much pleasure, should the University of Cambridge feel disposed to enter into treaty with him for the valuable service he could render. This civic Euclid, who appeared at the same time to be the civic Cicero, entreated honourable gentlemen frequently in the course of his address, "not to swaller an Act of Parliament," as it appeared they must needs do, if they voted for his honourable friend. The suggestion was, perhaps, not quite judicious. Perhaps the Corporation of London—being told that there was anything to swallow, and knowing, as it does know, that the stomach is an institution which began with Adam, and which for its antiquity deserves to be substantially supported—was prepared, if there was something to swallow, certainly to swallow it, even though it might be no more than a dry husk of an Act of Parliament. From that point the tide of eloquence appeared to have turned, and to be closing in upon the motion of the honourable member who first spoke. I was not quite sure how the debate would end; and, unfortunately, did not remain in the august assembly after three o'clock; that being the dinner hour at Hackney, I was then admonished to proceed upon my road.

Since the winter, I have run over to Thebes with a few friends, not without some annoyance at experiencing the indecent haste with which the solemn act of travelling is now slurred over. I was unable, therefore, for some months to revisit King Street. Thebes did me good. From among its ruins I looked back upon the puny pomps of London; which is called, forsooth, a large town in these degenerate days. Thebes, in the good old times, with its included gardens, was a town indeed. Thirty-six English miles in circumference! Its great temple might have the whole of Winchester set down upon the space it covered. Even near Rome, it is well known that the little town of Palestrina stands upon the area of an old temple of Fortune. Those were great times indeed.

Nevertheless, even while in Thebes, I remembered that there was an ancient fane in London wherein once I had been privileged to wonder. While the Corporation of London shall meet under the shadow of Gog and Magog, to resist the pressure of the present on the past, there remains for men like me, at least one straw at which to grasp in the great flood of innovation. When I came back to London recently, I said within myself, There yet remain giants for reverence. I will seek out King Street, I will pass again under the shadow of the idols; and, in the penetralia of their temple, will behold again the solemn gathering of the *andrōn theion genos*, which I translate for a perverse age that speaks no longer Greek, as meaning the divine race of heroes.

So I went. I heard again the rustling of the papers, and the humming of the members, and the drumming of the hammer. Bills were being read second and third times, money was being voted, and a screw-press was biting constantly upon the ends of documents presented to it, and leaving the mark of its teeth upon them in the shape of the City seal.

Among other things, money was asked and granted to complete a purchase of some land in Copenhagen Fields for a new market; a home for the flocks and herds torn from their heritage in Smithfield, and about to be transferred to other regions. There appeared to exist out of doors some little unwillingness, in men living about those fields, to fraternise with the poor *anastatoi*; to a perverse age that has ceased to speak Greek, I explain that *anastatoi* was the name given technically, in the fine old times, to races carried, as the Jews were, out of their own proper country and set down in a new place—it might be in Babylon, or it might be in Copenhagen Fields. The money was voted, but inquiry was made of the honourable mover of the vote, whether it was intended to proceed at once with the erection of the new market, in spite of the opinion of authorities that the bill for removal could not be left in its existing state, and the feeling of the public that the choice of the new site was an aggravation of the old offence. The public! *Oioi nun brotoi eisin*, they are brutes, as Homer says. If one could only get them well under a drover's stick!

The honourable mover of the vote answered with the calmness of a hero who disdains the voices of the present; who knows no voice but the voices of his brothers in Guildhall. As

for newspaper opinion, he neither heeds nor reads it. The latest news that interests him in the world might be found perhaps in the Prologues of Trogus. "The committee proposed," he said, "to abide within the bill, and to carry out the wishes of the Corporation. The Corporation wished the new market to be established speedily"—"In Copenhagen Fields?" cried one. "In Copenhagen Fields," replied the hero. "Then," said another, "I shall present presently an important memorial"—he said no more, for he was instantly put down, and the House proceeded to the next item of business.

Petitions were read from three gentlemen who had been elected to the office of Sheriff of the City of London without their own consent, and fined severally four or six hundred pounds for being unable to serve. They prayed for inquiry into the duties, gains and losses of the sheriff's office, with a view to its amendment.

An honourable member rose to propound a motion, founded on the prayer of the petition. He began well, by saying that "he should advance back to the time of Julius Cæsar." Backward motion, a return towards the pattern of the past, is certainly the only way of getting forward safely in these days. I was glad, therefore, to hear Julius Cæsar's time dilated upon, and the office of sheriff in the ancient times, under Anglo-Saxons, William the Conqueror, and early English sovereigns, held up as an example to the present. It seemed that the office of sheriff has degenerated. The sheriffs formerly received all dues on account of package and carriage in the City; by way of commutation, it was agreed that they should receive as an equivalent in old times one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and yet those package dues were afterwards bought of the City for two hundred thousand pounds, which should, according to the ancient order of things, have come into the pockets of the sheriffs. In the same way the sheriffs had the tolls of Smithfield, which were commuted when they were worth two hundred and fifty pounds a year; so that the sheriffs receive now two hundred and fifty pounds a year when they might have been enjoying these lucrative tolls. The tolls of Bishopsgate and Aldgate were also commuted to them for fifty pounds, in the good times when fifty pounds was a good deal of money, and water dues for sixty pounds, by the fair current of which they ought to have become sole recipients of the coal-tax. The sheriffs used to receive also a handsome income from the sale of offices in the City of London; there were fifty-six such offices on sale from that of a judge downwards, and sales were effected up to the beginning of the present century. In the year 1828, the City Lands Committee recommended the sale of a valuable office, and the opposition of an active member caused the system then to be finally abolished. It had held good a long time in the Corporation; but it was well, the honourable member said, that it should now be gone; and the virtue of the Court was testified by the prompt abolition of the practice. There were also small fines paid to the sheriffs, which it was now the custom to return, so that the revenues of their office do not amount to more than seven hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

But what are their expenses? In the first place, there is the Inauguration Dinner—not compulsory, indeed, but not to be omitted without letting a blot fall on the escutcheon of a civic functionary. That is for eating. Dinners are not so cheap now as they were one hundred and fifty years ago, when fifty persons could be feasted at Salter's Hall for one pound, thirteen shillings, and twopence halfpenny. Then the sheriffs must maintain a table at the Sessions-house, for judges, barristers, and counsel, during twelve sessions, and that costs each of them about six hundred pounds. That is for eating. Then their contribution to the feast on Lord Mayor's Day costs them again about six hundred pounds a-piece. That is for eating. They have also to worship in pomp with the Lord Mayor at the City churches, and to bestow money after the sermons to the extent of fifty or eighty pounds a year. That is for charity. It appears, therefore, that the sheriff pays for riding in his gorgeous City coach a first-class fare of serious dimensions; and that his outlay is created by the necessity for food existing among fellow-citizens. His scarlet gown is not a robe of honour; and although a fine, according to his rank as alderman or commoner, of six or four hundred pounds is invented for the purpose of compelling any chosen man to serve and feed his fellow-citizens; yet so little is the office liked, that, in the twenty years beginning with the present century, no less a sum than sixty-two thousand four hundred pounds was gathered in the fines of men who had refused its honours. "Without a proper honorarium" said the speaker, "no man of fine feelings will accept an office." The honourable member, therefore, moved for a committee to inquire into all matters connected with the position of the sheriffs, and to consider the propriety of appending to the office such allowance as would suffice to meet the expenses it entailed.

Upon this motion a debate arose in the honourable Court, remarkable as being a converse to the ancient fable of "The Belly and the Members." The members of the Court, testifying the most laudable affection for the belly, showed how well they can keep pace, in their heroic spirits, with the temper of the Roman patriot and moralist. An honourable member in an admirably energetic speech, declared, with attitude and gestures of disgust, that "he despised the claptrap of grossness. It is not gross, I suppose," he said, "to dine at 'ome, but it is gross work dining with the Queen!" He would never be a party to the remuneration

of the sheriffs. "If anything was to be got by the office," he said, with a stern moral sense, an instinct of honour which has still a stronghold in Guildhall, "if anything was to be got, we should 'ave everybody after it. It would give rise to jobs."

It was stated frequently in the course of debate as one ground of complaint, that gentlemen received no notice of intention to propose them to the rank of sheriff, and that the election which ought to be made by the Livery of London, since the Livery did not attend, was made notoriously by men hired at two shillings or half-a-crown a day, to hold up their hands according to directions. It was said, on behalf of one of the petitioners, that he had indeed been warned privately of the impending fate, and was promised that he should not be elected if he would consent to pay a certain sum, considerably smaller than his fine. He refused, considering this way of sheriff-making by a prætorian guard got up for the occasion, to be a practice of the most pernicious kind, which affected seriously the honour of the City. Another speaker read an address formerly delivered by the esteemed Judge Jeffries, in which he spoke of the practice of creating unwilling men one after another into sheriffs, for the sake of their fines, as a familiar habit well known to his hearers under the name of "going a birding for sheriffs." The main topic of declamation, however, and the pressure of opinion in the honourable Court at which I had the pleasure to be present, was against all reduction of dinners, or increase of allowance to sheriffs. They had prospered in the City, and owed a debt of dinner to the City; and any alteration in the existing practice on those heads would lead immediately to the grossest jobbery.

There were the under-sheriffs: lawyers, members of the Court, "kept a pretty sharp look-out upon their office." As a noble alderman said, in a facetious speech over the brass railing, there were connected with it "pretty pickings," and the office "didn't used to be despised." Such fine old Saxon expressions as are marked here in inverted commas, I should say, gave nerve and power to the whole discussion of the honourable Court. It is well known that a great deal of what is called vulgar in the language of the present day consists in a retention of some forms of speech used by our ancestors. Vulgarity of diction is, in fact, antiquity of diction; and I do not hesitate to declare my opinion, that it adds much to the distinctive antiquarian character of the debates in the City Parliament. Again, in the noblest language of the world, in Greek, there is no letter h; the honourable Court knows this; and, modelling its practice on its veneration for the past, honourable members commonly say, 'ouse for house, and 'at for hat, and so forth. This is extremely interesting, and the light—if it be an independent fact—the light it throws upon the comma used as aspirate in the Greek language, is important.

To the original motion there was an amendment proposed by the City Euclid, which was lost eventually, and a new amendment was proposed, to put a stop at once to all inquiry which might have for its object the better remuneration of the sheriffs. Said one, it is their privilege to provide dinners; said another, in a fervent speech, "Sheriffs are called the eyes of the community. If so, then treat them as becomes the noblest feature in the human countenance." (Hear, hear.) If that means, put them in spectacles, the advice surely was needless. For they already ride in gorgeous coaches, and are made a leading feature in the Lord Mayor's Show.

This interesting discussion—in which the word dinner was to be found in all corners, floating (like Murat's white crest) conspicuous above the tide of war—this discussion occupied much time; the second amendment, declining to pay for dinners, which it was the privilege of sheriffs to provide, was carried with but few dissentients—base men, no doubt, who dine on legs of mutton in their parlours, and are content to get a slice of pudding after it direct from the hands of the manufacturer in a domestic way, and pay for it in the shape of housekeeping allowance. Brains below marrow pudding; hearts that never palpitated at the sight of turtle!

This matter being settled, a question arose whether the Court should at once proceed to an important election which had procured an unusual attendance of members, or whether members should be detained while they disposed of Corn, Commerce, and other questions that stood earlier upon the list, and some of which might occupy much time. For the convenience of members, it was resolved to release those who did not wish to be detained, by proceeding forthwith to the election of a City Smith. What may be the important functions of a City Smith, I did not know; but I perceived that there were seven or eight candidates in eager competition for the office. The great question was at last decided; and the great question, Who shall be City Smith? having been settled, members breathed freely, and took up their hats; and, as the afternoon was far advanced, two-thirds of the assembly thronged to the door and dispersed; probably in search of dinner.

The next piece of business was a mere petition from merchants, pointing out the heavy pressure of certain clumsy arrangements connected with City dues, which tend, they said, to drive trade out of the port of London; and comparing the bad position of a merchant in the port of London, with the better position of the merchants trading into Liverpool, and other ports. This petition being read, was despatched without discussion. Trade and commerce are dull topics. Other matters were despatched also; and a deputation of gentlemen then came to the bar in

obedience to the wish of the Home Secretary, to support a petition that the honourable House would reconsider its assent to the establishment of Smithfield in Copenhagen Fields, an assent to which the Government was morally, but now unwillingly, pledged. A brief discussion arose upon this topic, from which it appeared that Copenhagen Fields is a place situated among villa residences near a handsome square, and by no means out of London; that the Corporation very prudently abstained, therefore, from giving notice of its intention to remove the market thither, lest the price of land should be raised, and opposition be raised also before the authorities in Downing Street, whose assent to the whole scheme was made essential by an Act of Parliament.

An honourable member had the audacity to give a strange turn indeed to this astute conduct of the Court, by telling them that they had entrapped the Home Secretary into a consent. This they indignantly scouted, while they laughed very humorously at the notion of allowing him, now that he had heard the other side, to reconsider his opinion. "We kept Smithfield as long as we could," said an honourable Councilman, "so you may know we liked our market; and it's no mark of ill-will, gentlemen, since we *must* move, to carry what we like so much to you." Indeed the ruin of the valuable property represented by the deputation, was treated as a capital joke; and a jocular tendency arose to put down the petition in a summary way, first by "a count out," and next by ordering it to lie upon the table; but his Lordship in the chair, having stated that he had received a letter from a noble marquis to the effect that he would have accompanied the petitioners if he could have been in town, the honourable Court, with the respect due at all times to rank, if not to reason, referred the document politely to a committee-room, with the understanding that it would there be immediately put upon the shelf. The question was, whether it should be rudely laid upon the table, or politely put upon the shelf. My heroes generously ordered the petition to be put upon the shelf.

Five hours had now elapsed since my first entrance upon the scene, in a few minutes it would be five o'clock, and by the despondency upon his countenance it became evident to me that the dinner hour of the Chief Magistrate was five. The silent opening and shutting of his mouth resembled (I speak with respect) that of a young bird which [illegible] the want of food at an accustomed time. Reflection on his worship's dinner caused me at once to feel the want of mine. The important labours of the City Parliament closed, I believe, a few minutes afterwards; but I then left, and reading again in Cardan as I passed out of Guildhall, struck violently against a golden man in a cocked hat. Then I looked up, and saw the vision of a gorgeous coach—the Lord Mayor's coach—before a file of Hansom cabs. So, methought, is the Corporation represented by his Lordship in advance of all the movements of the age.

TAPPING THE BUTTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that there are districts in England which represent every period of our history; that the Roses are still fighting in obscure villages in Suffolk; and in the heart of Warwickshire people are looking out for news from the Crusades. It was quite evident that three generations of such people as inhabited the Butts would take us up a great many hundred years; that their fathers were redolent of Queen Elizabeth; and their grandfathers very bitter against the usurpation of Henry the Fourth. An English traveller, in the year 1820, came upon a tribe of Cossacks in the north-east of Russia, who were celebrating with great triumph the news, that day arrived, of the battle of Waterloo. It is said that the bonfires for the restoration of Charles the Second, were the first intimation the inhabitants of Truro had of the great Civil War and the reign of Oliver Cromwell. How many Cossacks there are in these days of illumination scattered all over the country, who take years to learn the greatness of a victory that has been won on their behalf! How many wise men of Truro, who only learn, from the signs of safety around them, the troubles and dangers they have escaped by which that safety was gained!

I am generally reflective when I am hungry, and these thoughts came into my head while I was waiting for dinner. You might have supposed a couple of chickens and a cold ham, which I had discovered through the glass door of the larder, need not have taken long to be placed on the table. But the motions of the ostler—who was promoted to the rank of waiter, and bore evident proofs both to eye and nose of his former occupation—were as slow as everything else at the Butts. In no placid humour, I was watching the dilatory manner in which he pitchforked the bread upon the table, and currycombed the tablecloth, and rubbed down the plates before he laid them on the sideboard, when suddenly the door opened, and my travelling companion, the great Arabella, entered the room.

"You'll think me very bold," she said; "but mamma insisted on my coming—for duty, she says, is above all things. I heard how delighted you were with the lecture—didn't you admire Biddy Budd? Isn't Mr. Slockum charming?"

"I don't think I made Miss Budd's acquaintance, and I thought Mr. Slockum very charming."

"And you're going to Mr. Mudd's? I'm so enchanted—the Miss Boltons are his nieces; amiable creatures—mamma and I

superintended their education. Did you find them clever?"

"I have no doubt they are very clever—and with such an instructress—"

"Oh! excuse me. Mamma is very angry when I receive a gentleman's attentions without informing her whether I think his designs are honourable. May I say so of yours?"

"Decidedly honourable, I assure you; but here comes dinner."

"Then I must proceed to business at once. Was Charles at the lecture?"

"Who?"

"Charles Hammersmith. He was a pupil of Mr. Slockum, prodigiously clever, and had got into the second volume of Goldsmith's Greece when his education was finished."

"Is he a tall, handsome young man, auburn hair, dark eyes, about five feet eleven, fine teeth, a pleasant smile, and a shocking temper when he's put out?"

"Ah! I see you know him. His smile is indeed very pleasant, and, do you know," she added in a mysterious whisper, "he once pulled Mr. Slockum's nose—his own tutor! Wasn't it dreadful? but I see you're impatient, so I will proceed at once. Do you ever buy baby caps? Mamma and I make them, and dispose of them for charitable purposes. Do take a dozen."

"What is the charitable purpose? I would rather give a small donation at once. I am a bachelor, and never bought a baby cap in my life."

"These are prepared for the 'Decayed Dorcas Association.'"

"I never heard of it; who is Dorcas?"

"I'm a Dorcas: so is mamma. We make worsted jackets and warm petticoats; so when we have given away all we have got, and are, in fact, decayed, we think it right there should be a fund for our maintenance. The caps are only four shillings a-piece. Do take a dozen; you may find them very useful to give away, for of course you are often asked to be godfather. Charles Hammersmith buys two or three every day. He takes an immense interest in the Dorcases for so young a man."

"Well," I said, "I know a little of Charles Hammersmith, and as I always follow a good example I will take a dozen caps."

"Oh, you're so good! There's one, the rest shall be sent. They are four shillings a-piece; two pound eight—thank you, thank you! Dear me, this is three sovereigns; we never give change on charitable occasions. Won't you come in and see us at work to-morrow? The Miss Boltons assist. Charles often comes."

"Oh, does he? Are the Miss Boltons Dorcases?"

"No, but they help. They belong to the Widow's Chicken Fund; and, bless me, what a nice chicken that is! Two, I do declare. Oh! if you knew how we require a chicken to make up a good dinner for the widows, I'm sure you wouldn't grudge one. It's such a charity. Waiter, bring a plate—this is the largest. You make the Widow's Chicken Fund sing for joy! Good bye, we meet at Mr. Mudd's, and you'll join us to-morrow at twelve. Mamma will be so pleased; she will see your designs are strictly honourable."

And so saying, before I could recover from my surprise, she walked off with my three sovereigns and a chicken. I recollected the character given of her and her mamma by the driver; they were skin-flints and spoon-swesters without a doubt. But what could Charles Hammersmith want in this sequestered spot? He was the only son of old Harry Hammersmith, the original head of our house, who had retired to a good estate in Sussex, and had died of being a justice of the peace. I had known the boy from his cradle; and whenever he wanted a tip while he was at Harrow, he always said I was his godfather. I gave him a horse at Oxford, for he said he was known in College as the son of "Hammersmith and Co.," and if he made a shabby appearance it would be a disgrace to the Firm. I had never heard of his being a pupil of Slockum, and had dreadful suspicions about his charitable contribution to the baby cap establishment at the great Arabella's.

In the midst of these meditations, I discovered the absence of the ham on which I had relied as the principal security for my dinner. The waiter was profoundly ignorant of what had become of the ham, as of everything else in the world; and the landlord, at my request, made his appearance. He was not alone, however, but brought with him a man dressed exactly in the same style with himself, only the collar was still more rigidly straight, and the surtout still more surprisingly like a funeral cloak.

"What has become of the ham I ordered?" I began without attending to the bows of the visitors. "I saw it in the larder, and particularly desired it for dinner."

"It is all cut into sandwiches, sir, for Mr. Mudd's entertainment; we generally furnish supper on occasions of the sort. Mr. Platterwipe knows our customs. This is Mr. Platterwipe."

I looked at the gentleman thus introduced, and thought I remembered his name as one of the great men of the parish commemorated by Arabella.

"I think, sir, it 's a very infamous custom, whoever practises it, to rob an unsuspicious stranger of his dinner by cutting up his ham into sandwiches. I declare my dinner is quite spoilt."

"Unfortunately," replied my visitor with a melancholy smile, "this is the martyrdom of Saint Hookey, or I should have been happy to share your repast. If you prolong your stay till to-morrow, I shall be delighted to dine with you, for it is the festival of Saint Dando. Meanwhile, I have called to give

you an opportunity of compensating for a few sins by a slight exertion of charity. In this box are received contributions for our niches; and in this—for the purchase of the door of the old gaol at Blisterton, our county town—we receive anything, from a crown upwards."

"You are immensely condescending, upon my word. What have I to do with your niches or a prison door?"

"The niches, my dear sir, are for the reception of votive offerings, in commemoration of extraordinary events. We have already received eight bottles which contained the Daffy's Elixir to which Mrs. Tippleton attributes her baby's recovery from the jaundice. We have also received a broken beer-jug from an Irish convert who turned a teetotaller, but afterwards recanted, and was transported for sheep-stealing."

"Then, sir," I said, "you are perfectly welcome to the shank of the ham bone."

"And the prison door," he went on, not paying any attention to my liberal offer, "we require for our *vestiarium*. It is most tastefully studded with nails, and is ornamented with two large keys across each other: a noble emblem, and redolent of the good old times. I was told by the amiable and most generous Miss Arabella Gawker, that you were ready with a handsome donation to both our objects. Allow me to lay both boxes before you."

"Now, Mr. Platterwipe," I began; "in the first place I think your objects very contemptible; if it were any purpose of real charity"—

"Exactly what I thought possible!" interrupted the landlord; "and I have therefore brought in from the hall our box for 'Parish Casualties,' and the box for the 'Poultice Association.'"

"I was in hopes, sir, you were not a mere heathen," said Mr. Platterwipe, taking the tin cases indignantly under his arms; "but I find I was mistaken. I will expose your latitudinarian principles at Mr. Mudd's, this evening, and open the eyes of the Miss Boltons, who saw you at the lecture to-day, to your true character."

I didn't want a quarrel to break out at Mr. Mudd's; I didn't want the Miss Boltons to think me either a heathen or a miser—so I laid a sovereign on the table, and said—"Gentlemen, here are five shillings a piece to the boxes you have brought to my notice. I desire after this to have no applications of the kind, for I must tell you that the charity of a man who is robbed of his dishes and pillaged of his money, is very easily exhausted."

"I hesitate to accept a donation so grudgingly offered," said Mr. Platterwipe, "and will consider whether it would not be better to apply it to the secular uses of the parish, and spend the half-sovereign in the purchase of a scraper for my front door. Meanwhile, I take my leave, and to-morrow, under more mirthful circumstances, shall be happy to offer you a bat in the cricket-field, and dine jollily with you here after the game. I am very much addicted to feasts, and keep them to the utmost of my power."

"This abominable inn is better adapted for the other anniversaries," I said, "and I dare say the wine is as intolerable as the food. Bring me a bottle of Port, Mr. Smith, and don't let any more visitors in."

"Governor," said a voice at the door, when I had taken my first sip, and was making a hideous countenance, for the liquid was by no means Port wine, but a good deal of soot dissolved in a little gin—"Governor—"

"Hallo!" I turned round, and saw Charles Hammersmith holding on by the door-handle, as if afraid to come into the room.

"You're angry, governor; I knew you would be."

"How can I help it? Hungry, thirsty, robbed!"

"And hopelessly in love. Hard case. I pity you."

"Who told you so?"

"The great Arabella. She says she has rejected you. Platterwipe says you look in despair."

"No wonder. What brought you here?"

"The same that brought you—love."

"For Arabella?"

"No. Didn't you see Mary Bolton at the lecture? She saw you. I knew you from her description. She drew you to the life—handsome features, brilliant eyes, intelligent glances, and portly figure. It was impossible to mistake you."

"A very charming girl; in fact, so is her sister. I observed them all the time of lecture. Tell me all about it."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. After I left college I met her when she was on a visit to Brighton; followed her here; entered myself as pupil to Mr. Slockum; subscribed to all the charities; admired all the great people, and with your aid, my dear old godfather"—

"Oh, you want a tip, do you? How much?"

"Nothing. You forget I am four-and-twenty, and a squire in Sussex. All you have to do is to occupy the attention of the party at Mr. Mudd's, this evening; leave the rest to me. We are off to Gretna Green."

"Can't you wait for banns?"

"Impossible! Old Mudd is a regular donkey, and is her guardian, till she is twenty-one. She is now nineteen. He swears she has a vocation for celibacy: she doesn't think she has. Mudd wants to keep all her money—twenty-five thousand pounds—and to make Georgiana, the younger sister, marry Mr. Platterwipe. Now, will you help?"

"Won't I? Why does Smith keep such poisonous stuff as this? I should like to drink success to the scheme."

"Mudd has excellent wine, and generally fills his three-bottle decanter. There's a dear, jolly, kind old governor! Mary was quite struck with your appearance. Don't say anything of our meeting. The party begins at eight. We are strangers."

"Mum!" Oh, delightful! Here was an opportunity of revenging myself on these Ishmaelites of the Desert—whose hands were against every man's pocket—and a means of letting a little of the light of the present day into the very head-quarters of the dark ages. Gretna Green and the Butts seemed as entirely opposed to each other as Queen Anne and the Polka. A runaway match would be as wonderful an incident among the Slockums and Bangles and Budds, as a drum in a Quaker's meeting. So, full of mischief, and of nothing else—for it was the most inhospitable place I ever heard of—I found my way at eight o'clock to Oporto Hall, where I was kindly received by Mr. Mudd and his family. I was pleased to see various specimens of his inventive powers on the side table, and all filled with wine. The ingenuity of the thing was immense. By the excessive wideness at the bottom, a couple of bottles filled up, apparently, no space at all; and as to any visible diminution, it was impossible to observe it after any amount of bumpers. I wonder it isn't universally adopted in lodgings, where there are landladies of a prying disposition. I was led up to admire the shape of the decanters; I was invited to feel their weight; and lastly, to taste the contents. When I was in the act of filling out a glass, to which I regretted to perceive the same principle had not been applied, a sharp-eyed, sharp-nosed, sharp-voiced woman—Mrs. Mudd herself—pushed under my elbow another of the inevitable boxes, and squeaked in a very disagreeable manner, that it was always expected "that spectators of the decanters should subscribe to the Aboriginal Drawers;" there were two compartments, and over one was written "flannel," and over the other "cotton."

"Another invention of Mr. Mudd?" I inquired; "our ordinary chests ought certainly to be improved."

"Oh, no!" said the shrill woman again, "these are funds for the supply of under apparel to the natives. Cotton for the South Sea, flannel for the Esquimaux."

"Are there any for the English?" I asked.

"They are a highly civilised people," replied the lady, contemptuously, "and can supply themselves. Our minimum is half-a-crown; no limit on the other side."

I perceived that these people, though there was no sign over their door, kept a public-house like the rest of their neighbours, where the charges were by no means moderate or the attendance good. I calculated that I might perhaps drink to the amount of five shillings, and deposited half-a-crown in each of the compartments. I don't think the gift made any sensation. Mrs. Mudd had evidently expected a larger contribution, and Mr. Mudd put the stopper into the decanter. I gloried in the punishment I was about to inflict on the ruffian; and half reconciled myself to my unsatiated thirst by dwelling on the luxury of my revenge. The Misses Bolton came in. Both very pretty: the elder, beautiful; and she, unobserved, gave me a look of intelligence which strengthened me in my good resolution. Then Arabella came in, supporting on her arm an old woman who was very lame, and was dressed like a Quaker.

"Oh, he is so full of impulse!" cried Arabella, leading her companion up to where I stood; "he will be enraptured to be introduced to Biddy Budd. This is Miss Wormer, the authoress of the charming works I told you of. She is the greatest writer of the present day, and I have brought all her books with me. They are in the hall, and you must positively read them."

"It will give me great pleasure, I am sure."

"And instruction, too. Oh, instruction is her forte! isn't it, Miss Wormer? Such pretty morals she draws, and so cheap. The whole series is sold for a pound; and the extra profits go to a charity, and that's the reason we are sure of your support."

"My young friend is very enthusiastic," said Miss Budd, "and her warmth of friendship is embarrassing to the sensitive mind. But she is harmless in the midst of all her brilliancy. She is like one of those fire-flies which pursue their peaceful flight, illuminating whatever they touch upon, but never producing a conflagration."

"Beautiful, beautiful! Don't you feel how beautiful that is?" cried Miss Arabella, turning her eyes to the ceiling. "I feel really as I were a fly. Don't you think it's a charming description of easy motion; I never felt so satisfied with being a little thing before."

"Nay, are not we all flies, more or less?" pursued the authoress, "we buzz and bustle through our little busy day; perch upon lofty elevations and thread the fantastic mazes of our short existence; but, alas! we are but gad-flies and blue-bottles, after all!"

"That's the moral," said Arabella. "Oh, she's so great in finding morals; her books are full of them. You'll buy them, won't you, for my sake?—I'm sure you will!" And so saying, she disappeared for a moment, and came back with a basket filled with small pamphlets, all stitched in blue wrappers and bearing on each in gold letters, "Biddy Budd's Basket of Nuts and Notions." "They are all delightful, so you must really have them all; but the last is the dearest little story I ever read—there it is—'Chrystal Cruets for Crocodile's Tears'—a charming name, so immensely pious and very severe."

"If you will allow me," I said, "to study them all at leisure, I hope to be greatly benefited"—

"Price one pound"—

"Here it is."

She clutched the coin as if she had been in a den of thieves, and put it into her private purse without a single look towards the disappointed authoress. I buttoned up my pockets with a firm determination to be swindled no more, and turned with a discontented visage from Miss Arabella and her friend; and to my disgust heard Charles Hammersmith, who had meanwhile come into the room with all the parish, inviting Mr. Slockum to read them a few passages from his essay on "Possible things which did not happen, and their probable bearing on the history of the world."

Were we to have no supper—no wine? Where were the sandwiches? Was Arabella to be perpetually at my elbow, introducing me to multitudes of people as her friend? And finally, was I to be placed between Arabella and her mother—a wretched old woman, who had been wheeled up in one of Mr. Bangles's three-wheeled chairs—and to listen for some hours perhaps to the drivel of the miserable impostor Slockum? And how, in all this, was I assisting Charles and Mary Bolton?" for there they sat, the two most attentive listeners to the drawling orator, who began by a disquisition on our probable condition if the world had never been created.

As I did not take much interest in what might have been my situation under the circumstances, I applied my thoughts to the best method of getting the young people off without being observed and pursued. I reviewed all the novels I had read, and plays I had seen; and though there was an elopement in most of them, it had not occurred exactly in the same circumstances as those in which we were placed. At last, I fixed on what struck me to be a novelty, and I resolved to run off with the girl myself, giving notice to Charles to join us at the railway station in time for the northern train. I took an opportunity of communicating my plan to Charles while Mr. Queeker was describing his visit to London—the only one he had ever ventured—at the time of George the Fourth's coronation, and requested him to have a carriage from the hotel at the door at ten o'clock, and to let Miss Bolton know the arrangement. Having made up my mind, I entered into the amusements which were going on. They were certainly not very lively, but, by a curious coincidence, they constantly ended in a contribution to the poor-box. If we played at "What is it like?" a failure to answer was punished by a fine of a sixpence to the Surplice Embroidery Fund, and they had actually carried their system of levying contributions so far, that once or twice I found myself depositing pieces of coin in a case with a slit in it, which had been set a-going for the repair of the parish roads. The eyes of Miss Arabella were fixed on all my movements, and glowed with fiercer curiosity when she saw me say a few words to Charles Hammersmith.

She spoke to me in a sharp, inquisitive manner as if I had been in the witness-box of the Old Bailey. She spoke to the Miss Boltons as if they were on the rack. She hopped hither and thither, and could make nothing of it. She whispered to Biddy Budd, who answered her by a quotation from Cicero, I suppose, for Arabella evidently did not understand what she said. She then communicated with Mr. Slockum, who did not even try to comprehend her, for he knew it would have occupied his faculties a week to have picked up an idea; and finally committing me, with an intelligent wink to her mother, to the guardianship of that lynx-eyed old woman, she left the room. So much the better. We were now able to carry on our plans without the observation of a person who was evidently, by animal magnetism or otherwise, in a fair way of discovering what we were at. At last it was on the stroke of ten. The night was pitchy dark. I proposed a game which required the principal agent in it to go out of the room, while the rest devised a question for him to answer. Mary Bolton had a headache, and went up stairs to bed. She was to bring down her carpet-bag, and slip into the carriage at the gate. I was to go out to answer the question; Charles on my non-appearance was to come out to discover the cause of my delay. Everything was excellently planned and succeeded to a miracle. The game was to be a proverb. They fixed on "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." The first part of the proverb I was actively engaged in bringing to bear. Having slipped noiselessly through the hall, down the avenue, and into the carriage that was waiting as we had ordered, away we went in a hush of expectation and success; and it was only when we had gone about a mile, over the roughest roads, or in the most uneasy vehicle I ever encountered, that I ventured to say,

"Well, my dear, I never thought I should live to be the hero of a Gretna Green adventure."

There was no answer; but a sob which shook the poor girl's bosom made itself audible amidst the rumbling of the carriage. I felt I had been wrong in speaking so carelessly on such an agitating occasion, so I took hold of her hand, and bade her be of good cheer. The tyranny of her idiotic old guardian, and the insupportable dulness of the neighbours would be an ample excuse for the step she took. There was no danger of our being overtaken, though I confessed the suspicions of that frightful old maid, Miss Arabella, were strongly excited, and I feared she already suspected our design.

"Doesn't she?" cried my companion, banishing her sobs, and in the identical shrill and frightful tones of Miss Arabella

herself. "Yes, you false, deceitful man, I do suspect your designs. You are going to desert me for some one else, and what am I to do? Ruined in character and reputation, what will mamma say to me? I will hold you to your promise. You shall not get off after such marked attentions, and being invited to Mr. Mudd's as my accepted lover. Driver, stop!"

As if in obedience to her command, the ricketty machine in which we were nearly shaken to a jelly, after a convulsive sort of shudder, gave a stagger forward and fell heavily on its side. In a moment the feet of the active Miss Arabella were planted on my shoulder, and with a spring that would have done honour to Columbine in a pantomime, she got out of the window and left me to follow her if I could. I was in no hurry to do so. The wreck lay motionless on the road, and I resolved to wait patiently for assistance. The driver, who took matters so coolly that it was evident he was used to adventures of the sort, came at last to my aid.

"It's all along of that 'ere Bangles' wheel which master he puts on his carriage. It always twists round under the pole, and upsets us as sure as winking."

"Mr. Bangles is—like the rest of the fools in the Butts—an atrocious impostor," I answered. "They are a set of thieves and extortioners, and I wish they were all sent to the treadmill as obtainers of money under false pretences."

These, and fifty other growls expressed my unbiassed sentiments as I was slowly drawn through the door, like a gigantic periwinkle out of its shell. While I was resting myself on the flat side of the carriage, wondering how I was to get off between the wheels, a light flashed upon us from the lamps of a carriage that came along at an immense pace. For an instant the light rested on me, and I saw the face of Charles Hammersmith radiant with joy, while farther in was pretty Mary Bolton blushing and smiling her best.

"Hallo!" I cried, "help me down, there's a good fellow!" He pulled up in a moment, jumped out of the carriage, handed me to the ground, discovered my portmanteau, and in less time than it takes to write these lines, I was delivered from my lofty eminence, and snugly enscouced beside the bride. Twelve hours after that I gave her away at Gretna Hall, and in about a week afterwards when I was staying at the inn at Keswick, I read the first of a long succession of advertisements, which has enriched the Times ever since, requesting the gentleman who visited the Butts in June last to return to his disconsolate Arabella, or legal proceedings will be taken against him the moment his name and address can be discovered. The reader will therefore see the necessity of considering this communication strictly confidential; and if he has any regard for his pocket, any horror of stupidity, any disgust at vanity and presumption, he will take very good care never to tap the Butts, as I did.

CHIPS.

HEALTHY FIGURES.

The people of Geneva are remarkable for their longevity; and as it so happens that in that town deaths have been registered since the year 1549, and marriages and baptisms since 1550 there exist ample materials for any gentleman who has a genius for statistics. Such a gentleman was M. Edouard Mallet, whose historical and statistical inquiries respecting the population of Geneva, from 1549 to 1833, have recently been transferred, in a condensed form from the *Annales d'Hygiène Publique* to the journal of our own Statistical Society. Since these inquiries yield some interesting and amusing facts of general significance, we shall endeavour to extract a little of their juice. Statistics, we know, are not usually juicy in their character, but are to be reckoned among the dry fruits which overhang the walks of knowledge; and where it so happens that they were originally mellow and refreshing in their character, it is unhappily the custom to present them to us cut and dried.

Our own faith in armies of Arabic numerals is not implicit; if the hosts be not under the guidance of a vigilant, quick-witted general, if they be marshalled carelessly at the command of a man who trusts his cause to numbers simply, the Arabs only tread on one another's heels, and make unhappy figures of themselves. In M. Mallet we confess our faith to be circumscribed. He does, indeed, march at the head of a formidable array of columns, but his regiments are not united among themselves; and, when a point is gained by one troop now and then, another will come down upon it, and completely turn the tables. We shall not meddle, however, with dissensions. We would observe, also, that, curious as it might be to compare the figures of Geneva with the London figures, we abstain from doing so, because the shaping is contrived with skill so different, by different people, that we shall not get much by the comparison. For example, we are told, that in 1837 Geneva contained nearly twenty-two inhabitants to every house. Here we suspect some error, if we are correctly told that in London the average number of inmates to a house is between seven and eight. The average mortality of London is of course greatly altered, to the apparent advantage of the town, by the immigration of much youth and health, which finds its way to the metropolis in search of fortune; and by the emigration in large numbers—of the sick for health, of the unfortunate for a less crowded arena, and of the prosperous for enjoyment after their labour done. Innumerable considerations of

a character like this ought to attend, but very rarely do attend, deductions drawn from facts merely numerical. Every fact in numbers has its value as an element in truth, but there is scarcely one table in ten which contains much more than one step in ten towards the fact at which it helps one to arrive. Statistics are a finger-post to truth, but, sitting on the finger-post which points to it, is not the way to reach our destination.

'The facts which we shall draw from M. Mallet's calculations will be only such as are of the simplest character: comparison in the same town of one time with another, not year by year, but half-century with half-century, plain countings of heads on sundry matters—from all which we shall avoid inferring anything that is not obvious and simple. For example: in the year 1700 there were about seventeen thousand peopled welling in Geneva; in 1834 there were twenty-seven thousand; so we may safely conclude that the population has increased. Going upon this very safe kind of ground, let us look now, first, for a few facts concerning marriages.

The majority of marriages of course are those which take place between bachelors and spinsters. Out of a hundred pairs who knot themselves together, eighty-one or eighty-two are bachelor and spinster; about four are bachelors who marry widows, so that caution is extremely prevalent; only two pairs are widowers and widows, but twelve or thirteen widowers take to themselves a second spinster. In fact, research proves that in Geneva, and perhaps everywhere, either Uncle Toby is right in his opinion of widows—but his caution to the world is needless, their allurements are avoided—or that gentleman had been misled by the exceptional nature of his own experience. Out of the whole number of marriages, the second marriages of men were one in seven, the second marriages of women only one in seventeen. With a ludicrous determination to be scientific, over which not a few learned men keep him in countenance, M. Mallet searches his Greek lexicon, and calls the desire to marry again, from Greek words signifying "again" and "marry," the Palingamic Force! The Palingamic Force, therefore, is weak in widows, strong in widowers; unless the Gamic force—the impulse to get married—spends itself on spinsters, and the widows' hands remain free through the paucity of applicants.

In contrast to the Palingamic, we must put a Misogamic force. When Geneva was subject to the laws of France, divorces were easily obtained, and that common consequence of marriage known to wives and husbands as repentance, was carried to the extreme point of divorce, as often as once in every seven or eight marriages. But since divorces have been made less easy, only one couple in forty-eight have had the good fortune to obtain one. The average period during which pairs remained together before they divorced was twelve years. One couple, as an extreme case, separated in three years, and another couple parted after they had lived thirty-two years together.

The average age at which they marry in Geneva is, for men, twenty-nine; for women, twenty-seven: in such marriages the chances are as eleven to nineteen in favour of the wife's surviving. The consequent numerical preponderance of widows over widowers, renders still more remarkable their want of Palingamic Force. The average age of marriage being, however, as we have said, it is still a fact that in Geneva thirty spinsters in a hundred marry husbands younger than themselves. This is attributed to the thrifty habit which retains women in domestic service unmarried, until they have laid by money to assist their future household. Each household is blessed, on an average, with about three children; the average family used to be five in the old days of dirt, and sickness, and mortality. It is a curious fact in nature, that as health and strength increases, and early dying has become less common in a community, the number of births will decrease. The multitude of children born among the wretched, illustrate one of those mysterious and admirable laws of nature founded for the maintenance and preservation of our race, if it indeed be true, as most writers affirm, and the statistics of Geneva certainly assert, that where the drain of life is greater, new creatures are more rapidly supplied.

The old days of dirt and squalor, called the good old times, are illustrated charmingly by these Geneva tables. The registers of births, and deaths, and population, in Geneva, were established, as we said, so early as the sixteenth century. We enjoy, therefore, in this instance, the peculiar power of making strict and literal comparison between century and century in one and the same town. The averages now to be given are struck upon periods of fifty and a hundred years, and therefore may be trusted fairly. Now let us observe.

At Geneva, out of every hundred people born, there died, during the first year of infancy, in the sixteenth century, twenty-five; in the seventeenth, twenty-four; in the eighteenth, twenty; and there die now in our own century, fifteen. Within the second year of life, there died out of a hundred children, in the sixteenth century, nine; in the seventeenth, seven; in the eighteenth, five; and now in the nineteenth, there die four. Between the ages of three and fifteen, the gain of life by children in the nineteenth, as compared with the sixteenth century, is in the proportion of three to one. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, the odds against the good old times are two to one; from twenty-six to forty, they are three to one; from forty-one to fifty, two to one. Infancy excepted, the high rates of death in

Geneva are now—as they ought to be—among people aged between fifty and eighty. These were the lusty men, from whom we are said to be degenerated. The advantage gained over the nineteenth by the sixteenth century, was this: that if a man or woman scraped on through filth and epidemics and exposure to the age of seventy, he or she must have been very strong, and therefore was more likely to wear, and did wear, through another twenty years, more frequently than is done among the men of seventy in our day, who are men not peculiarly strong, not picked veterans. In the old days, it is even partly true that the men who lived were more robust than we are, because now delicate health is not sure death; but then few who were weak escaped an early death, as the high rate of mortality in youth and childhood, and the low rate of mortality after the age of forty, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, very well testify.

For the abrupt and sudden diminution of death among very young children, in the nineteenth century, we are indebted to Jenner's discovery of vaccination. Twenty-five in twenty-six deaths, by small-pox, occur during the first ten years. The gain in the nineteenth century, of children under ten years old, as compared with the century preceding, is (according to the Geneva tables), that where thirty-nine in a hundred used to be the number of such children dying, there die now but twenty-eight. A large proportion of this gain is, as we have said, due to a single medical discovery.

The average duration of life in Geneva, at the end of the sixteenth century, was twenty-one years and two months; in the seventeenth century, it was twenty-five years and eight months. In the first half of the eighteenth century, the average length of life had risen to thirty-two years and seven months; while, in the next half century, improvement still continuing, the average of life was thirty-four years and six months. Between 1801 and 1813, the average still rose, and had become thirty-eight years and six months. Between 1814 and 1833, the average length of life became nearly forty-one years. Here the tables stop; but there can be no doubt that the improvement has continued. Thus we see that by the amendment in house, food, and habits, made during the last three centuries, the average duration of life has become absolutely doubled. What shall we think now of the

> "ancient uncorrupted times,
> When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
> But free to follow Nature was the mode."

Is it not by following the teaching of our human nature, and by studying the ways of Nature as she works without us, that we have been led on, century by century, and still are working on to better, higher things? Free to follow Nature *is* the mode; and tied to stand fast by those ancient times would be the sorest shackle which a "tyrant custom" could impose on Man.

NEWS OF AN OLD PLACE.

If any friend of ours be sad and sorry, and desire to improve the occasion by solemn meditation on human life amidst vast rural solitudes, we advise him to take a journey by the Caledonian Railway, from Carlisle to Edinburgh. We have seen no tracts so unpeopled since we emerged from the deserts of Arabia. The banks of the Nile in Nubia, the valleys of the Lebanon, the plain of Damascus, are populous in comparison. There is something very striking in being carried easily and rapidly, through that great district of green hills, almost bare of trees, and quite bare of houses for miles together. There is something striking in seeing wide tracts of oats, barley, and turnips spreading in the levels, without discovering who can have sown them, or who in the world is to reap them. Here and there the angle of a house-roof peeps out from behind the profile of a hill. Now and then, when there is a long vista into the mountains, a small dark island is to be seen, far away amidst the ocean of green—an oasis in this verdant desert, in which are collected the little kirk and manse, a farmstead, and half-a-dozen cottages, under the cover of as many trees. Where people are seen at work, awaiting the ripening of their barley and oats, it is a rather piteous kind of work. There is hay in nooks, and on any strip otherwise useless; and such hay!—over-ripe, long ago, yet never mellowed by true ripening—with sour water standing in among the clumps, and so many weeds, that the grass-part can hardly be seen. In some of these dank and dreary enclosures (one wonders why they were ever enclosed), three or four men are mowing (one wonders why in the world they mow) their bog hay, rushes, and ragwort, and all together, and tie up the crop in sheaves, and set up the sheaves in shocks—just as if they were the finest wheat grown in the Lincolnshire beds. On the top of the railway banks stand large cocks of this hay, which looks like damp straw. The stranger wonders what species of animal is to eat it. If he inquire, he is told that it is a welcome and needful resource for the sheep, in time of snow-drifts. One is glad that the sheep have something better to eat now. There they are, clean from a late shearing, scattered over the brown and purple fells, or thrusting themselves into any hand's breadth of shade that may be afforded by a broken sand-bank, or any little quarry on the hill-side. There are patches of vivid green among the purple heather, where ewes and lambs are browsing tranquilly to-day, without a thought of the snow-drifts which, six months hence, will

doom them to emaciation on the coarse fodder which is in preparation for them below. Here and there, a few cattle are seen, and a young horse, in some distant field, may fling up his heels at the train. A group of bare-headed and bare-footed children may be at play on some tiny bridge over a pretence of a burn or rivulet, and a hen and her chickens may scratch up the sand below in defiance of the intrusion of the strangers from the south, with their steam and their noise. But this is nearly all that is seen, between station and station, unless where the hills have been laid open for stone, slate, or ore.

The most obvious thought suggested by this scene—so strange in our busy islands—is, that it will not long be to be seen. If our capitalists and labourers are emigrating to new lands for the sake of more space, a district of this extent will not remain so scantily peopled. Along the railway, at least, there will be a fringe of producers and traffickers, who will essentially alter the character of the landscape. The next consideration which will occur to most people is, that they here see—what is not a very common thing to see—a large district which must be, in the main, very much like what it was hundreds or thousands of years ago. One of the railway stations is at Abington, a rather pretty hamlet, with one or two good houses near; and more wood, more cultivation, a more modern aspect than many of the stations before and after it. From this place, a valley runs up among the hills, away from the sound of the railway whistle, and of the din of human life altogether. In this valley the Romans certainly were, once upon a time. A military road of theirs passes near; and in, and near this valley, are the tokens of their encampment. Whether the valley was wooded then and cleared by them, we cannot undertake to say, but the probability seems to be, that it must have looked to the Roman eye, on entering, much as it now looks to the eye of any modern foreigner. Its hills, green and bare, with metallic indications, showing themselves in places, with heather on the higher slopes, and bog in the bottoms—these features appear to be about as primitive as any natural scenery can well be. That it was much like what it now is, midway between the Roman period and ours, is known.

At the time when Edward the Third of England was watching his son, the Black Prince, winning his spurs, or was trying to make his way safely out of some very difficult and dangerous valleys in France;—at the time when Scotland was mourning her David Bruce, a prisoner in the Tower; or, perhaps, rejoicing at the sight of him, returned on his parole;—at that time, when the nations were so busy with war as not to be able to look closely after what lay round about them at home—a foreigner was poking about in this valley to see what he could find. A German, named Bulmer, was looking for gold amidst these Scottish hills; and he came into this valley, and found something else besides gold. He found LEAD; and the fate of the valley has been ruled by that discovery of his, ever since. The valley we speak of is that which contains the curious village of Leadhills, at its highest end; a settlement six miles from Abington, and as wild a place as can well be seen in our islands.

Having a fancy to see so odd a place, and having heard much, twenty years ago, of the intelligence and other good qualities of the inhabitants, we recently determined to go. At Abington, a carriage was to have met us; but there was a mistake about it, and no carriage was forthcoming. The morning was hot, and the hours were precious; so that we were glad to obtain any sort of vehicle that would save our strength and our time. The vehicle proposed was a cart—such as had probably conveyed in its day more pigs and calves than human beings. It was half filled with straw, on which was laid a bolster, and over the bolster was laid a clean plaid. Off we went, under the care of an intelligent labourer, whose Scotch dialect was of so moderate a character that conversation would have been easy, but for the slow trot of the horse, which made our words come out like puffs of steam from the engine which had just left us behind. By a gradual ascent, on a good road, we penetrated the recesses of the hills, seeing nobody but two men eating oat-cake and drinking milk at the mouth of their little quarry, and two women at the cottage beside the toll-bar where the carts of coke pay toll on their way up to the mines. During the journey of six miles we saw three trees; one in a field on the upland, looking rather sad, all by itself; and two more down in a field at the bottom, marking the spot where Bulmer found his gold five hundred years ago. A woman, down in the bog, had her arms full of what appeared to be rushes; and a solitary man, high up on the steep, was cutting heather—no doubt to mend his own or some neighbour's thatch. Grass, and groundsel, and hemlock grew to the height of a foot along the ridge, and down the sides of two or three of the first cottages we saw. We inquired why, as slate was quarried (under the name of Edge-metal, from the layers standing on edge) in this very valley, the cottages were so wretchedly roofed. The answer was, that there had never been any thought of using so good a material as even this very poor slate. Without this remark, we should have discovered that the people at Leadhills were very very poor.

From far below, we had seen smoke hanging about an opening before us. This was from the smelting-houses, the driver informed us; and the village lay a mile and a half further on. The road crossed the valley near the smelting-houses; and they lay below us on

the right—the turbid little stream oozing away from the works, and men and boys, with hoes, spades, and scrapers, washing the soil, on stage below stage, so that what escaped from one set of channels might run into the one below. It seemed a piece of unnecessary toil to place the square tower of the smelting-house—the tower whence the smoke belched forth—so high up the steep and stony breast of the hill. It afterwards appeared that nobody had occasion to go up there. The smoke was driven, by the blast of the furnace, through the interior of the hill, to issue forth from that top of its chimney which looks like a tower from below.

A succeeding ascent hid from us what we were now looking for with some anxiety, as our ride had occupied nearly an hour and three-quarters, and we had been churned enough for one day. The village, we were told, was "just behind there," and there it was—the strangest of British villages. The valley suddenly opens out into an area of undulating character, bounded by more distant hills. Rows of cottages stand on all available platforms, turned in all directions. Many—sadly too many—are dismantled and ruinous, roofless and grass-grown—the first evidence that meets the eye of the mischief wrought by the protracted litigation which has half ruined a place even so remote as this. Beside one of these ruins may be a roof just fresh thatched with heather; and, on the other hand, may be a roof bristling with weeds, and with grass that sways in the wind. Scattered about, amidst the wild vegetation of the moorland, up and down, turned this way and that, are little oblong patches of cabbages, turnips, or potatoes. Formerly, in the better days of the settlement, the miners were allowed to appropriate from the moorland as much as they could cultivate with the spade in overhours. This is no longer permitted; but the extent of ground thus under tillage is nearly four hundred acres.

Glancing over the neighbouring slopes, we saw a man mowing some most unpromising grass. Another was coming up from a boggy place with an enormous bundle of rushes on his head. High up on a ridge, a man's figure was seen, digging peat. Three sheep were within sight, and several cows. It was a comfort to see so good a supply of cows for the number of persons. The number of persons is perpetually diminishing, under the curse of the litigation before spoken of.

There are some old books on the shelves of the agent's office, which give the information that in the early half of the last century the population at Leadhills amounted to upwards of fourteen hundred. Twenty years ago, it was about eleven hundred; it is now between eight and nine hundred. Of these, one hundred and ten are able-bodied men. There are some old men able to do some work, or none. Such as these were formerly maintained by their sons; but, under the present rate of wages (which average nine shillings per week) the reluctance to look to the parish for an ultimate support is fast diminishing. There is a baker in the place, of course, and there are no less than three tailors. Some few men are employed in blanket-weaving. Here and there we saw some old men sitting in the sun, smoking and chatting; and one or two were returning from their morning's task, who were still capable, at the age of seventy and upwards, of doing some hours' work in the day at washing the ore. But a man who can do this at such an age, may be safely supposed not to have worked under ground in his earlier days. There are no less than from eighty to ninety cows in this village—a very large proportion for the number of people. It is explained by the fact, that the customary diet of the population is that which we saw the two quarrymen enjoying by the roadside—oat-cake and milk. Meat is an almost unknown luxury, even in the form of bacon. We had not before—nor have we now—a high opinion of the wholesomeness of oatmeal diet; but it is certainly the fact, that the people of Leadhills, living on a poor soil, in the midst of metallic works, at a height of one thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet above the level of the sea, have a remarkably healthy appearance, notwithstanding the presence of the fumes of the smelting, and the absence of a meat diet. There is a tombstone in the cemetery, which is shown with pride to the stranger, recording as it does the death of a man, a miner, who had lived one hundred and thirty-seven years. He must have been a brave old fellow; for he used to go a fishing among the hills, all alone, when he was one hundred and twenty years old. What a strange meditation must his have been, in such a solitude—supposing him to have retained his faculties—which he seems to have done. As he walked slowly along playing his line, as men do in those mountain streams, was he tired of life, looking back on a succession of generations, with whom he ought, in natural course, to have gone to the grave? Did he fear in his heart, as an aged woman once did openly, that God had forgotten him? Or did it seem to him, as it does to some who have outlived all they once knew, a perfectly natural thing that they should have died, and that he should be there to tell the history of their deaths? Did he think of the armies that had come that way marching over the hills with music and shouts, every man of whom had become dust? What did he think of the greybeards of the village, getting past their work, when he remembered that he had dandled some of them as infants after he himself had reached threescore years and ten? The everlasting hills, with their inexhaustible streams, were the same as ever; and he probably thought himself the same as ever. But,

what a mere procession he must have considered all the rest of human life;—a procession of companies—now a set of proprietors of the mines, and a chaplain, and an Earl of Hopetoun, and a population of grandparents, working men and women, and children; and presently, another set of proprietors, another chaplain, another Earl of Hopetoun, another population of old, middle-aged, and young; and he, at first walking with them in the procession, but long ago standing by to see them pass, as naturally as if it was his business to observe them, and theirs to pass on towards their graves.

Perhaps it was all less striking to him than to us; the grass, and the rocks, and the sky, being what he had already known them, and the fish leaping to his bait as they had done in his youth. One day, when he was one hundred and twenty years old, the snows came upon him when he was up in the hills, and blocked up his way on every side. He gave himself up for lost. Perhaps he felt it hard to be thus cut off untimely, instead of dying in his bed. He stuck his fishing-rod upright in the snow, and made another struggle for life. He struggled through to a place where he was found. When he had recovered, he went back, plucked his rod out of the snow, and returned to begin his new lease of seventeen years of life. To us, all this seems very sad and fearful. We feel that we had rather die to-night, than run the risk of living so long; but, we may have found, in the course of our lives, that some things which we would rather have died than encounter, have turned out very endurable, after all; and so may this John Taylor, of the Leadhills, have found it with his burden of years. There must be some who remember John Taylor; for he died about seventy years ago. And he must have remembered something of the trouble in Scotland, when Charles the First afflicted the church, and went to war with his Scottish subjects. He must have heard of the fearful death of that king; and of the pious soldier who ruled in his place, without the name of king. Strange rumours of the Fire of London and of the great Plague must have floated up to the head of his valley when he was a well-grown young man. And what a succession of sovereigns—Stuarts, William of Orange, Anne of Denmark, and one, two, three Georges—George the Third having become a familiar king when the old man stuck his rod in the snow, and thought he was going to be cut off by an accident! It is almost bewildering, so we will see what younger people are about.

Old as he lived to be, John Taylor had been a miner—had worked under ground. In his day, as now, the gallows-like apparatus erected over the shafts of the mines stood up against the sky, on a ridge here, on the summit of a knoll there. Down the ladders he went, fathoms deep, to a resting place; and then, turning aside a little, down many more—ten times as many—to where he had to work six hours a day, hewing away at the vein of ore, sending up the rubbish, sending up the ore, toiling in darkness, heat, damp, and often up to the knees in the turbid water of the mine.

The men work, as in Cornwall, on tribute—sharing the success or failure of their enterprises with the proprietors. They change the name of a mine, quaintly enough, according to their approbation or displeasure towards it. We saw one which had, till lately, been called the "Labour in Vain Vein." After a lucky turn which disclosed new riches (more lead with a little gold), it was called California, which is its present title—a title, by the way, which shows that some tidings from the world without reach this secluded spot. The residents say, that even fewer strangers come now than before the opening of the Caledonian Railway; but, on the other hand, we find reason to believe that there has been enough of intercourse with the navvies of that railway, to work anything but good to the habits of the miners, who must be very like children in their impressibleness, and in the precarious character of the innocence which has been maintained in the absence of temptation. One other kind of intercourse is provided by the annual arrival of Lord Hopetoun, or his sporting friends, in August and onwards. We saw an elegant moor-hen moving tamely on in the heather, not far from the smelting-houses; and this game so abounds on the hills, that the sportsmen come home to dinner at "the Ha'" with their thirty or forty brace each. Looking round on the very small cabbage patches of the miners, remembering their oatmeal diet, without even a smell of bacon to their bread, pondering also the average of nine shillings a week, which leaves so many with only six, we inquired whether poaching could, in such a wild scene, be kept within bounds. The answer was, that poaching is a thing never heard of; and the reason given was, that the poacher would forfeit everything, if detected. It is wonderful, and must be the result of strong compulsion of circumstance, that hungering men can see wild creatures fluttering in the herbage on far spreading moors, away from every human eye but their own, and can abstain from taking what can hardly appear like property, and can never be missed. If there is something fine—as there certainly is—in the obedience to law, there is something mournful, too, in the subservience, so customary as to have become a second nature, which secures the grouse and the sport to the aristocracy, and keeps the labourer, who has no sport, within the arbitrary limit of his oat bread and milk.

Perhaps we should not say that the labourer has no sport, for we heard of a novelty in that way having been lately introduced—an occasional game at quoits. There is a

library, supported by seventy miners, paying two shillings a year each. The works seemed to be chiefly Scotch divinity, with a very few voyages, and a volume of narrative, or fiction, here and there. What a blessing it would be to these people if some kind person would send them a good assortment, and a plentiful one, of works of fiction! What a new world it would open to them during the long snows of winter, and in the light evenings of summer, when the men are exhausted by their hot toil under ground, or at the furnaces; and the women and girls are stooping over their "hand-sewing," and wearing their eyes out, ay, even little children, with embroidering for twelve hours every day!

This embroidery is done for sale in Glasgow. The muslin, ready stamped for working, and the cotton are sent from Glasgow, and the women have it in hand wherever they go—the bit that they are at work upon being stretched in a little hoop of wood, to prevent its curling and puckering. You see a woman standing in her doorway, a child sitting with her back against the house-wall (the poor back, which, in a growing child, needs not this monotonous needlework for twelve hours a day to weaken it!) sewing away, at skilled work, for what? The dexterous woman could once, when such work was at the highest, earn a shilling a day. She earned that for a little while last year, when the Exhibition induced the Glasgow people to send a vast quantity of goods to London. Now she earns by the same labour, sixpence, or at most, sevenpence. Her little girl, aged nine, but so small as to look younger, earns, by her daily twelve hours' work, twopence halfpenny. On inquiring whether the little creature has the comfort of laying by twopence, or even a penny a week on her own behalf, we find that this has never been thought of; that there is no opportunity or inducement to do it, and thus to the child is her whole young life, with its repressed activities, devoted to toil, she does not know why, nor for what aim. She fulfils her destiny, as the French would say.

There is a school, and there are girls in it younger than this little needlewoman. Boys and girls looked thoroughly healthy; the room was airy, and the master intelligent-looking and kind, though his appearance did not lessen our impression of the melancholy poverty of the place. The members of the school have fallen off sadly, more than in proportion to the diminished population of the place. The average attendance is eighty in summer, and one hundred in winter. The scholars pay from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence per quarter; and it is a proof of the value that the parents set upon education that, out of a population which falls short of nine hundred, earning, on an average, nine shillings per week, there should be one hundred children paying for their schooling at this rate. Some of the oldest boys could show arithmetical exercises which justify their hopes of getting to be clerks in Glasgow warehouses, and two have learned a little Latin—that darling pride of the humble Scotch! They think, and talk of Allan Ramsay, who was a native of these hills; and somebody has painted outside the library something which is called a portrait of the poet. Whatever may be the taste of the painting, we like the taste of putting it there.

At the very top of the settlement, when we have passed all the cottages, and "the Ha'," and the potato patches, and the heaps of lead ore, we come to a place which takes all strangers by surprise: a charming house, embowered in trees, with honeysuckle hanging about its walls, flowers in its parterres, and a respectable kitchen-garden, where the boast is that currants can be induced to ripen, and that apples have been known to form, and grow to a certain size, though not to ripen. This is the agent's house, and here are the offices of the Mining Company. The plantation is really wonderful, at such an elevation above the sea; and it is a refreshing sight to the stranger arriving from below. There may be seen, growing in a perfect thicket, beech, ash, mountain ash, elm, plane, and larch, shading grass-plats, and enclosed walks, so fresh and green that, on a hot day, one might fancy oneself in a meadow-garden, near some ample river. In this abode there is a carriage, and a servant in livery;—a great sight, no doubt, to the people, who can hardly have seen any other, except when sportsmen come to "the Ha'." with all their apparatus of locomotion and of pleasure. In connexion with this abode is the office of the Company, where the books are preserved as far back as 1736. There may be seen specimens of the ores found in the valley; and, among other curiosities, a small phial of water, about half-filled with gold from the Californian vein before-mentioned. There it is, in rough morsels, just like the specimens from California and Australia, which may be seen everywhere now. The water in the phial is to make the gold look brighter; and, for the same purpose, the owner lays it upon some dark surface,—as the sleeve of a coat,—that strangers may see it to the best advantage. Here is only about ten pounds' worth; so there is no fear of the miners choosing the wrong casket, out of the three that Nature has placed before them.

Our cart had been dismissed long ago; and we were to return to Abington in the carriage, and driven by the servant in whom the worldly splendour of the place is concentrated. We were to stop by the way and see the smelting; and we saw it accordingly. Descending from the successive platforms where the bruised ore is washed, till it is almost pure dust of lead, we put our heads into the noisy vault, where the great water-wheel was revolving and letting fall a drip which filled

the place with the sound of mighty splashings. The blast of the furnaces roared under our feet, and all around about us, every light substance, such as coal dust and shreds of peat, was blown about like chaff. At the furnace were men, enduring the blaze of the red heat on this sultry day. They work for five or six hours; but only for five days in the week. They were piling up the glowing coals upon the bruised and washed ore in its receptacle in the furnace; and from under the front of the fire, we saw the molten lead running down its little channels into its own reservoir, leaving behind the less heavy dross, which was afterwards to be cast out in a heap in the yard. The mould for the pig stood close by, at a convenient height from the floor. We waited till there was lead enough in the reservoir to make a pig. One man ladled out the molten metal into the mould, while another skimmed off the ashes and scum with two pieces of wood. It was curious to see this substance, which looked exactly like quicksilver, treated like soup. It was curious to see the process of cooling begin from the edges, and the film spreading slowly towards the centre, till all was solid. It was curious to see the pigs set on end against the wall, looking light and moveable from their lustre, when just out of the mould, and to remember that one might as well try to lift up the opposite mountain as to move one of them unaided.

It was curious, too, in travelling down the valley again, to be more than ever struck with its deep solitude. The peat-cutter on the ridge, the mower on the slope, the two women at the toll-gate, and the two quarrymen, were again all whom we saw. The two trees below, and the one tree before us, seemed more forlorn than before, when we remembered what a cluster of people, and what a plantation of forest trees we had left up in the wilds. No visitor to the Leadhills can help speculating on what will become of that singular colony; whether its numbers will continue to diminish, and its poverty to increase, till the long-standing quarrel shall have caused complete ruin all round; or whether, by making up matters, the proprietors will invite prosperity to return. Whether the whole concern dies out, or the other issue is decided upon in[illegible]nd the ruined cottages are destined [illegible] rebuilt, forsaken works resumed, and [illegible]e people cheered with improved earnings; it seems that the settlement cannot long be any thing like the spectacle that it is now. In the one case, some wayfarer, exploring his course over the hills, may, in another century or two, come upon the grass-grown ruins of the abodes and labours of a thousand people; he may stumble over the weedy grave-stones, and mark a household vegetable growing here and there among the rushes; and the yawning jaws of the mines may warn him to look well to his footing: and, at his next stage, he may inquire for some tradition of what this strange place may be. In the other and better case, the seclusion of the settlement cannot, one would think, be preserved. The railway whistle has told of the outer world to some ears there already. Improved production and traffic will bring people up and down the valley; and the time may come when the inhabitants of Leadhills will talk of the present as of the primitive days of their settlement, when manners were simple and rude; and, if that time should come, the commonest names of to-day will have taken a saintly sound to the ears of descendants, as ancestral names are apt to do; and it will be said, that those were privileged travellers who went out of their way to visit Leadhills, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Who is Gonzalves Zarco?

It is the beginning of June: the year 1419. Two small vessels are leaving the port of Lisbon. The Infant Dom Henry waves his hand from the quay, as the commander of the little expedition bows profoundly from the deck of the leading ship. That commander is Gonzalves Zarco. Let us pursue his shadow in companionship with that of Juan de Moralès, his pilot.

Where is Gonzalves sailing when he trusts his ships to the broad bosom of the Atlantic? Where, without the guides of modern navigation? Charts he has none. He has heard that Marco Polo brought from China to Europe the knowledge of an instrument that invariably pointed to the North—but he doubts. He will hug the land as long as he can. The meridian sun and the polar star must direct him in his need. His business is to find the Isles of the West, of which ancient tradition imperfectly whispers. In 1418, Gonzalves was engaged in exploring the coasts of Africa. He was shipwrecked on a little island, which he will now endeavour again to reach.

The seas are calm; the days are bright and long. If the nights are dark, Gonzalves anchors. He is pretty certain of the course. In due time he reaches the small island of Porto Santo, in which, last year, he left two or three of his crew.

What is this strange relation which soon meets the ear of Gonzalves—a relation which is to give new ardour to his sagacious courage, but which has terrors for his superstitious seamen? On the north-east of the isle, there appears, at a long distance, a thick darkness—a motionless cloud—which hangs over the sea, and reaches to the sky. That region of darkness—is it not the abyss? There, is the boundary of this earth; and, beyond, is the entrance to the Shades. Sometimes a distant murmur, as of troubled waters, comes across the sea. It is the rush of the mournful river

of Acheron. Some say, that when the Christians fled from the oppression of the Moors and Saracens, they found an island of refuge in this ocean; and that from that time a mysterious cloud covered that island, so that no enemy could come near to harm them. Who shall dare to pierce that cloud, and solve these mysteries?

Gonzalves sits on the beach of Porto Santo, and looks again and again in the direction of that cloud. When the morning sun shines bright in the East, the cloud is there. When the moon climbs the sky, the cloudy distance is still visible. It never changes its place; its form is always the same. Gonzalves will take counsel of Juan de Moralès.

Juan is many years younger than Gonzalves; yet his forehead is wrinkled with cares that scarcely belong to the young. He has passed his boyhood in captivity in Morocco. He has done servile offices up to the period of manhood. He has been chained to the oar, and rowed his taskmasters through many a perilous surf. There is something strange and mysterious about him. His messmates shun him, for they say he is a Castilian, and an enemy to Portugal. He has the Castilian steadiness, with more than Castilian reserve. Misfortune has not abased him: he carries himself as loftily as the proudest of his countrymen; and yet he is of a fairer complexion than those countrymen, and he speaks their language with a singular mixture of other dialects, and even of other tongues. But that may come of his long captivity amongst Christian slaves of all lands. Juan is not popular: but Gonzalves has unbounded confidence in his pilot.

"Juan," says Gonzalves, "we will wait no longer. Hold you still your opinion?"

"My belief is ever the same. That dark mass, so defined and unchanging, is a mountainous land, seen through a constant mist."

"You have the confidence of knowledge, rather than of conjecture. Did you ever hear speak of such a mountainous land? In that quarter, leagues off, must lie the African deserts."

"I have no knowledge—except my dreams be knowledge. I dream of mountains, rising from the sea, covered with trees, to the very summits; of ravines, where rivers come dashing down out of the mountain mists, and rush brightly to the ocean; of a narrow beach under the mountains, where the waves break wildly, and yet how beautifully!"

"Juan! you must have seen such a land!"

"Oh no! it is a dream—a dream of the poor ship-boy's loneliness."

"We will sail to-morrow, Juan."

"Good."

"Say nothing; but steer us right to the cloud."

The anchors are weighed in the dawn of a summer morning. A brisk breeze soon carries them away from Porto Santo. There is a man of importance on board, Francis Alcaforado, a squire of Dom Henry's chamber. He is keeping a diary of that voyage—a busy inquisitive man."

"Captain, where are you steering?"

"To look for the Isles of the West."

"But you are sailing towards the darkness!"

"I think they lie beyond the darkness."

"You are tempting Heaven. See, we are in the bosom of a mist. There is no sun in the sky. Change your course, Gonzalves."

"Sir, I must obey my commission."

"Look! there is something darker still in the distance."

"I have seen it before—it is land."

Juan is at the helm. He steers boldly through the mist. It *is* land. The sun is behind that mass of mountains. Juan must be cautious; there are rocks in that sea. Gonzalves orders out the boats. There is a loud murmuring of surf upon a shore not very distant. The sun is mounting out of the exhalation. The mist is rolling off. There are trees on the hills. The boats may near the shore. Glory to Saint Lawrence! That eastern cape first seen, and now doubled, shall be the Cape San Lourenço! All are joyful but Juan de Moralès. It is not the land of his dreams. The crew gather round the pilot—and greet him well. But he is silent.

There is a streamlet gushing down to the sea. Gonzalves commands the crew to disembark. A priest goes with them. The water is blessed. The shore is blessed. The commander of the expedition proclaims that the mysterious cloud-land is a veritable possession of the King of Portugal.

And now they coast carefully along in their boats. They peer into the dark ravines, covered with everlasting forests. Again and again they land. Are there any inhabitants? Not a trace of human dwelling, not a footprint, not a token that man has ever abided here. Birds of bright plumage fly fearlessly about them. They come to a point where four rivers join in their course to the sea. They fill their flasks to carry that sparkling water to the banks of the yellow Tagus. They bring provisions on shore, and sit down in a green valley where gentle waterfalls are sparkling around. They penetrate a wood; the rough gales have torn up some trees. They elevate one tree, and form a cross; they kneel, and the priest gives his benediction. This point is Santa Cruz. They coast on; a tongue of land stretches far out—a shady covert. Suddenly a flight of jays darkens the air. This shall be Punta dos Gralhos, the point of jays. Further on, another tongue of land is covered with cedars, and this, with the Punta dos Gralhos, forms a wooded bay. It shall be the bay of cedars. Another valley is reached, and here Gonzalves makes an attempt to ascend the high ground: he sees enough to satisfy him that what he has

discovered is an island. Again Gonzalves leads the way in his boat, and reaches an open space, where the land is not encumbered with the dense growth of timber that has everywhere else met their view. The sea beach to the foot of the mountains is covered with fennel, the *funcho* of the Portuguese. This beach shall be called *Funchal*.

What has happened to Juan de Moralès? He stirs not—he speaks not. He looks upon the sea—he looks up the ravine. Then he rushes to gaze upon the islets which the rivers of that valley have formed in their perennial courses; he smiles, he weeps; he sees something very like the land of his dreams.

The ships have followed the course of the boats; but at a wide berth from the land. They now come into the bay of Funchal, and anchor in the river; here will the crew next day take in wood and water. They cannot have a pleasanter harbour. They will sleep in security. The sea is smooth; the air is balmy. The watch is set; and Juan, though his duty is ended, is amongst the watchers. The ripple of the river seems a familiar sound. He listens, as if he expected some human voice to mingle with that murmur of waters. The moon rises. The wooded ravine lies before him in deep shadow; but here and there is a breadth of silvery light. Is that the figure of a man moving on the bright greensward? The sea breeze stirs the topmost branches of the cedars, and their shadows, Juan, make up the semblance of humanity.

On the morrow the island is again explored. No sign of cultivation—no trace of man. In the heart of the mountains there are mighty chasms, into which the torrents rush, and form gentle rivers. Cedars and chesnut trees rise into the foggy summits of the highest peaks. Myrtles clothe the precipitous declivities. Deep caverns have been dug into the sides of the rocks by the untiring sea. Hush! there is a noise as of the tread of men. A multitude of seals rush out from that hollow, with a sudden cry, and plunge into the waves. That point shall be Camara dos Lobos, the cave of seals. The navigation becomes more difficult. The surf is more dangerous on that rocky coast. Gonzalves will return to his ships in the bay of Funchal. He is eager to be once more in the Tagus: he has brave tidings for Dom Henry. One such discovery is enough for a summer. But what shall he call this noble island? He takes counsel of the squire Alcaforado, who has been busy with his tablets incessantly. He will write a narrative of this prosperous voyage, which shall be deposited in the archives of Portugal.* The island shall be called Madeiro—the island of Wood.

It is the summer of 1421, and Gonzalves Zarco is again embarking in the port of Lisbon.

The preparations for this voyage are very different from those of the expedition of 1419. One ship, of considerable tonnage, is now employed. Large stores of provisions are taken into the hold—raisins, and olives, and casks of wine from Xeres and Oporto. There are live animals too in considerable numbers—sheep and goats, and a few mules. Cuttings of the choicest vines, and small plants from the orange groves, are carefully stowed, and duly watered. There are implements of husbandry, and artificers' tools—spades and axes, anvils and hammers. Tents are there for shelter; spears and bows for defence. There are the nets of the fisherman and of the fowler. But, in greater abundance than all, packages of clothing. A colony is to be founded.

Gonzalves comes on board with his two sons. They carefully inspect a little cabin, that is fitted up with unusual luxury. They are satisfied—they go on shore. Presently a litter appears, borne by four of the crew, who tread briskly under their load. Gonzalves walks before them. The litter is set down on the deck, and a delicate girl is lifted out by the sons of Gonzalves, and carried to the decorated cabin. She scarcely speaks—she is ill and exhausted. The ship is under weigh. Juan de Moralès is again at the helm.

The heat of the day is over. The ship has dropped down the Tagus, and passed the bar. The distant vesper bell is sounding into the quiet evening. Anna Zarco is refreshed, and begs to be brought upon deck. A couch is made up at the stern. The sick girl speaks cheerfully to her father, as she watches the stars coming softly out of the blue sky. There is a light in the fort of St. Julian, which grows fainter and fainter as they sail on. Anna has fixed her lustrous eyes on that light. It is the last object that marks her native land. It is gone. It mingles with the stars. She looks in her father's face. A thought comes across him which forces a tear or two. Will Anna ever again see her birthplace? Will she reach her new home?

The ship's course is now direct to Madeiro. Every evening the feeble girl is brought upon the deck, and lies peacefully there, with her thin hand resting in the large rough palm of her father's. She listens with interest as the commander talks to his pilot. They talk of the beautiful island to which they are sailing, of its pleasant climate, its green woods, its sparkling streams. They will land at Funchal. They will run up their houses on that sheltered beach; their sheep and goats shall pasture in the green valley between the mountains. They will find clear sunny spots on the hill-sides to plant their vines; they will have an orange grove sheltered from the

* In 1671 was published, at Paris, "Relation Historique de la découverte de l'Isle de Madère," which professes to be a translation from a Portuguese book, of which the manuscript then existed. An abstract of this French work, which is the narrative of Francis Alcaforado has been given in a new "Biographie Universelle," 1852. The French work is stated to be a book of the most extreme rarity, and no copy, it appears, is known to exist of the Portuguese original.

north, and will water their plants by channels from the river, whose streams will never fail. "Quintas" of olive and maize shall flourish in that genial soil. They will have everything for comfort soon around them. Gonzalves has the command of the island—he will be a kind viceroy over few but happy subjects.

We see the shadow of Gonzalves, after he has landed, without storm or pirate to harm him during his passage. He has dwelt with his sons and his daughter for a short while in tents; but a house strong enough to stand against the Atlantic gales is soon built; it has abundance of conveniences; other houses are growing up around them. Friends have come with Gonzalves to settle with him. An ecclesiastic is here to teach and to console. Before the equinox the good ship is to return to Lisbon with a diminished crew,—and a freight of native curiosities for Dom Henry, their patron.

Let us look at the shadow of Juan de Morales in this interval of his sea-life. He comes on shore daily to assist his captain; he works at the buildings; he cuts timber; he dries the reeds and rushes of the water-courses for a ready thatch. Juan is handy; and seems to have an almost instinctive knowledge of the sweetest pastures for the sheep and the best soil for the corn and olives. But Juan has a gentler task to perform. Anna Zarco is grown strong enough to take exercise. Juan daily leads her mule up into the shady hills, or along the margin of the sea. Sometimes, when there is not a cloud in the sky, and there is a gentle ripple in the bay, Juan strews sweet rushes in his boat, on which Anna placidly lies, breathing the soft air with a sense of delight that is the herald of renovated health. Juan, then, tells her the seamens' stories of storm and wreck; of pirates who lie in wait for the defenceless merchant-ship—the enemies of all nations; of Moors, who, in their hatred of Christian people, fiercely attack every vessel that comes near their inhospitable coasts, and carry their crews to a life-long slavery. Juan tells her, too, of distant lands, for in his own captivity he has gathered much knowledge from other captives—of England, especially, and its great King Edward, and his wars in France. Of England Juan delights to talk; and when Anna asks him of his own life, before he was in slavery at Fez, he has a confused story, with something English in his recollections, which makes her think that he is not a Castilian, as the sailors say he is. Gonzalves is happy that his daughter is gaining such health in this daily life, and willingly does he spare his pilot to be her guide and companion; for in a few weeks Juan will return to Lisbon, and then, when the house is finished, and the quinta planted, he will lead her mule himself, and himself will row her, in bright autumn days, under the shade of the mountains. There is a place about three miles off, where Anna's mule is often led by the pilot. He conducts her through a narrow defile, when suddenly they are in a valley—a mere chasm between the loftiest mountains—a solemn place, but one also of rare loveliness—for the basaltic rocks are clothed with evergreens, and the narrow, level plain has a smiling river running through its entire length. Juan delights to bring his tender charge to this secluded spot; but here he is ever more than usually silent.

One day, Anna looks in Juan's face, and sees that he has been weeping. There is one spot in that valley which he often stops at—a spot marked by a pile of stones. On this day Juan suddenly falls on his knees at this spot and prays for a minute. Anna is scarcely surprised, for Juan is a mysterious man—quite unlike other seamen. She questions him.

"Juan, my kind nurse, for you have been as a nurse to me in my feebleness, why did you kneel, and why have you been weeping?"

"Senora! forgive me. I must not tell you. The knowledge that makes me weep is now little more than a vain memory. It has nothing in common with my present fortune. I shall sail again to Lisbon—perhaps never to come back. Do not ask me."

"But, Juan! I look on you as a brother. I am getting well under your care. Will you not confide in your sister?"

"Nay, lady! Yet I must speak. You will keep my secret. I believe that I knelt at my mother's grave!"

"Your mother's grave? How, Juan, could your mother ever come to this island, where never ships touched before my father's ship?"

"It is a wild story, an almost improbable story. But you shall hear it. My earliest memories, I once thought, were of my task-masters in Morocco, of whom I have before told you. I became a slave when I was four or five years old, as near as I may guess. There was a companion in my fate, who was kind to me—an English sailor. He taught me his language: he said he would one day tell me my own history. All that I knew was, that the ship in which he and I were sailing was captured by a corsair, and carried into Fez. I was in captivity twelve years; but I then escaped, and got to Spain. The infidels had made me a skilful seaman, and I had good knowledge of their coasts. After some time I went to Lisbon. I became your father's pilot. The Englishman and I had been soon separated; but he had told me something about an island in the west; and I gladly went with your father in quest of those western islands. When we came here two years ago, it seemed to me as if every thing were familiar; but yet confused. I was in a dream. In the spring of this year an English vessel came into the Tagus. I talked with some of the crew. I spoke of our discovery of Madeira, and of the prize it might be to the Crown of Portugal. An old sailor said, that the Portuguese were not the first discoverers. I grew angry; but the

Englishman was confident. I will repeat what he said :—

"'The discoverer of that island was Robert Machin, my countryman. Robert Machin, a bold adventurer, won the love of Anne Arfet, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. His suit was rejected by the father; but Robert married her, and carried her off in his ship. They were bound for the Mediterranean, but missed their course. Their vessel foundered in the Atlantic; Machin and his wife were saved. They reached the wooded island, which you Portuguese have named Madeiro. They abode there three or four years; in utter solitude, but contented and happy. The wife, then, sickened and died. They had a little boy; but Robert could not endure that loneliness, and he dreaded now, that he might die, and that the boy should perish. He resolved to leave the island as he had come to it. He stowed his boat with chesnuts, and with fish dried in the sun—the food on which he and his wife had always subsisted. It was a calm season, and he made good way. Off the coast of Morocco an English ship picked him up. I was the mate of that ship. Poor fellow! his toil and his grief had been too much for him. He died in a few weeks—his boy was my charge. I was little use to him, for we were soon taken by a rover, and carried into Fez. I wish I could meet with that orphan boy. But that will never be!'"

Anna Zarco blushes and trembles:—"I know the rest. You were that little boy; and this island is your inheritance, and not my father's discovery."

"Keep my secret, Anna. I love your father, and would not rob him of an atom of his honour."

Anna Zarco does not keep the secret from her father, who is a just man, and not unmindful of his daughter's happiness.

Juan de Moralès does not return to Lisbon. In a few years there is a pretty cottage, and a vineyard in the "Corral," where, not far from the tomb of stones, dwell other Machins, John and Anne, whose shadows are pleasant to look on.

A GREAT IDEA.

"Should this meet the eye of any gentlemen or ladies who are stouter or thinner, taller or shorter, stronger or weaker, hungrier or more abstemious than the generality of people, by addressing Podgy Dick, to the care of Mr. Backer, Flute and Fidgets, Liverpool, they may hear of something to their advantage."

I am Podgy Dick. My height is five foot four, and I have a decided tendency to corpulence. Not having prospered in the world up to the present time,—having, in fact, slipped down from a respectable condition owing to circumstances over which, it is needless to say, I had no control,—I am desirous of going into some business which requires no capital, and returns a certain income. With this view I have answered several advertisements in the Times, and been informed in reply that my fortune was to be made by taking lessons in handwriting, or learning how to make wax flowers. I've my doubts. At any rate I declined to assure myself a fortune by such means, and after much reflection I decided that my safest way to wealth was greatness. England rewards with money her great men. I do not mean such shadowy great men as your lean scholars, your poets, and your naturalists, but real substantial greatness, of the Lambert sort.

Having a tendency, as I have said, to corpulence, it occurred to me to feed myself. I am convinced that a man may, if he has proper perseverance, fatten himself for a show, and being once so fortunate as to become a show, nothing, methought, would remain for me but to establish a pay box at my door, to sit at home and let the capital flow into my pocket of its own accord; some trifle being of course paid to a literary man for handbills. Food is unhappily expensive, and when I had eaten through my credit without much consequent increase of bulk, I saw no other hope for myself than to borrow five shillings for the publication of the advertisement above written in a country paper. Having paid for it once I opened an account, and caused the advertisement to be repeated four or five times. My design was to establish a community of fat men, living skeletons, giants, dwarfs, strong men, hungry men, fasters, cripples, and deformed men; and to establish with them, on participating terms, a Grand Combined Entertainment, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which is now, luckily for my design, to let. The numerous answers to my advertisement proceeded exclusively from hungry men who were desirous of hearing anything to their advantage.

I wish now, again to call the attention of all persons suffering from curious bodily affliction to my plan, to point out its advantages, and to define the sort of people that I want.

I hear it said, that owing to the increase of civilisation and its humanising influence, the number of the vulgar who are to be depended upon for paying a shilling to stare at an affliction is very much decreased. I do not know. It may be so, but the little fellow humorously called General Tom Thumb, was a great favourite for his smallness, and grew—if growth may be named in reference to the poor atomy—quite proud of his bodily defect. It was not an affliction but a boast to him; and if it gratified the pride of people who have not much consciousness of mind, to compare bodies to their own advantage with a poor monster, why should they not? How can the monster be called poor who is paid for showing himself, whose mind is pampered by admiration, and trained up into a vain

engrossment over the contemplation of his own bodily defect. It may be good, as the familiar quotation says,

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels"—

but who shall say that the lady, who lives at this moment behind a curtain and a barrel organ in one of the main thoroughfares of London, is not proud of the admiration excited by her whiskers, and flattered by the pains taken to convince men of her sex.

Besides, what does it matter whether we ought to treat with kindness and consideration men and women who are afflicted with some strangeness in their bodies, to lighten their own consciousness of defect, to remove all greedy stare from them in private life, and with a human readiness lighten for them the burden of their toil wherever it may press severely on an infirm frame,—what does it matter whether we ought to do all this? We do not do it. The fat boy or the small boy is exhibited by his friends, because it is well known that there are plenty who will pay for liberty to stare. Attendance at such exhibitions is not peculiar to the untrained rabble that has only pence to pay, there is a trained rabble ready with shillings and half-crowns. The classes that excel in social courtesy set little example to the rude; they do not discourage by their absence these displays which may or may not be unsocial and uncivilized; that question does not concern Podgy Dick. Whenever I get together my Grand Combined Entertainment, at the Theatre Royal, there will be quite as good attendance in the dress boxes as in the gallery.

I, therefore, invite all men who are uncommonly fat, uncommonly lean, uncommonly tall, uncommonly small, or uncommonly anything at all as to their persons, to come forward and establish an entertainment under my directions. I am prepared to become lessee of her Majesty's Theatre in addition to Drury Lane, and hold both houses, for I will fill them both, if curiously-bodied men and women will only be kind enough to come forward and accept engagements.

But I must have real wonders: no dwarf under fifty years of age and over two feet high; no stout man under fifty stone; no hungry man who has a smaller appetite than Domerz, the Pole. Perhaps, to make things clear and prevent unnecessary trouble, I had better describe by an example or two, the sort of men I want.

To begin with the person just mentioned, Charles Domerz the Pole. He was a prisoner of war confined at Liverpool in the year 1799, and the account of his appetite was sent to Dr. Gilbert Blane by Dr. J. Johnston, Commissioner, at that time, of sick and wounded seamen. At the age of thirteen, while hungering in a besieged town, Domerz began to feel the pangs of morbid appetite, and he crossed over to the enemy for the sake of food. His craving for food soon became wolfish; cooked meat of any kind his stomach rejected, but raw meat of all kinds he omitted no opportunity of seizing. In one year it was said that he had seized and picked the bones, after no other preparation than a rapid skinning, of one hundred and seventy-four cats, and dogs, and rats, as he could find them, in addition to his rations. He was allowed double rations in the army, and fed beyond that, to him very insufficient allowance, by the contributions of his comrades. When his craving could not otherwise be stilled, he would eat grass, but for all vegetable food he had but little liking. During the action in which he was taken prisoner, a man's leg was amputated or shot off on board his ship; he was found gnawing it, and torn from it like a hyæna from his prey. In the prison hospital the miserable man's craving extended to the taking of doses of medicines for patients who desired to cheat the doctor.

In the prison an experiment was tried upon the power of his appetite. After breakfasting at four in the morning—his stomach would not let him rest at night without a meal—after breakfasting upon four pounds of raw udder, he was supplied with food during the day, under the inspection of Dr. Johnston, Admiral Child and his son, Mr. Forster, agent for prisons, and other gentlemen. He ate ten pounds of raw beef and two pounds of candles, drinking five bottles of porter. The candles—twelve to the pound—were taken with the meat, and used to lubricate his throat when it became dry, the tallow of each being taken in three mouthfuls, and the wick sent after, rolled up as a pill. This man had eaten the prison cat and about twenty rats, that he found in his cell.

Now, it is my opinion, that a man like this, dining in public on the stage of Drury Lane, would draw much better than a mere tragedian, who chews unsubstantial words instead of wholesome beef. Domerz was not particularly stout, though a tall man of six feet three.

For the stout man, who should represent the heavy father of my company, I would have somebody like Daniel Lambert. Lambert's name is known better than his history, and the lives of great men should not be forgotten. He was born at Leicester in 1770. His immediate ancestors in the paternal line had been a huntsman and a cock-fighter. His father became a prison-keeper, and retiring from office, was succeeded by the son. Daniel was then a strong young man, given to game sports, who since the age of nineteen, had promised to be heavy. A year after his appointment as a keeper in the prison the great increase in his size commenced, but he remained still active, was a good swimmer, and through the buoyancy of his fat could carry two men on his back across

the river. In 1805, by new arrangements of the magistrates, Daniel's occupation in the prison went, and Daniel, though a young man, received a compensating pension of fifty pounds a year for life. He retired upon his other occupations in the breeding of game-cocks, terriers, and such matters as suited his hereditary taste; his bulk, however, had increased so much that he decided in 1806 to remove to London, where he took rooms in Piccadilly, and made a show of his body at the small charge of one shilling from each visitor. His rooms were well filled, many coming more than once to stare; a banker in the city boasted that he had indulged himself in a pound's worth of the edifying spectacle. When it was not the London season, Lambert made provincial tours, or rested at home among game-chickens and dogs, studying his one volume of literature, the Racing Calendar. He kept at one time thirty terriers, and his setters and pointers fetched prices at Tattersall's varying from twelve to forty-one guineas. Nine of his dogs were sold for two hundred and eighteen guineas.

Lambert was a cheerful and temperate man, a strict water-drinker. He was an exhibition only for three years. In 1809 he was found dead in his room one morning at Stamford, at which town he had arrived in apparent health the day before. On his arrival he had sent for the printer, and entrusted to him a handbill announcing his appearance the next day before an enlightened public. He was buried in St. Martin's burial-ground, and his virtues were carefully mustered on a monumental tablet in the following inscription:—

"In remembrance of that prodigy in nature Daniel Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body and weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds (fourteen pounds to the stone). He departed this life on the 21st of June 1809, aged thirty-nine years. As a testimony of respect this stone was erected by his friends in Leicester."

Daniel Lambert was not a monster in tallness—five feet eleven only; but I will say nothing of giants and dwarfs. Only a well-known friend of Lambert's may be mentioned, Count Borulawski, who, it is said, expressed no grief at his wife's death, because when they had a domestic difference she used to put him on the mantel-piece. I mention this circumstance, because it may suggest a little comic business for my projected entertainment.

For the real low comedy business, however, I should like to find such a man to depend upon as Old Boots, who was a celebrated character at Ripon in the middle of the last century. He died, aged 70, in 1762. He was boots at an inn, and when he brought gentlemen their slippers they were in the habit of paying him with shillings on condition that he held them between his nose and his chin; those features both projected greatly, and their tips very nearly touched one another. A man with such a nose and chin would be the cause of great mirth to the public.

In the beginning of the last century—he was born in 1710—there was a strong man named Thomas Topham, who attained great popularity. He was bred as a carpenter, but his taste led him to turn publican, and he became host of the Red Lion, near the ring in Moorfields, a situation chosen for the sake of the gymnastic exercises of which the ring in Moorfields was the theatre.* Topham failed in his public-house business, but succeeded as a sporting character, attended races, and exhibited his strength in towns. He heaved his horse over a turnpike gate; he stretched his arm out and squeezed a pewter quart pot in his fingers as though it had been made of egg-shell. Being annoyed by the ostler at an inn in Derby, he seized the kitchen spit and wrapped it round his neck after the fashion of a comforter. Still in Derby, he took up a watchman asleep in his box, and put him, box and all, over the wall into Tindall's burying ground. On board a West Indiaman he alarmed a sailor by crumpling a cocoa-nut at his ear, breaking the shell with his fingers as he was in the habit of breaking pewter pots. At a race in the Hackney Road, being annoyed by a man in a cart, he went behind and dragged the cart backwards out of the crowd, in spite of the struggles of the horse to drag it on. Topham limped, for he once laid a wager that if his legs were clasped about a tree, three horses could not drag him from it. The experiment was tried, and the horses being whipped, swerved suddenly aside, so that Tom's leg was broken. But what a fine fellow he was. He was the man to draw. I am quite sure that three such men would draw a house if I could get them into Drury Lane. The success of the whole combined entertainment would be something altogether monstrous.

I need not say, that if my plan should prosper I shall be happy to offer good terms to the whiskered lady now in London, though I suspect that the manufacturers of hair balms, oils, and greases will outbid me. Instead of bears—if I am clairvoyant—we shall have whiskered ladies kept by hairdressers in testimony to the value of their grease. Another great idea!

In Monthly Numbers, Price 2d. (or Stamped for Post, 3d.), and in Yearly Volumes, Price 3s.

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE

OF CURRENT EVENTS;

Which being declared, by the judgment of the Court of Exchequer, a legal publication not coming within the provisions of the Stamp Act, will be regularly continued and much improved.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUR VESTRY.

WE have the glorious privilege of being always in hot water if we like. We are a shareholder in a Great Parochial British Joint Stock Bank of Balderdash. We have a Vestry in our borough, and can vote for a vestryman—might even *be* a vestryman, may-hap, if we were inspired by a lofty and noble ambition. Which we are not.

Our Vestry is a deliberative assembly of the utmost dignity and importance. Like the Senate of ancient Rome, its awful gravity overpowers (or ought to overpower) barbarian visitors. It sits in the Capitol (we mean in the capital building erected for it), chiefly on Saturdays, and shakes the earth to its centre with the echoes of its thundering eloquence, in a Sunday paper.

To get into this Vestry in the eminent capacity of Vestryman, gigantic efforts are made, and Herculean exertions used. It is made manifest to the dullest capacity at every election, that if we reject Snozzle we are done for, and that if we fail to bring in Blunderbooze at the top of the poll, we are unworthy of the dearest rights of Britons. Flaming placards are rife on all the dead walls in the borough, public-houses hang out banners, hackney-cabs burst into full-grown flowers of type, and everybody is, or should be, in a paroxysm of anxiety.

At these momentous crises of the national fate, we are much assisted in our deliberations by two eminent volunteers; one of whom subscribes himself A Fellow Parishioner, the other, A Rate-Payer. Who they are, or what they are, or where they are, nobody knows; but, whatever one asserts, the other contradicts. They are both voluminous writers, inditing more epistles than Lord Chesterfield in a single week; and the greater part of their feelings are too big for utterance in anything less than capital letters. They require the additional aid of whole rows of notes of admiration, like balloons, to point their generous indignation; and they sometimes communicate a crushing severity to stars. As thus:

MEN OF MOONEYMOUNT.

Is it, or is it not, a * * * to saddle the parish with a debt of £2,745 6*s*. 9*d*., yet claim to be a RIGID ECONOMIST?

Is it, or is it not, a * * * to state as a fact what is proved to be *both a moral and a* PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY?

Is it, or is it not, a * * * to call £2,745 6*s*. 9*d*. nothing; and nothing, something?

Do you, or do you *not* want a * * * * TO REPRESENT YOU IN THE VESTRY?

Your consideration of these questions is recommended to you by

A FELLOW PARISHIONER.

It was to this important public document that one of our first orators, MR. MAGG (of Little Winkling Street), adverted, when he opened the great debate of the fourteenth of November by saying, "Sir, I hold in my hand an anonymous slander"—and when the interruption, with which he was at that point assailed by the opposite faction, gave rise to that memorable discussion on a point of order which will ever be remembered with interest by constitutional assemblies. In the animated debate to which we refer, no fewer than thirty-seven gentlemen, many of them of great eminence, including MR. WIGSBY (of Chumbledon Square), were seen upon their legs at one time; and it was on the same great occasion that DOGGINSON—regarded in our Vestry as "a regular John Bull;" we believe, in consequence of his having always made up his mind on every subject without knowing anything about it—informed another gentleman of similar principles on the opposite side, that if he "cheek'd him," he would resort to the extreme measure of knocking his blessed head off.

This was a great occasion. But, our Vestry shines habitually. In asserting its own pre-eminence, for instance, it is very strong. On the least provocation, or on none, it will be clamorous to know whether it is to be "dictated to," or "trampled on," or "ridden over rough-shod." Its great watchword is Self-government. That is to say, supposing our Vestry to favor any little harmless disorder like Typhus Fever, and supposing the Government of the country to be, by any accident, in such ridiculous hands, as that any of its authorities should consider it a duty to object to Typhus Fever—obviously an unconstitutional objection—then, our Vestry cuts in with a terrible manifesto about Self-government, and claims its independent

right to have as much Typhus Fever as pleases itself. Some absurd and dangerous persons have represented, on the other hand, that though our Vestry may be able to "beat the bounds" of its own parish, it may not be able to beat the bounds of its own diseases; which (say they) spread over the whole land in an ever-expanding circle of waste, and misery, and death, and widowhood, and orphanage, and desolation. But, our Vestry makes short work of any such fellows as these.

It was our Vestry—pink of Vestries as it is—that in support of its favorite principle took the celebrated ground of denying the existence of the last pestilence that raged in England, when the pestilence was raging at the Vestry doors. Dogginson said it was plums; Mr. Wigsby (of Chumbledon Square) said it was oysters; Mr Magg (of Little Winkling Street) said, amid great cheering, it was the newspapers. The noble indignation of our Vestry with that un-English institution the Board of Health, under those circumstances, yields one of the finest passages in its history. It wouldn't hear of rescue. Like Mr. Joseph Miller's Frenchman, it would be drowned and nobody should save it. Transported beyond grammar by its kindled ire, it spoke in unknown tongues, and vented unintelligible bellowings, more like an ancient oracle than the modern oracle it is admitted on all hands to be. Rare exigencies produce rare things; and even our Vestry, new hatched to the woful time, came forth a greater goose than ever.

But this, again, was a special occasion. Our Vestry, at more ordinary periods, demands its meed of praise.

Our Vestry is eminently parliamentary. Playing at Parliament is its favourite game. It is even regarded by some of its members as a chapel of ease to the House of Commons: a Little Go to be passed first. It has its strangers' gallery, and its reported debates (see the Sunday paper before-mentioned), and our Vestrymen are in and out of order, and on and off their legs, and above all are transcendantly quarrelsome, after the pattern of the real original.

Our Vestry being assembled, Mr. Magg never begs to trouble Mr. Wigsby with a simple inquiry. He knows better than that. Seeing the honorable gentleman, associated in their minds with Chumbledon Square, in his place, he wishes to ask that honorable gentleman what the intentions of himself, and those with whom he acts, may be, on the subject of the paving of the district known as Piggleum Buildings? Mr. Wigsby replies (with his eye on next Sunday's paper), that in reference to the question which has been put to him by the honorable gentleman opposite, he must take leave to say, that if that honorable gentleman had had the courtesy to give him notice of that question, he (Mr. Wigsby) would have consulted with his colleagues in reference to the advisability, in the present state of the discussions on the new paving-rate, of answering that question. But, as the honorable gentleman has NOT had the courtesy to give him notice of that question (great cheering from the Wigsby interest), he must decline to give the honorable gentleman the satisfaction he requires. Mr. Magg, instantly rising to retort, is received with loud cries of "Spoke!" from the Wigsby interest, and with cheers from the Magg side of the house. Moreover, five gentlemen rise to order, and one of them, in revenge for being taken no notice of, petitions the assembly by moving that this Vestry do now adjourn; but, is persuaded to withdraw that awful proposal, in consideration of its tremendous consequences if persevered in. Mr. Magg, for the purpose of being heard, then begs to move, that you, Sir, do now pass to the order of the day; and takes that opportunity of saying, that if an honorable gentleman whom he has in his eye, and will not demean himself by more particularly naming (oh, oh, and cheers), supposes that he is to be put down by clamour, that honorable gentleman — however supported he may be, through thick and thin, by a Fellow Parishioner, with whom he is well acquainted (cheers and counter-cheers, Mr. Magg being invariably backed by the Rate-Payer)—will find himself mistaken. Upon this, twenty members of our Vestry speak in succession concerning what the two great men have meant, until it appears, after an hour and twenty minutes, that neither of them meant anything. Then our Vestry begins business.

We have said that, after the pattern of the real original, our Vestry in playing at Parliament is transcendantly quarrelsome. It enjoys a personal altercation above all things. Perhaps the most redoubtable case of this kind we have ever had—though we have had so many that it is difficult to decide—was that on which the last extreme solemnities passed between Mr. Tiddypot (of Gumtion House) and Captain Banger (of Wilderness Walk).

In an adjourned debate on the question whether water could be regarded in the light of a necessary of life; respecting which there were great differences of opinion, and many shades of sentiment; Mr. Tiddypot, in a powerful burst of eloquence against that hypothesis, frequently made use of the expression that such and such a rumour "had reached his ears." Captain Banger, following him, and holding that, for purposes of ablution and refreshment, a pint of water per diem was necessary for every adult of the lower classes, and half a pint for every child, cast ridicule upon his address in a sparkling speech, and concluded by saying that instead of those rumours having reached the ears of the honorable gentleman, he rather thought the

honorable gentleman's ears must have reached the rumours, in consequence of their well-known length. Mr. Tiddypot immediately rose, looked the honorable and gallant gentleman full in the face, and left the Vestry.

The excitement, at this moment painfully intense, was heightened to an acute degree when Captain Banger rose, and also left the Vestry. After a few moments of profound silence—one of those breathless pauses never to be forgotten—Mr. Chib (of Tucket's Terrace, and the father of the Vestry) rose. He said that words and looks had passed in that assembly, replete with consequences which every feeling mind must deplore. Time pressed. The sword was drawn, and while he spoke the scabbard might be thrown away. He moved that those honorable gentlemen who had left the Vestry be recalled, and required to pledge themselves upon their honor that this affair should go no farther. The motion being by a general union of parties unanimously agreed to (for everybody wanted to have the belligerents there, instead of out of sight: which was no fun at all), Mr. Magg was deputed to recover Captain Banger, and Mr. Chib himself to go in search of Mr. Tiddypot. The Captain was found in a conspicuous position, surveying the passing omnibuses from the top step of the front-door immediately adjoining the beadle's box; Mr. Tiddypot made a desperate attempt at resistance, but was overpowered by Mr. Chib (a remarkably hale old gentleman of eighty-two), and brought back in safety.

Mr. Tiddypot and the Captain being restored to their places, and glaring on each other, were called upon by the chair to abandon all homicidal intentions, and give the Vestry an assurance that they did so. Mr. Tiddypot remained profoundly silent. The Captain likewise remained profoundly silent, saving that he was observed by those around him to fold his arms like Napoleon Buonaparte, and to snort in his breathing—actions but too expressive of gunpowder.

The most intense emotion now prevailed. Several members clustered in remonstrance round the Captain, and several round Mr. Tiddypot; but, both were obdurate. Mr. Chib then presented himself amid tremendous cheering, and said, that not to shrink from the discharge of his painful duty, he must now move that both honorable gentlemen be taken into custody by the beadle, and conveyed to the nearest police-office, there to be held to bail. The union of parties still continuing, the motion was seconded by Mr. Wigsby—on all usual occasions Mr. Chib's opponent—and rapturously carried with only one dissentient voice. This was Dogginson's, who said from his place, "Let 'em fight it out with fistes;" but whose coarse remark was received as it merited.

The beadle now advanced along the floor of the Vestry, and beckoned with his cocked hat to both members. Every breath was suspended. To say that a pin might have been heard to fall, would be feebly to express the all-absorbing interest and silence. Suddenly, enthusiastic cheering broke out from every side of the Vestry. Captain Banger had risen—being, in fact, pulled up by a friend on either side, and poked up by a friend behind.

The Captain said, in a deep determined voice, that he had every respect for that Vestry and every respect for that chair; that he also respected the honorable gentleman of Gumtion House; but, that he respected his honor more. Hereupon the Captain sat down, leaving the whole Vestry much affected. Mr. Tiddypot instantly rose, and was received with the same encouragement. He likewise said—and the exquisite art of this orator communicated to the observation an air of freshness and novelty—that he too had every respect for that Vestry; that he too had every respect for that chair. That he too respected the honorable and gallant gentleman of Wilderness Walk; but, that he too respected his honor more. "Hows'ever," added the distinguished Vestryman, "if the honorable and gallant gentleman's honor is never more doubted or damaged than it is by me, he's all right." Captain Banger immediately started up again, and said that after those observations, involving as they did ample concession to his honor without compromising the honor of the honorable gentleman, he would be wanting in honor as well as in generosity, if he did not at once repudiate all intention of wounding the honor of the honorable gentleman, or saying anything dishonorable to his honorable feelings. These observations were repeatedly interrupted by bursts of cheers. Mr. Tiddypot retorted that he well knew the spirit of honor by which the honorable and gallant gentleman was so honorably animated, and that he accepted an honorable explanation, offered in a way that did him honor; but, he trusted that the Vestry would consider that his (Mr. Tiddypot's) honor had imperatively demanded of him that painful course which he had felt it due to his honor to adopt. The Captain and Mr. Tiddypot then touched their hats to one another across the Vestry, a great many times, and it is thought that these proceedings (reported to the extent of several columns in next Sunday's paper) will bring them in as churchwardens next year.

All this was strictly after the pattern of the real original, and so are the whole of our Vestry's proceedings. In all their debates, they are laudably imitative of the windy and wordy slang of the real original, and of nothing that is better in it. They have headstrong party animosities, without any reference to the merits of questions; they tack a surprising amount of debate to a very little business; they set more store by forms than they do by substances:—all very like the real original! It has been doubted in our borough whether

our Vestry is of any utility; but our own conclusion is, that it is of the use to the Borough that a diminishing mirror is to a Painter, as enabling it to perceive in a small focus of absurdity all the surface defects of the real original. We wish our Vestry long life, therefore, in continuing to play at Parliament. One of these days, when it gets a very good subject for the game, we may become, for the occasion, its faithful Hansard.

SHAWLS.

In that part of Asia where some of our brave countrymen have penetrated only to die—in that country where Charles Stoddart and his friend Conolly, whose faces will never be forgotten by some of us, and whose voices still sound in our ears, consoled each other through a loathsome imprisonment, and went out together to lose their heads in the market-place of the capital; in that distant and impracticable country of Bokhara, which we are ready to say we will never have any connexion with—there are people always employed in our service. We are not now thinking of the Bokhara clover, which is such a treat to our cows and horses. We owe that, and lucerne, and others of our green crops, to the interior of Asia; but we are thinking of something more elaborate. In Bokhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the belly is growing: this fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of bright colours, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our Schools of Design and study of nature and art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joins. The precious merchandise is delivered to traders who receive it on credit. On their return from market they pay the price of the shawls at the Bokhara value, with 30 per cent. interest: or, if they cannot do this in consequence of having been robbed, or of any other misfortune, they stay away, and are never seen again in their native land.

Where is this market? So far away from home that the traders wear out their clothes during their journey; and their fair skins become as brown as mulattoes. On, on, on they go, day after day, month after month, on their pacing camels, or beside them, over table-lands, mounting one above another; over grass, among rocks, over sand, through snows; now chilled to the marrow by icy winds; now scorched by sunshine, from which there is no shelter but the flat cotton caps, with which they thatch their bare crowns: on, on, for fifteen thousand miles, to the borders of Russia, to sell the shawls which are to hang on ladies' shoulders in Hyde Park, and where beauties most do congregate in Paris and Vienna.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins as a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body as a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree where the whimsical patterns grow, like the wild flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls, to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bride-groom wins favour by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette, and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnants of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalise her widowhood. The maiden-aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration; parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again

on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia over bleak continents and wide oceans, can be only for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year, for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the Queen and certain duchesses and countesses, offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasures from India, their Cashmeres, and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, but for the unaccountable and unrivalled superiority of the Orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women of the working classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacture is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactories.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl; designed for eternity in the unchanging East; copied from patterns which are the heirloom of a caste, and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adorers of the ancient garment, who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl, with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called a shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it: the tartan—which name is given not only to the checks of divers colours which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colours and fabric—woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulders. The third kind is quite modern; the showy, slight and elegant printed shawl, derived from Lyons, and now daily rising in favour. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire—without injury to Stirlingshire—which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years; and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshippers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime. Ordinary purchasers give from one pound to ten pounds for one, and can give more if they desire a very superior shawl: a process which it is not convenient to repeat every two or three years. The handsomest printed shawls, meantime, can be had for two pounds, and they will last two years; by the end of which time, probably, the wearer has a mind for something new. The time required for the production answers pretty accurately to these circumstances. It takes a week to weave a shawl of the genuine sort; in the same time ten or twelve of the tartan or plaid, and twenty or thirty of the printed can be produced.

The processes employed for these three kinds of shawls are wholly different; and we will therefore look at them separately, though we saw them, in fact, under the same roof. As for the tartan shawls, there is no need to enlarge upon them, as their production is much like that of any other kind of variegated cloth. We need mention only one fact in regard to them, which is, however, very noticeable; the recent invention of a machine by which vast time and labour are saved. As we all know, the fringes of cloth shawls are twisted—some threads being twisted together in one direction, and then two of these twists being twisted in the opposite direction. Till a month ago this work was done by girls, in not the pleasantest way, either to themselves or the purchaser, by their wetting their hands from their own mouths, and twisting the threads between their palms. The machine does, in a second of time, the work of fourteen pairs of hands: that is, as two girls attend it, there is a saving of twelve pairs of hands and some portion of time, and the work is done with thorough certainty and perfection: whereas, under the old method, for one girl who could do the work well, there might be several who did it indifferently or ill. The machine, invented by Mr. Hutchison, must be seen to be understood: for there is no giving an idea, by description, of the nicety with which the brass tongues rise to lift up the threads and to twist them; then throw them together, and rub them against the leather-covered shafts; which, instead of human palms, twist them in the opposite direction. In seeing this machine the old amazement recurs at the size, complication, and dignity of an instrument contrived for so simple a purpose. The dignity, however, resides not in the magnitude of the office, but in the saving of time and human labour.

Of the other two kinds of shawls, which shall we look at first? Let it be the true and venerable woven shawl.

The wool is Australian or German—chiefly

Australian. It comes, in the form of yarn, from Bradford, in hanks which are anything but white, so that they have first to be washed. Of the washing, dyeing, and warping we need not speak, as they are much the same to the observer's and therefore to the reader's, eye as the preparation of yarns for carpets in Kendal, and of silk for ribbons in Coventry. While the washing and drying, and the dyeing and drying again are proceeding, the higher labour of preparing the pattern is advancing.

But how much of the lower kind of work can be done during the slow elaboration of the higher! It really requires some patience and fortitude even to witness the mighty task of composing and preparing the pattern of an elaborate shawl. Let the reader study any three square inches of a good shawl border; let the threads be counted, and the colours, and the twists and turnings of the pattern; and then let it be remembered that the general form has to be invented, and the subdivisions, and the details within each form, and the filling up of the spaces between, and the colours—as a whole, and in each particular; and that, before the material can be arranged for the weaving, every separate stitch (so to speak) must be painted down on paper in its right place. Is it not bewildering to think of? Much more bewildering and imposing is it to see. As for the first sketch of the design, that is all very pretty; and, the strain on the faculties not being cognisable by the stranger, is easy enough. There goes the artist-pencil—tracing waving lines and elegant forms, giving no more notion of the operations within than the hands of a clock do of the complication of the works. Formerly, the employers put two or three good foreign patterns into the artists' hands, and said, "Make a new pattern out of these." Now that we have Schools of Design, and more accessible specimens of art, the direction is given without the aids. "Make a new pattern;" and the artist sits down with nothing before him but pencil and paper—unless, indeed, he finds aids for himself in wild flowers, and other such instructors in beauty of form and colour. By degrees, the different parts of the pattern shape themselves out, and combine—the centre groups with the ends, and the ends grow out into the sides with a natural and graceful transition. Then the portions, properly outlined, are delivered to the colourers; who cover the drawing with oiled paper, and begin to paint. It would not do to colour the outlined drawing, because there are no outlines in the woven fabric. It is dazzling only to look upon. Much less minute is the transferring to the diced paper which is the real working pattern. The separate portions of the finished pattern of a single shawl, when laid on the floor, would cover the carpet of a large drawing-room. The taking down such a pattern upon paper occupies four months.

The weaving is done either by "lashing," or from Jacquard cards. The Jacquard loom answers for the eternal patterns, and the "lashing" method suffices for those which are not likely to be repeated. The man seated at the "piano-machine," playing on a sort of keys, from the coloured pattern stuck up before his eyes, is punching the Jacquard cards, which are then transferred, in their order, to the lacing-machine, where they are strung together by boys into that series which is to operate upon the warp in the weaving, lifting up the right threads for the shuttle to pass under to form the pattern, as in other more familiar manufactures. The "lashing" is read off from the pattern, too, in the same way as with carpet patterns at Kendal; so many threads being taken up and interlaced with twine for a red stitch, and then so many more for a green, and so on. Boys then fasten each symbol of a hue to a netting of whipcord, by that tail of the netting which, by its knots, signifies that particular hue: so that, when the weaving comes to be done, the boy, pulling the symbolic cord, raises the threads of the warp,—green, blue, or other,—which are required for that throw of the shuttle. Thus the work is really all done before-hand, except the mere putting together of the threads; done, moreover, by anybody but the weaver, who is, to say the truth, a mere shuttle-throwing machine. The poor man does not even see and know what he is doing. The wrong side of the shawl is uppermost; and not even such a wrong side as we see, which gives some notion of the pattern on the other. Previous to cutting, the wrong side of a shawl is a loose surface of floating threads of all colours; of the threads, in fact, which are thrown out of the pattern, and destined to be cut away and given to the paper-makers to make coarse grey paper. One pities the weaver, who sits all day long throwing the shuttle, while the boy at the end of his loom pulls the cords which make the pattern, and throw up nothing but refuse to the eye. He has not even the relief of stopping to roll up what he has done, for a little machine is now attached to his loom, which saves the necessity of stopping for any such purpose. It is called "the up-taking motion." By it a few little cog-wheels are set to turn one another, and, finally, the roller, on which the woven fabric is wound as finished.

The bundles of weaving-strings and netting which regulate the pattern, are called "flowers." From the quantity of labour and skill wrought up in their arrangement, they are very valuable. A pile of them, on a small table, were, as we were assured, worth one thousand pounds. We may regard each as the soul or spirit of the shawl,—not creating its material, but animating it with character, personality, and beauty. We have said that it takes a man a week to weave a shawl: but this means a "long" shawl, and not a "square." The squares remain our favourites; but the female world does not seem to be of our mind. It is true the symmetry of the pattern is

spoiled when the white centre hangs over one shoulder. It is true, the "longs" are heavy and very warm, from being twice doubled. But they have one advantage which ladies hold to compensate for those difficulties; they can be folded to any size, and therefore to suit any figure,—tall or short, stout or thin. We are assured that, for one square shawl that is sold, there are a hundred "longs."

A capital machine now intervenes, with its labour-saving power; this time, of French invention. Formerly, it took two girls a whole day to cut off the refuse threads from the back of a shawl. But this machine, superintended by a man, does it in a minute and a half. A horizontal blade is traversed by spiral blades fixed on a cylinder, the revolving of which gives to the blades the action of a pair of scissors. The man's office is to put in the shawl, set the machine going, and to beat down the refuse as fast as it is cut off.

The upper surface of the shawl remains somewhat rough—rough enough to become soon a rather dirty article of dress, from the dust which it would catch up and retain. It is therefore smoothed by singing. This very offensive process is performed by a man who must have gone through a severe discipline before he could endure his business. He heats his iron (which is like a very large, heavy knife, turned up at the end) red hot, spreads the shawl on a table rather larger than itself, and passes the red-hot iron over the surface, with an even and not very rapid movement. What would that Egyptian dragoman have said, who, being asked to iron out an English clergyman's white ducks, burned off the right leg with the first touch of his box-iron? That box-iron was not red hot, nor anything like it; yet there is no such destruction here. There is only the brown dust fizzing. Pah! that 's enough! let us go somewhere else.

In a light, upper room, women and girls are at work, sitting on low stools, each with a shawl stretched tightly over her knees. Some of these are darning, with the utmost nicety, any cracks, thin places, or "faults" in the fabric; darning each in its exact colour. Some are putting silk fringes upon the printed shawls, tacking them in with a needle, measuring each length by eye and touch, and then knotting, or, as it is called, "notting" the lengths by cross-ties. One diminutive girl of nearly ten, is doing this with wonderful quickness, as she sits by her mother's knee. The girls do not come to work before this age; nor the boys before twelve. In other rooms, women are seated at tables, or leaning over them, twisting the fringes of plaid shawls, or picking out knots and blemishes with pincers, and brushing all clean, and then folding them, with sheets of stiff pasteboard between, ready for the final pressure in the hydraulic press, which makes them fit for the shop.

The fabric for the printed shawls is light and thin, in comparison with the woven. The thinness is various; from the barège to the lightest gossamer that will bear the pressure of the block. The whole importance of the production consists in the printing; for the fabric is simple and common enough. A man can weave ten yards per day of the barège; and the silk gauze, striped or plain, requires no particular remark.

The designing is done with the same pains and care as for the genuine shawl, but the range of subjects is larger. While something of the Oriental character of the shawl patterns must be preserved, much of the beauty of French figured silks and brocades and embroidery may be admitted. Thus the designing and colouring-rooms contain much that pleases the eye, though one does not see there the means and appliances which fill some apartment or another of Birmingham factories—the casts from the antique, the volumes of plates, the flowers in water, and so on. The preparation of the blocks for printing, and yet more the application of them, reminded us of the paper-staining, which we had certainly never thought of before in connexion with shawls. The wood used is lime-wood. Some of the blocks are chiselled and picked out, like those of the paper-stainer. The cast-blocks are more curious. A punch is used, the point or needle of which is kept hot by a flame, from which the workman's head is defended by a shield of metal. He burns holes by puncturing with this hot needle along all the outlines of the block he holds in his hands, much as a little child pricks outlines on paper on a horse-hair chair-bottom. There is a groove along the face of each block, to allow the metal to run in. The burned blocks are screwed tight in a press, their joined tops forming a saucer, into which the molten metal (composed of tin, bismuth and lead) is poured. In it goes, and down the grooves, penetrating into all the burnt holes; and, of course, when cool, furnishing a cast of the patterns desired, in the form of upright thorns or spikes on a metallic ground or plate. These plates are filed smooth at the back, and fixed on wood, and you have the blocks ready to print from; one representing one colour, another another, and so on, till the plates for a single shawl of many colours may mount up in value to a very large sum.

Before printing, the fabric has been well washed; the barège being passed, by machinery, over cylinders which apply and squeeze out a wash of soap, soda and glue. All roughnesses had previously been removed by a "cropping" machine. After drying, it comes to the printing-table, where it is treated much like a paper-hanging. This is all very well; but what is to be done in case of a shower of rain? a not improbable incident in the life of a shawl. A paper hanging would not stand a driving rain. Are ladies imposed upon in this matter, when they are offered a gay-printed shawl as wearable out of doors? By no means. Nobody

knows how it is, but the fact is certain, that a good steaming, at a tremendous heat, fixes the colours by some chemical action, without in the least hurting their lustre: so the shawls go into the steaming-box, and come out of it able to bear as many washings as you please, without any change of colour. After drying, in a heat of one hundred and ten degrees, they go upstairs to be surveyed, fringed, folded and pressed.

It seems a pity that the fat, easy, lazy Bokharian, and the slim, lithe, patient Hindoo, should not come to Paisley, and see how shawls are made there. To the one, shaving his camel on the plain, and the other, throwing his antique shuttle under the palm, how strange would be the noise, and the stench, and the speed, and the numbers employed, and the amount of production! To the one, it may be the work of years to furnish to the travelling merchant strips of eight inches wide, enough to make a shawl; and to the other, the production of such an article is an event in life; while here, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months, the weaving of the most genuine and venerable kind occupies only a week. We do not believe that the simple and patient Oriental will be driven out of the market by us, because there is no promise, at present, of our overtaking their excellence. We hope there will be room in the world of fashion for them and us for ever—(the "for ever" of that world). We shall not go back to their methods, and it is not very likely that they should come up to ours; so we shall probably each go on in our own way, which is what everybody likes best.

THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

The Coffee Estate on which I resided as manager, was situated in one of the wildest and most beautiful districts of the island of Ceylon, elevated far above the burning low-lands, where fragrant spices and waving palms told of rich soils and balmy winds. The plantation was on a broad table-land, fully three thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, forty miles removed from the only European town in the interior, and at least ten miles from any other white man's dwelling. Within a short walk of the lower boundary of my property was a small Kandyan village, containing within itself the very pith and marrow of Cingalese society—a true type of the entire community of the island. As I mixed so unreservedly and frequently with the people, and saw so much of their every-day-life, it may be interesting to some to see a faint outline drawn of this place.

Malwattie, which was its name, signifies literally, "a garden of flowers," and such in truth it was, when I first visited it. The reader must not suppose it a place bearing the most remote resemblance to any collection of houses in this country. There is not such a thing as a row of houses or huts to be seen: shops are unknown in that primitive place, and until later years, no such incubus as a tavern-keeper or arrack-renter was known there. Every little hut or cottage was carefully shaded from the view of its neighbour; fairly established on its own account—so much so, as though the inmates had written up in barbarous Cingalese characters, "No connexion with the house next door." I never could learn that there was any superstition among Cingalese hut-builders as to the variation in the aspects of their domiciles, but certain it was that no two dwellings faced precisely the same points of the compass. One would be north-east, and the nearest to it would be north-east and by east: you might fancy you had found another facing a similar point, but on a careful observation you would see that you could not make it any better than north-east and by east-half-east. I tried the experiment for a long time, but was compelled at length to give it up. I had regularly "boxed the compass" round the entire village.

Partly from long established custom, and partly from a desire of shading their dwellings from the heat of the sun, the Kandyans bury their isolated huts beneath a dense mass of the rankest vegetation. At a short distance not a sign of human habitation could be traced were it not for the thickly growing topes of bananas, areka palms, and bread-fruit-trees, which are ever found around and above their quiet abodes.

Malwattie formed no exception to the general rule in this respect; it was as snugly hedged and fenced, and grown over, as was Robinson Crusoe's dwelling after the visits of the savages. Every tiny hut appeared to possess a maze of its own for the express purpose of perplexing all new-comers, especially white men. The entire village did not cover more than a quarter of a square mile, yet it would have puzzled any living thing but a bird to have visited all the cottages in less time than half a day, and very giddy, tiring work it would have been.

Small as was this primitive community, it had its superiors. The leading men were the priest of the little Buddhist Vihara, or shrine; and the Korale or headman. I will not distress the reader by putting the names of these men in print, as they would be perfectly unpronounceable, and, moreover, as lengthy as the approaches to their own dwellings. The entire names of one Cingalese community would fill a moderately-sized volume. I will therefore only speak of these men as the Priest and the Korale.

The latter was a rather respectable man, as things go in Ceylon; he was negatively irreproachable in character. He had certainly never committed murder or theft on the Queen's highway. Perjury had not been charged against him, and as for the faithful discharge of his few official duties, no one had ever called that in question, though there

were some rather curious tales afloat on the subject of the last assessment on rice-lands. At the office of the Government agent of the district he was believed to be as active and honest as nine-tenths of the native headmen, though to be sure, that was not saying very much for him. The villagers looked up to him with the utmost veneration and respect, and no wonder, for on his fiat depended the amount of rice-tax their lands were to pay. He was a venerable-looking old gentleman, with a flowing white beard, a keen quiet eye, and an easy-going habit that might have been called dignity or laziness. It was his duty to render to the Government officers a just account of the industry, if such a term can be applied to anything Cingalese, of his village; to furnish returns of the increase or decrease of the population; to give notice of all crimes and offences committed, and in short, to represent the local government in minor details. For all this, no salary was paid him. He was satisfied with the honour of the office; and yet, strange to tell, this Korale had so far increased his property by gaining nothing, that he was a man of some substance when I left the place, owning some hundreds of cattle, and rich in pasture lands. Education was unknown to him; he could scratch a little Cingalese on the dried leaves used in place of paper, and I believe could count as far as ten. His most complicated accounts were all on a decimal system, and by the aid of numerous symbols known but to himself, and the erudition of the friendly priest, he contrived to transact a multitude of statistical business with the authorities.

The abode of this old patriarch would have furnished a study for a lover of the antique. Everything seemed in keeping with his long white beard. The doors and windows, the couches and three-legged table, all were hoary with years. Even the atmosphere had a musty smell about it, as though it had been keeping him company ever since he was a little boy.

In the midst of thick foliage, as bright and green as the cottage was dark and cankery, it seemed at a distance like a huge wart on the rich vegetation. The coffee, the banana, the cotton, the jambo, the paw-paw, besides an infinity of other useful things, grew in wild profusion. Of what we should call garden he had none, nor did he need any, for the friendly villagers kept his daily wants amply supplied from their own little scanty patches. At early dawn, the little narrow pathway leading circuitously to his door, might be seen tracked by men, women, and children, laden with fruits, vegetables, and eggs, for the Korale's larder; he might well grow stout and glossy, and contented with his lot. There was such a supply of vegetable diet introduced through his crazy old doorway each morning, as might have fully satisfied the vegetarians of Great Britain, with something to spare for the pigs. But the old gentleman disposed of it all; for he had a little colony of feudal dependants hanging about his heels, living, or rather existing, in low cattle-sheds behind his own barn of a place. These serfs tracked him wherever he went; one held a paper umbrella or a talipot leaf over him, in his walks: another carried his stick of office; one beat off the musquitoes; another fanned him to sleep with a *punkah*. In short they did everything for him, save eat and sleep; and these functions he performed for himself to perfection.

The old Korale was generally pleased with my visits, for they added to his importance in the eyes of the little community. He lived quite alone; his wife had been dead some years, and he had lost his only child by fever. His days were mostly passed in sleeping, smoking, and eating, varied occasionally with a stroll round his rice-fields, or those of his neighbours. It was seldom that he visited Kandy, the ancient capital: as for Colombo, or any part of the sea-coast, the wildest freaks of his imagination would never induce him to contemplate a journey so far from the spot of his birth.

It was a curious sight to behold this ancient being leading such a hedgehog existence: rolling himself up in indolence after every meal of rice and curry, in his little, darkened, cavern-like verandah; and there, if no guest arrived, falling asleep, until the next meal aroused him from his torpor. I have found him thus, clad in semi-barbaric pomp, reeking with dirt and swelled with importance, in a balloon-shaped Kandyan hat, a flowing robe and loose jacket, with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves fastened by silver bangles; an enormous mass of white muslin, wrapped, fold upon fold, around his waist. A pretty little mountain stream fell trickling and bubbling past the door, over stones and sticks, and flowers and herbs, until it was lost in the rice-fields below, playing and gambolling as though each tiny wave had been some frolicsome wood-nymph. Little could be seen from that shady portal, and not much more heard, beyond the hum of myriad insects and the distant cry of birds of the jungle.

Often have I sat with the Korale chatting on local and other matters, for he was a man of gossip, though of limited ideas. I tried in vain to make him understand the position and importance of other countries: of their great superiority to the Kandyans, and of the features which distinguished us people of the west from Orientals. He could not be persuaded that Europe was larger, or a better place than Ceylon; that better corn and vegetables were grown in England than on the Kandyan hills; or that a modern drawing-room was a more comfortable sort of place than a Cingalese Korale's reception-room, with earthen floor and leafy ceiling. Of some description of politics he had gleaned a faint idea from the reported contents of one of the local

newspapers, very democratic in its principles. He had an inkling that things were not going on as they should do, and that a republic must be the sort of government suited to the present wants of man. Yet, strange to say, he connected with his ideas of reform a return to those things which the liberality of the British Government had abolished, forced labour and flogging at the discretion of the headmen!

The priest was of a far different stamp: not an educated man, in an European sense of the word; but still with some glimmering of mind within; just serving to render internal darkness visible. He, of course, could read fluently; for it was a portion of his duties to recite verses of their Pitakas or sacred writings, morning and evening, in the Vihara. He possessed a fair share of curiosity, and a desire to know something of other places and things. Nay, more, he frequently heard me read a whole chapter of the Scriptures, with which he was much pleased, and frankly admitted that Christianity was the best religion next to Buddhism.

His Vihara and dwelling were at one end of the range of little hills, on the slopes of which the village of Malwattie was situated, though above them considerably. It was the only roof covered by tiles; and, unlike the rest, might be seen at some distance, peeping out from amidst a whole bunch of foliage. To arrive at it the traveller had to wend his way along a weary length of loose stones that led over low swampy ground, round the edges of rice-fields, and up the sides of rather steep hills—a slip from which bid fair to plunge the wayfarer down some very ugly places. It was a path that should be trodden by none but a tight-rope dancer, or a native of the country.

The view from the door of the shrine was highly picturesque, commanding a survey of many miles of mountain, forest and prairie country, through which herds of cattle were dotted like so many very small mice. His abode was mean in the extreme, with scarce sufficient to make life supportable. The rules of his order forbad him to acquire any property, and he subsisted from day to day on charity—just as did his friend the Korale, though needing it much more.

The priest often visited me in the plantation, and examined with much curiosity the various books and pictures about the bungalow. On one of these occasions an incident occurred which threatened at first to cut short our intimacy; but was eventually forgotten or laughed at. I had frequently pressed my yellow-robed friend to partake of my meat, and taste a little port wine, of which I knew most of these people are very fond—but in vain; he professed the utmost dislike to any strong drink, independently of the restriction laid on them by their rules. One day, while conversing with him, I was called away to the coffee-store by one of the labourers, and left him alone sitting by my little jungle sideboard. As I was returning immediately afterwards, and when near the door, I heard a great coughing and spluttering, and strange choking noises. Upon entering, I found the priest almost dead with a fit of coughing. He had staggered against the wall, his eyes were streaming with water, his hands clenched together, while, down his long golden robes, a jet black stream had found its sable way. A bottle lay at his feet. The truth flashed across me in a moment. The wary priest had gone to my sideboard to steal a taste of the forbidden wine, and had, unfortunately, taken a good draught from a quart bottle of *ink*.

Next in village importance to the characters already named was one Ranghamy, the head constable, deputy-sheriff, tax-collector, and there is no saying what besides. He was right-hand man of the Korale, not quite so stout, but more thick-headed, save when his own interest was concerned, and then it was remarkable how his faculties brightened up, and illuminated the social atmosphere of Malwattie. Ranghamy was not a native of the village, nor of the district; nobody seemed to know whence he came, except the Korale, and he had long since forgotten. The hydra-headed official had a numerous progeny of Ranghamies of both sexes, besides a large herd of sleek, well-favoured cattle; yet, oddly enough, he had neither lands whereon to pasture the one, nor salary wherewith to feed and clothe the other. Still they were all fed, and clothed, and pastured. The junior head-constable, and the little female deputy-sheriffs, and the tax-collectors in arms, were clad in whiter robes than any other young villagers. As for the cattle, they might have been exhibited at the Smithfield show, and won all the prizes by several stone of fat. Whether they grew thus corpulent from any miraculous interference of Buddha, or were fattened by some scientific process upon constables' broken staves and collectors' decayed tax-books, or whether they were daily driven upon other people's lands, who dared not complain to the Korale, and if they did, could not expect the head-constable to impound his own bullocks;—which of these might have been the case, I never learnt, though I had my suspicions in the matter. Ranghamy was said to have realised considerable sums by hiring out his cattle to the moormen, who convey rice and salt from the sea-coast on pack-bullocks to the interior. Of this prosperity his dwelling gave abundant proof, for he had not only English crockery and cutlery, but a decanter mysteriously covered up with a floor mat, in which it was whispered wine was once seen. Two pictures in frames, in glaring colours, graced the walls; while on a kind of shelf was placed, by way of ornament, a chemist's white ointment jar with a faded gilt label.

Not far removed from the constable in

locality and dignity of office, was the village peon and post-holder, as graceless and lazy as any within the central province of the island, and that is saying a good deal. It would have been a difficult thing to have shown that Puncheyralle, the post-holder, did anything to entitle him to the name beyond bestowing an occasional kick on the letter-carriers or runners as they passed through the village; yet the man grumbled at receiving no more than five rix-dollars, or seven shillings and sixpence a month, for the discharge of these onerous duties. Puncheyralle had a rather bustling little wife, who did all the heavy work for him, except the kicking; the pigs, the garden, the fowls, all were in her charge, and while she and the very small children cooked the meals, and kept the house in order, their lord and master lay on his back, or beat the tom-tom or native drum, or perhaps gambled with a neighbour for a few copper challies.

The remainder of the village was made up of families generally poor enough, who derived their sole support from the produce of their patrimonial lands. In several instances the domestic arrangements of these people, with a view of keeping their little property from dwindling away by frequent subdivisions, were singular enough to an English mind. There were two or three households in which several brothers had but one wife amongst them, and, more singular still, they appeared to dwell together most harmoniously.

A picture of one of these groups is a portrait of them all. Poor to affect misery in all but rice and a few fine grains, these people are invariably landholders, some of them on an infinitesimally small scale. At times the family will be large, swelled by the addition of an aged grandfather or grandmother, or some such relation, and with, generally, a numerous progeny of all ages. Beyond the culture of their rice, of primary importance, the space that produces their few additional necessaries, such as chillies, tobacco, and fine grain, is little enough. A few of them possessed one or two buffaloes; most of them had a caricature of a pig and a few scarecrows of fowls; but there was only one milch cow in the entire range of Malwattie.

It was truly astonishing to see how early the young children were put to tasks of strength. The boys were made to look after the buffaloes and the rice-fields, while the girls were set to weave mats, pound the rice from the husk, fetch water, and such work. Often have I seen a little delicate child, six or seven years of age, staggering up a tolerably steep path, with an infant placed astride across its little hip, and a huge earthen chattie of water on its head. Such early toil as this, equally early marriage, and generally poor and scanty diet, lead to one inevitable result—premature old age, and hastened death.

There was but one exception to the sameness of the population of Malwattie; it consisted of a small household, not far from the foot of the hill near the Vihara, and closely adjoining the bullock-track or bridle-path leading past my estate from the high-road. Here, beneath a pretty tope of never-fading trees, where blossom, and fruit, and sweetest perfumes played their part all through the year, dwelt a blind old man and his pretty grand-daughter. Of their history I had gleaned but little, just sufficient to make me feel an interest in their welfare. The tiny hut they dwelt in was not more diminutive than neat: so clean, and white, and fresh within; without, all was beauty and order. Had a whole legion of mountain sylphs and wood nymphs been busily employed about the place all night long and every night, it could not have been kept in more perfect and picturesque neatness. The little fence around the cottage was so nicely trimmed; the garden in front so well swept and watered; the orange and lemon trees so carefully tended, and always so delighted to bear plenty of fruit for dear little Dochie to gather, that they didn't bend and droop with the heavy clusters of golden wealth as some trees would have done, but actually danced and leaped about in the morning and evening breezes, as though their burden were no burden, but a capital joke.

Pretty little Dochie, gentle little Dochie, was not more than ten years of age when I first made her acquaintance, one hot morning in the dry season. I caught her gathering some oleander blossoms and roses, and country jessamine, and thought I had never seen anything half so lovely, barring her colour. I reined in my pony and asked her for a draught of water; instead of looking alarmed, as most of her class do when thus accosted, she smiled good-naturedly, and tripped into the little cottage. I was off my nag and in the pretty flower-garden when she came out with a cocoa-nut shell of—not water but, bless the dear child—foaming rich white goats' milk. I am not quite sure, but I rather think I must have kissed her as I returned her the homely flagon; at any rate, we became the best of friends, and it ended in Dochie taking me to see her old blind grandfather, who was busily working at a net of some sort, and then to inspect one of the neatest little farm-yards I had ever seen out of old England. The whole place was a perfect miracle of industry and neatness, and I could not help asking how she managed to keep it so. It appeared that their neighbours assisted, at certain seasons, in working the garden and bringing it into good order, and that the old man helped her to carry the water from the little bamboo spout, which the villagers had fixed for them to convey a supply from the hill stream at some distance, to the extremity of their property.

They appeared to be in want of nothing that could make them comfortable; as to money, they had little enough, their sole

earnings being from the sale of her goats' milk, flowers, and fruit, to wayside travellers. She assured me, that when the pilgrims passed on their way to the sacred foot-print on Adam's Peak, she sold as many flowers and asemuch fruit as the garden could produce, and enabled them to be quite extravagant in white cloths and handkerchiefs.

From that time forward, I never passed through Malwattie without a draught of fresh milk, and a little bouquet gathered by Dochie's own tiny hand. At length, it came to my dismounting regularly, and, in course of time, amongst other things we talked of, were books and knowledge. Her dark, bright eyes sparkled as I told her what wonders she might learn if she could but read English books. This strange art was now her sole thought, and one day she found courage to ask me how she could learn it. I hesitated, for I did not quite see how to help her; but when I offered to send her a book with the English alphabet, and moreover to teach her to read the letters, her joy was unbounded. In a few months my pupil had not only mastered the alphabet, but could spell small words, and knew several short sentences. Not content with this, I talked to her of religion, and explained the nature and history of Christianity, as well as my ability allowed me. I was not quite so successful here, but I was content to pave the way for future labourers, and rejoiced to find her always anxious for truth.

It was, I think, quite a year after my first acquaintance with Dochie, that one morning I alighted as usual, and was surprised to find my pupil absent, and in her place a young Cingalese man, evidently of the low country. My surprise was equalled by his own. In a minute after, Dochie came bounding in with eggs and milk, and some little light cakes just prepared for the stranger, who, I then perceived, had his arm bandaged, and altogether looked fatigued and ill. I did not remain long that day; and learned, on retiring to mount my pony, that the stranger had sought refuge there very early that morning, having in vain begged through the village for a resting-place; he had been robbed and beaten during the previous night on some lonely track, and Dochie hesitated not one moment in welcoming him within their little dwelling; and, in her own singleness and purity of heart, acting the good Samaritan. I could but admire her kindness; and yet, mixed with admiration, was a feeling akin to jealousy. I wished that it had been my fate to have been robbed and beaten, if only for the pleasure of being tended by the gentle Dochie.

Again months rolled on, and the low-country stranger, and the robbers, were all forgotten. Changes had been, meanwhile, creeping over the face of the hitherto changeless Malwattie, and those not for the better. The worst of all innovations was the establishment of an arrack tavern in the very heart of the village. The Government, in its anxiety to add to its revenue, and increase its means of developing the resources of the country (I think that was what they termed it), had granted permission to the renter of the arrack licenses for the Kandyan country to establish a few score additional taverns, one of which novelties was located in Malwattie; and soon, where before had been quiet contentment, was nothing but brawling riot. It is true the executive presented an antidote with the poison, by establishing a free school opposite the noisy tavern; but education stood small chance in competition with arrack, and for every new pupil at the desk, there was a brace of fresh drunkards. This led to an increase in the duties of the police, and soon after to a salary to the head-constable; crime was on the increase; law-suits were instituted, families at peace for several generations became deadly enemies; and, ere a year had elapsed since the introduction of the tavern, the whole social fabric of Malwattie was rent and disrupted into ugly masses.

I continued to visit my friends, the Korale and the priest, both of whom, especially the latter, spoke bitterly of the arrack nuisance, and looked upon the establishment of the school as a direct attack upon Buddhism. I saw plainly, however, that there was another and deeper feeling, antagonistic to the educational scheme, in the bosoms of these leading men of the place. They felt that by diffusing enlightenment amongst the poorest of the villagers, the British Government would in time raise the masses of the people above the level of the head men, in which case their influence would at once disappear. Their unflinching opposition was but little needed, for the native peasants could not be made to appreciate that knowledge which their immediate superiors did not possess. Too prone to take as their models those above them, the villagers were content to remain as they knew their fathers had been, and as they saw their Korales and Dessaves were. Unfortunately those in charge of Government schools have yet to learn that they have been toiling with the broad end of the educational wedge foremost; that in Eastern countries enlightenment can only flow downwards, never upwards: that to elevate the Indian serfs, you must first improve the intellectual capacities of those whom they ever have, and ever will regard as their patterns.

My progress with the flower-girl's schooling was satisfactory, and I had, besides, the pleasure of finding her inclined to cast aside the superstitions of Buddha. In these tasks I was at this time aided by the teacher of the Government school, a Portuguese burgher, who seconded my efforts most zealously. The months flew rapidly past, and twice a week found me and Dochie seated beneath

the shady foliage of a young orange-tree deep in our duties.

It was quite the end of the hot season, that I was compelled to leave my plantation and journey across the country to the opposite coast of the Indian peninsula, in search of Malabar labourers to secure the coming crop. I was absent nearly four months, and found myself, one cool pleasant day in September, riding homewards across the broad open prairie-lands adjoining Malwattie. The rich foliage of the jungle and the gardens shone as brightly as ever in the afternoon sun. The hill-streams rippled as pleasantly down their stony courses. Yet the village was no longer the spot I once knew it; brawling and angry words were easily met with; its old patriarchal peace and simplicity had departed from it. I rode on musingly, and at length pulled up in front of Dochie's little garden; I started in my saddle at observing that it also was changed, and so sadly changed. The friendly orange-tree, with its yellow fruit and its pleasant shade, was not there. The oleanders were drooping to the ground; some of the fence was torn down, and a vile black bullock, that I could have massacred on the spot, was cruelly browsing over the flower-beds. The door was closed; the shutters were fastened. I imagined all sorts of calamities to have happened, everything, in short, but what was actually the case. I made one brief inspection of the now neglected place; then mounted my pony, and rode homewards, fearing lest some villager should break to me the tale of sorrow.

It was nearly evening when I rode up the winding path leading to my bungalow, oppressed with a feeling of I know not what. The old building stood, as it ever had done, quietly and humbly in the midst of the coffee-fields, but I saw at once there were some changes. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw, in the centre of the little grass-plot, facing my front verandah, some small flowering shrubs, and an orange-tree, so like the one I had missed from Dochie's garden, that I began to fancy I was still down in the village, and that the little flower-girl was peeping at me from behind some of the coffee-bushes.

As I stood looking at the orange-tree, my servant placed in my hand a letter, traced in true native style on a dry leaf in Cingalese characters. It was from my pupil herself, and told me in a few simple sentences all that had occurred. I breathed more freely to find her alive. She was married, she said, to a young and rich Cingalese trader, a Christian and inhabitant of Colombo. She hoped shortly to be admitted a member of our church, and thanked me deeply for what I had done for her. The old blind man, her grandfather, was with them, and they were all happy. They trusted I should always be so. In my garden, she said, she had caused to be planted the orange-tree I had so often admired and sat under, with a few flowers from her garden. She prayed that, for many years to come, the tree would yield me plentiful crops of cool, refreshing fruit.

The reader will perhaps smile when I say that, after reading this note, I shed many tears, tears of real sorrow and pain. Heaven knows I wished the poor girl well and happy; but though I never could have looked on her other than as a gentle, innocent acquaintance, loveable for her simple purity, I felt her departure keenly. To the many dwellers in the thronged cities of the west, the loss of such a companion of my wild, lonely, jungle-life, may appear trivial enough; yet to me it was an event.

My servant told me what the little note had omitted. Dochie had been wooed and won with true Cingalese brevity, by the same young low-countryman who had been so kindly sheltered and tended by her, when robbed and beaten, as I have before told. He had been successful in trade, and had now a large store in Colombo.

It was long before I ventured again near Malwattie. To me it was no more a "garden of flowers," and least of all did I care to pass by the green fence and gate, where Dochie's pretty, smiling face had so often welcomed me. At last I persuaded the old Korale to set some of the villagers to work, and open a new path for me nearer his own bungalow, by which means I ever after avoided a spot, the sight of which served but to fill me with vain regrets. The place and the people were so changed that I soon became a stranger in the land.

THE PATH OF FAITH.

PERCHANCE thou deemest it is hard
To have no foresight of thy life,
Unwarned, thy doubtful feet to guard
From wandering in the paths of strife;
But though thou hast no prescient sense
Thou hast a watching Providence.

With trustful labour weave the web
Of high emprise and noble deed;
Heedless if life should flow or ebb,
Let bravely doing be thy creed;
That Faith will make thee happier far
Than if thou read'st each glistening star.

Should stormy fortune lurk behind
Thy curtain'd Fate, and darkly loom—
Thank God thou canst not feel the wind,
Nor hear the distant thunder-boom;
The tempest, with soft breezes blant,
May, ere it reaches thee, be spent.

Should brilliant sunshine bursting there
Upon thee, sudden and sublime,
Instant reflection of its glare
Might haply blind thee for the time,
By pouring on thy dazzled sight
Rays of intolerable light;

But Faith will nerve thee for the fight
Against misfortune's darkening power;
And flood thy road with tempered light,
Until thou reach, in Heaven, that hour
When Prescience shall be thine at will—
Prescience of good unmixed with ill.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

"RACINE" writes lively Madame de Sevigné to Madame de Grignan—as lively, perchance, though less known—"*passera comme le café.*" It is somewhat difficult to find a satisfactory equivalent for this verb *passer*, albeit its literal translation into English is easy. Things in England go in and out of fashion; dogs have their day, and actors strut and fret their hour here; but it is the especial privilege of things French—costumes, governments, literary and artistic celebrities—to *pass*, to pass clean away, out of sight, out of mind; to sink down below the very lowest Nathaniel, to stick in the mud at the bottom of Lethe till they are devoured by the fishes of forgetfulness. So prophesied the sparkling letter-writer of the *Grand Siècle;* and, curiously, with all her sparkle and all her wit, the lively Madame de Sevigné has been, and is in greater danger of passing than either coffee or Racine. The Cid, the Andromaque, of the meek and tender dramatist yet keep high state on the time-honoured boards of the Comédie Française; and although there is a little too much powder and whalebone, and Louis Quatorze pomp and vanity about them, it will be long, I hope, ere we cease to weep at and to applaud the genius of Racine. As for coffee, the revenue returns, the bills, advertisements, and pictorial vans of that enterprising tradesman, who has somehow mixed up St. Paul's Cathedral with the coffee question, and the extraordinary number of establishments to which I am indebted for the title of this paper, show that coffee, at any rate, is in no danger of passing away. It is strong, lusty, and well to do just now, a little put upon and maligned by chicory and roasted corn, but still thriving and full of promise.

It is puzzling to know how people could have managed in the days when there was neither tea nor coffee. How could they breakfast? How could clerks and workmen come home to their tea, when there was no tea for them to come to? What did the old maids and the dowagers talk scandal over? But, as the discussion of this question would lead us into all sorts of by-roads of speculation respecting what people eat when there were no potatoes, what they smoked before the discovery of Virginia, how gentlemen could have existed fifty years ago without soda-water, express trains, and Bell's Life in London, and ladies without eau de cologne, Berlin wool, or crenoline, I must be content to assume that mankind, not yet acquainted with the blessings of coffee or coffee-shops, were contented to do what the inhabitants of the Isle of Man are proverbially reported to do now, not as they would, but as they could.

Does any one know for a certainty who first discovered coffee, or first found out the means of converting it into the beverage we drink? The question has always been a vexed one; and whole libraries of abusive erudition have been written on it. Cæsar, with all the *summâ diligentiâ* with which he entered Gaul, did not bring coffee with him; nor did it come over to England with the Conqueror, with whom so many nice little agents of civilisation, including primogeniture, mortmain, the game-laws, and law French came over. The origin of coffee as a beverage is enveloped in a fog of amazing thickness. Some sages have declared that the *Nepenthes*, of which Homer speaks in the Iliad and which Helen served to Telemachus, was coffee. Nor quite so unreasonable is the supposition that the *kali*, mentioned in Scripture, of which Abigail offered five measures to the warriors who accompanied King David, was identical with the *kawa*, *kapu*, or *cavé*, afterwards known to the Orientals, and familiar to us as coffee. The rabbis, however, declare the kali to have been burnt barley, which assertion would seem at first to be fatal to the pretensions of coffee; but, considering how much of the coffee of the present day is burnt beans, the rabbis may not have been so far wrong after all. According to the Mahometan traditions, coffee was revealed to Mahomet by the angel Gabriel: but, if we are to believe Ahmet Effendi, whose antecedents do not give me any reason to think him so prodigious a liar as Mahomet, it was not till the thirteenth century, and by a dervish of the order of Schasilys, (whatever that may be,) that the coffee-tree was discovered or its properties made known. Brillat Savarin attributes the discovery of the coffee-berry to an Arabian farmer, in the seventh century, who remarked that his cattle were always more lively and excited after they had been browsing on a certain shrub; and his solution of the question has been the generally received one in our modern cyclopædias, treasuries of information, and "guides to knowledge." With all due respect, however, for the undoubted authority of the author of the Physiologie du Gout, I cannot accord to his coffee theory any greater degree of credence than to Charles Lamb's account of the Origin of Roast Pig. Be it as it may, coffee must have been discovered, and the decoction therefrom invented, at some time and by some one. It is not impossible that the Chinese will one day claim the honour of the discovery, together with that of gunpowder and the printing press: meanwhile, we will continue to drink coffee and be thankful.

Of the history of coffee and coffee-shops I am enabled to speak with somewhat more

certainty. The Mufti Djemel-Eddin, surnamed Dhabani, brought it from Persia to Aden in the straits of Babelmandel, and not far from Mocha. He performed that curious chronological operation known as "flourishing" towards the latter part of the fifteenth century; and in 1517 coffee had found its way from Arabia to Egypt, and from thence, after the conquest of that country by Sultan Selim, to Constantinople. At the end of the sixteenth century one Doctor Rauwolf, a German botanist, mentioned coffee as a plant he had met with in his travels in Asia; and in 1592, Prosper Alpini, a Venetian physician, in a treatise "De plantis Egypti," gives a description of the coffee-tree, known in Egypt under the names of *boum*, *boun*, or *ban*.

Coffee entered Europe by Italy (probably by Venice) in 1645, and in 1652 the first coffee-house was established in London by a Greek, and in the neighbourhood of Cornhill. Mr. Peter Cunningham would doubtless be able to tell with delightful minuteness the pedigrees and histories of the first coffee-house keepers; but, necessarily limited as I am as regards space, I can but briefly glance at these fathers of the trade. It was long ere the beverage they sold was brought within the means of the humble or even of the middle classes of the population. Coffee was for very many years essentially a luxury, just as tea is now in France. This latter beverage, so common with us as to be almost a necessary of life, is yet looked upon as something curiously and wonderfully fashioned by our neighbours *d'outremanche*. They serve tea with great solemnity, and disguise it with rum and cognac, after the manner of luxurious washerwomen; and to show how little tea, as received by us, is understood by the masses abroad, I need but refer to the famous history of the tea-party given by Madame Gibou to Madame Pochet, where tea was made in a saucepan, was seasoned with salt, vinegar, and spice, and finally, with a *petit bout de chandelle* or candle end!

I don't think that the sour Puritans who ruled the roast in England when coffee-houses were first established, could have been great admirers or partakers of the fragrant berry. I do not find it on record that either Praise God Barebones or Nahum Pounddext eschewed the black-jack and brown ale, or, at need, a cosy flask of strong waters. I fancy that the buff-coated Puritans and Independents must have found coffee at best but a weak and unsatisfactory beverage. Among the commonalty, moreover, there was an inveterate prejudice in favour of "jolly good ale and old" for breakfast; and I do not wonder that coffee was slow in progressing in popular favour. It was of foreign origin, certainly, and had consequently some undeniable claims to the patronage of English gentility, but it was not French (coffee was not introduced in Paris till 1669), which was a fatal draw-back, and caused it to be branded as "outlandish." Some stout old true blue Protestants held it to be papistical.

So coffee-shops vegetated modestly in out-of-the-way city alleys, till in 1660 King Charles the Second, that most worthless of good fellows, came back from his travels with a swarm of good fellows as worthless as himself behind him, to enjoy his own (and a little of other people's) again. Coffee became fashionable. Charles had become acquainted with its merits in Holland, for the Dutch were already great coffee-drinkers; the courtiers were glad to do as the king did, and the middle classes too happy to imitate their dear patrons and debtors, the courtiers. Coffee-houses multiplied. In the old City alleys and narrow lanes, and notably in the purlieus of the Exchange; round about Whitehall, Charing Cross, and Covent Garden, scores of coffee-houses arose. Merchants began to discuss their affairs, ship captains to settle freight and passage, literary men to abuse each other, and spangled cavaliers to criticise the anoles of *la belle Stuart* and the last lampoon of my Lord Rochester, over coffee. But it was yet an exotic, a luxury, foreign, fashionable, and slightly outlandish. Taverns began to call themselves coffee-houses for the look of the thing; but the customers consumed far more beer, wine, and strong waters, than coffee. Such merry bloods as Sir Charles Sedley, as the accomplished Chevalier de Grammont, as the exemplary Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, required rather stronger stimulants than pure Mocha or full-flavoured Ceylon, after a night spent at basset or tric-trac; and, though there were coffee-houses in Alsatia, the gentlemen adventurers who resorted to them were greater patrons of Geneva and *aqua vitæ*, than of the infusion of which I am writing. With coffee alone they would have been ill fortified to sally forth to remove goods, or slit obnoxious gentlemen's noses in town or country, to beat the City watch, or baboon impertinent poets. Little coffee, though within a coffee-shop's walls, could Doctor Oates, or Captain Dangerfield, or Master Bedloe, have imbibed, when they sat down to concoct those gigantic lies which have come down to posterity in the pages of history, and on the stones of the Monument. Stronger stuff than coffee must those bold Jesuits have swallowed; who, in darkling coffee-houses met, or are said to have met, to settle how Charles Stuart should be despatched with a silver bullet, and how "James" (the Duke of York) "must go to pot, too." When "Citt and Bumpkin" met—as I find circumstantially recounted in a pamphlet of the period, in a coffee-house—it was over a "pott of ale," and not over coffee, that they had that notable discourse "on matters of religion and government," in which the king was clearly shown by "Citt" to be the prime mover in the plot against his own life, and Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was

declared by "Bumpkin" to have murdered himself for the greater glory of the Protestant establishment. And, king of coffee-house frequenters as was glorious John Dryden, pillar as he was of City and of West End coffee-rooms, some little stronger tipple he took, I trow, than coffee, when putting all those brave though slightly bombastic words into the mouths of his heroes and heroines, when panegyrising Milton, or demolishing Elkanah Settle. Natheless, did coffee and coffee-shops flourish in King Charles's wicked days. In fair little cups of tender, golden-edged biscuit porcelain, it disputed with its obese, oleaginous rival chocolate the privilege of moistening the ruby lips of all the naughty beautiful dames who yet smile from Lely's canvasses in the bed-chamber in Hampton Court. I warrant that the Duchess of Cleveland was sipping coffee, when she rated Clarendon; aye, and that she broke her coffee-cup, too, when to all her abuse, the grim Chancellor answered but these words, "Woman, you will one day become old." Pepys, I am of opinion, was no great coffee-drinker. He drank wine, and thought wine. "Jolly good ale," too, (in moderation) was more in stout Andrew Marvell's way, than coffee; but Evelyn—who cannot fancy that pearl of English gentlemen quietly, complacently sipping his coffee, and inhaling its fragrant aroma amid the green leaves and old armour of Says Court, amid good books and placid thoughts, and the proof-sheets of the "Sylva Sylvarum?" And who of those whose privilege it is to live in the memories of the past, and, like the Russian peasant, look upon their every-day existence, where they are hungry and thirsty, and naked, and oppressed, but as an evil dream; who of these cannot fancy the coffee-cup soothing the momentary gloominess and acerbity of the blind old man who had Homer's majesty and Virgil's elegance; who cannot place a modest brew of coffee in an antique silver flagon beside the rules and compasses and tracing-papers of Christopher Wren; or, in a humbler vessel, beside the flowers and foliage before which Grinling Gibbons is studying new combinations for his marvellous carvings?

Some writers have ascribed the introduction of coffee into France to Madame, the ill-fated daughter of Henrietta Maria, and wife of the Duke of Orleans. She is stated to have made the decoction fashionable on her return from a visit paid to her brother Charles in England. Poor young Princess! She had better have drunk coffee, than that fatal glass of chicory water, from the effects of which she died two days afterwards. The first public mention I find made of coffee in France is in the Gazette of 1669, in which, under the date of November sixteenth, I read that the Marquis de Lyonne, Minister of Foreign Affairs, having given an entertainment to Soliman Aga at Suresne, partook of *café*. The price of coffee was then forty *écus*, or nearly two pounds ten sterling, the pound. It burst into vogue immediately, as things foreign and inordinately expensive do in most countries; but in France extravagance and profusion have handmaids called Art, and Taste, and Elegance; and, close on the heels of coffee followed palaces for its consumption, called *cafés*, and coffee services from the porcelain manufactories at Sèvres.

Up to this time, *café à l'eau*—plain coffee infused in boiling water—was the only preparation of the berry known. I have listened in vain for the sound of that trumpet which should declare the fame of the sage who devised lump sugar or sugar-candy for coffee. The discoverer of *café au lait*—of milk-diluted coffee—was M. de Nieukhof, Dutch Ambassador in China. Envious men denied him, however, the entire merit of the lacteal invention, and insinuated that he was but a translator, and that milk-coffee must have been previously known to the Celestials at Canton, or to the Portuguese at Macao. Honour, however, to M. de Nieukhof. The Dutch had ever been ardent admirers and zealous cultivators of coffee. In 1710 they transferred it from Mocha to Java, where coffee plantations multiplied exceedingly and with great success. They had previously essayed coffee planting at Amsterdam, where I need scarcely say the experiment was an egregious failure.

The astuteness and fastidiousness of subsequent generations added cognac and other liqueurs as zests to coffee; and some slight little public memorial—such as a statue, a fountain, or a pump—is certainly due to that philosopher who discovered the compound of burnt coffee and alcohol, known as "gloria." It has been reserved for this age, however, in an almost depravity of improvement to give us cakes, and even ices flavoured with coffee. What will people do with it next? Will they make prayer-books and pocket-handkerchiefs of it as they have done of gutta percha; or Napier's bones and portable a b c's as they do now, in Paris, of chocolate?

Hie we back to England. In the days of William the Dutchman, of the good Queen Anne, of George the lover of bad oysters and worse characters, coffee and coffee-houses reached their apogee, to undergo, however, in the two subsequent reigns, a temporary decadence. From 1690 to 1730, the age was essentially a coffee drinking and coffee-house frequenting one. We cannot open the pleasant pages of Swift's Journal to Stella; we cannot skim through the brilliantly bitter lines of Pope; or peep cursorily (*very* cursorily) at the lucubrations of Mr. Ned Ward; or plod through the London Gazette or Daily Courant; or even yawn through the columns of eccentric morality of wrongheaded old Jeremy Collier, without finding scores of references to coffee and coffee-houses. Vanbrugh, Congreve, Farquhar, and Mrs. Centlivre, abound with allusions to coffee-house life,

In the scenes of that great human comedy of which William Hogarth was the worthy exponent, the coffee-pot and coffee-cup hold no insignificant place. Nought but coffee could fill that delicate little vase which the inimimitable black boy hands to the fine lady in the second scene of the Marriage à-la mode; and nought but coffee titillates the delicate nerves of that as inimitable beau, with his hair in papers, who, in the same picture, holds his cup with an air of mincing, finicking affectation infinitely truthful. There is coffee on the alderman's table as well as ale; coffee, as well as the hot kettle, and another black boy, in the second tableau of the Harlot's Progress; and, believe me, it was for the purpose of diluting his coffee, and not his tea, that the distressed poet contracted that enormous score for milk for which he is so ruthlessly dunned by the Welshwoman in his poor garret, where his pretty wife sits patiently mending her husband's clothes. How I love that picture of the Distressed Poet, and how my heart warms towards the honest Englishman who painted it. There is a whole life-history of patient love and truth and untiring constancy; of the smile always ready to meet the frown of disappointment and vexation; of the hand always stretched out to smooth the care-wrinkled brow; of sure, cheerful, household virtues in that one figure of the plain young woman darning the poet's netherlings. I am sure Fielding had the picture in his eye when he wrote Amelia; I am equally certain Mr. Elmore had a kindly remembrance of it when he painted the Invention of the Stocking-loom.

The coffee-houses of the Annian and Georgian eras are household words with us. Will's and Button's, and Betty's and Don Salteros and Tom Kings are familiar spirits, calling up recollections as familiar. They call up John Dryden—enthroned in the memorable arm-chair from which no man dared to dream of ousting him—talking criticism *ex cathedrâ*, and electrifying young gentlemen from the country. They call up old, garrulous, coarse Tom Durfey, wondering whether he is fifty years in advance of the world, or the world fifty years in advance of him. They call up Mr. Dennis hanging up a birch-rod by the side of the fire-place, with which he threatens to whip Mr. Pope; Steele writing charming billets to his wife between his coffee and his wine; Addison, silent and bashful at first, like his own Spectator; but, warming when he has had, alas! a little more wine than is good for him, becoming voluble with discourse good for others. What though a little more wine may have been consumed in those old time coffee-houses than the legitimate infusion of Mocha; they were true coffee-houses, and we shall never see their like again.

From the commencement of the reign of George the Second till very nearly the termination of that of George the Third, coffee-houses were coffee-houses only in name. The roystering dens where Richard Savage swindled waiters, and opened subscriptions for his own relief, and pinked his friends: where, with inked ruffles, and flushed face, and disordered wig, Harry Fielding sat down to pen articles for the Covent Garden Journal—were taverns, unadulterated taverns. Lieutenant Lismahago may have occasionally dropped in to take a "bowl" of coffee; Ferdinand Count Fathom might rarely have cooled his fevered blood with a cup of the aromatic article; Squire Western may, from time to time, have left his snuff-box in a coffee-house, and sent his chaplain to fetch it, as it is on history that he did at the Hercules' Pillars; but strong liquor was the staple commodity vended. They were as much coffee-houses—those so called *cafés* of a hundred or eighty years ago—as the coffee-rooms of our present public-houses are really rooms for the consumption of coffee.

Although not banished, but fallen into desuetude in houses of public entertainment in England, coffee found refuge and comfort in France. The *cafés* of the Palais Royal had, before the fall of the French monarchy, achieved an European reputation. It was to the Café de Cantal that Piron and Crebillon the younger resorted, to crack questionable jokes and to concoct libellous epigrams. In a corner of the Café Procope, met that hardy band of encyclopedists (who knew almost everything and believed in nothing) to sneer away religion, and to crush belief—with conundrums.

Were I to discuss, to describe, or even cursorily to touch on the social characteristics of any one of the numerous classes of Continental coffee-houses, I should require a book, rather than half-a-dozen columns. The subject is one so cosmopolitan, so intimately bound up with the progress of civilisation; that, while ostensibly penning a paper on coffee-shops, I should be in reality writing a history of the manners, customs and social peculiarities of the peoples who were coffee-drinkers. So, seductive as are the temptations of Continental coffee-shops, I will not venture to touch upon them now. I will reserve for a more convenient opportunity the brilliant Parisian *cafés*, and the consideration of the influence they have had upon the progress of the decorative arts in France; I will reserve the coffee-houses of Germany where pipes and dominoes are the rule, and clean coffee-cups and clean waiters the exception; the *cafés* of Venice and Milan; the *cafés* and *cafejis* of Stamboul and Smyrna; the coffee-houses where there are concerts; where there are dramatic performances; where there are orchestras recruited by blind men; where there are dances and orgies, and feasts of cucumbers and hard eggs, as on the Port at Antwerp; where circulate massive white tureens of coffee considerably

modified, or aggravated by schnaps, as at the great pilots' coffee-house, the "Keaning Leopold" at Ostend.

Of the present state and position of coffee-shops in one country, I feel myself called upon, however, briefly to treat. The coffee-houses of London have, within the last thirty years, done, to my mind, so much good; have worked such important results, and offer so many curious questions for solution both social and commercial, that I should be unjust were I to pass them over. I mean the genuine, orthodox, London coffee-houses—coffee-shops, if you will; where coffee is dispensed to the million at varying rates of one penny, three-halfpence, and twopence per cup; where eggs, bread and butter, bacon, and similar refreshments, are provided at moderate rates; but where no ardent spirits or fermented liquors of any kind are either demanded by the customers, or conceded by the proprietors; where—in lieu of the glasses that were wont to circle round the board, and the good company that was wont to fall underneath it in the old-fashioned coffee-houses—there is provided for the serious, well-conducted frequenters, a feast of newspapers and a flow of cheap periodicals. You and I can remember when such coffee-houses were not. If, in the old time, we wanted a cup, a dish or a bowl of coffee, we were compelled to go to the coffee-room of an hotel for it; provided always that we did not care to consume it at home. And coffee at home, even, was, in those days, not by any means a faultless compound. Our aunts and mothers and sisters were blindly attached to certain prejudices and superstitions respecting the fining or clearing of coffee. Noxious compositions, such as dried fish-skins, egg-shells, what ought to have been isinglass (but was fish-bones boiled to a jelly), together with red hot coals, were thrown into the unresisting coffee-pot to facilitate the fining operation. Certain strange and fetish rites were also performed with the same view, by knocking the coffee-pot a cabalistic number of times on the hob, and chucking it up in mid air till the hot liquid within became a confused mass of grouts and conflicting flavours. Coffee-houses have effected a great reform in this respect, and have driven away many baneful though time-honoured superstitions.

There is scarcely a street in London—certainly it would be difficult to find three together, unprovided with a coffee-shop. The types do not vary much. Where men go simply for amusement or dissipation, they will naturally congregate in classes: the beggar will go to the beggar's public-house, and the thief to the thieves' theatre. But a coffee-house is neutral ground. There are in every coffee-shop whig, and tory, and radical publications, and whigs, tories, and radicals assembled harmoniously to read them; for the readers are as mute as the papers.

Something like uniformity, almost amounting to monotony, prevails in the majority of London coffee-shops. The ornamental is generally sacrificed to the useful. A plain room, divided into plain stalls by varnished partitions, and fitted with plain Pembroke tables, papers, periodicals, and magazines, not quite guiltless of coffee stains and bread-and-butter spots, a neat waitress, economical of speech, and who is for ever ringing the changes between two refrains of "coffee and slice," and "tea and a hegg,"—are common to all coffee houses. There is more deal in some, more mahogany in others; there are aristocratic coffee-houses, where they serve you silver salt castors with your muffins, and silver cream-jugs with your coffee; there are low—very low—coffee-shops, where there is sand on the floor, and an ill odour pervading the place "generally all over." Yet, in all these coffee-houses, high or low, aristocratic or humble, clean or dirty, deal or mahogany furnished, night or day, I can sit for hours and wonder. I ponder on the evidence of Mr. Pamphilon before the coffee committee of the House of Commons, not twenty years ago; and, reading that, and reading the excise returns, how I wonder! I wonder when I see these strong bands of honest working-men; of swart artizans; of burly coalheavers and grimy ballast porters; who are content to come straight from the factory, the anvil, or the wharf to the coffee-shop; who can bid the shining river of beer flow on unheeded, and content themselves with the moderate evening's amusement to be found in cheap periodicals. And, forced as I am sometimes to admit the presence in my coffee-cup of some other ingredients besides coffee, such as chicory, burnt beans, pounded bones, calcined clover, or such trifling little strangers—I wonder still at the immense good the penny cup of coffee (as it should be), but still the cup, coffee or not coffee, has worked in this huge London. Whatever it be, they drink it, and it does not make them drunk; and drinking, they read; and reading, they learn to think, and to wash, and to teach their little children to read, and to think, and to wash, too. I doubt if a murder were ever planned in a coffee-shop.

CHIPS.

TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE.

It appears that since the return of the subject of "Transported for Life" (see pages 455 and 482 of the present volume), some modifications have taken place in the rules applicable to persons banished to the British penal colonies. We are informed that now, no prisoner is sent to Norfolk Island unless he has proved utterly incorrigible during his detention in a less penal settlement. Neither is the sentence of transportation from this country so immediately carried out as

formerly. The following are the official regulations in this respect:

"A prisoner under sentence for life, who had passed twelve months in separate confinement, would, by exemplary conduct for five years on public works, become eligible for embarkation.

"Minimum period of detention on public works applicable to prisoners whose conduct is exemplary:

"A prisoner sentenced to 7 years, for a period of 1 year.

Ditto	"	10	"	"	1½	"
Ditto	"	20	"	"	4	"
Ditto	"	Life	"	"	5	"

after which they are sent out as holders of tickets of leave."

When a prisoner has conducted himself well during his probation he is furnished with a ticket of leave in the colony to which he may be sent, is allowed to hire himself for wages, to live in a dwelling of his own,—and to such an extent are his privileges carried—that Government even partially defrays the expense of sending out to him his wife and family. The only conditions annexed to his ticket of leave are that he shall be well-conducted, and report himself periodically to the Police Office of the district in which he may reside.

AMONG THE MOORS.

THE LEGEND OF THE CASTLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING its proximity to Gibraltar, and the constant intercourse and commerce kept up with Europeans, Tangier preserves its primitive appearance and bears the stamp of a thoroughly Moorish town. Like most Moslem cities it is surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the ride of a few miles will reward the tourist with some very pretty scenery. There is work, too, for the antiquary round about Tangier. Ruins of cities, remains of a Roman aqueduct, traces of the Portuguese dominion, strange tombs of warrior saints who fell in battle, are to be visited. To the north, also, near the sea, there stand the ruins of an old castle, famous as having once been the retreat of a bold chieftain who rebelled against the Sultan. This ruin, with portions of its massive outer wall yet standing, covers a large extent of ground, and used frequently to be the destination of my morning rides. Day after day, when riding listlessly through the neighbouring lanes, between hedges of the aloe and prickly pear, my horse paused at the old castle, and I went in to raise a panic among bats and owls that were disturbed by my wandering among its gloomy passages and desolate old halls.

A very matter-of-fact soldier had, for a long time, been the attendant on our rides—for it is unsafe to trespass far beyond the town without a guard; this gentleman had not a word wherewith to satisfy my curiosity, or gratify my feminine desire to provide every ruin with its legend. A change of guide, however, brought me at last under the shadow of a charming fellow, a battered, tale-telling old hunter, named Shebah, or the Lion, no doubt from his courage. His conversation was stocked largely with magicians, genii, and enchanted castles, which he built up with much gorgeousness of detail, yet speaking always with a certain dignified simplicity and a peculiarity of idiom that gave a piquant relish to the richness of the diet upon which my ears were put.

One bright September morning, as a small party of us rested on a grassy spot on what perhaps had been the tilt-yard of the castle before-mentioned, enjoying a cool pic-nic breakfast, the old hunter sat cross-legged in our neighbourhood, with his long gun beside him and a knife glittering in his belt, looking with grave wistfulness at the sparkle of our wine, and wrestling mentally, perhaps, with the hard veto of his prophet. To console himself, he lifted up his voice and told us all he knew about surrounding objects, sliding eventually into what he called the Legend of the Castle. I really cannot repeat it after him in his own gorgeous words, that sounded very well upon his lips under the Moorish castle walls, but would trip less successfully from mine in England. I will tell the story as I can, beginning properly with Once upon a Time.

Once upon a time when this castle, now decayed, was a strong fortress, there dwelt in it a certain Arab chief named Muley ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, or the Valiant. Al Zagal's valour was not tempered with mercy, and he was by no means universally esteemed by all who knew him. The two half-brothers of Al Zagal were, however, known as the Good Lords, and the public preference of these two brothers caused their sudden disappearance. They were followed out of the world by their father, Ibn Amir, when he was a man still in the prime of life. Al Zagal had, after this time, many fingers pointed at him, and became so greatly dreaded by the people that he was not unwilling to give them other cause for dread. He began accordingly to prey upon the country people, and the Sultan, being busy in a war with mountain tribes, had neither time nor inclination to put any check on his proceedings. So Al Zagal collected a troop of black warriors, with consciences of a like colour with their skins, and levied black mail on all travellers and merchants as they passed on their way to Granada, "which then," said the hunter, "our people possessed, and, by the blessing of Allah, will again possess." The Moors faithfully believe that they shall in due time re-conquer Spain; and many families of note, tracing descent from Moors of Granada, still keep the keys of houses, and the title-deeds of lands held by their ancestors, ready to be produced in the good time that is coming. Every Friday the Imaums in the mosque pray for the consummation so devoutly wished.

Al Zagal and his black guards did more

mischief than a herd of wolves among the surrounding hamlets, and their den came to be called accordingly the Black Castle. The robbers would sweep by in the night, like a hot wind, from the desert, and leave everything destroyed upon their track.

Now it so happened that the sheik of a small mountain village, distant about half a day's journey from the Black Castle, (Hamet al Hassan was his name,) had a fair daughter, the only child left to him by thirteen wives, and she was named Lindora. Lindora means light of the dawn; and the damsel was as soft, and quiet, and delightful as her godmother, Aurora. Necessarily she was, for is she not the heroine of the legend that was told us by the Moorish hunter under the Black Castle's walls?

Hamet, the father, for the sake of peace and quietness, seeing how weak he was, paid a black mail to Al Zagal, that was collected on behalf of the castle, at fixed periods, by one of the chief's swarthy followers. It happened that such a messenger one day chanced to behold Lindora when she returned from drawing water at the village well. "Son of Al Hassan," said the envoy, "give me, I pray thee, thy daughter to my wife, for the maid finds favour in my sight. I will befriend thee with my influence, and cause Al Zagal to remit this tribute."—"Most worthy envoy of the most noble Al Zagal," said the old man in reply; "many have asked Lindora at my hands in marriage, but she is betrothed to Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, my brother's son; and when he returns from fighting for the Sultan I have promised that they shall be wedded. So even the marriage gifts are prepared against his coming. Woe is me! I have said it."

But the same night, when the inmates of that mountain hamlet were asleep, a strong light fell upon their eyes, and shrieks and war-cries fell upon their ears, and they awoke to the slaughter, for the band of the Black Castle had come down, and fired the village. Young men fought, and women fled; but in the morning the hamlet was a ruin far behind the backs of the marauders, who drove sheep and oxen on the way before them, and with Lindora and her father in the middle of their band, marched back to the Black Castle, well content with the good stroke of business they had done.

Several weeks after that night, a young Moorish warrior, handsomely equipped, attended by about a dozen lances, galloped up-hill towards the ruin of Al Hassan's tents. He was an extremely handsome man, you may be sure, because he is the hero of the legend. Not having expected to find any ruin on the spot, his first impression, when he saw no tents, was, that his father's brother must have struck them, and removed into another neighbourhood. Soon, however, he discovered marks of fire, and—by the beard of the Prophet!—blood. Need I say that the young man was Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, and that his agony at this discovery was dreadful? He sent his spears abroad in vain for tidings, and then turned his own horse's head towards Tetuan, the nearest town.

Lindora was at this time, of course, in the Black Castle, imprisoned in a lonely tower. The old man, too old to be sold as a slave, would have been promptly despatched, if the cries of Lindora for her father had not suggested that his life and presence were essential to the preservation of her beauty. The dark envoy was most instrumental in the securing of his safety, but Al Zagal having seen the maiden, who had been seized for his envoy's satisfaction, was desirous, of course, as the dullest legend reader would perceive, to add her to the roll of his own wives.

When Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, knowing nothing of all this, reached Tetuan, he went to the house of Al Hadj Halek Ibn Abdallah, a famous marabout, and said "Salaam on Aleekomm! Know, O holy man, that I am come to thee for news, the odour of which would be sweet unto my nostrils." The wise man, having heard his question, was able fortunately to return an answer. And the youth said, "I will depart this hour again to Fez, and throw myself at the feet of the Prince of Believers to ask vengeance; and it shall come to pass that he shall grant me power to lead his warriors against Al Zagal, destroy his castle, and deliver Lindora from its walls; for the maiden loves me still," he added, looking at the hilt of his dagger, in which a large opal glittered cheerfully. "Tabeeb, farewell!"

Lindora was at that time in her lonely tower, shrieking with but little intermission. Al Zagal appeared on the battlements, and leaning over, shouted to one of his followers: "Asharky, place thyself at the head of a score of lances, and ride the country through till thou findest a Tabeeb, for the daughter of Al Hassan is possessed." The Tabeeb who was brought declared the maiden to be in the delirium of fever; so thereafter Al Zagal, who by no means desired that she should die, frequently paced the battlements in a moody way, invoking on her case the blessing of the Prophet.

One day he was awakened from such a reverie by the sound of distant tom-toms and cymbals, and looking up he saw the royal banner coming down the road from Fez. Bright arms of warriors glittered about it, and a dark crowd of country people, that had joined with the great army of the Sultan, was shouting his name: they were his debtors from the surrounding country, now resolved to take this advantageous opportunity of paying him the little things they owed. When the multitude had halted near the castle walls, a single horseman spurred out of the main body—a herald he was—summoning Muley ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, to surrender his castle and give up the prisoners

therein, particularly Lindora and her father, otherwise the Lord Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, Caliph of the Sultan, was prepared in the Sultan's name to lay siege to its walls. A valorous discussion followed, which was closed by a follower of Al Zagal, who with a stone from a sling struck the herald on the forehead and unhorsed him. Then the siege commenced.

The siege was tedious, for the castle walls were thick, but as the black band was not accustomed to live peaceably on short provisions, it turned very blue when the wine failed, and became finally seditious. Nevertheless the siege was tedious, and Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar began to fear the approach of the rainy season and the departure of his peasant allies, when one day he saw, in strong relief against the morning sky, Lindora and her father led out chained upon the battlements of the Black Castle. Al Zagal had an offer of accommodation to suggest. If the siege were raised he would give up his captives for a ransom of a thousand mets-kal. If not, he would cut off their heads next morning, and throw them down into the camp.

This threw Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar into great perplexity, for his honour as a soldier and his desire as a lover, were played off unpleasantly against each other. While he still pondered in his tent, the tent curtain was drawn aside and the dark envoy entered. Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar knew the dark envoy well, although he did not know him as the first cause of Lindora's misery: he knew him only as a doughty fighting man throughout the siege. What did the dark envoy want? "Son of Amar," he said, "grant but a free pass to myself and a few companions, and the castle shall be delivered up to-night into your hands. Al Zagal has wronged me, and the sons of Allah are not able to forgive." "Can I believe this?" "Fear not, Cedi; I will remain in this tent till my word has been fulfilled. To-night Al Zagal, having lulled and deceived thee by this morning's offer, will make a sally with his whole band, and attempt to cut a way to safety for himself and for his captives through your unsuspicious ranks. He hopes to get beyond the mountains into Rif. His men will be divided into two bands, one headed by myself, the other by my brother, who will join against him at a given signal."

"Fight thine own battles with Al Zagal," said Cedi Mahommed Ibn Amar; "I will have no traitor for ally." The youth, nevertheless, profited by the dark envoy's useful information, and disseminated it industriously throughout his camp. In the night, the castle gates having been thrown open, a band of horsemen passed the drawbridge stealthily with muffled hoofs, formed into rank, and placed their captives in the centre, intending to burst in their old way with a sudden cry upon the sleeping enemy. "By the beard of my father," said Al Zagal, "we will yet teach the shepherds what it is to have a lion at bay." He had not long spoken before the lances of the shepherds came upon him, and lances of his own troops also were turned against him. Seeing that he was betrayed, he closed with those men who were faithful to him round the captives, and endeavoured to regain the castle; but the enemy possessed the path. There was a terrible fight, and Cedi, Mohammed riding high among the torches, friends fought against friends, Emirs, splendidly caparisoned on Arab steeds, engaged with half-clad members of the black band, on wiry mountain ponies. Al Zagal, through the tumult and the torch-light fighting desperately, succeeded with a few followers in forcing a way with Lindora back into the castle, of which a large part was already in the hands of the besiegers. He secured Lindora in a secret room, and then descending through dark vaults and passages to a magazine that had long been prepared for any such occasion, added arson to his other crimes. The savage horror of the scene was at its highest as the flames leaped their highest up into the night. The red blaze was a pleasant beacon-fire to men who, waking up by chance in distant places, said it must be the Black Castle that was then on fire, and so there would be peace again upon their tents now that the Black Castle was destroyed.

But among the blazing ruins the strife still went on. The band of Al Zagal had their lives to sell, and valued their lives dearly. "There is one chance more," said Al Zagal to a gigantic black who had been unhorsed in the struggle; "let us mount the first horses we can get, and we may yet escape beyond the mountains into Rif." Al Zagal had soon forced an Emir from his charger, and was darting from the castle when the dark envoy confronted him. "Know me!" the chief said; "I am Al Zagal." But the dark envoy struck him, bidding him die like a dog; and after a great struggle he did die, like a brave dog, fighting gallantly. But the dark envoy had fought for Lindora, and had made Lindora his war-cry in the act of treason. Down there came therefore, in wrath, upon the head of the dark envoy the sword of Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar. There was another desperate encounter, and I suppose no shrewdness could discover which of the two combatants was killed.

Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar rushed, at great peril of his life, among the chambers of the burning castle seeking his Lindora. In the uppermost apartment of the western tower, still spared from the flames, he found her stretched upon a low divan, pale and dishevelled, almost senseless. Her lover carried her among the ruins to a resting-place upon the trampled, blood-stained grass, and there under the fresh breeze of early morning

she revived: "I am indeed saved by thy hand, O my beloved, Allah hath heard my prayers, and great is my reward. To-morrow I sleep with my fathers and see thee no more." The light of the dawn was on her face. "Lindora!" the youth cried, with a sudden fear, "Lindora! speak to me *again*!" He looked at the opal in his dagger, which for an instant shot forth rays, and then its light departed: it became a dull, dead stone. The soul of Lindora, light of the dawn, had left that couch of trampled grass and blood, and floated forth into the morning sky.

"And what became of her lover?" I inquired of the old hunter, who appeared disposed to make an end at this part of the tale, whereas I desire always to know distinctly what becomes of every one. We were told in reply, that some said he died at the storming of the castle, some said that he went to Granada and fought in a reckless way, became a great man, and never smiled and never married; but the old hunter himself inclined to think that he abandoned war, and being a caliph married largely, and escaped the observation of the world by being overmuch secluded in his harem.

We requested the old huntsman not to kill Lindora when he told the story next. He listened gravely, and replied, with more reproof in his looks than in his voice, that Lindora had become possessed—that is to say, mentally deranged—and in that state, according to his faith, she was regarded as a saint, and sacred to every good Moslem. It was therefore good that she should in that state be compensated for her troubles by a certain passage into heaven.

LONDON BRIDGE IN THE AFTERNOON.

The City of London in these hot afternoons seems to collect together the heat of the day, as it does so much of the gold of it, and bank it for itself in its streets and bye-ways. The only pleasant coolness exists in the shade of great Saint Paul's, as you creep along under the shelter of its spiritual presence. But when you have passed it, and enter the long crowded Cheapside, the thoroughfare glows again in heat and sunshine, and the black figures of distant men gleam like flies upon a whitewashed wall. The perched up clock of Bow attracts the light to its expressive face; and the figures burn so brightly with fire, that you can fancy them moving and alive, and conscious that they are telling of summer hours.

Potent summer heat, whether it be on sea, in country, or town—is the most favourable to the romantic perception of things. We are not when we sleep, which is the time of dreaming. There is scarcely a face that, with a strong summer light upon it, assumes not a look more or less interesting and ideal. Less, a warm summer afternoon near to a place of industry and hard work—such as a workshop or a dock—and the people and the scene will gradually seem more poetical than usual. This feeling is the proper imaginative state; and no wonder that we trace the most glowing imagery to the burning and dreamy lands of Asia.

The heart of the City of London, is not, however, the best place in the world to excite the imagination. Nevertheless, let London have its fair share of all the beauty that heat brings with it, and not be left only the dust, the water-carts, and the street-orderlies. Let us, sauntering on a sunny afternoon in its streets, yield to the influence of the time, and see things as well as we can under their picturesque aspect.

Specially does the mystic or romantic element stir in the comfortable blood of the inhabitant of the City. It is part of the strange revival of life that is going on all round us. Insects have come—goodness knows whence—and are buzzing round us before we think that it is about their time. The dweller in the suburbs finds, when he returns home in the evenings, that Nature has "credited" him with a scarcely expected increase to his stock. The fuchsia drops out; the roses jet out on the walls; the honeysuckle tumbles out like ointment from a magician's pot. Hence it is that the heart of London is uneasy; London, the great common-place giant, stirs himself, and sniffs the country air afar off. Even London cannot eat all the hay of the empire, but will have a tumble in some of it at all events. Hence a visible commotion in the City, and hence that bustle specially at London Bridge, which I saw yesterday in the flesh, and you, the reader, may see, by my aid, in the spirit.

Going out of town is a custom, like every other decent custom, of immense antiquity. The weather is not favourable to cyclopædic writing, but the imagination may dwell with pleasure on the close of the Roman season! Fancy the bustle among the household slaves at the villa of the master. The great generals and lords went off to pleasant Baiæ, or to dwellings among ancestral hills and priceless beautiful olive-trees. The *amphora* emerged from its cool retreat at Misenum; and the dazzling red mullet came fresh from the waters to Brundusium. The Appian and Flaminian ways were gay with chariots; the fat and prosperous *parvenu* sweltered as he was carried along in his *lectica*. Good-natured, portly Cicero (with Tiro in charge of the MSS.) passed into the portals of his country place, sacred to peace, cool air, philosophy, and wine and pleasant talk. The dandies looked out their coolest summer rings; and the great Cæsar found it too hot to wear a laurel, and in the shade of trees happier than laurel trees, drank cooled wine and water, and wrote epigrams!

Such visions may or may not be present or pleasant; but, meanwhile, we are drawing

near to London Bridge. The Thames has a double life. It is a river on a river. 'Tis a river with an almost commensurate bulk of human life on the top of it; standing on London Bridge you are in the very throat of that river life. Here the life of the genius of the stream (a creation still with a force for us, as coming from the heart) attains decorous middle age. Father Thames is, hereabouts, remote pretty equally from the purity and gaiety of his youth, away among the inland hills, and the grand and somewhat solemn maturity to which he attains when he merges into the sea. Here he is most prosperous; and the world, too, has told on him, and you must take what he gives you—through a filter!

The wooden pier butts out into the river, and everybody is hurrying river-wards, as steamers of half-a-dozen different sizes swarm round the London Bridge arches. Through one of these you catch glimpses of funnels ringed with streaks of red or white—for it is Saturday afternoon, and the Herne comes sailing along—ready to embark its passengers for Herne Bay and Margate. The river boats for Chelsea and all the intermediate piers, meanwhile, buzz like bees alighting round the landing-place, where the painted figure of a polite gentleman motions you to go. Who painted the polite gentleman? Why is he attired in scarlet? And why has he such a very fine head of hair? These are questions which I, for one, cannot answer.

Let us stand here and observe. Or, if we preferred it, we could go *sub umbras*, into the "Shades," that is, where the red-faced company are sitting at the boxes and imbibing something cool. Everybody feels the heat a personal grievance, which afflicts him in particular; and testy, hasty people, you may observe, seem to blame their neighbours for it. As usual, three or four passengers come running down to the pier just in time before the gangway contrivance is hauled off. These are the fellows who are always just in time, and are aware that there must be a minute or two's grace, at all events. But the panting little fat man, who called out so sharply "Now then!" when we happened to be in the way of him and his bundles, is distinctly too late. No sympathy whatever is felt for that fat man, so he must see the boat sway rolling off with its passengers on board, including the man with the basketful of black, bloated cherries, and the eternal vendor of papers who has a comic sheet to sell, which he loudly proclaims as by the "most popular writers." I mark that fat man as a specimen of the Englishman, who is peculiarly martyred in hot weather:—a thick-set man, tightly dressed, and in black, too—impervious to cool breezes, much as he longs for them, and oozing at the forehead, like an unduly ripe gooseberry. So; let him take his hat off, and pull out the red handkerchief inside it (poor fellow!) rub his brow at leisure. There is a proper natural connection between heat and colour. All the Oriental nations wear bright, light colours, and black in the sunshine tints it with gloom.

Lotos-eating is a pleasant occupation, and in its way, a commendable one (unless you make somebody else pay for the lotoses). So we may lounge about here, motionless in the midst of motion, and watch with speculative eyes, in the hazy sunshine, the figures bustling about us. It is pleasant to float easily about on the surface of life these hot afternoons—a bright cool knob of ice in the cup of human existence. Muddy as one knows the Thames to be, one can't help fancying it cool and refreshing to be in, as it ripples away in the light there. But even if one madly went off in a boat with the intention of availing oneself of the big, seedy-looking barge which offers itself as a private bathing establishment, what would one find there? The Thames water, curiously contrived so as to exhibit its repulsiveness in a small space with the best effect, I apprehend. Who lives there? Who looks after that melancholy row of flower-pots garnishing the outside of it? The imagination pauses for awhile for a reply, and then is diverted by the sharp, clear hiss of the steam from the Bluster. What an intensely concentrated fierce white vapour, and how quickly it thins away and melts into general nature,—that angry individuality—like a fierce man's life!

The skippers of the river-boats have a very nautical appearance, and are indeed open to "chaff" (by the way is that word derived from chafing, *i. e.* irritating—a word commoner in our older literature than now?) on that point. But, somehow, all public men—from Premiers downwards—in England, are ready to take care of themselves, by forms (more or less refined) of that weapon. The skipper will defend his paddle-box from intrusion, if needful, by the use of it. So the youth who seats himself there has to come down, and looks very red and guilty at the observation which the skipper's request is accompanied with. He, too, like the fat man above-mentioned, meets no sympathy. Englishmen for short distances are very uncommunicative and unsympathising. They are ignorant of each other's presence in appearance, and perhaps bored by it in reality. It may be—that external decoration going but for little in these times—nobody feels quite sure of his neighbour's standing, and hovers between the fear of being pushing, or the fear of too much condescension! Most of all, does the unhappy youth of pleasure of the inferior rank of voluptuary—the boy of the Betting Office—the dandy of cheap gardens—display an almost angry scorn at the neighbour who pushes near him. Poor boy!

The river-boats crowd to the pier, but I cannot call them ill-conducted to-day. The Bee rubs her wooden wings against the Ant

—but nobody loses temper—though the dull dead heat that radiates from round the boiler might irritate an angel. I see a vision of the engineer, as he puts up his head for an instant above that engine-room ladder with the dirty steps. A long-suffering, grimy, oily man—canvas-aproned, paper-capped, perspiring, the victim of two distinct heats—the fire-heat and the sun-heat—man's heat and heaven's heat. Why will people run all at once to the gangway that only passes one? It is the struggle of life in *petto*. How contentedly everybody resigns himself or herself to the skipper—though who knows what is the pressure per pound on the square inch this instant? Bah! the chances are all against it, you say; I come this way every day;—so the practical man goes forward and takes up a snug position by the bow. Is it not, think you, that the feeling of security springs from the common-place look things have to every-day eyes? Can anything horrible happen when we have that most business-like knot of prim bagmen chatting near us? Can terror have a place in the thoughts near the fat, dew-lapped chin of that heavy-breathing old woman? Ah! that old face—looking madly for help from the water—would be as poetical as a face of Francia's!

But, indeed, I call our view from London Bridge a highly romantic one. The Bee, there, has just passed under the arch of Blackfriars, and—though she only charges fourpence for taking you over so far—she carries hundreds of stories of human interest inside of her. A novel might be made of the life of the last passenger who went on board her—the brown-looking man who has been in the Chilian service—who carried away in his schooner the negro gentleman who had been hospitable to him, and sold him in the West Indies to pay his expenses home. If little Rasper could only get hold of one of his particular batch of cigars!

Two boats, larger than our wooden-winged friends the Bee and Ant, are lying on the other side of the bridge, where the brigantine is discharging the cargo in white sacks, each sack most particularly ticked off by the Custom House men as it passes. One is going to Yarmouth; the other I have alluded to before as the Herne. The Herne is just off to the more homely watering places—"Cockney" watering-places you may say; but our friend THE SEA being still there, not uninteresting to a hot man with eyes in his head, and a heart about him. Charles Lamb complains that you can never see the sea—the great sea of your thought and reading—but only an insignificant fraction of it from the deck of a Margate hoy. Thoughtful, humorous, ever-pleasant Charles! How he saw into things by means of having a heart to feel them—carrying his intellectual light (as a policeman does his bull's eye) just over that region! Yet, that said fraction may be seen as well from the Margate hoy as from a king's state barge, and we will not be simious and "suffger" at the passengers for Margate and 'Erne Bay, whom the proper official is bawling for.

The official may possibly think me in the way, for I lean against the bar and look at everybody, and don't add a farthing to the company's revenue. But I have a duty to perform. As Emerson says—

> "Blame me not, laborious band,
> For the idle flowers I brought;
> Every aster in my hand,
> Comes back loaded with a thought,"—

I continue to observe the passengers.

There is a youth, whose sole luggage is a brown paper parcel, containing, I suppose, his necessary toilette for to-morrow, and perhaps an Elzevir, though I am afraid not. And now come whizzing past me two ringletty girls, following a most important-looking old gentleman, who is preceded by a nursery maid, who is preceded by a man with a truck, full of luggage. The eldest carries a book for light reading (which, by the way, is not my novel, as I see at a glance, but a book by a gentleman, whom I well know to be an "over rated man,"), and both look very happy. But why does the next passenger carry crape on a *white* hat? Odious custom! It looks as if he wished to advertise that he is "consoled." Already the cabins are filled, and faces are peering through the windows of them. Peer away cheerfully while you can, for I fear you will do everything but bless that throbbing engine with its dull, dead, monotonous sound, and the odour of grease, before the voyage be done!

I respect the man who carries the huge pineapple, with the end just peeping from a paper bag. I respect him further for carrying some ice in a mysterious straw-worked bag, also. Pineapple and ice will be welcome to the lady who is pacing on the sands this afternoon, away on the south coast. The West Indies and the lakes of Canada are ransacked for luxury (you will observe that I had been looking covetously at the pine), and the whole world is turned into a cheap "ordinary."

The 'Erne goes at last, and still fresh boats keep buzzing round the arches of the bridge. Seaward, the river is thick with masts, and the white sails flap, and seem shaking the heat out of them. The bridge, and the houses, and the ships lie like a bright lighted picture round about me; as, turning away from the pier, I enter a narrow street of lofty houses, and merge into the many.

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A HANDFUL OF FOREIGN MONEY.

"WHAT have you had, *M's'r ?*" "*Demi tasse, p'tit verre, flûte.*" "*Six et trois, douze, dix-neuf.*" The civil *garçon* (who has a chin-tuft a guardsman might envy, and a white neckcloth more like that of a Cabinet Minister than the flaccid unwholesome wisp of limp calico that our English waiters twist round their throats,) goes through a rapid act of calculation of the extent of my *consommation* at the *café;* where I have read seventeen newspapers, and have imbibed two little cups of coffee (with a suspicion of cognac in the last); where I have been served off marble, silver, and porcelain, and have enjoyed, besides, the supplementary privilege of sitting, for as long a period as I liked, in a noble saloon adorned with a sea of mirrors, whose decorations *à la Renaissance* remind the spectator, not unpleasantly, of the Salon d'Apollon at the Louvre,—all for the consideration of ninepence-halfpenny sterling. Quite enough, too, you will say; remembering the three-halfpenny cup of coffee, the penny "slice," and chicory-stamped periodicals of the London *café;* but I must inform you likewise that I have had the gratification of contemplating a shining mahogany counter, with a gorgeous service of plate thereon, and an equally gorgeous "*dame de comptoir*" behind it (the noblest study of mankind, begging the poet's pardon, is—*woman*), and that I might have played half-a-dozen games at dominoes, and have popped what remained of my saucer full of lump-sugar into my pocket, had I felt so disposed. But, enough: I will take a walk in the Elysian fields. I give the *garçon* a ten-franc piece, and he returns me a handful of change. He is thankful for the odd halfpenny of which I beg his acceptance, not however pocketing it, but dropping it into a species of electoral urn, common to his brother waiters, and which is the repository, I opine, of their *honoraria*, though whether the proceeds are devoted to the rehabilitation of their white neckcloths, the purchase of ball tickets for the Salle Valentino, or the support of a widow and orphan's fund, I am unable to say. Then the *garçon* gives me my hat, and, executing mesmeric passes with his napkin, bows me out like a lord. Truly, civility costs but little, but it will purchase a good many things in this world.

I cross the Place de la Concorde, always in my eyes a *chef d'œuvre* of architectural magnificence, but in which, each time I visit Paris, I still find workmen employed, making it more magnificent still. The Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées is crowded with fashionable equipages, checquered here and there by omnibuses, waggons, and washer-womens' carts. Fleet Street commingles here with Rotten Row. I sit down on one of the benches (not on one of the chairs, in good sooth, for harpies hover there about them, fierce and implacable in their demands for retributory sous), and eye the aristocratic turn-outs complacently. There are some anomalous vehicles certainly, some queer liveries, and a few samples of harness, heraldry, and horses that would not pass muster in Long Acre; but on the whole I am pleased. Next to the pleasure of having a carriage and horses of your own comes that of admiring and criticising those of your neighbours. Provided always that you have dined, and have an unimpaired digestion.

I am a little late, though, for this amusement. Towards seven o'clock the grand carriages bear their occupants home, or to ministerial banquets. The chief of the State drives by in a pony phaeton, handling the ribbons himself prettily, and takes the road into the Faubourg St. Honoré, where his palace is. A long string of carriages and prancing cavaliers, sitting their horses more or less abominably to English eyes, follow him; and the carts and waggons bound towards Neuilly or Boulogne begin to be in the majority. Meanwhile, I have been jingling my handful of change in my dexter palm; glancing at the smirking little soldiers in red trousers, and at the *bonnes* and little children in go-carts and leading strings; listening lazily to the tattoo of the drums and the fanfare of the trumpets calling home the warriors of France to their barracks; luxuriously inhaling the calm summer evening air, and wondering where the smoke can be; in short, abandoning myself to the delights of doing nothing with that intensity which only those who are compelled to work hard at intervals can appreciate.

Man being a thinking animal—at least he

ought to be one—I think a little while I cool my heels in the evening breeze. The Elysian fields are a capital place for thought. A fair, with round-abouts, conjurors, and dancing booths, goes on continually in one part; reviews and inspection of troops take place frequently in another; while the roadway and its intersecting avenues are always more or less thronged with vehicles. Yet there are shady walks, and sequestered nooks and benches, far from the turmoil of the world, and where the contemplative man may take his recreation—where you may write sonnets to the stars, to Lesbia, or to Pyrrha, get a maiden speech by heart, or concoct the rough draft of a love letter—and be all the while as free from annoyance, or interruption, as though you were in the rat-cage at the top of the Monument on a rainy day, or Saint Simon Stylites a-top of his column all the year round. I could think, now, on the decadence of empires, the mutabilities of fortune, the state of Europe, or the Maynooth grant; but I find a subject of reflection sufficiently ample in the handful of change, which I have held till the coins are warm. Let me glance thoughtfully at them, ere I consign them to my waistcoat pocket.

Here is a brave piece of money—a two-franc coin, bearing the effigy of Louis Philippe, *Roi des Français*, 1835. This looks prosperous, rosy, clean-shaven, well-to-do in the world. The edges are neatly milled, the letters and numerals cleanly and brightly stamped. The monarch's whiskers are symmetrically curled; I can almost discern a wink in the royal eye, a mythical finger laid against the royal nose, and that seem to say: "Lyons is muzzled. Jacques Lafitte has eaten his heart. I no longer fear the newspapers, for Thiers is minister, and Guizot shall be, and Armand Carrel sleeps in Père la Chaise, shot to death. *Rentes* are on the *hausse;* all my sons are brave, and all my daughters virtuous; not a whalebone is loose in the umbrella of Orleans." The two-franc piece is a business-like coin, a favourite with the shopkeepers, who call it affectionately "the piece of forty." Next to the noble, the glorious, the bourgeoisie-beloved dollar, *la belle et bonne pièce de cent sous*, or "cartwheel," as the commons more irreverently term it, which from 1830 to 1848 was the fountain and main-spring, the be all and end all of French honour, virtue, mercy, courage, and patriotism—next to this deified shekel of Gaul, the two-franc piece is the favourite guest at counter and bureau. Louis Philippe coined the pieces of forty by myriads; so, on a smaller scale, are they patronised by his equally business-like son-in-law, Leopold of Belgium. They are not popular, however, with the obese, broadcloth-clad, faro-drinking Belgians, who being large and fat-faced, resent as an impertinence the advent of a coinage which is large and fat-faced too. They even turn up their noses at the crisp, classic thaler of Prussia; *their* delight is in "fiddler's money," —battered, pockmarked Dutch guilders, Austrian *zwanzigers* all holes and corners, like weevilly biscuits; they have even a sneaking kindness for the abominable silver-groschen of the Rhine provinces.

Next in my handful of change is a franc—somewhat battered, somewhat worn, slovenly in what I may call the tire of the wheel, but stern and austere-looking, and of an ashen hue, very different from the snug garishness of the Philippine coins, and the flashy, Britannia metal-like glitter of the second republic. The effigy it bears is more that of an "ancient Roman than a Dane" or of a Frenchman. Were this piece bronzed, decently notched, and passably spotted with verdigris, I should (did I know anything of numismatics, which I don't,) imagine it to be some old medal, stamped with the head of Trajan or of Constantine. But the lofty forehead, the eagle eye, the Grecian nose, the exquisitely chiselled mouth, with its inexorable lips and rounded chin, the sparse locks of hair, and the laurel wreath binding the temples, all belong to a modern emperor. The legend is yet clear enough for me to read "*Napoleon Empereur*," and on the obverse, "*République Française*, 1806." This was, I think, after a certain ceremony had taken place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at which the Pope of Rome assisted, and there must have been a good deal of the "*République Française*" left in 1806.

A half-franc comes next. It bears the same head—the features more filled out, perhaps, and the expression a trifle more thoughtful. Let me look at the inscription. Ah! the poor "*République*" is nowhere by this time, for here I read, "*Napoleon: Empereur et Roi;*" on the obverse, "*Empire Français*, 1812." I read, and lo! like an army the thoughts come rushing on me, conjured into life by this worn and tarnished fragment of silver. There is the Arc de l'Etoile, behind which the sun is bleeding to death in his crimson shroud, while my lady moon looks on with a cold unpitying eye, forgetting that he will rise again, and chase her from the skies to-morrow. There is the triumphal arch, commenced by him, completed by the king who proscribed his family, sculptured over with the list of his victories—lying wonders, many of them—but of which others have filled the world with awe. There, in the Place de la Concorde, where the golden pillars and fountains glisten; there, far beyond where the austere pavilion of the Tuileries, grown grey in the experiences of slaughter and pillages, bodes among the cypress-like trees, and jealously shrouds the bloody Carrousel behind, of whose courtyard there is not a stone uncemented with gore; there, to the right and to the left, by the marble Madeleine, by the bridge leading to the palace of the legislature; there, down the long line of quays, where the boy soldiers are staring greedily at the lithographed presentments of

his victories; there, by the dome of the Invalides, where his maimed veterans dose on the benches; there, on the shining river crossed by his bridges; and there, in the blue distance, where the dismal turrets of the Conciergerie point to the Palais de Justice, where his judges sit to this day and expound his code; there, on every side, the sign and mark of this man are for a wonder and an astonishment.

But I have not come to the end of my handful of change yet. I have a few more silver pieces, and many coppers. I finger again another franc—a dull, tasteless, leaden-looking piece of metal enough, bearing thereon a very ordinary, commonplace-looking ledger-and-day-book sort of head. *A Dieu ne plaise*, though, that I should be wanting in respect to the possessor of Claremont and thirty thousand a year—to a sovereign, moreover, who, if he had no other claim to respect and affection, has this at least from English hearts, that he was the husband of the Princess Charlotte. But King Leopold does not shine advantageously on his silver coinage. The laurel wreath sits uneasily on his brow, and his entire position seems anomalous and uncomfortable, as perchance his corporeal one may be, in that hybrid land which has been a bone of European contention since Cæsar's time, in that fat, fertile country of corn-fields, battle-fields, and coal-mines, of Reubens's pictures and Jacques Cœur's carvings, of bread-and-butter sandwiches and hard eggs (so excellently boiled, however, that I am privately of opinion that the hens *lay* hard eggs in the Low Countries), and whose inhabitants have been so accustomed to be politically bullied from time immemorial—from Julius Cæsar to Philip van Arteveldo—from the Duke of Alva to Napoleon—that they don't seem to know what to make of liberty now they have got it. I never knew a Belgian, even one of the most constitutional, but who had a savoury relish for the pitiably greasy monks who infest the streets and railway trains. With all their liberty, "*les braves Belges*" are notoriously priest-ridden; and with all their gratitude for the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon, eleven out of twelve Belgians maintain that the English were signally beaten on that occasion, only they were too stupid to become aware of the fact. They, the Belgians, found out their defeat in what is familiarly termed "no time," and showed their superior discrimination by running away as fast as their legs could carry them. When I visited the field of Waterloo, the guide—who of course had been in the battle, though I verily believe that he must have been in petticoats in 1815—took care to inform me, while pointing out the notabilities of the landscape, of the invincible prowess displayed by the "*braves Belges*" during the battle, and of the hideous and crapulous cowardice of the Dutch. He avowed, while we were on the field and in the presence of a stout old Indian Colonel, who looked liberal but fierce as well, that it was a '*grand victoire*," a glorious day for Britain; but, subsequently discussing a chopine of sour beer with me, he informed me confidentially that if it had not been for the "*infame trahison*" of somebody somewhere, the English would have been *écr-r-rasés* by the great Emperor.

Hallo! I thought my handful of change was confined to France and Belgium. But I am in error. Slides from between two francs a little shabby greasy disc of silver stating itself to be worth "*cinque soldi*," and current, I suppose, in France as a five-sous piece. Whose is the head? Charles Albert, bland and kingly-looking, and bearing the orthodox laurel wreath. The legend states him to be "*Dei gratiâ Sardiniæ Rex*," and to the best of my knowledge his style and title was rightly that of King of Sardinia. But what is this in addition? "*Cypri, Hierosolymæ Rex*"—King of Cyprus and Jerusalem? How about the King of Naples? How about his highness Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, without whose permissory firman a single Christian could not go up to the holy city. Why should the King of Sardinia call himself King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, when he is about as much so as he is King of Brentford or King of Oude? Why should a king tell so gross a fib in public? Why should he send forth to the ends of Europe so palpable a what's-its-name upon this twopence-halfpenny coin, to pass himself off as King of Jerusalem to the industrials who black shoes and shave poodles on the Pont Neuf. But soft: empty boasts and lying titles are nothing to Charles Albert now; and before I fling a stone, I should remember that we have glass-houses in Great Britain. I should call to mind, that not very many years have passed since our matter-of-fact George the Third publicly styled himself King of France—at the very time, too, that he was dispensing with a lavish hand the blood and treasure of his kingdom, to help the King of France to his own again.

More coins! but the coppers begin to have it their own way, like the carts and waggons over the carriages anon. Here are three kings all of a row. Louis the Eighteenth, King of France and Navarre; very fat, very placid, pomatum and hair-powder visible even on the tarnished franc stamped with his royal portrait. Charles the Tenth, also King of France and Navarre, and passing current now for fivepence sterling; he has a wan, dissatisfied, mortified expression of countenance, but the thin bloodless lips and quenched eye have all the impassible obstinacy of the fated Bourbon race, who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing in years of exile and woe. And, to complete the category of kings in silver, is five-penn'orth of the *ancien régime*—five-penn'orth of Versailles, hoops, hair-powder and Madame de Pompadour—a *demi-livre*—a ten-sous piece, bearing the *vera effigies* of Louis the

Fifteenth, the well-beloved. Ah! Louis the well-beloved; if you could only ponder over my handful of change, and see how the seeds of love you sowed, fructified into a harvest of blood and tears, when the gross copper *sous* of your grandson Louis the Sixteenth came into circulation! The obverse sides of these three kingly coins bear also the arms of France and Navarre: the crown, the shield argent, and three fleurs de lis. These *were* the arms of France, but shall be never, never more, I think.

Come we to the coppers. Here we progress towards something like an uniformity of coinage. The monetary chaos on the silver side is relieved by the sober aspect of these pieces of one and two sous. But what sobriety? The sobriety of Louis the Sixteenth, by the grace of God, in 1779, trembling on his throne, pricked by encyclopedical pens sharpened with regicide penknives—of the same Louis, no longer King of France but "*Roi des Français*," in the "third year of liberty," 1792—of the same Louis, backed with the republican fasces and the legend "*la foi, la loi, le roi*," in 1793—and finally, the sobriety of these sprawling rugged two-sous pieces—*les gros sous* of the republic one and indivisible, cast from church bells, monumental brasses, bronze candlesticks and palace gates, and stamped with the head of a brazen woman with dishevelled hair and a red nightcap. Stay! One little silver piece yet remains: so thin, so fragile is it, that it has lain perdue between two of these corpulent democratic pence. But for all it is of silver, and bright, and neatly milled, and worth full twenty centimes, it is also democratic, and claims kindred with Madame Republique in the nightcap. This little coin is dated 1848, and bears the head of a female in a semi-Grecian costume, a sort of medley of Madame Tallien, Laïs, Aspasia, and Mademoiselle Mars. It bears for legend the redoubtable words, "*liberté, égalité, fraternité*" (similar inscriptions on the walls and public edifices were unfortunately grazed therefrom by stray cannon-balls last December). Liberty, equality, fraternity! Oh, liberty!—oh, Madame Roland, what right have I to take your words out of your mouth?

The sun has sunk to rest; the twilight has commenced and ended, while I have been pondering; and when I raise my eyes from my handful of change, I am dazzled by the gaslight festoons from the "*Château des Fleurs*" close by, and light suddenly upon an animated tableau of Paris by night. Students and grisettes are hurrying to the joys of the polka, and the *valse à deux temps*. Open air concerts have commenced, which those who choose to invest capital in the purchase of cooling beverages are privileged to witness in garden chairs before little marble tables, where they listen as luxuriously to the strains of Donizetti and Bellini as though they were amateurs in their well-cushioned stalls at the opera. So much for the aristocracy, but, the vile multitude, as M. Thiers politely termed them—in the shape of good-humoured soldiers and bearded connoisseurs in blouses, are kept from the penetralia of the *café* concert by a ring fence, and pass criticisms on the ravishing strains which greet their ears through the leaves of the trees, and the fumes of the very strong tobacco emitted by their and their companions' pipes. The highway resounds now with broughams and coupés with brilliant lamps, hastening to ball or *soirée*. Franconi's Cirque Olympique is surrounded by playbill sellers and loungers between the entertainments, while, from the open skylights, pour enlivening gushes of equestrian music. The man with the dancing dogs has led his dramatic company home to their kennel; the proprietor of the *rouge et noir* table, with whom the young and simple play for macaroons and lose, has also retired—to try his infallible martingale, I suppose, in the privacy of domestic life. But, the magicians yet remain in full force; the vendors of elixirs, unctions, and lotions, expatiate with the full force of their lungs on the unrivalled efficacy of their nostrums; the professors of electricity and galvanism paralyse whole strings of little boys. Swords are swallowed, flames vomited, duets and trios chanted, merry-go-rounds revolve; we have all the fun of the fair without any of the fighting.

Not towards these, do my thoughts incline this summer evening. Still, do I fumble my handful of change; still, do I meditate on these dull and mute pieces of metal. Ah! could some power endue them with tongues, though but for a moment, what eloquent tongues theirs would be! what lessons of history would be poured into my ears! Of all memoirs, what could be more interesting, more enthralling, more wofully instructive, than those of these silver and copper tokens? Who is to write the history of money, and when shall it be written? Who shall trace the history of the widow's mite, of Cæsar's tribute, of the forty pieces of silver with which the potter's field was bought?

Of these pieces of money I hold, thou, O Palace of Tuileries, lowering in the night, with one solitary illumined window like a glowworm in the midst, hast seen the birth and the career! Could the walls speak; could the windows be mirrors; could these inanimate heads start from their silver or copper frames; what tales would they tell! They are but emblems and symbols; and the men of whom they are shallow counterfeits, are dust.

As I muse, a gentleman who has stopped to observe me, taking me perhaps for a despondent lover, or a dramatic author meditating a complicated denouement, accidentally lets fall a five-franc piece close to me. As he stoops to pick it up, I observe that it is new and bright; and the light from a gas jet

falling on it, I can discern a head as yet unknown to me, on gold, or silver, or on copper, but which is soon to be, they say, on all:—an aquiline nose, a pendant jaw, a thick moustache and imperial, and LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, 1852. So runs the world. There was a Member of Parliament, I have heard, who once seriously contemplated bringing in a bill for the abolition of Hansard, exposing, as that publication did, such inconvenient discrepancies between the opinions of honourable members from session to session. I wonder whether we shall ever have a ruler, who, remembering that comparisons are odious, will call in or deface all the monies of his predecessors. As it is, a handful of small French change is a course of lectures, in miniature, on the history of France.

THE ENEMY.

BUCKINGHAM Palace is beset, and every house in London is surrounded, by the force of the invader. Throughout the whole country every house is in a state of siege; nay, every coach and every omnibus has to force its passage through a hostile force that struggles to get entrance at the doors or windows. We are not only invaded, but we are subdued; the enemy retains possession of the country, we resist, indeed, manfully, but we resist in vain: the enemy sways over us and holds our very lives dependent on his breath. This is a reflection mournful to the sons of liberty.

What can we do against an enemy impalpable as the most tricksy of the fairies: that whistles at us through our keyholes; flaps our bedroom windows, in jest, at us when we desire to go to sleep; gets under doors or through chinks, and slips (horrible to relate!) down our very throats into our lungs while we are sleeping? We do, indeed, fight for our liberty, but how unequal must the combat be when flesh and blood make war against the powers of the air.

I wish to animate my countrymen against the common enemy. The winter campaign, always the severest, is approaching, and it is time that we should begin now to concert our plan of operation. There is, however, always so much harm done to the good cause in a contest by any tendency to under-rate the power of the enemy, that I think it worth while in the first place distinctly to point out with whom we have to deal. Even in the approaching equinox the powers of the air, with martial blast, will storm our towns and penetrate into the sacred recesses of our inmost homes. But, in their stillest moods, now while they are idling under the warm August sun, they never cease to shoot at us their arrows barbed with the poison of rheum, crick, lumbago, and the other ills which cause the flesh to ache, through chinks and open windows, keyholes, even chimnies that have not been guarded by the ægis of a chimney-board. Completely to defeat the monster Air may be impossible in this world; but we may oppose to his severe custody "untamed reluctance," and be

> "Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
> May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
> In doing what we most in suffering feel."

This is my counsel, and I trust I speak not only to those of my countrymen who defy the enemy in woollen mail, with silken shields, when

> "War appears
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds,"

while they receive the same foe, open-mouthed, when he comes down more quietly upon us.

Whenever the air moves, it means mischief, and the air is always moving. When we suspect some lurking ill design, we commonly say, "What's in the wind now?" and the proverb points to our conviction of the very certain fact, that there has been no good brought by the wind on any former occasion, and that now, therefore, none is expected. There is a proverb, saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," which has been sometimes read with a forced intonation out of its true sense. Its true sense, of course, is the plain and direct one, that the wind is an ill thing which blows good to nobody. Proverbs betray the feeling of the people, and that the feeling of the people is against all the movements of the air our proverbs happily testify. Is there anything of foul report affecting us, we hope that it will soon "blow over;" that is to say, the wind which has a sympathy for evil things will, we hope, take it up when it comes by, and put it in its bosom. When we express how an evil deed becomes intolerable to surrounding people, we figure the wind as having come to it, and say sometimes that it is "blown upon." When a lady is disagreeable to the slight extent possible in members of the fair sex, the fact is expressed by saying that "she gives herself airs." A kind of praise that we despise is called "a puff." A quarrel in a household is by its younger members called "a breeze." Passion is said to come "in gusts;" and many more expressions that have made for themselves nests upon the English tongue, will be found by any reader who will carefully take stock of the phrases with which his own mouth is fitted up. The only good idea in the suggestion of which wind takes part is perhaps "windfall," unexpected good fortune, as unexpected and most happy any events must be that associate the idea of something fallen with our braggart enemy.

How great and powerful an enemy the air is to the sons of earth was very well known to the ancients with whom wisdom dwelt Anaximenes, an ancient philosopher whom St. Augustine, an ancient father, terms an Atheist for his pains, regarded the air as a sort of god, the cause of everything. Air,

taught Christian Thomasius, is a spirit: and he defined its sex; it is a female spirit—light is its mate, the male. If light be not the male, and air the female spirit, what is air?—and here I will repeat Christian Thomasius his argument for the convincing of all doubtful minds. If air be not a spirit, then of course it is a body: now, says Thomasius, it is not a light body because its nature is without light; it is not a dark body because it casts no shadow, and can be seen into. It is not transparent, for we see not to the end of it or through it, as in the case of water and glass. It is not a body; therefore, according to the showing of Thomasius, the air is a spirit, and its forces are impalpable, unearthly.

To increase our notion of the power of the enemy with whom it is our duty to contend, let us look at him from another point of view. Air never was subdued by any human prince; and because nobody can subdue it, the law by a fiction allows any one to master it who can. It is made common in law, or, as the old jurists phrase it, it is put among the *res communes quoad usum juridicum*. Gryphiander did indeed consider air to be a part of the regalia, or rights and possessions of the king, because it was not allowed in his country and time for any man to erect windmills without royal licence; the same was the case with water mills; and so there were said to be vested in royalty the rights of wind and water. Mascard (*de probat. Concl.*) differed from this argument, but yet conceded to kings the *dominium aeris*, the power over air, because, in exercise of his right, he suspends thieves in mid air upon gibbets; also, by the string put about their throats and pressing on their wind-pipes, he deprives them of the use of air, which he could not do if air were not his to give or to withhold. Nevertheless, the wind blows as it listeth; and, in spite of the arguments of a few scholiasts and bookmen, air is declared common in law, and to build castles in it is not accounted trespass. It is also open to a man, when he builds on a piece of ground, to build into the whole column of air that is above it; and as the height of the atmosphere is about forty-five miles, it will be seen that this privilege is of considerable extent. Nevertheless, no man has succeeded in securing the possession of such rights. The rooms we build into the air above our patch of soil are entered by the air, and held by it in occupation even more constant than our own. We go out for walks or upon business, leaving the house empty; our enemy never quits its occupation of a single room. If we encroach so far as to raise a structure very many feet above the soil from which we start, it will inevitably happen that our enemy some day, venting his anger thereupon, will tumble it about our heads. The air, therefore, is untamed, and rides superior to the strongest of the princes of the earth—how much more must it ride superior to us poor work-a-day resisters of its tyranny!

The Jews were happy, if it be true, as I have seen stated in print, that there is no word for air in the Hebrew language. The notion of air, it is said, though the word appears now and then in our version by a mistranslation, nowhere occurs in the Old Testament. If the Jews looked on the air as nothing, they were happy fellows. Are there Hebrew words for draughts, for colds, for rheumatism, for lumbago? I suppose not. Is there a Hebrew root meaning chimney-board or flannel jacket? If the patriarchs were not involved in contest with the enemy who now besieges us relentlessly in doors and out of doors, and if this fact be clearly understood, there is an end for ever of all marvel at the great age attained by Methusaleh and his compatriots.

As for the other elements—of course I recognise no more than four—they are all subject to our tyrant. Fire depends on air for its existence; water must take to itself air if it would preserve life in its subject community of fishes. The fallow earth depends on air for its fertility. As for animals, they all have open gates established in the outside walls of their bodies—call them nozzles or by what other name you please—through which, on peril of their lives, they are bound to allow constant entrance and egress to the despot air. We cannot, therefore, altogether throw the tyrant off, but we can wage a petty war against him, and we will.

Why, for instance, is it sometimes hot and sometimes cold? Why are we persecuted by east winds? Why don't the air leave us in peace to enjoy a pleasant even temperature? Who is to believe the doctors who assert that fluctuations of temperature go far to promote the bodily and mental health and vigour of a man? I take it that the human body is a warm mass, commonly warmer than the air; and I wish to know why this mass, which ought to be warm and is meant to be warm, should be blown upon and cooled, like porridge, by any north wind that the air may please to send to treat us roughly, or made unduly hot by any summer south wind that the same air may delegate to come up and hold over us oppressive sway? Our warm bodies do indeed resist the winds, and do preserve in all seasons the same average of heat; but I am scandalised at being told that even these our bodies, like the outer air, play daily at see-saw; and, that the rule which subjects miserable men to shifting temperature, penetrates even through the substance of their flesh.

Now, when a man's body is so delicately organised, that its temperature all day long is shifting to and fro in this tremulous way, I do say that it is a very terrible thing to consider how the external air blows hot or cold, establishes simoons, typhoons, whirlwinds, draughts, hurricanes, and smoky

chimneys, and passes in all states through the portal of our noses, in and out without any reference to the wishes of us men or women, delicately organised as aforesaid. The air itself is in confusion: it is warm below and cold above, the earth acting as a warming-pan in the midst of it. Its temperature diminishes one degree for about every three hundred and fifty-two feet of distance from this warming-pan. And yet the upper currents are perpetually plunging down into the lower, and the lower soaring up into the upper, and we are born to stand all this! The seasons alter and the wind shifts, and we are expected to live through it all. There is this air all about, as an elastic fluid some eight hundred times lighter than water, full of streams and currents and of different degrees of heat, perpetually on the dance about our ears, and it is expected that we are to walk about in it, and never mind. We do mind. A wind is a draught on a large scale, and we do mind it. If it were true that winds come from a cave of Æolus, and we could find the cave, I for one would subscribe for a great soot-bag, chimney-board, or bran cushion to thrust over the mouth of it, and stop the horrid draught.

That being impossible, we must do what we can. We can fight with little streams of air, though we are no match for the big ones. We can put list round our doors, cover the joints of our windows, stop our chimneys up when there is no fire under them, put our heads at night under bed-clothes, and box ourselves up in a square hole among bed-clothes and bed-curtains, to keep out the enemy. We will frown at the wretch who lets a window down in any coach or omnibus; we will wrap comforters over our mouths, when the air is too cold, to comfort us; we will build theatres, churches, and public rooms, with the smallest possible recognition of our dependence upon the enemy for life and health; since Britons must be slaves in some degree to this all-powerful invader of their hearths and homes, they will not be slaves more than they can help. Let chimney-boards defend the hearth, shut windows all day long, close bed-rooms, with listed sitting-rooms protect the home. He is no true John Bull who throws his doors and windows open to the foe.

True though it be that we cannot prevent our enemy, the air, from being to a certain extent, though unwelcome as a bailiff, in possession of our premises, there remains to us one easy revenge. It can be poisoned. Let no nice conscience start off with a shudder. It is a thing that is done every day. We are all poisoners, though not deliberately so; for it is a remarkable fact, and a distinct proof of the natural antipathy that must have been intended to exist between man and his enemy the air, that our mere presence acts as poison on the air in our vicinity. The tenderest of ladies who assembles friends in a large party, and fills her drawing-rooms, is an accomplice with me in the crime which I commit, and would have all men to commit as they have opportunity—poison the air. Fellow combatants against the enemy, never count the square feet in your rooms, before you count the noses that shall come into them; when you have air well shut into your bed-rooms, poison it, and feed upon its corpse. You shoot a deer before you eat its venison; and if you must feed upon air, you are entitled to do by it as you do by deer, sheep, oxen, everything but oysters; that is, to destroy its life in the first instance. It lies with our opponents to show why air should be eaten like an oyster; and if so, if it is to be taken into our bodies in a living state, why it should be taken without vinegar and pepper.

Poison the air! Cut its throat you cannot; kill it with a sledge-hammer you cannot; poison it you can. You might plant in vain a guillotine upon your first or second floor, but a great deal may be done against the enemy, when he has got into your house, by undermining him with some good drains leading to a sink or rat-hole. Whenever you smell drains, you may be sure that the power of our common enemy is, for the time being, efficiently antagonised. The broad winds blow about the world, and the air rides high above the worst of our assaults, but nevertheless we can do much to emancipate ourselves, if we persist constantly in catching small detachments of the enemy, hedging them in corners and confined spaces, and there holding them and sticking close to them until they are destroyed.

Against an enemy mightier than any human despot, I would be a Tell or Hofer, if I could. Let us not be slaves to our senses. It is said, to our shame, that

> "The eye—it cannot choose but see;
> We cannot bid the ear be still;
> Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
> Against or with our will."

But we can shut our eyes against the light, and very often do; we can stop our ears; and as for the feeling in our bodies, we can conquer that with chloroform. Shall it be said, then, that we are compelled to be dependent on the air for life? The time is not yet indeed come when we may with safety plug our mouths and noses, as we close our eyes or plug our ears; but we can do the next best thing to that—we can plug up the next surrounding shell. We can plug up the house, the room, the carriage in which mouths and noses are; we can decree that all shall be made air-tight within a circle of so many feet around the said mouths or noses, and that the air within that circle shall be further poisoned; and any candid man will own that the next step would be, if we could but take it, the wearing of an impervious muffler over mouth and nose.

At present there exists the objection that such mufflers would cause very speedy and uncomfortable death; whereas, in our present warfare, they who fall, die comfortably in their beds, and yet merit the fame of having been slain like heroes in a war of independence, after a long struggle against the besieger of their hearths and homes.

TOM'S SALAD DAYS.

If you had known anything of Tom Racketts, of Loggerhead College, Bullferry, you would have thought him a dangerous acquaintance, and an unlikely man to go into the Church. Tom could do everything that a young man should not do, in order to get on at the University, or in the world at large. He never did any wilful harm, and was so good-natured, that he never spent so much as the double of his income; which, in a Loggerhead man, showed a consideration for tradesmen not often displayed. It is a pity that Tom drove so well, and had friendships with fighting men; for, he could not be a coachman by profession, and was no real admirer of brutality. But, he liked to be thought a fast man, though he was industrious enough to make himself a tolerable scholar.

Some years ago, quitting the pleasures of the University, I left Tom reading for the Church, to betake myself to geometrical instruments, Vitruvius, and working drawings. Studying as an architect I went to Italy. Justified in raving about the wonders of the Sistine Chapel—armed with leaning towers, chess-boards in Sienna marble and lapis lazuli, and pewter saints—in due time I returned to England.

Of course it was some time before I had bored the whole of my friends who had not seen Italy, and, although the design for the Tipplebarton charity schools was yet incomplete, I one day, in search of a new listener, set out by rail for the little village of Coddleton, wherein my friend Tom now resides as curate.

Tom, in a white tie, seemed to me a notion as incongruous as Queen Elizabeth in a Bloomer dress. Perhaps he in his turn would feel equally bewildered by the moustachios I had brought from Italy. Certainly, I determined, I would go and see.

I was dropped with a carpet-bag at the pretty little gothic Vastbourne station, and, as no train was to come up for some time, I pressed a porter into the service and walked along the line, which was a nearer way than going by the road under the hill, which shaded Coddleton from view.

Through five or six hundred yards of chalk excavation, I at length reached an opening, and had a prospect at command. The day was sunny, half-autumnal, and the distant hills—piled up with foliage, but now and then disclosing an odd patch of chalk, or houses peeping from unlikely hiding-places—formed a gay frame to the picture. A water-mill was mixing for itself an effervescing draught on a grand scale, and a snug batch of farmhouses in the foreground gave a wholesome work-a-day effect to the whole scene.

On we went, with the hills looking down upon us on both sides, as we performed our matter-of-fact journey along rails and sleepers. At length, a long pole marked the point of our arrival at the little road which led from the great trunk direct to my friend's village; so I relieved the porter of my carpet-bag, and left the great trunk to pursue its journey to Carlisle or whither else it pleased.

Tom was from home, and, as the parish comprehended a loose range of some four miles in extent, it was of little use for me to start out on a voyage of discovery. I found that the said Tom kept capital porter—a remnant of Oxford partialities; and that he even still preferred a tankard to a tumbler. As I did not feel tired, I took some slight refreshment, and went out to look at my friend's parish and parishioners.

Tom's house was in a lane looking upon the railway, and if you looked at its gabled exterior, and the grotesque crossings of brown beams upon the dun yellow plaster—above all, if you looked at the pretty porch covered with roses, at the little flower-garden in front, and the more extensive array of vegetables and fruit trees covering the slope behind and at the side of it, you would have gone home dreaming of wedding rings and evening walks. Within, the well-filled book-cases, the slips of paper strewed about on tables, chairs, and floor, betrayed an unhusbandly devotion to books. Tom had evidently taken to reading.

I walked up the lane, and, passing a row of houses similar to the one tenanted by Tom, met with a few of his parishioners. Healthy children, clean or dirty, as the case might be, were playing about with a perfect freedom from the fear of being run over, which children in towns ought to feel, but never do. One party was diverting itself with a jackdaw. The bird did not seem to fear the children. He ran along the road, ran under their feet, suffered himself to be taken up by one wing, or by both, by the neck, the legs, or bodily, and seemed perfectly satisfied with the behaviour of his friends. Only he was not a carriage bird; he would not suffer himself to be drawn triumphantly in a half bottomless frying-pan, and persisted in slipping out of this extemporaneous vehicle.

Passing a barn decorated with the remains of owls, kites, and other offenders who had paid the extreme penalty of the law, and wondering whether such a spectacle could have as great an effect upon ornithological, as public executions have upon human morality, I came to a spot of singular beauty. One side of the road formed an abrupt foot-path, shaded densely by tall ashes, winding round the hill, while the other, taking an almost equally abrupt declivity, disclosed a cluster of

rough stone cottages, set thick in a mosaic bordering of hollyhocks and sunflowers. This was the pith of Coddleton—Coddleton proper.

Walking about and chatting with men, women, and children, I soon found that Tom's good-nature had succeeded in winning some friends quite as warm as those with whom he used to drive and drink at Loggerhead. He seemed to be very well known, and unquestionably popular. My heart yearned towards the old fellow, and I retraced the way towards his cottage.

Tom met me at the gate, and we said as little, and said that little as heartily, as two people do sometimes when they have not met since the state of both has undergone great change. We were soon lounging on the American arm-chairs, talking about everybody whom each had or might have seen during the interval since our last meeting.

Tom's household consisted of an old woman and her daughter, a middle-aged woman. He rented the best part of their house, to wit, a sitting-room and bed-chamber, and they cooked and "did for" him. There was not much society about the place; but, the vicar, he said, was rich, and gave good "feeds," at which his curate was of course always present. The vicar was likewise indolent, with strong non-resident tendencies, and Tom was not sorry to be left much to himself. Sir Basil Pump, the wealthy merchant out of Aldgate, was his next door neighbour, and helped heartily when money was desired for a good purpose. Tom got also the use of Sir Basil's horses, and a quiet "trap" now and then; so that he still indulged his old tastes in a moderate way.

Tom had recently lost his father, and his honest face was often overcast with a look of sad remembrance. His mother and sisters paid him a brief visit but a few days since; and I thought, as he took up one or two of the books which I recollected having seen at Trafford vicarage, there was a little quiver on his lip. But it was pleasing to see the bustle that his room betokened. The reports of schools and baths and wash-houses, piles of little books for distribution, prospectuses of various schemes for social benefit, clerical almanacs, files of magazines, and even a copy of the University Commission, showed that Tom's mind was upon the things around him, as well as upon the revival of his college studies.

We strolled down to see the school, which had been recently done up. It was clean, compact, and well conducted, but sadly inadequate to the requirements of the place. Sir Basil, however, to whom the surrounding neighbourhood owed much of its prosperity and comfort, was supposed to have good intentions. Tom intimated his purpose of introducing me to the worthy knight that evening.

The church was in capital condition; and I mentally resolved to run up again with a Saturday return ticket, and hear Tom hold forth from his pulpit. The vicar appeared to be a nonentity: moderately liberal, but without any care to see a just use made of the money he bestowed—hospitable to the surrounding gentry, without caring to extend his influence for good. He seldom spent more than six weeks in the parish at a time. However, the living was a small one, and he paid Tom a sufficient stipend.

We sat down to a plump fowl and a few slices of ham, and I soon found that Sir Basil's stock of the good things of this world was very much at Tom's disposal. Moreover, I remarked anti-macassars and a kettle-holder, all new, and remarkably elaborate. Of course, I did not hazard any remarks that looked like curiosity. When dinner was over, Tom, donning a straw hat and an old dressing-gown, produced a cigar-box. He saw no harm therein, neither did I.

But all my friend's mischievous propensities were gone. To be sure, his eye kindled once or twice as some college prank was called to mind, and he pointed to a couple of whips hanging behind the door, as well as to a cornopean, that at one period had been the evil genius of the Loggerhead reading men. He even confessed to having lost a trifle by not hedging on Mary Blane, but he seemed half ashamed of this last lurking peccadillo. For my own part, I felt almost glad to see some traces left of Tom's old nature. I have weak faith in violent reforms. All the fine parts of Tom's character had ripened; his generosity had become chastened by judgment; his ready good-nature made his lessons of religion and good conduct interesting and convincing to his flock; and the interest he took as a pupil in agricultural matters and the every-day pursuits of those around him, inspired a confidence which, in turn, secured attention to his doctrine when it was his turn to teach.

After a few hours' chat, Tom paid a visit to a sick old woman, while I busied myself with his books. When he returned, we set out for his knightly neighbour's mansion. It was a beautiful place, owned by a widower, who seemed to be so much devoted to his pretty daughter, Fanny, that you would have thought he had no time for the remembrance of his wife. But it was quite the reverse: he had experienced deep sorrows as well as unbounded prosperity; but he softened his reflections of the one by making good use of the other.

I do not know whether the old knight or his daughter seemed most glad to see Tom, nor by what arrangement I and Sir Basil fell into conversation so closely, while neither Tom nor Fanny appeared to have the least interest in our discourse. But, I could not help observing Tom's initials to some very, I might say, affectionate, birthday lines in an album that I chanced to open. I observed that, when we strolled out on the lawn, Fanny did not seem to object to my friend's tying the ribbons of her straw hat, and I am not

quite certain whether Sir Basil did not give a quiet chuckle over the operation thus performed.

Sir Basil talked to me about a design for the school-house, and hinted at a change in his family that would involve some considerable alterations in his dwelling, and how glad he was to have fallen in with an architectural friend of Tom's. I thought his conversation profitable.

We left early. Tom always read prayers, night and morning, to his housekeeper and her daughter; and even Fanny, had she wished it, could not have caused him to forget so simple and conscientious a duty. I was to be up early to go with Sir Basil to a meeting of landlords at some distance, and we went, therefore, quietly to bed.

I could not detail the delightful manner in which I spent the next four or five days, any more than I could describe my satisfaction at the agreeable nature of Tom's prospects. But, I thought of the influence which good circumstances would bring; of the farther development of his high feeling and good-heartedness; and of the chastened soberness of disposition, which the farewell to a bachelor's life would bring with it.

When I thought of Tom's ambition, "in his salad days, when he was green in judgment," to be seen in stables at all hours of the day; of his uncouth dress and careless conversation—when I reflected upon our breakfasts of beer and cigars, our extravagant luncheons and suppers, our dinners anywhere but in "hall"—when I summed up the mass of bills that used to be displayed in the chinks of the looking-glass frame, before they were jerked into the fire—I could not help saying, as I shook hands with him on the railway platform: "A great change for the better, Tom, a great change for the better!"

CHIPS.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

One of the early Italian novelists has left us an anecdote of a pleasant old Florentine gentleman, Scolaio Franchi by name, which, if the proverb had not been as old as the Greeks, or probably as philosophy itself, might be supposed to have originated the famous admonition about "the cup and the lip." There is nothing very wonderful in the story. Similar surprises have happened at many dinner-tables. I believe the manner in which it was told was what made it impress me; and to this I shall probably not do justice, for I repeat it from memory, and some particulars have escaped me. But the spirit of it ran as follows:—

Signor Scolaio was entertaining some friends at a tavern; and the wine had been flowing for some time and the company very merry, when the old gentleman, who had the spirits of a young one, and who was gifted with a corresponding flow of words, wound up a panegyric which he had been making on the juice of the grape, with the following peroration:

"So much, gentlemen, for the glories of wine in general: and now for a sample of them in particular, and that too in connection with my own glory, and in the shape of this particular glass of wine which I hold in my hand, and which I am about to have the honour and felicity of drinking.

"Gentlemen, it is a very remarkable circumstance, and worthy, if you reflect on it, of your deepest consideration, that this particular glass of wine—look at it if you please, and observe it well, as a thing contemplated in the decrees of fate—was destined from all eternity to be drank by me, simple as I stand here, Scolaio Franchi. Moot as you will the point; bolt the matter to the bran; sift, with all the enquirers on such subjects, from Aristotle to Saint Austin, every particle of evidence left in the respective sieves of your subtleties out of the whole grinding and trituration of the great questions of fate, free-will, foreknowledge, liberty, necessity and unavoidability; and you will find nothing in the whole rounds of certainty more certain, than the drinking and imbibition of this particular glass of wine by me, Scolaio Franchi. All the folios that could be written on the other side—all the armies that could be brought against me to hinder me, though they were bigger than Charlemague's or than Agrican's—all the eclipses, comets, and earthquakes gathered together (if that were possible) from all time—or whatsoever else might turn, terrify, and annihilate a man from his purpose, if it were not absolutely decreed as in this instance, could turn, terrify, or in the least degree interfere with, or obstruct, the passage of this particular pre-ordinated glass of wine into the throat and stomach of Scolaio Franchi."

The orator had no sooner uttered these words than the friend who sat on his right, and who had been nicely calculating the mode of doing it, snatched the glass out of his hand, and swallowed it himself.

CORNISH CHOUGHS FOUND AT LAST.

We have been favoured with the following communication:—

"I am a constant reader of Household Words, and having, in two recent numbers, been struck with an account of a tour through the western part of my native county (Cornwall) in an apparently fruitless search after Cornish Choughs, it has occurred to me, that you might really wish to obtain a living specimen of that bird. If such is the case, I can inform you where they are procurable.

"I was residing for some years at a small cove, named Portloe, and subsequently at

another port, Holland, when serving in the Coast Guard, and on half-pay. The Choughs build and breed in great numbers in the cliffs contiguous to both these coves. About this season of the year the boys take the young from the nests, when they are fledged, which they dispose of for trifling sums, varying from one penny to sixpence; and numbers are to be seen all round the neighbourhood, in the cottages and gardens, perfectly tame. I have frequently had them myself. The people hold them in a sort of reverence (the why I don't know), and they are never shot or destroyed in any other manner; some of the Cornish folk say that they can be taught to speak, but that I very much doubt. I have been all round the coast of Cornwall repeatedly in revenue cruisers, and into almost every creek and cove on it, and I never saw the Choughs, or knew them to breed, but in two places more besides those I have named: namely, a cove called Porthallow (pronounced Praala), and another, Porthowstock (pronounced Prowstock). These coves are just inside the Manacle Rocks, in the parish of St. Keverne, twelve miles from Helston and nine from Falmouth; the first-named coves are three miles from Tregoney and eight from Truro. I never saw the Chough to the westward of the Lizard.

"I felt interested in reading your brief notice of the upsetting the Logan Rock. I happened to be there, although not immediately connected with that act of Vandalism. I was then chief mate of the Nimble, revenue cruiser, which vessel was commanded by Lieutenant Hugh Goldsmith, who, with eight of the crew, performed the exploit. I was in the plain immediately under it when it was capsized out of its socket on its side, jamming itself in a sort of natural fork in the granite: a large piece of which, nearly a ton weight, it knocked off into the sea as it fell over. The weight of the Logan Rock itself, as near as could be ascertained, is seventy to seventy-five tons; at least, that was the opinion of an eminent engineer, who was there when it was replaced. I could have furnished you with a full, true, and particular account of all the proceedings in connexion with it, if I could have imagined it would have been acceptable, and that I should not have been considered as taking a liberty.

A WHOLESOME POLICY.

We are certainly a camel-eating people. Otherwise it would seem to us an odd thing that a Life Assurance Company, before granting a policy and becoming liable for the payment of money after death, should carefully inquire concerning small-pox, fits, gout, asthma, and such other liabilities to sickness, in the applicant himself, and never ask a syllable about the surrounding outward circumstances in which he may be living. Whoever has insured his life may live over a cesspool. He who has taken out a policy is not called upon to give notice of his intention, though he may propose removing to some quarter of the town in which his house may be ill-ventilated, his neighbourhood confined, his drainage in a state of horrible neglect. But the Office must be warned if he proposes to peril his existence by the risks of foreign travel. There was a case in point that attracted public notice some little time ago. A gentleman, aged thirty-one, in excellent health, assured his life for a thousand pounds. Having paid only three annual premiums, he removed to a sickly spot in the Bethnal Green Road, and died of typhus fever after a few days illness. The number who die quietly, who cut off a paring from the ripe years of their lives for every day spent under unwholesome influences, who work incessantly on their own coffins, and spend thirty years of manhood in annihilating thirty years of age, is far from small. In one district of London, an inhabitant dies yearly out of every fifty-eight; and in another, one out of every nineteen. Yet our Assurance Companies do not consider it material to ask, as a question that affects their policy, in which of these two districts a proposed life may reside.

In the healthiest of our counties one person dies yearly out of every fifty-seven inhabitants; in the whole of London, one in forty-one; and, in the whole of Liverpool, one in thirty. One in thirty corresponds with the loss suffered by our armies on the field of Waterloo. Nevertheless, it is no question affecting Life Assurance whether a man be residing on the top of the wholesomest country hill in England, or in the recesses of Saint Olave, Southwark. Typhus fever destroys more lives than gout, rupture, small-pox, asthma, palsy, and intemperance together but, while inquiries are made carefully concerning tendencies to such disease, in the granting of a life policy no note is taken of those outward circumstances by which fevers are produced. A man's policy is void should he drink poison; but no Assurance Company appears to care how much he breathes in the familiar way of drain-gas or malaria.

It cannot be said that sanitary considerations of this kind affect only the lives of poor people, who are not customers to the Assurance Companies. They are, indeed, the greatest sufferers, but not the only ones. Their wretchedness clings to the skirts of grandeur. One of the worst courts about London lies under the shade of the Queen's palace-walls. Questions of fresh air, drainage, and such matters as belong to public health, affect greatly a consideration of the probability of life among the gentry. The average age at which gentlemen and ladies die, is, in London forty-four; in Liverpool, only thirty-five. The gentry of Saint George's,

Hanover Square, of St. James's, and Marylebone, die at an average age, by which the probability of life is reduced, in their case, fifteen years below the healthy standard.

These facts were urged three or four years ago upon the notice of Assurance Offices, in a pamphlet by the secretary of the then existent Health of Towns' Association, Mr. Henry Austin. Since the interest of Life Assurance Companies lies clearly in a recognition of the facts disclosed in sanitary tables, we have little doubt that wholesomeness will, before long, find stout advocates among the gentlemen who have invested an aggregate of about fifty millions in speculation on the probabilities of life. It is quite true that the tables upon which Assurance Companies now work, have been formed upon a general average of probabilities safe in the gross; but it is not fair to the public, and certainly not wise, in a commercial sense, to continue to work on a gross average.

It has been shown that the probability of life differs constantly and strikingly, according to the nature of certain well-known external conditions. Just as, in Fire Offices, buildings pay for their assurance in proportion to their chance of being burnt; so, in Life Assurance, policies should be made out on scales fairly proportioned in each case to the hazard. When it is notorious that of two children born in different parts of England, the chance of life in one is double or treble the chance of life in the other, it ceases to be fair that each should pay to an Assurance Office the same premium. Healthy men living under healthy circumstances, pay too much, individually, to Assurance Companies; their neighbours, in unwholesome districts, pay too little. The recognition of the difference that should be made between them in the charge for a life policy, would operate, we think, with a most wholesome effect upon the public. It would induce, also, a very much increased amount of Life Assurance among the healthiest and safest men; and by diminishing only the quantity of business done with men whose lives are hazardous, would certainly increase the profits of the Companies.

Again, if the Directors of Assurance Companies could only travel like the Devil on Two Sticks, and peep under the roofs of the assured from whom they get their yearly aggregate of premiums; if they could with their own eyes see how here a drain, there an ill-ventilated bed-chamber, elsewhere some other cause of bodily decay easily removable, rots away lives, and bites daily and nightly like a rust into the Company's gold; they would acquire so great an itch for speaking words in season here and there—would be so eager to provide the stitch in time that saves nine years perhaps of premium in one case and another—that, as if possessed, they would all rush together to plunge headlong into the stream of sanitary progress. The health of assured lives is the cash of the Assurance Company, and, as cash, it is worth increasing. The body of an assured person is one of the Company's cash-boxes, and, like a cash-box, should be kept as strong as possible.

But how, it will be said, can this be done by an Assurance Company without impertinent intrusion on its customers? Assurance Companies will never be allowed to institute domiciliary visits, and inquire into the private arrangements of a Briton? Perhaps not. The Briton is a little testy on the subject of his trueness, his blueness, and his independence. A man who has assured his life cannot, it is true, say that his life is his own, and that he may waste it if he pleases. He is morally as culpable in any wilful following of an unwholesome practice as he would be in any other breach of contract which defrauds his neighbour. Knowing at the same time how the Briton likes to keep house well and economically, we think that, so far from objecting, he might be extremely glad occasionally to welcome to his castle a professional man, competent to tell him of anything, in drainage or elsewhere, about it dangerous to the health of himself and of his family, and to advise him upon sanitary matters without any charge. Be that as it may, we are quite sure that the public would rejoice to witness the establishment of offices upon the staff of all Assurance Companies, whose duty it should be to certify to the directors the good or bad sanitary conditions under which proposed assurers may be living. Holders of policies might be required to give notice of any change of residence, in order that, where it might seem necessary, the new dwelling might be inspected, and any source of sickness in it be detected and removed. If it should be found incurably defective and past remedy—more dangerous than the preceding abode—a suitable addition to the premium should be charged on its account. Beyond these necessary limits, the medical officer appointed by the Company could be empowered to transgress at his own discretion, in coming to the aid of the assured with so much sanitary knowledge and experience as might be exercised without offence on their behalf.

A few medical officers of this kind, paid with such salaries as would secure to the Assurance Companies their whole time, and ensure that it should be spent in service of the highest class, would mediate in the most valuable way between assurers and assured. At the same time the whole plan would indirectly do great service to the nobility, gentry, and public in general, by bringing the main facts that concern public health into direct, practical relation with the business of life. When men who will not take care of their health find themselves lowered in commercial value by the inhalation of foul air, a neglected drain under a house may come to be thought as unbusiness-like as a blotted ledger, and a man who takes recklessly to the

breathing of foul air in any shape, may be thought as surely to be going to the dogs as one who takes to drinking.

KILSPINDIE.

King James to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chace,
When he was aware of a banished man
Return'd without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal:
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
"Yonder is my Gray-steel."

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turn'd to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
Which time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
Who, when the king was young,
Had pleased him like the grim Gray-steel,
Of whom sweet verse is sung:

Had pleas'd him by his sword that cropp'd
The knights of their renown,
And by a foot so fleet and firm,
No horse could tire it down.

But James hath sworn an angry oath,
That as he was king crown'd,
No Douglas ever more should set
His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
Too haughty and too strong;
Only Kilspindie of them all
Had never done him wrong.

"A boon! a boon!" Kilspindie cried;
"Pardon that here am I:
In France I have grown old and sad,
In Scotland I would die."

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
His Douglas pride was gone;
The king he neither spoke nor look'd,
But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
Held on beside the train,
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
The way grew steep and strong,
The king shook bridle suddenly,
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself:
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine."

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distress'd;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, but wished him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The king has entered Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first;
Kilspindie sat him down, and ask'd
Some water for his thirst.

But they had mark'd the monarch's face,
And how he kept his pride;
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, sever'd still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie cross'd him too.

UNDERWRITING.

"Who is Lloyd?"

In common with thousands of others I have often asked this question, while reading in the newspapers of terrible disasters at sea, of loss of noble, richly-freighted ships and richer human lives, of damage done to cargoes, of wrecks found floating on the waste of waters far at sea, of solitary spars, or empty casks picked up on foreign shores: I had read, too, with gladdened heart—and who has not?—of ships arrived in far-off colonies or Indian ports, with some dear friends on board, and all reported well.

He must be a most wonderful man, this Lloyd, whose Shipping Lists supply all this intelligence. Is he some active and wealthy ship-broker, a native of Wales, wearing a Welsh wig, and busily occupied with long lists of ships in some little dark dusty office, somewhere down by Custom House Quay? Nobody could tell me, so I resolved to make Mr. Lloyd's acquaintance, and to learn from his own lips how he contrived to gather together such a mass of intelligence as he does gather within the space of twenty-four hours.

My inquiries led me to the Royal Exchange, where I was told I should find Lloyd's, and where, at the end of half-an-hour of questioning, I actually discovered two gigantic doors, with the sought-for word blazoned over them in burnished brass. The doors were flung wide open, as though one or two ships were going to be launched through them very shortly. Before me, as I entered, rose a noble flight of stairs, as wide almost as a frigate's deck, and up and down these Titan stones rushed past me scores of people in half abstracted mood. I could have imagined that the men I met rushing out had just heard of some fearful shipwreck, involving

the loss of all their worldly possessions, were it not that those who entered seemed to be quite as alarmed and hurried. At the top of this splendid stone staircase is a lofty room, somewhat circular in shape, and containing numerous doors, which were guarded by two formidable-looking men in red cloaks: of one of these I inquired for the proprietor, and was thereupon referred to the Secretary's office, a suite of quiet elegant rooms.

The information I gathered in these offices may be classed under three heads: the objects and history of Lloyd's; the external agencies by which it is brought into action; the internal arrangements, by means of which its varied intelligence is received, digested, arranged, and, finally, disseminated.

The Society of Underwriters or Marine Insurers, now known by the designation of Lloyd's, appears to be one of the oldest associations extant. The system of insuring shippers of goods as well as owners of ships against losses at sea, may be traced as long back as the reign of Edward the Sixth—probably still farther; although that is the date of the oldest record of such a practice to be found amongst the State Papers. In the preamble to statute 43rd of Elizabeth, marine insurance is mentioned as "an usage time out of mind." At these periods, the merchants and others who insured or underwrote policies, assembled at the "exchange-house" in Lombard Street long before the old Royal Exchange was built. After the Great Fire of London, the Society of Underwriters assembled for the purpose of business at a coffee-house in Lombard Street, and afterwards in Pope's Head Alley, kept by a person named Lloyd—hence the present designation of the body; and they appear to have remained guests of Mr. Lloyd until the year 1774, when they once more took up their quarters in the Royal Exchange, to be again burnt out in 1838.

At present the institution numbers two hundred and seventeen underwriters, one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight members and substitutes, and five hundred and three subscribers to the merchants' room, who pay yearly subscriptions varying from ten guineas to two guineas; these, with entrance fees, make up about nine thousand six hundred pounds yearly. Besides this source of income, Lloyd's receives two hundred pounds a year from each of the five principal Assurance Companies, besides various yearly sums from Dock Companies and sale-rooms, as well as from the editors of such daily papers as have the privilege of early copies of shipping intelligence, making up a total annual income of about twelve thousand pounds. The wealth and liberality of this body may be estimated by the fact, that at the period when this country was threatened with an invasion from Napoleon, a sum amounting to twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards made thirty-five thousand pounds, was devoted by Lloyd's towards the formation of what has since been termed the Patriotic Fund, for the relief of sufferers in the war and their families. Besides this noble gift, the committee has at various times presented nineteen thousand pounds to charitable and patriotic funds.

Let us now see by what machinery this institution is enabled at nearly all times to command the very earliest and best information relative to shipping and cargoes at every part of the civilised world. This is effected by agents, who are located at each port of note in the four quarters of the globe: no maritime town of any consequence is without a Lloyd's agent; and, although no salary attaches to these offices—certain casual fees alone forming their remuneration—so anxiously are they coveted as bestowing a certain degree of respectability, that it is a frequent occurrence for as many as fifty applications to be made on the occasion of a vacancy. It is the duty of these agents to report by every mail or post the arrivals and departures of ships; all accidents or disasters relative to shipping or cargoes; the appearance of enemies' cruisers in time of war; to render assistance to masters of vessels in any cases of difficulty or danger; to furnish certificates of damage to goods or vessels, and generally to furnish every kind of information likely to prove of service to the underwriters of Lloyd's.

The number of Lloyd's agents in foreign and colonial ports is two hundred and ninety-six: these are chiefly mercantile men; and, not unfrequently, the British Consul at a foreign port is selected to perform the duty of agent.

In the United Kingdom—from the fact of the very dangerous character of most of the sea-coast, and the multitudinous arrivals and departures—the agents amount to not less than one hundred and forty-seven, or one half as many as throughout the rest of the world. To facilitate and simplify the duties of these home agents, the entire coasts of Great Britain and Ireland have been divided into certain portions, from point to point, within which each agent has his functions as accurately defined as have our county magistrates in matters of police. It must be at once apparent that in such serious matters as shipwrecks or other accidents of the sea, it could not be permitted for the least shadow of doubt to exist in the mind of an agent as to any such disaster happening in his or his neighbour's district.

In this way England, Wales, and Scotland are divided into one hundred and twenty-three agencies. No. 1 of this list extends from the eastern limits of the parish of Gravesend to the west entrance of Faversham Creek: No. 2 extends from the east entrance of Faversham Creek to Reculver Church. The districts are carried thus quite round the kingdom, taking in the Channel Islands and those to the north of Scotland, and returning back to the other bank of the Thames

as far as Southend Pier, which is the last agency. In Ireland the same division is observed—the duties however are there discharged by twenty-four agents.

It becomes the duty of all these four hundred and forty-three agents, at home and abroad, to ascertain the particulars of every casualty of any kind occurring within their respective agencies to ships or cargoes, and to report the same with the least possible delay to the secretary of Lloyd's. The necessity which exists for such early and authentic intelligence will be apparent, when it is remembered that both ships and goods are frequently insured long after their departure from the country, and in the event of a vessel not having been heard of at the expected period, insurances effected upon her are often increased, of course at a much higher rate in proportion to the supposed risk of the transaction.

The home establishment consists of a suite of rooms set apart for the use of the Committee and officers; and another range of apartments appropriated to the various subscribers to Lloyd's, in the Royal Exchange. There are, of course, a secretary's room, clerks', and waiting rooms, committee and record rooms, as well as an admirably arranged lavatory. The public apartments consist of five rooms. The largest of them is the underwriting room, where the underwriters and brokers transact the multifarious business connected with marine insurances. It is a busy scene towards the afternoon, when persons willing to take risks of insurance deal, through the medium of brokers, with those who have ships or cargoes to insure. It is quite impossible to form any accurate estimate of the value of property, of all kinds, insured through the year by means of underwriting at Lloyd's: it may be sufficient to observe, however, that by far the greater portion of British shipping and goods imported into and exported from this country, as well as into and from many foreign countries, are here insured. The insurances of America, France, Germany, Spain, and indeed of all other trading nations, are principally effected through the instrumentality of this one body. No other country possesses such an institution. There is, indeed, the "Austrian Lloyd's," but much less important in nature and extent than ours.

It may be readily imagined that with agencies spread over the four quarters of the globe, with mails constantly arriving from beyond sea, the amount of correspondence involved in the getting together the shipping news of the world, which Lloyd's List really is, must be very considerable, and oftentimes exceedingly heavy. In the winter and spring months the advices of casualties multiply; and, on the arrival of an Indian or American mail, the work is necessarily much increased. By special arrangements made with the Post-Office, all letters and packets addressed to Lloyd's are promptly delivered to their messengers. Railways and steamboats are not rapid enough for the news which has to be transmitted from various parts of the coast, relative to shipping. The electric telegraph is in daily use during stormy weather; and a few hastily deciphered words received at the telegraph branch, at one end of the merchants' room, frequently chronicles the loss of thousands of pounds to the busy men around.

At half-past eight in the morning, the opening of the first receipt of letters commences. By a well digested method the clerk who opens them assorts them as to locality, and others immediately begin the work of copying the various names, dates, and incidents. So rapidly and systematically is this done, that by ten o'clock—when men of business are usually at their offices—a perfect list of arrivals, &c., is made up and posted in one of the public rooms. Simultaneously with this registering, the list is put into type at Lloyd's printing-office below, and rough copies printed on slips of paper, which are marked with the hour and minute when issued; and these, which form the foundation of the daily list published in the afternoon, are dispatched to the several Assurance Companies, as well as posted in the reading-room at Lloyd's, so that any error in names, or otherwise, may be seen and rectified before the perfect and final list be published. Inasmuch as mails arrive in London during all hours of the day, a succession of these slips are printed and issued until late in the afternoon.

Lloyd's Books, which are in fact transcripts of these slips, are kept closely written up as intelligence comes to hand. They are placed in conspicuous parts of the underwriting room, and are of necessity highly interesting to all persons connected with the shipping interest. In former days every item of intelligence was posted in these huge volumes in the order in which they were received, the accidents and disasters being distinguished by having the words written in large characters, or double lines, as they were technically called. Now, however, that the business of this establishment has so largely increased, it has been found expedient to adopt something of classification, in order to facilitate the researches of underwriters and others through such a mass of intelligence. The lists, which also contain the sailings and speakings at sea, are therefore transcribed into the two distinct volumes: the one, containing arrivals in all parts of the world, is called the Arrivals' Book; the other, recording losses and casualties, is termed the Loss Book.

Towards the afternoon the various printed slips, with any corrections that may be needed, together with all electric despatches received, are thrown together, and thus form the daily publication known as Lloyd's List. Occasionally shipping news is received by other parties, and communicated

to Lloyd's, in which case such advice is embodied in their list. So well known are the facilities of this society for collecting first-rate intelligence, that the Admiralty and the East India Company frequently receive the earliest intelligence through the medium of Lloyd's.

With this daily distribution of intelligence, the labours of the secretary and his staff, however, are by no means completed. The geographical arrangement of shipping news in a series of carefully digested books is found most useful to parties making inquiries respecting vessels, the names of which may be in question, but whose ports of destination are known: they are of service, too, as at once indicating the shipping transactions of the several ports of the world. One of the most laborious, however, of the daily tasks at Lloyd's, is that of writing up the enormous Indexes to the shipping lists. These are contained in four thick folio volumes, embracing the names of all ships known at Lloyd's from A to Z. The object of these Indexes is to enable persons to trace out the several voyages of any known vessel, or the particular date of the departure or arrival of any ship from or at any particular port in years past. Such date is needed more frequently than might be supposed. For instance, we will suppose a shipper wishes to forward goods to Calcutta by a fast-sailing vessel; several are named to him as taking in cargo, but he cannot ascertain which of them is likely to make the best run out. To satisfy himself on this point he turns to Lloyd's Indexes, and there he finds against the name of each ship long lines of abbreviations and figures in black and red inks. These abbreviations notify the port, the date, and the particular column of a particular issue of Lloyd's List, in which these several movements may be found recorded; and, to simplify this data still more completely, the notices of arrivals are in black ink: those of departures or casualties are in red. In this way may be found recorded the passages of every vessel known, to commence from the date of its maiden voyage until it be at last entered (in red) as having foundered. It may be mentioned that these Indexes contain the names of forty thousand sea-going ships, our coasters not being included amongst them. So greatly has the shipping of the world increased of late years—especially that of Great Britain—that the task of writing up these Indexes, which a dozen years since occupied one person for about six hours, is now the work of two index-keepers from morning until the close of the office.

In addition to the supervision of this mass of daily labour, the secretary has not only to keep up the ordinary correspondence with agents in all parts of the world, but to satisfy persons making inquiries respecting the fate of some ship, or of some friend—a passenger or sailor by a vessel not heard of for a long period. To reply to these is certainly no portion of the duties of Lloyd's secretary; yet the arrangements made enable him to attend to these letters, and to afford valuable and interesting information. It must be obvious that from the very nature and extent of the details of these operations, each day must necessarily see its own work brought to a termination; a single day's arrears would fling the establishment into irretrievable confusion, and seriously impair its usefulness; and this is so well understood that, let the amount of labour be what it may, all remain at their posts until the last stroke of the pen has been made.

The progress of an institution such as this, marching onwards and expanding with the pressure of the times, may well serve to indicate the growth of commerce, not only in our own land, but throughout the civilised world. Now, the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745, and is in possession of the Committee of Lloyd's, being somewhat more than a century old; we are thus enabled to draw a tolerably accurate comparison between the shipping operations of the middle of the last century, and the middle of the present century.

The old Lloyd's List appears to have been the last that was published once in the week; it is printed on a narrow slip of paper about a foot in length; and, besides containing the price of bullion and the stocks, gives the rates of exchange on foreign countries; these are on one side. On the reverse is what was then termed "the Marine List;" which gives a list of twenty-three arrivals and twelve departures at English ports, with thirty-four ships at anchor in the Downs. There are also notices of four arrivals in Irish and foreign ports, with advice of three British ships taken by the enemy's privateers. Turning from this document, which gives a week's news, to one of the year 1800, published daily, we find it contains on an average notices of seventy-five ships. This was in time of war: and, comparing numbers, we find the ships noticed as ten to one against the previous date. Following up the comparison, we turn to a Lloyd's List for 1850; one of the fullest of these covered fifteen pages in the Arrivals and Loss books for one day, giving the names of about four hundred and sixty vessels, being six times the number of those in 1800, and as numerous as the lists of one entire year in the previous century.

A just idea of the importance attaching to shipping advices by underwriters and others, may be formed from the number of casualties of all kinds occurring on the seas in all parts. The documents existing at Lloyd's show these were, in the year 1847, not less than about two thousand two hundred; of which as many as eight hundred were instances of ships abandoned at sea, or wrecked. In 1850, the total casualties of all descriptions were still heavier, having been about three thousand six hundred. These figures do not include

steam-vessels, the casualties relating to which were seventy-one in 1847, and one hundred and eight in 1850.

Amongst the casualties, there were in the year 1847, not less than forty-nine ships reported as having put to sea, of which no further tidings were heard; these must, of course, have gone down with all hands. To estimate the value of property thus totally lost in each year would be a matter of considerable difficulty; yet we may arrive at an approximation. If we value each of the eight hundred total losses in 1847, with their cargoes, at an average of only three thousand pounds each, we shall find the loss to amount to about two millions and a half sterling! Continuing this estimate to 1850, we might, by a similar mode of calculation, make the total of losses sustained by the underwriters at Lloyd's and elsewhere, on the three thousand six hundred casualties in that year, amount to between four and five millions sterling!

Vast, however, as is the amount of property in constant jeopardy, and heavy as are the yearly losses on the high seas, the Committee of Lloyd's give not all their care to these things; human life claims their frequent sympathy, and these gentlemen find the time and the will, amidst their many duties, to bestow kindly aid to sufferers of many classes. Not only do they contribute to hospitals for the relief of seamen, and to the maintenance of life-boats along our dangerous coasts, but they extend rewards to such as, at risk to themselves, save, or attempt to save, life from shipwrecks. In some cases money is given, but where that would be unnecessary, or when some more lasting memorial of courageous humanity would be more highly esteemed, a medal is awarded. This is cast in bronze and silver, and given according to the station in life or degree of merit of each particular case. Since the first award of these medals in 1837, forty of them have been thus bestowed.

From the sketch attempted to be given, it may be seen of what importance and value is this body of underwriters. How it has grown with the growing wants of the age, and anticipated every new or larger demand upon its energies. How governments and chartered bodies look to it for faithful, early news. How none concerned in commerce can live or thrive without its aid.

Like the human body with its many veins and nerves, it feels the least disturbance in the distant corners of the earth. Not a storm can rage in the wide oceans of the South, without a record at Lloyd's. No hurricane can rush through eastern seas, without a chronicle at Lloyd's. Every gale, every squall, let it be where it may, is felt at Lloyd's. The smallest craft that tempts the mighty seas leaves those at home who track it on its way with anxious, throbbing hearts; and when in some fierce storm it founders far from land, and its lost sailor sinks with bubbling groan, it is not soon forgotten: there are those who, hoping against hope, look long, though vainly, in each coming mail for tidings which will never come; and, when long months have passed, the name is scored from off the books at Lloyd's.

THE PRESENT HOLLOW TIME.

The golden age, whensoever it may have had existence on the face of the earth, was an age of solid gold, there is no kind of doubt. It has been observed by innumerable philosophers and moralists—sometimes a little disappointed or misplaced, may be, but sound sages and impartial judges none the less—that every succeeding age, in its turn, has been hollow. The last has always been the hollowest. We must admit of the present time that it is a very hollow time indeed, though not a worse time than another, perhaps, in the sage and moral sense aforesaid.

It is an undoubted and an instructive fact that hollowness now plays an important part in engineers' and mechanical constructions; and that it is one mode of carrying out a vast economy of materials. A sheet of iron and a few rivets now perform the duty of ponderous castings or huge erections of brick, or stone, or timber. A beam of timber or a mass of iron may be treacherous within-side, owing to some inequality of structure which escapes the eye of the workman; and in such case the interior portion is not merely useless: it is a positive burden and incumbrance, a delusion and a snare, an income-tax of a very annoying kind, a bottomless pit in which the paymaster loses his money and the engineer loses his temper; it renders no service itself, and prevents the sounder portions from rendering their service. It is, on the contrary, one of the characteristics of the plate-and-rivet system (if we may coin a phrase to designate it), that there is no waste material, no neglected material, no material so far beneath the surface as to escape its due share of preparation and annealing. None of the iron particles—like individuals in an Exeter Hall chorus of seven hundred—can hide their defects by being buried among a mass of others; they are all brought near the front row, and must bear a fair amount of scrutiny.

If we watch the making of these plates or these rivets, we shall soon see that the iron passes through an ordeal which must greatly toughen and strengthen it. The molten iron, liberated from its stony companions by the heat of the blast furnace, flows in a golden stream from an aperture in the lower part of the furnace, and fills up a series of channels in the sandy floor of the foundry—a big channel being the sow, and sundry little channels the pigs. These pigs, when cold, form oblong masses of crude, brittle, and very imperfect iron, quite unfitted in this state for any engineering or mechanical purposes;

they are refined in one furnace and puddled in another, to effect certain changes in the iron; the iron, in masses of sixty or seventy pounds, receives a few mighty thumps from a shingling hammer weighing five or six tons; then it is pressed between enormous rollers, then heated again, and then rolled again to its proper thickness as sheet-iron. Like as dough becomes toughened by good kneading, does the iron become toughened by these repeated meltings and beatings, and rollings and pressings. And the rivets, too, share this quality with the sheets, for they are formed of bar-iron or rod-iron, which has undergone a similar course of treatment.

The well-kneaded sheets and rivets, as we have said, take part, in a remarkable degree, in modern engineering. Steam-engine boilers and steam-vessel funnels are examples familiar to every one. The sheets are cut to the proper sizes by shears of most irresistible persuasion, which sever the material as effectually and as quietly as the clasp-knife of the coalheaver severs his bread and cheese into coalheaver's mouthfuls; another machine punches rivet holes around the margin of each sheet, quickly and cleanly; and a third machine cuts off pieces from a rod of iron to form tough and sturdy little rivets. Then, in order that the flat sheets may acquire a curvature similar to that of a boiler or a funnel, they are hammered on an anvil, a gauge or pattern being used to prevent the iron from overleaping the bounds of propriety, and acquiring too great a convexity. And now comes the riveting. The riveter has a boy at his elbow, which boy is commander-in-chief over a small portable forge; the edges of two sheets are lapped one over another, a rivet is made hot, it is put through the coinciding holes in the two plates, and two men batter away at the two ends of the rivet with huge hammers, until the spreading ends of the rivet bind with intense pressure the two plates together. Thus does the iron cool, and thus do the rivets succeed each other, and thus is a boiler or a funnel built up. It is hollow, but it is nevertheless strong.

As a rule, keep at least half a mile away from a boiler factory; for, of all the wild and bewildering noises presented by industrial art, nothing approaches in intensity that which results from thousands of rivets being hammered by dozens of lusty arms, day after day. And yet (as extremes meet) we would really suggest a visit to a boiler factory, to see what our Fairbairns and our Garforths of the busy north have done towards the silencing of this hullabaloo. Many may recollect the two riveting machines which found a place in the Great Exhibition, but which, unfortunately, could not be shown in action; the rivets are not hammered, but the two ends are treated with such a loving embrace as effectually to bind the rivet and the two plates together. There is a lesson also in the philosophy of "strikes" afforded by these machines. Mr. Fairbairn, in the Official Illustrated Catalogue, gives us this bit of information: "The invention of the riveting machine originated in a 'turn-out' of the boiler-makers in the employ of the exhibitor about fifteen years ago. On that occasion the attempt was made to rivet two plates together by compressing the red-hot rivets in the ordinary punching press. The success of this experiment immediately led to the construction of the original machine." Improvements suggested themselves from time to time, until, about eight years ago, the present riveting-machine was brought to a state of great efficiency. "The machine effects by almost instantaneous pressure what is performed in the ordinary mode by a long series of impacts. The machine fixes in the firmest manner eight three-quarter-inch rivets in a minute." And what is more, the process is a sober, quiet one, and the riveting is said to be better effected than by the hammer.

It is to the humble plate-and-rivet that we owe the magnificent Britannia tubular bridge—beautiful in an engineering, though not in an esthetic sense. The difficulties which pressed upon Robert Stephenson in his attempt to carry the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Menai Straits, have become notorious. He was required to make a bridge flat at the bottom, and rigid enough to support railway trains with very little flexure. At the point chosen, the length of the whole bridge is one thousand three hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts; but the fortunate existence of the Britannia rock in the middle of the stream, causes the entire width of the water there, nine hundred feet and upwards, to be divided into two spans of about four hundred and fifty feet each. These distances were required to be kept open throughout their whole length, so that vessels of large size might pass everywhere under the bridge, the bottom part of which was to be one hundred feet, at least, above high-water mark. These rigorous conditions were a sore puzzle to the engineer; and after all other kinds of bridge were considered and abandoned, the plate-and-rivet principle was thought of. Then occurred the remarkable experiments of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson, and the wonderful proofs of strength which such construction afforded—sixty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-four pounds of pulling force required to separate plates kept together by a half-inch rivet! Then came the cutting up of nearly six thousand tons of iron into plates, and seven hundred tons of bars into rivets, and the fitting of eighty miles of angle-iron, and the punching of seven million holes for rivets and bolts, and the gradual building up of these enormous tubes. Let it be regarded as a wonderful evidence of economy of materials, of strength produced by judicious arrangement, that this bridge, with its half-inch

walls (the plates are seven-sixteenths to three-quarters of an inch in thickness), requires no chains to hold it up, and scarcely yields either to railway trains or to hurricanes of wind. The present is, indeed, a very hollow time; but what a triumph is this hollowness when considered (as it ought to be) in connexion with strength and efficiency.

This tubular bridge, this Menai marvel, has produced mighty results in the few short years which it has yet lived. Engineers and machinists are becoming quite tubularly inclined; cast-iron is at a discount, and plate-and-rivet is above par. Iron is used in bridges in various ways. In the simple cast-iron arch there are often difficulties as to the height of the water-way beneath; in the simple cast-iron girder, the difficulty of casting and the weight in handling, give a limit of something like fifty or sixty feet to the length attainable; in the built-up girder, formed of separate castings fitted closely at the joints and bolted together, bridges of a hundred and twenty feet long have been obtained; in the trussed girder there are separate castings strengthened by tension rods, but the union of cast-iron with wrought-iron is seldom a happy one. They cannot agree, and disastrous family jars often result. They cannot expand and contract equally, and thus (as is supposed) originated the disastrous fall of the Dee bridge a few years ago. In the bow-string girder, with a roadway suspended from an iron arch, there has been found an efficient principle for many recently-built bridges. But the tubular bridge differs from all these in the simplicity of its construction, and the profitable way in which every ounce of iron renders its due service. Mr. Fairbairn's experiments led to his being invited to make two tubular bridges for the Bolton and Blackburn railway, of about seventy feet span; and the excellence and cheapness of these bridges have had their wonted effect. A cockney may see how ugly these girder bridges may be made, in the examples furnished by the railway which rejoices in the ample name of "The London and Birmingham and East and West India Dock Junction;" but as there is no good reason why that which is statically beautiful should be æsthetically ugly, we may yet hope to see graceful forms here married to structural efficiency.

The route across North Wales has afforded us the first example of this tubular plate-and-rivet system of bridge-building; but let us not forget that the route to South Wales has just furnished another, comprising a double application of this singular principle. When the South Wales Railway was about to be carried over the Wye, the tremendous tide of that river at Chepstow (sixty feet difference of level between high and low water!) puzzled the engineer exceedingly, and led him to adopt a strange form of bridge, in which one-half is supported and the other half suspended. The bridge itself belongs to the plate-and-rivet genus; and the suspended portion hangs from enormous tubes, which are themselves plate-and-rivet. Each tube is above three hundred feet long by nine feet in diameter; it is circular in section, and was built up on shore of plates and rivets. The hoisting of the first of these tubes, in April 1852, was a great work. The traveller over this unique bridge has rivets above him, rivets around him, rivets beneath him: he would be riveted to the spot, if he were not whizzed away by the train.

The plate-and-rivet bears its honours proudly in our noble iron steamers, and in nothing does the system display itself more remarkably. Is it not noteworthy, for instance, that the Great Britain, which bore its rude fate so bravely on the Irish coast, and which is now going to show its iron sides among the Australians, should be built up of sheet-iron, much in the same way as a boiler or a funnel? An iron keel, six inches deep by three in width, will suffice for a ship of a thousand tons burden; the ribs, analogous to the futtocks of a timber ship, are often smaller and less heavy per yard than ordinary rails for railways; and the sheets of iron are cut and punched and bent and riveted with an ease which shows that the thickness is to be measured, not by inches, but by eighths of an inch.

The hollowness of the present time is well illustrated by certain lighthouses; built to bear the bluff attacks of wind and rain. A few years ago, Mr. Gordon constructed an iron lighthouse on a lagoon in Jamaica; where, owing to local difficulties, it was computed that a tower of masonry could not have been constructed for less than twenty thousand pounds, or in a less period than six years, with the almost inevitable loss of many lives. Mr. Gordon designed an iron tower, formed on the model of the round towers of Ireland; in eight months after the plan was determined on, the iron skeleton was ready for shipment from England; and in nine months after that, the lighthouse was erected and ready for lighting. This lighthouse is formed of nine tiers of cast-iron plates, each about ten feet by five, each curved to the required degree of convexity, and each fastened to its neighbours by bolts and screws, and nuts and rivets. So well did this iron novelty do its duty, that another such lighthouse was built a few years afterwards at Bermuda; it is a hundred and five feet in height, and is formed of about a hundred and fifty curved iron plates, connected in the way before noticed. These lighthouses are not strictly examples of riveted wrought-iron, but of bolted cast-iron; nevertheless, the two methods are first cousins, and serve to illustrate the economy of material to which our modern industry is tending.

Surely, if solidity be looked for anywhere, it might be expected in gates and barriers against which water is pressing. But in

this hollow time we have altered all that; our friend plate-and-rivet has wedged in his hollow principles even here. Let us look at the Keyham steam-dock, now in process of formation at Devonport. Here is a basin, the water of which is confined by a gate eighty-two feet long, thirteen feet wide, and forty-two feet deep; and although the flood occasionally presses on one side of this gate, or caisson, with a force of fourteen hundred tons, uncompensated by any pressure on the other side, yet is this barrier as hollow and honeycombed as the tubular girders and bridges. Mr. Fairbairn (the presiding genius of this species of hollowness) has so managed matters that this caisson will rise and sink, and permit or obstruct the flow of water with singular ease. Plate-and-rivet is the magic agency, not only to the economy of material, but to the great furtherance of the purposes for which the basin is intended. And that which is good at Devonport cannot be far otherwise at Hartlepool, where tubular dock-gates have just been applied. The mightily busy coal people of Hartlepool require enlarged docks for their increasing trade; and they have consequently opened recently a new dock fourteen acres in extent. The dock is connected with the harbour or basin at one end, and with the old dock at the other; and, at these points of junction, there are lock-gates fifty or sixty feet across, formed almost wholly of wrought-iron plates riveted together. Hollow as they are, they swing on their hinges, and resist the watery pressure more bravely than gates formed of ponderous timbers.

The gallant spirit of plate-and-rivet yields neither to pulling nor pushing, to hanging nor pressing, to water-impulse nor dry-impulse. A crane, the well-known instrument for lifting heavy weights, might reasonably be expected to present a thorough solidity in every part; yet Mr. Fairbairn, as if to show that he can beat every one hollow by everything hollow, now makes his cranes hollow, and of the very self-same kind of plates and rivets as he makes his bridges and girders, and caissons and gates. Sir David Brewster, at the meeting of the British Association in 1851, took occasion to speak of these remarkable cranes in the following terms:—

"These structures indicate some additional examples of the extension of the tubular system, and the many advantages which may yet be derived from a judicious combination of wrought-iron plates, and a careful distribution of the material in all those constructions which require security, rigidity, and strength. The projection or radius of the jib of these cranes is thirty-two feet from the centre of the stem, and its height thirty feet above the ground. It is entirely composed of wrought-iron plates, firmly riveted together on the principle of the upper side being calculated to resist tension, and the under or concave side—which embodies the cellular construction—to resist compression. The form is correctly that of the prolonged vertebræ of the bird from which this machine for raising weights takes its name; it is truly the neck of the crane."

One of the cranes, thus built up of mere sheet-iron, has had as great a weight as twenty tons (nearly forty-five thousand pounds) suspended from it without any fracture or injury.

Wherever we turn, east, west, north, or south, in the old world and in the new, we find a determination existing to make a hollow time of it everywhere. Bending sheet-iron into flutes or hollows is the new way of constructing portable houses—for California, if you choose to go there. California? What! the tubular principle, the Fairbairn hollowness, the plate-and-rivet, going to California? Even so. It is now almost as easy to go to the diggings with an iron house to your back, as to go to Alabama with a banjo on your knee. The Eagle Foundry at Manchester will tell us all about this corrugated iron. In 1849, iron houses for California began to be made at those works. One such house was twenty feet long by ten wide; it comprised a sitting-room and a bed-room, one outer and one inner door, and a window to each room. The walls and roof were formed of sheet-iron, only one-eighth of an inch in thickness, in sheets sixty inches by thirty. The upright supports were of hollow rolled iron filled up with wood; the doors had frames of bar-iron, with panels of sheet-iron, and the window shutters were similarly constructed. Every sheet, and every bit of angle-iron and T-iron and bolt and rivet, were numbered, so that three or four men could put up the house in three or four days; and thus was a fifty-pound house built in a Manchester factory in a week, and neatly packed off ship-wise to the far west. Another iron house for California was of loftier pretensions,—and if it ever come to the hammer of a Californian auctioneer, he will doubtless describe it in his advertisements as "a spacious detached residence, capable of accommodating a family of distinction"—it was twenty-seven feet long by twenty-two wide; was two stories high, and had eight rooms; but still its walls and roofs were mere sheet-iron. The Prince Consort admired, it is said, a little model iron house at the Great Exhibition, and forthwith ordered a corrugated ball-room for Balmoral; that is, a convenient sheet-iron detached building; which, without provision as a living room, might be serviceable for balls and occasional purposes. This iron pavilion is about sixty feet long, twenty feet wide, and seventeen high to the ridge of the roof; it has cast-iron pilasters (hollow, of course,) and base plates, two plate-iron doors, eight French windows, and corrugated sheet-iron walls and roof. Perhaps this is the first ball-room, except one of canvas, which has walls only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; yet the wind is always busy; and, sometimes,

outrageously powerful in that part of the country.

And thus—with tubular bridges, tubular girders, tubular caissons, tubular lock-gates, tubular cranes, sheet-iron ships, and sheet-iron houses—with the hollowness of all sorts of materials producing economy and strength, the present is indeed the hollowest of hollow times.

DOWN IN A SILVER MINE.

The sojourner in Leipsic, while strolling through its quaint old streets and spacious market-place, will be attracted, among other peculiarities of national costume, by one which, while startling and showy, is still attractive and picturesque. The wearer is most probably a young man of small figure and of pallid appearance. He is dressed in a short jacket, which is black, and is enriched with black velvet. The nether garments are also black. His head is covered with a black brimless hat, and a small semi-circular apron of dark cloth is tied, not before, but behind. This is one of the Berg-leute, mountain people; he comes from the Freiberg silver district, and is attired in the full dress of a miner.

Doubtless, these somewhat theatrically attired mountaineers hold a superior position to the diggers and blasters of the earth. The dress is, perhaps, more properly that worn in the mountains, than that of the miners themselves. Still, even their habiliments, as I afterwards learned, are but a working-day copy of this more costly model; and the semi-circular apron tied on behind, is more especially an indispensable portion of the working dress of the labouring miner.

From Leipsic, the mines are distant about seventy English miles. We—who are a happy party of foot-wanderers bound for Vienna—spend three careless days upon the road. Look at this glorious old castle of Altenburg, gravely nodding from its towering rock upon the quaint town below. It is the first station we come to, and is the capital of the ancient dukedom of Saxon-Altenburg. Look at the people about us! Does it not strike you as original, that what is here called modest attire, would elsewhere be condemned as immoral and ridiculous? Each of the males, indeed, presents a true old German portrait, with short plaited and wadded jacket, trunk breeches, shoes and buckles, and the low, steeple-crowned hat, with a broad and rolled brim. But the women! With petticoats no deeper than a Highlandman's kilt, their legs guiltless of shoes or stockings; while the bust and neck are hideously covered by a wooden breast-plate; which, springing from the waist, rises at an angle of forty-five degrees as high as the chin; on the edge of which is fastened a handkerchief, tied tightly round the neck. A greater disfigurement of the female form could scarcely have been devised. Yet, to these good people, it is doubtless beauty and propriety itself; for it is old, and national.

Through pretty woods and cultivated lands; beside rugged, road-side dells, we trudge along. We halt in quiet villages, snug and neat even in their poverty; or wend our way, in the midst of sunshine, through endless vistas of fruit-laden woods, the public road being one rich orchard of red-dotted cherry-trees: purchaseable for a mere fraction, but not to be feloniously abstracted. Through Altenburg, Zwickau, Oederon, and Chemnitz; up steep hill paths, and by the side of unpronounceable villages, until, on the morning of the fourth day, we straggle into Freiberg.

Freiberg is the walled capital of the Saxon ore mountains, the Erzgebirge; the centre of the Saxon mining administration. One of its most spacious buildings is the Mining Academy, which dates from 1767. Here are rich collections of the wonderful produce of these mountains; models of mining machines, of philosophical and chemical apparatus; class and lecture rooms, and books out of number. Here Werner, the father of geology, and Humboldt, the systematiser of physical geography, were pupils. The former has bequeathed an extensive museum of mineralogy to the Academy, which has been gratefully named after its founder, the Wernerian Museum.

Freiberg holds up its head very high. The Mining Academy stands one thousand two hundred and thirty-one feet above the sea, although this is by no means the greatest altitude in the long range of mountains; which form a huge boundary line between the kingdoms of Saxony and Bohemia. The general name for the whole district is the Erzgebirg-Kreis—the circle of ore mountains—and truly they form one vast store of silver, tin, lead, iron, coal, copper, and cobalt ores; besides a host of chemical compounds and other riches. The indefatigable Saxons have worked and burrowed in them for more than seven hundred years.

We proceed to the Royal Saxon Mining Office, and request permission to descend into the "bowels of the land." This is accorded us without difficulty, and we receive a beautiful specimen of German text, in the shape of a lithographed Fahrschein, or permission to descend into Abraham's Shaft and Himmelfahrt, and to inspect all the works and appliances thereunto belonging. This Fahrschein especially informs us, that no person, unless of the Minerstand (fraternity of miners), can be permitted to descend into the Zechen or pits, who is not eighteen years old; nor can more than two persons be entrusted to the care of one guide. We cheerfully pay on demand the sum of ten silver groschens each (about one shilling), for the purpose—as we are informed in a note at the bottom of the Fahrschein—of meeting the exigencies of the Miners' Pension and Relief Fund.

The mine we are about to inspect, which bears the general title of Himmelsfürst—

Prince of Heaven—is situated near to the village of Brand. How fond these old miners were of Biblical designations! and what an earnest spirit of religion glowed within them! There is another mine in the vicinity, at Voightberg, called the Old Hope of God; but we must recollect that Freiberg was one of the strongholds of early Protestantism, and that the first and sternest of the reformers clustered about its mountains. They have a cold, desolate look; and we think of the gardens we have left at their bases, and of the forests of fir-trees which wave upon some of the loftier pinnacles of these same Erzgebirge. Nor are the few men we meet of more promising appearance: not dwarfed nor stunted, but naturally diminutive, with sallow skins and oppressed demeanour. How different are the firm, lithe, sun-tanned mountaineers, who breathe the free air on the summits of their hills!

We are near the entrance of the mine; and, entering the neat, wooden office of the Schachtmeister, or mine-controller, we produce our credentials. Having signed our names in a huge book, (in which we decipher more than one English name,) we are passed to the care of an intelligent-looking guide; who, although still in early manhood, is of the same small and delicate growth observable in the miners generally.

Our guide, providing himself with small lanterns and an ominous-looking bundle, leads the way out of the Schachtmeister's office to another portion of the same building. Here are heaps of dark grey macadamised stones;—silver and lead ores just raised from the pit; over whose very mouth we are unknowingly standing. The windlass is in the centre of the chasm; and it is by means of this windlass that the metalliferous substance is raised to the surface in square wooden boxes. Here the dressing of the ores commences; boys cluster in all directions, under the wooden shed, and in other sheds beyond that. Here the ores are picked and sorted, washed and sieved, and, we believe, crushed or pulverised, according to the amount of metal contained in them, till they are in a fit state for the smelting furnace. We are not admitted to a minute inspection of these processes; but, under the direction of our guide, turn towards the mouth of the pit which we are to descend. Ere we leave the shed, we pick out a small block of ore as a memorial of the visit, and are astonished at its weight; bright yellow, and dull lead-coloured crystals gleam over its surface; and a portion of the gneiss, from which it has been broken, still adheres to it.

We follow our guide across a dusty space towards a wooden building with a conical roof; and, as we approach it, we become conscious of rather than hear, the sweet, melancholy sound of a bell, which, at minute intervals, tones dreamily through the air. Whence comes that sad sound? In the centre of the shed is a square box, open at the top; and immediately above hangs the small bell: thence comes the silvery voice.

"For what purpose is this bell?" we inquire of our guide.

"It is the bell of safety."

"Does it sound a warning?"

"No, the reverse; its silence gives the warning. The bell is acted upon by a large water-wheel, immediately below the surface. By means of this wheel, and others at greater depths, the whole drainage of this mine is effected. If, by any means, these water-wheels should cease to act, the bell would cease to sound, and the miners would hasten to the day, for no man could tell how soon his working might be flooded."

"And can it be heard throughout the mine?"

"Through this portion of it. Probably the water acts as a conductor of the sound; but the miners listen earnestly for its minute tolling."

Toll on, thou messenger of comfort! May thy voice ever tell of safety to the haggard toiler, deep in the earth!

Our guide now directs us to attire ourselves in the garments disgorged from the portentous-looking bundle. They consist of a pair of black calico trousers, a dark, lapelled coat, a leathern semi-circular apron, buckled on behind—the strap of which serves to hook a small lantern on in front—and a terrible brimless felt hat, which we feel to be a curse the moment we put it on, and which we never cease to anathematise, up to the instant when we take it off. These habiliments, being drawn over our ordinary clothing, do not facilitate our motions, or help to keep us in so cool a state as might be desirable.

Over the edge of the square box, and down a stone staircase cut through the solid granite, we follow our guide. We pause on the first few steps, and are just able to distinguish the huge, broad water-wheel, slowly revolving in its stony chamber: its spokes, like giant arms, sweep through the wet darkness with scarcely a sound, but a low dripping and gurgling of water. That terrible staircase! dark and steep and slimy! Water drips from its roof and oozes from its walls. It is so low, that instead of bending forward as the body naturally does when in the act of descent, we are compelled to throw our heads back at the risk of dislocating our necks, in order that the detestable hat may not be driven over our eyes by coming in contact with the roof. Down, down the slippery steps; feeling our way along slimy walls; through the dense gloom, and heavy, moist air! The way seems to wave and bend we scarcely know how; sometimes we traverse level galleries, but they only lead us again to the steep, clammy steps, cut through the tough rock, always at the same acute angle. Down, down, six hundred feet! and our guide whispers to us to be careful how we go, for we are in a

dangerous place: he has brought us to this portion of the mine to show us how the water accumulates when undisturbed.

The vein of ore has, in this part, ceased to yield a profit for the necessary labour, and the works have been abandoned. We creep breathlessly down until our guide bids us halt; and, holding out his lantern at arm's length, but half reveals, in the pitchy darkness, a low-roofed cavern, floored by an inky lake of still dead water; in which we see the light of the lantern reflected as in a mirror. It is fearful to look on—so black and motionless: a sluggish pool, thick and treacherous, which seemingly would engulf us without so much as a wave or a bubble; and we are within a foot of its surface! We draw involuntarily back, and creep up the steep stair to the first level above us.

Along a narrow gallery we proceed for a short space, and then down again; still down the interminable steps, till our knees crack with the ever uniform motion, and the hot perspiration streams from every pore. The air is so thick and heavy, that we occasionally draw breath with a half gasp; and still we descend, till we hear the muffled ring of steel, tink, tink, tink, immediately near us, and are suddenly arrested in our downward course by the level ground.

We are in a narrow gallery, considerably loftier than any we have yet seen; for we can walk about in it without stooping. At the further end are two miners, just distinguishable by the tiny glow of their lanterns. From these proceed the ring of steel—the muffled tinkling in the thick air we had heard—and we see that they are preparing for a "blast." With a long, steel rod, or chisel, they are driving a way into the hard rock (geologists say there is little else in the Erzgebirge than the primitive gneiss and granite), and thus prepare a deep, narrow chamber, within which a charge of gunpowder is placed and exploded. The hard material is rent into a thousand pieces, bringing with it the ore so indefatigably sought.

With every limb strained and distorted, the miners pursue their cramping labours, grovelling on the earth. The drilling or boring they are engaged in is a slow process, and the choice of a spot, so that the explosion may loosen as much of the lode and as little of the rock as possible, is of considerable importance. They cease their labours as we enter, and turn to look at us. The curse of wealth-digging is upon them. They, in their stained and disordered costume, seated on the ground on their semi-circular leathern aprons (for that is the obvious use of this portion of the dress, in these moist regions); we, in our borrowed garments and brimless beavers, with flushed features and dripping hair. The miners do not wear the abominable hats, at least "beneath the day," that is, in the mines.

"Is this the bottom of the mine?" we inquire anxiously.

The guide smiles grimly as he answers, "We are little more than half-way to the bottom; but we can descend no deeper in this direction."

Heaven knows we have no desire!

"This is the first working," he continues. "The rest of the mine is much the same as you have already seen. We have no other means of reaching the workings than by the stone staircases you have partly descended."

"What are the miners' hours of work?"

"Eight hours a day for five days in the week at this depth," is the answer. "In the deeper workings the hours are fewer."

"What is the extent of the mine?" we demand.

"I cannot tell. There is no miner living who has traversed them all. The greater portion is out of work, and spreads for miles underground."

"And the depth?"

"About two hundred fathoms — twelve hundred feet—the sea level. The 'Old Hope of God' is sixty feet below the level of the sea."

"Are there many mines like this?"

"There are about two hundred mines in all, with five hundred and forty pits. In all the mines together there are some four thousand eight hundred hands, men and boys. This mine occupies nine hundred of them."

"And your pay?"

"One dollar a week is a good wage with us."

One dollar is about three shillings of English money! This seems small pay, even in cheap Saxony.

"But," we pursue our inquiries, "you have no short time, and are pensioned?—at least, so says our Fahrschein."

"We are paid our wages during sickness, and are never out of work. When we can no longer use the pick, nor climb these staircases, we can retire upon our pension of eight silver groschens a week."

Tenpence! Magnificent independence! This is digging for silver with a vengeance.

But we are faint with fatigue; and, bidding adieu to the two miners, we gladly agree to our guide's suggestion of ascending to the happy daylight. Our way is still the same; although we mount by another shaft, most appropriately named Himmelfahrt—the path of heaven; but we clamber up the same steep steps; feel our way along the same slimy walls, and occasionally drive our hats over our eyes against the same low, dripping roof. With scarcely a dry thread about us; our hair matted and dripping; beads of perspiration streaming down our faces, we reach the top at last; and thank heaven, that after two hours' absence deep down among those terrible "diggings," we are permitted once more to feel the bracing air, and to look upon the glorious light of day.

Our labours, however, are not over. Distant rather more than an English mile from Himmelsfürst, are the extensive amalgamation works, the smelting furnaces, and refining

ovens. Painfully fatigued as we are, we cannot resist the temptation of paying them a brief visit. The road is dusty and desolate; nor are the works themselves either striking or attractive. An irregular mass of sheds, brick buildings, and tall chimneys, present themselves. As we approach them we come upon a "sludge hole;"—the bed of a stream running from the dredging and jigging works; where, by the agency of water, the ore is relieved of its earthy and other waste matter, and the stream of water—allowed to run off in separate channels—deposits, as it flows, the smaller particles washed away in the process. These are all carefully collected, and the veriest atom of silver or lead extracted. It is only the coarser ores that undergo this process; the richer deposits being pulverised and smelted with white or charred wood and fluxes, without the application of water, and refined by amalgamation with quicksilver. The two metals are afterwards separated by distilling off the latter.

Here, are heaps of scoria—stacks of pig-lead, wood, coke, limestone, and waste earth, everything indeed but silver; although we are emphatically in a silver mining district, silver is by no means the material which presents itself in the greatest bulk. Having placed ourselves under the direction of one of the workmen, we are led into some newly built brick buildings, where force-pumps and other water appliances erected at great cost by the Saxon government are gratefully pointed out to us. These water-works are equally applicable to the extinction of fire, as to the preparation of ores.

Into what an incomprehensible maze of words should we be betrayed, were we to attempt a description of the multifarious operations for the extraction and refining of metals! Every description of ore, or metalliferous deposit, requires a different treatment: each suggested and verified by laborious experience, and vigilant attention. In some cases the pure silver is separated by mechanical means; in others the ore is roasted, in order to throw off the sulphur, arsenic, and other volatile matters, which are separately collected and form no inconsiderable portion of the valuable produce of the mine. These roastings again are smelted with a variety of fluxes, and in different states of purification; until they are ready for refining.

Here are roasting furnaces, dull and black; huge brick tubes with swollen ends; others built in, and ready for ignition. Everywhere, we see pigs of lead, sometimes lying about in reckless confusion, at others, neatly packed in square stacks. Now, they bring us to a huge circular oven, with at least half-a-dozen firmly closed iron doors, and as many glowing caves; and a swarthy man, armed with an iron rake, swinging open one of the iron doors with a ring and a clatter, we look in upon a small lake of molten silver, fuming, and steaming, and bubbling. The iron rake is thrust in, and scrapes off the crumbling crust—the oxide of lead, which has formed upon its surface. The silver fumes and flashes, and a white vapour swims in the air. The swarthy man swings the iron door to with a clang, takes us by the arm, and bids us look through into a dark cavity, and watch the white drops which fall at intervals like tiny stars from above. This is the quicksilver evaporated from the heated silver in the furnace, which passes through the chimney into a kind of still, and is restored to its original condition.

And what is the result of all this skill and labour? We find that the average produce of the Saxon mines is from three to four ounces of silver to the hundred pounds' weight of ore; and that the mines about Freiberg yield annually nearly four hundred and fifty thousand ounces of silver. We find further that the total mines of the Erzgebirg-Kreis—"circle of ore mountains"—of which those of Freiberg form a portion, produce a total of seven hundred and twenty thousand ounces of silver every year; besides from four hundred to five hundred tons of lead, one hundred and forty tons of tin, about thirty tons of copper, from three thousand five hundred to four thousand tons of iron, and six hundred tons of cobalt. They are rich also in arsenic, brimstone, and vitriol, and contain, in no inconsiderable quantities, quicksilver, antimony, calamites, bismuth, and manganese. Even precious stones are not wanting; garnets, topazes, tourmalines, amethysts, beryls, jaspers, and chalcedonies having been found.

A shrewd old workman tells us with a proud satisfaction, that when Napoleon's power was crushed, and Saxony had to pay the penalty of her adhesion to the French conqueror, in the shape of various parings and loppings of her already narrow territories—that Prussia gloated with greedy eyes, and half stretched out an eager hand to grasp the Erzgebirge, and their mineral riches. "*Aber,*" exclaims he, with a chuckle, "*die sind noch Sächische, Gott sey dank!*" "But they are still Saxon, thanks be to God!"

All things considered (the Australian diggings included), we came to the conclusion, from our small experience of Saxon mines, that there are more profitable, and even more agreeable occupations in the world than mining—pleasanter ways, in short, of getting a living than digging for silver in Saxony, or even for gold in Australia.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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BOYS TO MEND.

UMBRELLAS to mend, and chairs to mend, and clocks to mend, are called in our streets daily. Who shall count up the numbers of thousands of children to mend, in and about those same streets, whose voice of ignorance cries aloud as the voice of wisdom once did, and is as little regarded; who go to pieces for the want of mending, and die unrepaired!

People are naturally glad to catch at any plea, in mitigation of a great national wickedness. Many good persons will urge, now-a-days, as to this neglected business of boy-mending, "O! but there are the Ragged Schools!" Admitting the full merit of the ragged schools; rendering the highest praise to those disinterested and devoted teachers, of both sexes, who labour in them; urging the consideration of their claims on all who pass through the streets of great towns with eyes in their heads, and awakened hearts in their breasts; we still must not disguise the plain fact that they are, at best, a slight and ineffectual palliative of an enormous evil. They want system, power, means, authority, experienced and thoroughly trained teachers. If the instruction of ordinary children be an art requiring such a peculiar combination of qualities and such sound discretion, that but few skilled persons arrive at perfection in it, how much more difficult is the instruction of those who, even if they be children in years, have more to unlearn than they have to learn; whose ignorance has been coupled with constant evil education; and among whose intellects there is no such thing as virgin soil to be found! Good intentions alone, will never be a sufficient qualification for such a labour, while this world lasts. We have seen something of ragged schools from their first establishment, and have rarely seen one, free from very injudicious and mistaken teaching. And what they *can* do, is so little, relatively to the gigantic proportions of the monster with which they have to grapple, that if their existence were to be accepted as a sufficient excuse for leaving ill alone, we should hold it far better that they had never been.

Where, in England, is the public institution for the prevention of crime among that neglected class of youth to whom it is not second but first Nature; who are born to nothing else, and bred to nothing else? Where, for these, are the bolts and bars, *outside* the prison-door, which is so heavily fastened within? Nowhere, to our knowledge. The next best thing—though there is a broad, deep gulf between the two—is an institution for the reformation of such young offenders. And to that, we made a visit on one of these last hot summer days.

A dull mist of heat had taken possession of the streets. Through the warm mist we roll in a warm omnibus. Over the parapet of London Bridge we see London in a heavy lump with the hot mist about it, and almost expect that St. Paul's presently will throw out a spark, and the whole town, like a firework, begin to fizz and crackle. There is nothing that we might not be permitted to expect as a result of heat, upon the hottest morning of the hottest dog-days within the memory of the oldest dog.

People who sit with us in the carriages of the Brighton train, wonder (and really not without occasion, as we ignorantly think) why a terminus must be built with a cover in the shape of an oven, and why it must bake batches of passengers in railway trains like cakes in tins. Now we are off, and it is cooler. We pass over the red, underdone surface of London, upon which the blacks are falling cruelly; if London be now frying, it will make a dirty dish, we fancy. Here are market gardens, fields, hills, stations, woods, villages, and wayside inns. Here is Red Hill, where the train stops, and we get out.

There is a cluster of inns outside the station, and certain freeholders of East Surrey, warm with sun and politics, seek coolness in beer outside the inns. They are a little noisy; but, passing between hedges we begin to toil up hill. The distant song of the freeholders is drowned by the nearer song of the thrush; and the dog roses that make a roadside garden of each hedge, put our hearts in good humour with the dog-days. Every hedge is a garden. Where did we ever see more wild flowers clustered together? There is a very California of honeysuckle. There are clumps of mallow, blossoming on hillocks beside every gate that leads into the corn fields; there are yellow stars of the ranunculus, and crimson poppy blossoms, and the delicate peaked fairy hats of which Bindweed is ostensibly the

maker. There are helmets, by Foxglove, for the same community. There are also the well known little yellow "shoes and stockings." There is veronica, there are the pink blossoms of the wild geranium and the red lychnis blossoms; there is lucerne, and there is an odd orchis here and there. There is agrimony; there are ambitious daisies lengthening their stalks that they may show their heads above the grass; there are the tiny blue clusters of mouse ear; there is fern in abundance; and there are the elegant grass blossoms that would wave were there a breath of wind. They are as still as painted grass blossoms, because there is *no* breath of wind; the sun shines steadily out of a deep blue sky, between the high banks and the hedges, down into the dusty lane.

Obedient to sign-post, which directs us to the right if we desire to find the Philanthropic Farm School, at Red Hill, we take the appointed turning; thinking as we go, How beautiful the blessed earth and sky, and Is this really the world so ugly to us last night with its courts and alleys, and its vice and misery, and its ragged scholars, in whose minds the wild flowers have been trampled down, and nothing left but baleful weeds and poisons?

It is more than seventy years since there was established in this country a society whose object was to divert children from the paths of crime. We all know that the young criminal is bred under the most pitiable circumstances. Of eighty-two received in one year at Red Hill, for example, twenty-seven were orphans, either by the death or transportation of their parents, or by being born like brutes, and bred in ignorance of any home. Nineteen were fatherless, and of these almost all had step-fathers; twelve were motherless, and most of these were furnished with step-mothers, ignorant, brutal, and jealous. Only twenty-four had both parents living; and of these, who shall say how many had received parental care?

Even the most anxious of poor parents must be absent for some ten hours at their daily work, while the child's school-time—when he has been sent to school—can occupy but six hours in the day. The streets are the child's playground. If there be so much danger to the best among the children of the very poor, how is it with those bred in squalor, ignorance, and vice? How is it with the wretched untaught orphans, forced to calculate for themselves the chances of existence, and to beg, or steal, or die? O honorable friend, member for Verbosity, your boy of fourteen—who brought home his prize from school this Midsummer, and told you with some glee of his boyish escapades—is a fine fellow; in spite of his juvenile offences he will grow up one of these days, to be a noble, honest man. But, had he been deprived of your assistance, O honorable friend, of your good thought on his behalf and your wife's tender solicitude; had your birthplace been a filthy fever-breeding alley; had no voice of teacher ever sounded in your ears; had you been made a callous man by rubbing constantly against the hardest side of society; had your wife died of the gin with which she sought to drown the despondent sense of a most wretched existence; had you gone to your daily work, leaving your boy in the pestiferous alley; what would he, what could he, have been! He might be the object of parental care to the whole nation represented by the State; since (to take the very lowest ground), it is expensive to allow swarms of young children to grow up yearly into a mass of wild brutes, preying on society. The State might teach and tend neglected children, and compel those parents who are able, to pay pence on their behalf. It might make a parent answerable in some wholesome measure for the crimes of a neglected child. It might send its lifeboats out, to provide for all an opportunity of rescue from the waves of ignorance and vice before those waves had overwhelmed the shipwrecked. These things might be, but they are not. Your child, had you been so much less respectable than you are, would have been ragged, and would have been pronounced by sitting magistrates, a hardened little fellow; and the times he had been before the sitting magistrates would have been elaborately counted up; and he would have been whipped so many times, to the great comfort and profit of society, and not at all to the mockery of reason, justice, and humanity. He would have learned to swear, and steal, and lie; he would have felt no sense of obligation to society since society displayed no sense of obligation towards him. The British nation would have arrayed itself to fight him; to whip him, imprison him, transport him, and perhaps hang him. He, war being declared, would feel at liberty to strike the British nation where and when he could—and he would most certainly do it.

Seventy years ago, a body of gentlemen under the name of the Philanthropic Society organised a method of receiving and assisting criminal children, on a plan that very much resembled the more recent methods practised at Mettray.

"The mode of living," says the old report, for the children received into the Philanthropic in 1788-9, "is in distinct houses, as separate families. A manufacturer has a house for himself and his wife, if married, and a certain number of wards, whom they are to regard as their own children. In these respects the design is to approach as nearly as possible to common life." The institution indeed began with a single child, who was put out to nurse. It widened, and became eventually incorporated, in the year 1806, by Act of Parliament, and comprised within the walls of a single building in St. George's Fields under the name of the Philanthropic Society.

Somewhat recently, it was resolved to remove the institution out of town; to enlarge and improve its character; and, by training the boys on a farm school in the country, to qualify them for emigration, or for home employment distant from their old evil companions. The Town School at Red Hill was therefore opened in April 1849, and by degrees the entire substance of the town establishment was carried off into East Surrey.

To the Philanthropic Farm School, following the information written on the sign-post, we direct our steps, recalling thus the history of the place. Our way is down hill now, and between the luxuriant hedges crowning the high banks of red sandstone. Distant peeps are caught of a broad richly wooded plain that lies below. It is but a peep of country many miles away that can be seen over the trees that shade our down-hill path.

A dog has bidden us good morning in a distant way, and walks before us, pausing when we pause, returning half-way when we linger, yet decidedly repulsing all familiarities. A small bird, newly fledged, is fluttering among the fern by the way side, and dies in the dog's mouth despite our intervention. Such a dog might contain the spirit of a Mephistopheles; we quarrel with him instantly, but still he goes before, and duly takes the final turning that will bring us to the Philanthropic Farm School.

A pleasant, rustic house by the hill-side, with roses shining, in the hot sun, around its windows! Through a flower-garden we come to the door; and, keeping out the dog, obtain admittance to the dwelling of the chaplain. While we wait in the drawing-room, the dog, who has coursed round the house, plunging among roses, makes a triumphant entry through the open window, and looks at us for applause.

Aided by the resident chaplain upon whom devolve all duties of superintendence, and who is in fact the local manager of the whole scheme, we proceed to walk about the Red Hill farm and watch the labours of its youthful population. We receive it as an encouraging sign, that the good chaplain does not deem it needful to put on his religion in the outward and visible form of a grievous waistcoat; or to make it known to all men by wearing a clear-starched dog-collar round his throat.

The number of boys now at Red Hill is a little over a hundred; and the number of acres on the farm is about a hundred and thirty. The boys vary in age from ten or eleven to eighteen, and they vary also in the terms on which they have been admitted. Some of the youngest are children who have been sentenced to transportation, and recommended by the directors of Government prisons as more fit to be kindly taught than harshly punished. These are compelled to stay.

Others, are boys who, having suffered punishment by law, are sent by their parents to receive corrective training—the parents paying a part of the expense incurred on their behalf. These may be removed at the discretion of their parents.

Others, are boys who come as volunteers, on the expiration of their punishment, from various Houses of Correction; being assisted in their own desire to become honest men. These may remove themselves at their own discretion.

Others, are boys who, by a recent law, have received conditional pardons, and have been excused some of the last months of a term of imprisonment, on condition that they be transferred to some place where they will receive for a longer term educational discipline. These may be compelled by law to stay; but, after the term of their first sentence has expired, it becomes necessary to regard them very much as volunteers.

It is obvious that boys differing so greatly in age, and working upon the farm under so many differing circumstances, cannot be managed by one rigid system. Military discipline does not suit children; the drill-sergeant is an excellent man in his way, but, they are not to be drilled into honesty and virtue. We have twice visited Parkhurst, and have taken pains to get what information we could upon the subject of that Government Reformatory, and we are convinced that its failure—there can be no doubt that it fails utterly—is the natural result of a blind reliance upon discipline, too many unbending rules and regulations, too little comprehension of the wants and humours of a child, too much letter and too little spirit. We are glad, therefore, to find at Red Hill that the rules are few, the punishments still fewer. Boys are trained to think for themselves; each is judged on his own merits, and guided as far as possible with a strict view to the development of his own character. Good people are multiform as blossoms in the summer hedge. A military man, turned gardener, might drill everything he found in a garden, into rows of plants, properly arranged according to their heights and sizes; and might then proceed to prune them all, water them all, smoke them all, precisely in the same way. In a year or two his process would be as clear a failure as the human gardening in Parkhurst.

The boys at Red Hill are taught, if possible, to think and act on honest, kindly principles. Responsibilities are placed upon their shoulders; they are even trusted out of sight, and are, as it were, prisoners on parole, living where there are no bars to break, no walls to climb. Dispersed about the grounds, are houses containing dormitories, washing-rooms, and other chambers, a forge, a carpenter's shop, a cottage for the farm-bailiff, a dairy, cowsheds, piggeries, and other buildings. In one part, a new house is being built to contain dormitories; and, to increase the accommodation for boys on the farm, and elsewhere, a new blacksmith's shop is being built. All such opportunities are used for

giving to those boys to whom the knowledge will be valuable—boys who will soon be emigrants—some practical experience in bricks and mortar. Adjoining the dining-hall and school-room (one large-windowed rural hall serves both uses) is a neat and ample chapel in which the resident chaplain, the Reverend Sydney Turner, reads morning prayers, and officiates on Sunday before a congregation of remarkably attentive boys. The boys at Red Hill have faith in their chaplain. They live under his eye, and experience the kind *spirit* of religion which dictates his daily care on their behalf. They feel the genuineness of his admonitions, and are, therefore, notably attentive in the chapel.

There are corn fields, and fields containing vegetables in so immature a state, that our experience in agriculture declines to pronounce what they may be. In such fields, boys are hoeing. That is the work least agreeable to the young labourers. Here is a hay field. We have got over stiles, through hedges now and then, and over ditches. There is no sign of prison. It is all a simple farm scene; and the farm, being upon a hill, has, spread about it—under the eyes of the poor boys who have too often been bred to vice over the gutter of a miserable court—a wide rich woodland prospect.

Here are the boys under the burning sun extremely busy with their long forks tossing up the hay. On this the hottest day, cut grass may, I suppose, be dried in half-an-hour; but I will not venture an opinion, lest I be laughed at, even by this very little boy of ten years old. He is a new comer, from prison in Liverpool. He never made hay before.

"What did you make?"

'Nothin."

"What had you been doing?"

"Walking about the streets."

"Nothing else?"

"I went to school."

That is the old story, the school and the street; the street getting the better of the school; a great deal learned in the street; a very little in the school.

The professor of haymaking has some conversation with us, apart from his class, concerning neighbour Bunter, whose hay had been spoiling for want of hands, and who had got it in by the help of half-a-dozen Red Hill boys. He had wished he might have twenty such to help him. Two other farmers in the like perplexity had asked for hands. The boys on such occasions feel proud of the trust put in their good behaviour. "You must be warned," some of the boys are told, "how you behave at Farmer Mallow's; he is a kind-hearted man, but he looks rough outside. Take care you don't answer if he scolds, and mind you are very obedient!" One or two faces are lighted up with that shrewd look of comprehension, which small boys get when they are cast upon the world to prey upon the weaknesses of human character.

It must not be supposed that every depraved boy who has been in jail and thence transferred to Red Hill, is transformed at the same time into a pattern of obedience and virtue. The truth is very different. In the first place, the authorities at Red Hill have not the advantage of applying their efforts to a single class of offenders. It wants the aid of other institutions with which it might divide the work that must be done. One institution might then take the class of offenders whose stay at the Reformatory is upon compulsion; another, might take those sent by their friends, as to a school; another, those who come of their own free will. One might take children, and another might take youths.

In the first instance it was attempted at Red Hill to part the boys into families;—to adopt the home system of discipline that has been so successful at Mettray. That plan failed for want of Englishmen competent—at any rate on the temptation of small salary—to administer it. The several heads of houses fell together by the ears. It was necessary to return to the old system of official and sub-official, and even then to make many changes. It is very easy to imagine that, if the experiment at Red Hill had been directed by anything less genuine than the sense, earnestness, and devotion of its present director, it would have been, at its beginning, a complete failure.

But, it has not failed. Four boys out of five are rescued by it. The fifth very often takes advantage of the unwalled grounds, and unbarred windows, to escape. They who escape, are almost invariably retaken. They elude detection while they roam the country; but, they come to London in the end, and there they come into the glare of the bull's eye. One boy who had escaped, was lost sight of, about the country, for a year. Then he thought he might venture upon London; in London he was seized immediately. The recovered boys are treated as their characters require. The Society never dwells upon the topic of its outraged dignity; the object is to save as many boys as possible, and if a boy can be saved he is forgiven and restored to trust. In other cases, it is requisite to use the power of carrying him before the offended majesty of law. The one in five who cannot be reformed at Red Hill, certainly would not be improved for the purposes of free life by prison discipline. He might make a good prisoner, but be good for nothing else. He is a lost man to society. The other four, who would all be lost under the common system of neglect, are usually sent out to the colonies, where they obtain situations as farm servants or in other capacities; and—with the exception of a few who prove to belong, after all, to the unredeemed fifth part,—do well and live as honest men.

There has been some tree clearing, and there is a long ditch and fence made by the boys. Making a fence, though hard work,

is a favorite employment. There is something to show, there, for one's labour. A boy who has run away several times, is planting a gate-post in the ground (assisted by a smaller boy), and working with great energy. It is remarkable of most of the boys that they work, decidedly with a will, and "go at it" in a manner cheering to behold. In another field, passing the pond at which the boys have fixed hours for bathing, we come to a field of grass, in which some elder boys are mowing. To become a mower, is to graduate with honours in the Farm School.

It is now full noon, and at half-past twelve the boys will dine; so, we cross fields, and stiles, and brooks, again, to find the dining-room. Meanwhile, the boys who are leaving work, run on before us, and gambol about, and roll over one another on the grass, with a confidence in meeting with no check while they do no wrong, which strongly inclines us then and there to embrace the chaplain. In a conversation relating to "Irish boys," and the more errant of the sons and daughters of Erin in general, we learn, "O yes, by the by, we certainly have one steady careful Irish boy here." On our expressing a desire to be introduced to this phenomenon, he is called up, but scarcely justifies his reputation; having, that morning, "lost" his boots, and provided himself with such an astonishing pair of dilapidated canoes from some dung-hill, that he drags a train of rotten leather, a foot or so in length, at each of his heels.

The boys all dress like rustic labourers, in thick field shoes and corduroy trousers, which they learn to mend for themselves, in shoemaking and tailoring shops erected on the farm. They rise at the same time as the labourers in the surrounding country, and live on labourer's fare; eating meat only twice a week. They are vigorous and healthy, thanks to sufficient, though coarse, food, exercise, and country air. About three cases of slight sickness in a twelvemonth are all the ills of flesh they know.

Though moral discipline and kindness—a true spirit of religion—are relied upon for the main work of reformation, corporal punishment is not entirely taken from the code. It is administered only as a last resource; sometimes not once during six months, and only by the chaplain himself a week after the commission of the offence. The ordinary punishments consist in the subtraction of reward. For all the labour done by them, the boys are paid a trifling price, at a fixed scale, according to the nature of the work; so that each earns from a penny to eight-pence every week. Out of his earnings he pays fines proportioned to the week's offences. The balance in his favour is put down as cash to his account; but, if the balance be against him, he is put, according to the amount of deficit, in a fourth or a fifth class, and pays by eating bread instead of pudding, and by other changes in the character of his provisions. One week's losses are not carried on against the next week's gains. Each week is independent of all others. The money earned in this way is not, of course, given to the boy, but is spent in accordance with his wishes. He will buy with it, perhaps, treacle to improve his pudding, or the prerogative of setting up his knife, which is the schoolboy's substitute for setting up a carriage. Sometimes he will ask leave to spend it on a visit to some relative, or will save it up for months to pay his mother's cost in coming down to see him at Red Hill.

When offences pass beyond the fine and the fifth class, there is an alternative of solitary confinement for a short time, accompanied with gentle admonition. Except in cases that demand immediate care, the record of the week's misdeeds is kept, and the misdeeds remain to be accounted for, till Saturday in every week; when, after dinner, the awards are made.

While waiting for the dinner-time, we visit the boys who are locked up in light separate cells, for a few hours of reflection. One of them is an Irish lad of sixteen or older, who, after a quarrel on the previous night, decamped from the establishment, and was recovered with a coat in his possession that did not belong to him. The coat he declared obstinately that he had picked up, and no kind of reasoning would make him tell another tale. We shared, for some minutes, his confinement; and though he was one of the most hopeless boys on the establishment, he spoke kindly—in his absence—of the chaplain, and recognised the good feeling at Red Hill. He would like it, he said, if there were not about three dozen boys, who teazed him because he was Irish. That was *his* view of the case. He was an orphan, who had been thirteen or fourteen years away from Ireland. His relatives were an uncle and aunt in Liverpool, about whose occupations he seemed unwilling to be communicative.

There is another boy, confined for general idleness, and lying all along (and very like an idle boy indeed) asleep on the cool floor, with his head at the door, like a mat. He is young—about ten—and small for his age. We have seen that head, in prisons, many a time. A sullen, lowering, overhanging, beetle-browed, heavy head, with confused eyes in it that will look anywhere rather than at other eyes. As the chaplain turns it up towards him by the chin, and says a word or two of gentle remonstrance, there is no hope in it—very little accountability—no more power of straight thinking than there is of straight-walking in a twisted foot. Touching the difficulty into which this head has got itself and society, we would rather advise with our good friend Dr. Conolly, than with the quarter sessions.

There is another boy, for a graver offence. Being at work in the carpenter's shop, he pocketed a knife, and so from good repute is brought to cellular disgrace. The carpenter to whom we spoke about it just now, as

he stood on a ladder up among the green leaves working at the roof of the new smith's shop, thinks it was a sudden temptation that was too much for the boy; the boy had done very well indeed before; he had no reason to complain of the boy at all; thought very well of him. We had a bright idea that it might be a knife with a handle full of extraordinary temptations—corkscrews, boot-hooks, picks, gimlets, punches, and so forth; but the carpenter said (unwillingly, as a good-natured man who perceived our drift) No, it was just a common knife! This is a good-looking culprit, considered likely to reform. Seems to have a manly sort of repentance breaking out in him, which promises well.

Dinner-time now; the boys are at their tables; and it is suet-pudding day. One boy says grace, and all the boys eat pudding, except those of the fourth and fifth classes, who eat respectively, bread and cheese, and bread. The allowance of pudding is suited to an agricultural appetite. The puddings are baked like bread, in tins; so that there is a crust all round, and the juvenile taste runs upon scooping out the pudding first, and then eating its shell. Some rejoice in their privilege of treacle. Class the Fifth is not happy in a taste for bread One little fellow has spilt water on the table and has deposited his bread in it, in order to complain that it is wet. His neighbour complains that the schoolmaster who teaches him, like his companions, for two hours daily, has a "spite again him" We inspect the register of offences. The column headed disorder, is the one that is most filled. Order is necessary, although we are not thunderstruck at finding that the boys in this hot weather are found in the pond at unseasonable hours; and that, becoming restless at night, they *will* get out of bed and walk about, to the distress of their companions.

Remembering that every one of these boys has been walled in a prison, for which he qualified through scenes of filth and vice, it is a fact most honorable to the chaplain and demonstrative of his real influence over them, that the offence of profanity and bad language occurs, throughout the whole community of more than a hundred boys, only about three or four times in a week. The trust reposed by the boys in their chief guide, is manifest in the frank looks with which he has been met throughout the morning, and the free and frequent communication which the children have evidently claimed, whenever they have had anything to ask or tell.

Dinner is soon over and all stand up After a pause, during which perfect silence is established, grace is said. The schoolmaster then strikes his tuning-fork and leads in the doxology. There is a little organ in the well-appointed chapel, and every opportunity is taken of introducing music into the routine of the school. For our especial pleasure, the tuning-fork is again put in requisition, and the juvenile offenders against law, with reverent (though, of course, here and there unpromising) faces, and with good voices, sing a hymn in praise of faith and kindness one towards another.

The singing of the boys remained as melody upon our minds after we had left the Farm, and wandered out again into the sunny ways. Returning by new paths, we dived into the coolness of a narrow sheltered lane, through which a brook was flowing. A hen with her young brood fluttered before us. The chickens in dismay, the hen in wrath and fear, covering the retreat of her children, labouring to find for them a safe path out of the way of evil—for as evil we were obviously regarded—sped down the narrow lane the faster as we made haste to get by, and relieve them of the cause of terror. At last the mother lodged her whole brood in a hole by the wayside, and stood forward menacing death to all the powers that would do them harm. We thought that if Britannia had a little of the hen in her, and took but half as much care of her brood of unprotected young, there would not be so many crushed boys to restore to wholeness—so many fallen girls to raise.

Our honorable friend! The system must be devised, the administrators must be reared, the preventible young criminals must be prevented, the State must put its Industrial and Farm Schools first, and its prisons last—and to this complexion you must come. You may put the time off a little, and destroy (not irresponsibly) a few odd thousands of immortal souls in the meantime; but, the change must come. It were better for you, and the whole constituent body of Verbosity, to come to it with a good grace; for the thing itself is as sure as Death, our honorable friend

THE MERRY MEN OF CAIRO.

There are two incontrovertible truths, that "Allah (whose name be exalted) is Allah," and that "Cairo is the Queen of Cities." Franks say that Marsiglia, and Londra, and Parigi, are larger and finer; but by one argument we confound them. How comes it that they undertake a journey of many months to see our city, if it be inferior in anything to the places they come from? May such liars be condemned to eternal fire; and may Cairo never cease to assert its supremacy, and continue to be what its name imports, *Al Kahira*, the Conqueror.

Cairo contains the largest and the oldest mosques, the most elegant fountains, the richest bazaars, the most spacious wakalahs, the most pious men, and the most lovely women, in the world. Its excellences are indeed ten thousand—five thousand physical, and five thousand moral; and it has been calculated that to describe each excellence with due detail, would require three thousand

words of the choicest that our language contains. The learned Abd-es-Sarf has written a large book on the donkeys of Cairo alone, and the things appertaining; but, as he has forgotten to laud the perfection of the saddles and the bridles, much remains to be done.

Among the chief excellences of Cairo are its wags or merry men. Like unto them are to be found in no country on the face of the earth. They are not drunkards, like the merry men of Stamboul; nor licentious, like those of Damascus; nor dishonest, like those of Aleppo; nor riotous, like those of Bassora. They mingle a pleasant proportion of gravity with their mirth; and their chief art is to pass their life in jollity, without doing any harm to their fellow creatures—or rather, without doing more than is required to keep themselves in pleasant humour, for it is impossible to laugh without seeing others suffer slightly.

One of the most celebrated of these merry men is Hassan, who passes his time in piercing the skins of the water-carriers, and in enjoying the rage and tears of the unfortunate man who, on arriving at his destination, finds that he has nothing but empty bags of leather on his camels. He always follows his victim at a distance, and when he has sufficiently laughed, he comes forward, saying, "Poor man, what is the matter? Here is the price of thy water." Then the carrier replies, "May Allah shower blessings upon thee, and curses on the man who pierced my skins!"

Another, named Chirza, chiefly delights in putting dead dogs or cats into the water-jars of the women; and it is related that he once saw a woman set down a jar at a door and go into the house to gossip. He had a cat under his cloak, and slipped it in without being seen. In the evening, he related his joke to several friends who dined with him, and all laughed. Suddenly, the servant came in and said that the jar, from which the water they had drank had been taken, contained a dead cat; and it was discovered that Chirza had played off his trick on his own maid by mistake.

But all the wags of the present day are inferior to the one surnamed Abu Munchar, or the Father of the Nose, who flourished under the reign of King Ali Mustapha. His real name was Abdallah; but, as his nose was about the size and shape of a full-grown cucumber, first the children, then the women, and, by degrees, everybody nicknamed him Abu Munchar. He was the son of a merchant, who bequeathed to him considerable property, charging him to increase it; but, as he loved ease better than labour, and saw that he had sufficient to keep him in comfort all his life, he determined to abandon trade and to adopt the profession of a merry man. More than fifty of his exploits have been handed down by tradition; but it is generally admitted that the one we are about to relate was the most amusing.

He lived in a fine mansion near the Zeyneb gate, and his neighbours talked of scarcely anything but the comical things he said and did. In order to be more at liberty, however, he bought a small house at the other extremity of the city, and used often to go there dressed in mean garments, and concoct and carry out plans of amusements. His mysterious way of living created great curiosity in the neighbourhood; and as secrecy always irritates the inquisitive, many began to spread the report that he was no other than Manrow, the celebrated robber, disguised by a nose that Allah had not given him. These reports at length induced the head of the police to pay a visit to the house. Abu Munchar was a little alarmed at first; but, as he had heard of the reports that had been spread, he received the official with a gay countenance, and without giving him time to speak, said: "O my master, this is a most fortunate occasion. I wished to see you; for, on going along the street this morning, I found a purse containing a hundred pieces of gold, and as it is not probable that I shall discover the owner so easily as you will, it is best to place it in your hands." So saying, he drew forth a purse and handed it to the head of the police, who understood the whole affair, and who, after making some mild inquiries as to Abdallah's way of life, went away. The merry man accompanied him into the street, where his visitor embraced him with great demonstrations of affection, and continued his round, answering all curious inquirers by saying, "A man who laughs is never dangerous!"

When the neighbours saw with what distinction Abu Munchar was treated by the dreaded Zabib, they changed their opinion of him and eagerly sought his acquaintance. Among those who had most vilified him previously, was a poor devil of a barber, who used to shave in a bath visited only by water-carriers, fish-men, donkey-boys, and beggars; and who could scarcely contrive to exist on the produce of his razor. It is true, that more than half his earnings were expended in coffee and hasheesh (to which he was inveterately addicted), and that many would not trust their heads in his hands, because he had once, when very drunk, sliced off the ear of a patient.

This barber, named Ali, said to himself one day: "The man with the nose is evidently a jolly fellow, and yet he seems as poor as myself. Perhaps he has the secret of happiness; and, if I could make his acquaintance he might discover it to me. I am a pleasant wise fellow, full of learned sayings, and strange stories, and witty conceits, and ready answers, and experience of the world, and elegance of manner and taste, and knowledge of exceeding good stories and of songcraft—in short, there is no more agreeable companion in the world than I am; and, if I can show my talents to this man, it is

impossible that he should not conceive a great affection for me."

Now it happened, that whilst he was thus speaking to himself, Abu Munchar was looking at him from his window, and saying: "This is one of the idiots who brought upon me the visit of the head of the police. He has a villanous face, with but one eye, and is evidently a conceited person. It would be a pleasant thing to play some good trick upon him, that he might learn not to meddle with things that concern him not, and to have a less opinion of his own merit."

A little while afterwards, having matured his plan, he went to the shop of the barber, and expressed his wish to be shaved. At the same time, a messenger came from the bath requesting his services. "Tell the Maallim," quoth the poor fellow, "that I am shaving the head of an emir, and cannot come." So the messenger went away, another barber was called, and Ali lost his connection with the bath.

Abu Munchar took off his turban, and placed himself on the bench with exceeding gravity, that he might be shaved. Ali began at once to sharpen his razor, to prepare the lather, and to talk, as barbers ever do; for Allah has given them a tongue a span in length. He vaunted both his own cleverness and the respect he entertained for his customer, endeavouring to insinuate himself into his good graces. Unfortunate man! his advances were only too well received; and ere the last polish was given to that round head, Abu Munchar had confessed that he felt wonderfully inclined to do good to the barber. Ali was delighted, and said that if that were the case, he would speak out. So he related his surmises on the subject of his patient's way of life, and begged to be told whether or not he possessed the secret of happiness.

"Thy penetration is marvellous, thy capacity is unexampled, O Ali!" was the reply. "The source of my felicity is indeed not ordinary. I was born poor, and lived, until of late, poor, as thou hast surmised; but I chanced to obtain admission into the Company of the Wise and Happy; so that now my lot is to be envied."

"And what is that company?" inquired the barber.

"It consists of a variety of individuals of all ranks and conditions, who have the power of obtaining whatsoever they may wish, when united in the ordained place of meeting. We meet together at stated intervals. One wishes for a purse of gold, another for a beautiful maiden, another for a handsome garment; and no one ever fails to obtain what he may desire."

"O Allah! Allah! why may I not become a member of this worshipful company?"

"That is impossible," replied the wag, in a grave voice. "I have gratified thy curiosity; but, do not let thy hopes go astray in quest of what is forbidden."

The barber was afraid for the time to press the matter further, although he did not despair of ultimately succeeding in his wishes. When the shave was over, he refused to accept payment for his trouble; declaring with many oaths that he esteemed it an honour to handle the head of his respected neighbour. Abu Munchar did not much insist, but went away and related to his intimates how he had got a barber at his service for nothing.

Some time afterwards, it was agreed between the merry man and one of his friends, named Maza, that the joke should be carried out to its extremity. Every preparation having been made, Maza went, dressed as a poor man; and, feigning sickness, fell down upon the threshold of the barber's shop. The luckless rogue, who, since he had lost his connection with the bath, had gained scarcely sufficient to buy him a loaf for dinner, was sitting sharpening his razor for the hundredth time that day. On hearing a noise, he started as if from slumber, cried "*hader*" (ready), and began to make a lather, without looking at his customer. On turning round at length, however, he saw as it were a corpse in the doorway, and felt terribly alarmed; but he recovered soon, and, humanity prompting him, drew Maza into the shop, tweaked his nose, slapped his hands, and succeeded in making him open his eyes and pretend to recover.

"Where am I?" said he, in a faint voice.

"In the shop of Ali, the cleverest and the poorest barber in Cairo. A miserable wretch, who has scarcely a glass of water to offer thee; but who is ready to shave thy head for the honour of the Prophet."

"I demand not to be shaved, but to be taken to the house of Abu Munchar, if he be known in this quarter."

"Known!" exclaimed Ali. "Why, he is my most intimate friend, and scarcely ever passes a day without stepping in to hear me discourse wisely of all things; for he has seen that I am a man of sagacity, who knows sentences, and can expound history and doctrine. He has seen that I am capable of enlightening the imbecility of his mind, and enlarging the bounds of his knowledge, and showing him the right path, and giving him rules of conduct, and directions in the search of wealth, and means to avoid the rod of government, and advice and assistance of all valuable kinds; besides ...."

"This is enough," replied Maza, "to persuade me that thou knowest the man. Show me his dwelling, and thou shalt be rewarded—by my thanks."

"Nay," quoth Ali, "it seemeth to me that thou art sick and unable to walk. Remain in my shop, and I will call upon my neighbour, and mention thy name and describe thy qualities, and bring him to thee."

"Be it so," said Maza; and Ali, who was delighted at the opportunity of entering his neighbour's house, crossed the street, and

pushing the door, that was ajar, went into the passage, and cried, "*Beit!*"

"Who is there?" was the reply.

"May the stones, and the walls, and the roof of this dwelling be blessed!" exclaimed the loquacious barber. "I demand permission to enter. I bring a message."

"Come up," said Abu Munchar, leaning from the gallery.

So Ali went upstairs; and, having kissed the hands of his false friend, told him, with a thousand circumlocutions, of what had taken place.

"Is it possible," cried Abu Munchar, "that the Emir Maza of Dorkân is in the condition which thou hast described? He is the chief and president of our company, but has been absent a whole year on a wonderful adventure. Let me hasten to receive him."

So the wag went down and embraced Maza, and took him away; leaving the poor barber in a state of amazement and delight that he should have had an opportunity of giving hospitality to an emir.

Next day, Abu Munchar came to Ali's shop, and entered invoking blessings on the owner.

"O fortunate barber!" he cried, "thou art about to attain the accomplishment of thy wishes. The Emir of Dorkân hath consented to receive thee into our company; being amazed with thy learning, and charmed by thy wit, and fascinated by thy elegant demeanour. There remain but some few trifling formalities to undergo, which of course will not stand in the way."

Ali was profuse in his expressions of delight, and promised to comply with whatever was demanded of him.

"In the first place," said Abu Munchar, "thou must exercise thy razor upon thy face, and shave it until not one hair remaineth to look at another. Then thou must undress, keeping nothing on but thy shirt and thy under-clothing. Afterwards thou must take a kurbeh (water-skin) and fill it with foul water, and go about the streets offering to the thirsty. Many things may befall thee; but, depend upon it, ere long, thou wilt belong to the company of the wise and happy. Remember, however, should any one ask an explanation of thy conduct, say that thou wert commanded by Maza, the Emir of Dorkân."

Ali consented to do all this, although in his heart he feared the consequences. Accordingly, next day, having thrown away his beard, clotted with soap, he went forth in his shirt and drawers, bearing on his back a kurbeh filled from the Kalish. The weather was very hot, and before he had taken ten paces a crowd of boys and girls followed him laughing and crying, "O mad Sakka, give us to drink;" and he gave them from a brass cup, and they spluttered, and cursed him, and pelted him with stones, so that he was forced to take refuge in a crowded bazaar. Here the people made way for him, crying, "This is a man performing a penance." Some asked to be refreshed; and many were deceived into tasting what he gave. Whereupon they kicked and buffetted him from one end of the bazaar to the other, and said, "This is one of the wags. Let us make him have cause to weep instead of to laugh."

In this way he passed from one quarter to another, without ever failing to be beaten in any one, until he felt his brain whirl.

"Woe be unto me!" exclaimed the unfortunate shaver at length. "This matter is not agreeable. It will be well if I reach my destination soon, otherwise I shall not have strength to taste the felicity that is prepared for me."

As he uttered these words a Bey, riding upon a horse, passed with his attendants; and seeing the Sakka (water-carrier), who was now covered with dirt and in rags, asked for a drink, intending to present him afterwards with a piece of gold. But, when he tasted the foul drink he was enraged, and ordered his people to seize the offender, and to beat him, and to drag him to prison. He was accordingly dragged to prison, and thrown in amidst thieves and bad servants, and passed the rest of that day and the whole night in misery, bemoaning himself, and wishing that he had never undertaken this adventure. In the morning they brought him before the head of the police, who questioned him as to the motives of his conduct. Remembering what had been told him, Ali avowed that he had obeyed the instructions of the Emir of Dorkân.

"Dorkân!" cried the Zabib, "I know no Dorkân; therefore there can be no such place as Dorkân. Who ever heard of Dorkân? This man is guilty of impiety. He hath added a place to Allah's earth. Let him be beaten for speaking of Dorkân!"

According to this wise decision, poor Ali was beaten until he was incapable of standing. Pain and suffering deprived him of his wits; and, when they cast him forth into the street, he mowed and gibbered at all who passed. Some compassionate folks now took him on their shoulders, and carried him to the Moristân or madhouse, where they chained him to a ring and beat him, that he might return to his senses. But they at length grew weary of their benevolent exertions, and left him as foolish as ever.

When they ceased to torment him he imagined strange things; as that he was a prince of a vast country, and was surrounded with wealth and bright scenes and beautiful damsels. So he danced and rattled his chains and shouted "Blessings on Abu Munchar and the Emir of Dorkân." Then, the keepers came and fell upon him with sticks, crying, "What an obstinate maniac is this! he has been beaten enough to make three wise men; and lo! he will not leave howling."

Ali remained in this miserable condition

several days; after which Abu Munchar, hearing of his fate and repenting of what he had done, went and procured his release, and took him to his palace near the Zeynab gate. Here,—strange to say, but the ways of Allah are inscrutable—quiet, and good feeding, and clean clothing, restored him to his wits. The wag appointed him as one of his servants, and he remained a long time in tranquillity without alluding to what had taken place.

At length, however, one day, Ali the barber, being merry, said to his master.

"O merry man, where is that place where the wise and happy congregate, and where it is possible to call up by the mere will all that is beautiful and magnificent in the world, and to enjoy without trouble the fruits of power and wealth?"

"Thou hast already been there," replied Abu Munchar.

"I remember not. What manner of place is it?"

"The Moristân!"

THE LIFE OF A SALMON.

No creature can well have a quieter birth-place than the trout which is spawned in the Bann. The Bann is not, on the whole, a quiet river, for it has a prodigious deal of work to do, and it does its work in a prodigious bustle at times; though occasionally it relaxes somewhat, and seems to remember the great truth, that nothing is worth the loss of composure. The work that the Bann has to do is to carry away into the sea all the water that other rivers pour into the largest lake of our three kingdoms—Lough Neagh. This lake measures eighty miles round; and several rivers pour their waters into it, while there is only this one river Bann to carry them away. So it must move quickly to get its work done; and it does push on, and drive between its banks, and fume and splash at a grand rate, where rocks are obstinate in refusing to get out of its way. In other spots, whence the rocks got rolled away ages ago, and where thick woods overhang the stream, its current becomes not less rapid but more still. Clear, deep, and dark, it there flows on swiftly and silently. There it is that the salmon, if they are wise, look about them for some little cove—some recess in the banks—which is seldom violently flooded, but which receives a gentle ripple as the stream sweeps by. In such a little cove, with a floor of pure sand, the eggs of the salmon may lie unharmed by any disturbance till they are hatched. Some of the fish deposit their spawn where the waters lash the sand, or where animals like to drink, and there the eggs come to nothing and are lost. This is now so well understood, that in some places (in one place in France particularly) fishermen are making fortunes by looking in good time to the eggs and milt, and seeing that they are deposited in favourable places. Hundreds of thousands, aye, countless millions of fish may be provided for human food by this simple precaution, for want of which some of our Scotch and English rivers are supplying less and less salmon every year.

In such a quiet pool, with its clean sandy bottom, does the fish pass its earliest days. From its first wriggle as a minute insect (as we should call it if we could see it at that stage of its life) to its first use of its fins and tail, that little pool is its world. Its world is quite big enough for it, and altogether beyond its comprehension. Even there it is not wholly beyond the reach of the tides—not shut out from the influences of the moon, and the laws which keep a universe full of firmaments in their due place and order: but the little fish is very like us in being frightened, and fancying that everything is out of order when any commotion happens that it did not foresee. If it suppose that the universe was made for the sake of infant trout, it may well be alarmed when a strong ripple spreads over its pool, and the water makes a bubble or two against the bank;—just as men used to take for granted that the world was coming to an end when there was an eclipse; or when an unusual aurora borealis turned the calm, cool night sky into a blood-red dome. Mankind has grown wiser with experience, and is learning that all goes on in the noblest and most regular and stedfast way under laws which never change; so that the wise man fears nothing: and even the infant trout grows bolder and happier as it learns more of its own world of waters. It wields its fins, it practises with its tail; it finds it can rise to the surface, and drop down to the sand, and get into the shade at noon under the roots of some water-loving tree, or make new glancing lights in the shallows by playing off its scales in the sunshine. By degrees, it goes out further into the current, and delights in being swept along by it, even though it is whirled away from its own native cove. It may not be for ever. In a year or two it may come up the stream again—as so many do every season.

Meantime, down it goes; not all at once, but as may suit its growing strength and size, and the provision of food it finds. Towards the end of winter the waters grow cold. The melting snows make them chilly. The salt water will be warmer; and the young creature is strong enough now to bear a salt-water life. So down it goes, faster and faster. It does not know why, but it is carried on faster and faster, under banks where the hazels are hanging out their catkins, and the willow-palm its velvet tufts. Here and there a well-sheltered primrose puts forth a pale bud, in some hollow of the bank, and the wild ducks are making a splutter among the ripening reeds. But now the river rushes so fast that the sun-gleams are like lightning, and there is a rumbling roar like thunder, and a splash like a deluge. On shoots the little creature, setting its rudder—that is, its tail—steady, like the older fish that go before, and in a trice

it is over the Falls of the Bann, and beginning to feel what the salt water is like. Still the old fish promise that it shall see its native cove again. It must be done by leaping this barrier of rocks; but thousands of salmon do that every year. What fish has done, fish may do.

And now, a shroud of mystery encloses the life of the salmon. During the first year its age is known by the state of its scales; and its generation is then called grilse, or grailse, or grawls. After that, its mode of living is so completely lost sight of that there is not a naturalist, nor a fisherman, along the whole north coast of Ireland who can tell when or how the trout passes into the salmon, (if indeed it be the trout which certainly becomes the salmon,) or how old the salmon may live to be; or at what age its savoury flakes make the best eating; or, in short, anything whatever beyond this:—that the same fish return every season to the same river; the salmon of the Bann being short and thick, and those of the Bush river long and slim in comparison; and so on. So we must treat salmon as we do ladies—neglect all considerations of age—make no inquiries on that obscure point, and sympathise in their activities and pleasures without asking whether they had a beginning, or will ever come to an end.

It is the fashion to talk of every body's "sphere." What a sphere is that of the salmon of the Bann! What a coast has it to range, whether, when carried out to sea with the rush of waters, it turns to the right hand or to the left! That it does range along the coast is certain, as the watcher on many a promontory can avouch. Let the observer stand on the precipice of Fairhead—the salient point of the Antrim coast. At first, he will be curious about the little lake which discharges its waters by a fissure in the rock, making a waterfall down that steep—more than six hundred feet above the busy surge. Already, on the face of this rock, are there traces of that strange architecture of Nature which comes out to more perfection further to the west. If the observer looks out to sea, his eye will be fixed by the outlines of the Scotch islands, as they lie calmly anchored in the deep blue sea, or the Mull of Cantire closing in the eastern horizon. He sees more than their outlines. In clear weather he sees the bright eminences and dark ravines on the mountain sides. Now let him look below—sheer down into the transparent waters. Are there not silvery flickerings, bright glancings, which show that the salmon are there at play? There they are; and near a great danger. A rock stands out, an islet separated by sixty feet of roaring tide from the shore, directly in the path that the salmon take off the coast. Not knowing that enemies may come there and waylay them, the fish do not make a good sweep out to sea, but just swim unsuspiciously round Carrick-a-rede. For a good part of the year, they may do this safely; during the months when salmon are not allowed to be taken; but, when the doom day comes, the bold fishermen do a great feat. They sling two ropes from the shore to the islet, at a height of ninety feet above the tossing waves; and, by laying short planks across, they make a bridge,—a suspension bridge with a vengeance—with no guard but a single rope for a hand-rail. The stranger usually declines being swung in mid air on such a bridge as this: but the fisherman—who lives, during the salmon season, in a cottage on the islet—runs backwards and forwards as tranquilly as if he were passing London Bridge; and so do his comrades. If the salmon did but know their own case, they would glance up from amidst the waters, and, warned by that great inverted arch in their sky, would strike off,—well out to the north, and not approach the coast again for miles. But all that the salmon know of their own case is that they want to go up the rivers, to deposit their spawn and milt; so they hug the shore, in search of the rivers' mouths.

Soon they come to that strange place, where, as we are informed, the great giant, Fin McCoul, had a mind to make a path for himself and his wife to pass over to Scotland, without getting their feet wet. Were any salmon present to see that causeway begun? and did they fear that it would bar them out from the Bush and the Bann? There are the wonderful paving-stones at this day—cut so neatly to fit into one another, like the cells in a bee-hive, and built in so firmly that the winter surge, in all these thousands of years, has never washed them asunder. Were there any salmon to see the accident by which those stones were spilled, which are now seen lying, all in a heap, tippled all manner of ways. Giantesses who act as masons' labourers to their husbands, should see, before they go out to work, that they have strong strings to their aprons. Fin McCoul's wife forgot this. She brought him plenty of stones in her apron, and he paved them in; jammed them firm into the bottom of the sea with a stamp of his heel. But, one day, her apron-string broke, and her load of stones fell out—where they now lie. Whether her husband was put out of humour by so small an accident as this, as does happen to husbands sometimes, or whether his attention was called off by some pressure of business elsewhere, we cannot say; but the causeway certainly never was finished. A beginning was made at the opposite end—at Staffa—that Scotch islet where the giant had a cave where he liked to be cool at noonday (and a green, cool cave it is); but the path never stretched very far out, at either end; and the salmon get round, quite easily, at this day.

Some salmon seem to have no eye for cork floats. They swim in among them, without a thought of a trap. But they find themselves in one; and, after floundering among ropes and cords, perhaps from Monday to Saturday,

they find themselves drawn to shore, whether they will or no, and seized by the hot, cruel hands of man. If our trout of the Bann kept outside, or were alert enough to spring over at the last moment, it is on its way to its own river, rejoicing. The Bush river comes first, and there the Bush salmon take leave of all the rest for a season, and part off to their country seats for the autumn and Christmas. When the mouth of the Bann is reached, so do the Bann fish, whisking up stream, under Coleraine bridge, and onwards another mile, to where the salt water meets the fresh.

Here is a point of such danger, that we pause to take breath. There are some few chances of escape; but the perils are awful. All that the poor fish has any doubt about is as to whether it can leap up those rocks, over which the fresh waters are pouring like a cataract. It can make the leap, no doubt. Every salmon does. And it will no doubt keep at the top when it has got there—which is the most wonderful part of the business to the human observer. How it is that the rush of the stream over the natural weir does not carry back the fish in a moment is a mystery to us: but the salmon would probably despise us if we asked any questions, even as old women despise kings who inquire how the apple gets into the dumpling. So we will merely say that the young salmon obeys instructions as it did in going down; sets its rudder straight, stiffens its body, and shoots forward with all its might, against the rush of waters.

And is it safe, after all? There are so many perils that it knows not of! There are buildings in the bed of the river, every stone and every brick of which was laid in malice prepense against the salmon of the Bann. There are half-a-dozen stout stone walls or piers, built backwards from the rocky weir, enclosing spaces which are (all but the middle one) as many traps for the fish. At the upper end, there are iron gratings to each trap—doors which open and shut: and at the lower end there are also iron gratings which are nearly closed, but not quite. A space of a few inches is left between the gratings, which incline backwards so as to direct, as it were, the approaching fish to the little gap. When they have once leaped in, they can never more get out. For a few moments, amidst the dash and roar of the descending waters, they are unconscious of their fate. They are whirled back; they shoot across the pool; and at length they dash themselves madly against the upper gratings: but it is all in vain. If they could pass this one grating, they would be safe for this year; for there is no salmon fishing above the weir. The Irish Society, to whom the fishery belongs, take care of that: and if, as at present, they let the fishery to an individual, he is no less careful. One of the two neat red-brick cottages which are built on the outermost piers, is for the watchman who looks to the poachers. The other has the great scales for weighing the fish, and other apparatus. It is somewhat piteous to see the silvery scales of many a fish sticking to the balance, while the seething traps below are tempting more to their fate. As for the other cottage, it contains a little bed, where the watchman takes his sleep in the daytime, amidst such a din of waters as would make a fierce lullaby to most of us. By night, while his solitary candle burns within, throwing a feeble gleam from the lattice upon the surrounding foam, he is stealing about along the piers, and across the shaking planks, which make bridges from one to another. He peeps and pries and peers about, to see if any improper nets be in the water. Perhaps while he is doing so, the poachers may be watching his dim form from under the shadow of the solemn woods which come down to the river banks. Perhaps they may be actually in the river—up to their waists in water, under the shadow of the piers. If caught, their punishment is a fine of about six pounds for each offence; in default of payment, six months imprisonment.

The flapping and frightened fish remain in their trap till the next Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday morning, when the men fish them out with landing-nets. Last Thursday morning there were seventy-three salmon: this morning, there were sixty-one. The youngest and smallest weigh four pounds: the greater number rise from twelve pounds to twenty pounds; and even twenty-five pounds is not an uncommon weight. The price of salmon in the towns along the coast is about sixpence per pound—unless where hotel-keepers impose on inexperienced travellers. But, the fish from these traps are packed in boxes, and forwarded by cart to Port Rush for export. When the railway to Londonderry is finished, they will, no doubt, be sent there too, on their way to many new places. The ice in which they are packed is supplied, in hard winters, from Irish lakes and ponds: but the last two winters have been too mild to supply the requisite quantity; so that the fish from the green depths of this solemn coast have been preserved in ice from the still, unfathomable lakes, freezing below the black pine forests of Norway.

Our subject has grown sombre and somewhat too pathetic. Let us take a brighter view.

Our young salmon was certainly not caught on this, its first ascent; for it is known to have revisited the haunts of its infancy. We have said that there was one space (it is the centre one) between the piers which is not a trap. It is called the Queen's Gap; and any fish which are lucky or discreet enough to go straight up mid-stream, pass here without impediment. It is wide open at both ends. The same may be said of all on Sundays, except that any fish that have entered between

the drawing on Saturday morning and the opening of the traps that night, are turned into a special little dungeon, railed off on one side, there to pass their Sunday. For all others, the way is completely clear from Saturday night to six o'clock on Monday morning. Whether our young fish went up by the Queen's Gap, or on the Sunday, it got through, and without knowing anything of the perils it had escaped. How sweet the lapse of the fresh waters was, after the incessant roll and crash of the surge on the iron-bound coast of the Atlantic; how the autumnal woods contrasted with the black basaltic precipices above the main; how the wildflowers on the banks appeared after so many miles of tangled and floating seaweeds; which looked best, the little column of blue peat-smoke from the peasant's cabin under the woods, or the brown smoke-clouds from the kelp-fires in the stony amphitheatres of the coast?—which was the most loveable, the swallow skimming the meadows, and brushing the blue waters with the tip of its wing, or the red-legged crow throwing the drops about in the little salt-pools in the rock, poking its red bill into salt crevices; or, again, the cormorant perched on its solitary basaltic pillar amidst the translucent green waters: now rearing its head to survey the whole land and sea, and then intent once more on its fishing? Which of these varieties may be most charming to a salmon, we will not undertake to decide. We only assert that the salmon has the opportunity of judging, as it lives and moves among them all.

Having found the tranquil cove it hoped for, and deposited its spawn where itself first began to move in the universe; having done that great duty of the year, and somewhat replenished its strength with alternate repose under the banks, and pleasure excursions among the windings and inlets of the great river, the salmon set about its descent. There was no fear of molestation now. The descending salmon are too poor in flesh and condition to be a desirable prize. So, once more, in the midst of spring, it found itself again with its comrades in the deep. Perhaps it is because the eastern coast is somewhat too sombre, that our fish now turns its head westward. Ah! there are perils there, too. Wherever there is a cluster of black rocks near the shore, and therefore in the path of the salmon, there may the white cottage of the fisherman be seen, niched into some recess. There may one great net be drying on poles or gibbet on the rocks, while the buoy out yonder, and the line of corks, show where the other is. Everywhere in the path of salmon, may the drawing of the net on Saturdays be seen, from May Day till the 20th of August. But it is certainly only by experience, if even so, that our young salmon, or any young salmon, can learn how dangerous the path of life is, through its whole course. So, on it went, merrily, in its first cruise along that cheerful shore; past the arches of limestone through which the railway is to run; past that wondrous verdant slope, from the white beach up and up for 1000 feet to the crest of rocks which crown the Coleraine heights; that slope where frost and snow and blight and tempest never come; where fairies resorted to their very latest day, as everybody remembers; where miles of trailing roses, and blue bells and periwinkles and heaths, with sweet berries enough to feed the whole fairy race, might tempt them back to their flowery tents, if the myriads of rabbits were not too formidable, and if, alas! the fairies were not dead, cold, and gone; where the few dwellings peep out from thickets of blossoms, and gardens are so many little wildernesses of sweets; where turfy paths girdle the steeps, that watchers may sit on a heather cushion, and look out for the silvery spangling of the sea where the salmon are at play;—by this cheerful shore went our young fish; and it swept by the turning of the great plain which spreads from those heights to Lough Foyle; and into Lough Foyle it went, and up and down in it—up to where old Derry stands on its hill; and where on a high pillar stands her hero-pastor, Walker, with the Bible in one hand, while the other points to the Lough where the ships are passing the boom, and bringing food to the starving citizens to whose fortitude Queen Victoria owes her crown. Up to the woods near the town, and down and away among the labyrinth of stake-nets, roves our young salmon; but not to stay, for it is a salmon of the Bann, and therefore without any intention of becoming an immigrant of Lough Foyle. As a salmon of the Bann, it will live and die.

And when and how did the dying happen? As to the when, there is no saying. How should there be, while salmon are so resolute against telling their ages? Whether our fish made many voyages or few, whether years or generations passed, whether watchers, poachers, and lessees remained the same, or were superannuated and buried away, while our salmon's eye was still clear, and its flesh firm and flaky, and its scales brilliant and flexible,—its day of doom came at last. The victim came up the Bann—not on a Sunday; and it entered the wrong gap. Neither was it on a Saturday that it came; for it certainly did not pine and waste in a state of panic during a long Sabbath day. It was spared that. Its pain was short. One wild attempt to leap—one frantic rush round the pla[illegible]—and it was fished out, and presently flapped its last in the scale where its value was sure to be duly estimated. For its shroud, it had ample folds of the purest powdered ice, gathered in far lands, by foreign hands, for the purpose. Its burial service was the grace said by the chaplain of a great London company; and its tomb was one which was not devoid of outward ornament of some richness—since over it was hung a massive

civic chain, a token of honours to be domestically remembered through an illimitable future.

This is, as far as we know, all that can be told, with veracity and honour, of the LIFE OF A SALMON.

CHIPS.

THE WORLD'S FAIREST ROSE.

THERE was once a mighty queen, in whose garden grew the choicest flowers of every season of the year, the fairest of every clime. But, she loved the roses most of all, and of them she had the greatest variety, from the wild thorn with green, apple-scented leaves to the most beautiful rose of Provence. They grew up the palace walls, twined around the columns and over the windows, in along the passages and up to the ceiling in every hall, and the roses mingled together in odour, form, and colour.

But, care and sorrow dwelt within; the queen lay on a bed of sickness, and the physicians announced that she must die.

"She may yet be saved!" said the wisest among them. "Bring to her the fairest rose of the world, that one which is the expression of the highest and purest love. Let it come before her eyes ere they close, and she will not die."

And young and old came from all around, bringing roses—the fairest that blooped in every garden; but the rose was not among them. From the bower of Love they might bring flowers; but what rose *there*, was the expression of the highest, the purest love?

And the poets sang of the world's fairest rose—each one naming his own; and there went a message far over the land, to every heart that beat in love—a message to every rank and to every age.

"No one has yet named the flower," said the sage. "No one has pointed out the place on which it grew up in all its glory. It is not the rose from Romeo and Juliet's tomb, nor from Valborg's grave, though these roses will ever breathe fragrance through legend and song. It is not the rose which bloomed from Winkelried's bloody lances · from the hallowed blood which wells out from the breast of the hero dying for his fatherland; although no death is more sweet, and no rose redder than is the blood which then flows forth. Nor is it that wonderful flower for whose sake man gives the years and days and long sleepless nights, in the solitary closet, aye, sacrifices his fresh life to cultivate—the magic rose of science."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother who came with her tender infant to the queen's bedside. "I know where the world's fairest rose is found!—the rose which is the expression of the highest and the purest love. It blooms on the glowing cheeks of my sweet child, when, refreshed with sleep, it opens its eyes and laughs toward me in the fulness of its love."

"Fair is that rose," said the sage, "but there is one still more beautiful."

"Yes, far more beautiful!" said one of the women. "I have seen it; a purer, holier rose blooms not on earth. But it was pale, as the leaves of the tea-rose. On the cheeks of the queen I saw it. She had laid her royal crown aside, and went herself with her sick child, watching with it through the long sad night. She wept over it, kissed it, and prayed to God for it, as a mother prays in the hour of affliction."

"Holy and wonderful in its power is sorrow's white rose, but still that is not the one"

"No! the world's fairest rose I saw before the altar of the Lord," said the pious old bishop. "I saw it shining as though the face of an angel appeared. The young maidens went up to the Lord's table, to renew their baptismal covenant; and the roses glowed, and the roses paled upon their fresh cheeks. A young girl stood there; in the fulness of her soul's purity and love she looked up to her God. That was the expression of the purest and the highest love!"

"Blessed was she," said the sage; "but no one has yet named the world's fairest rose"

A child came into the room—the Queen's little son. Tears stood in his eyes and on his cheeks. He carried a large open book, with velvet binding and large silver clasps. "Mother!" said the little one, "oh, just listen to what I have read here!" And the child seated itself by the bed, and read from the Book of Him who gave himself up to death on the cross, that all men might be saved, even generations yet unborn. "There is no greater love than this!"

A rosy gleam passed over the queen's cheeks; her eyes became bright and clear, for she saw unfolding itself from the pages of the Book the "World's Fairest Rose."

"I see it!" said she "He will never die who looks upon that Rose, the fairest flower of earth!"

WALKING-STICKS.

WHETHER it was a cripple or a dandy, an old gentleman or a young gentleman, who first invented walking-sticks, cannot now be determined That the pilgrim of the Middle Ages used a staff we know well from song and story;—a stout, strong, serviceable staff, shod with iron, which stood no nonsense; for it was intended not merely to support the pilgrim when weary, and to aid the ascent and descent of hills and mountains; but to quell the familiarities of rough wayfarers. There was a protuberance a short distance below the top, to afford a firm grasp; and the upper part formed a hollow tube, in which

the pilgrim carried relics of saints, small crucifixes, or other humble but cherished treasures. There are records of other articles stored away in these staff receptacles; the first head of saffron is said to have been brought to England from Greece in a pilgrim's staff, at a time when it was death to take the living plant out of the country; the silk-worm first found its way into Europe by a similar piece of cunning; and pilgrims sometimes contrived to lay aside a store of gold coin in this hiding-place.

The staff, or *alpenstock*, of the Swiss and Tyrolese is an unquestionable walking-stick, of a formidable and invaluable kind. Exceeding in length the height of the user, and tipped with iron, it renders important assistance to all Alpine pedestrians. With its chamois-horn as a surmounting crook, it makes some pretension to ornament. All who have read narratives, or seen pictures, or heard lectures, concerning the ascent of Mont Blanc, will readily call to mind the claim which these alpenstocks have to be called life-preservers.

One of the earliest kinds of walking-stick adopted as a support by elderly persons, was the *ferula*, or staff of fennel-wood. Being long, tough, and light, it is well fitted for this purpose, and it seems to have given name to a certain castigatory weapon but too well known to school-boys. In Oriental countries, the hollow or pithy-stalked palms and bamboos naturally became the material for walking-sticks, and it is to such countries that we owe the designation of cane, so much given to these pedestrian accompaniments. Ancient Egyptian walking-sticks have been discovered, made of cherry-wood, and having carved knobs. Henry the Eighth had "a cane garnyshed with sylver and gilte, with Astronomie upon it;" and "a cane garnyshed with golde, having a perfume in the toppe."

Of the Clouded Cane, of whose nice conduct Pope's Sir Plume was justly vain; of Jambees at ten guineas per joint, and plain Dragons described in the Tatler; of the strong cane and the amber-tipped cane, sung by Gay; of the long and elegant sticks used by elderly ladies in the second half of the last century, and by footmen of the present day; of the stout knotted sticks and the slender bamboos in fashion half a century ago; of the enormous grotesque heads carved upon sticks to suit certain abnormal tastes; of comic canes with Tim Bobbins and Punch and Merry Andrews and Toby Fillpots grinning from their heads; of rough sticks and smooth sticks; of straight sticks and crooked sticks; of all sorts of sticks, from rattans to bludgeons, it is not our present purpose to indite:—the reader will find an amusing account of most of them in the Report of the Exhibition Jury on Miscellaneous Articles—a jury which worked most indefatigably in their miscellaneous duties. We pass all this to say a little respecting the commerce in walking-sticks; which is much more extensive than most persons would imagine.

It appears that there is scarcely a grass or a tree which has not been made available for this purpose. The varieties most usually selected, among the growths of Europe, are blackthorn, crab, maple, ash, oak, beech, orange-tree, cherry-tree, furze-bush, and Spanish reed; from the West Indies there come vine-stems, cabbage-stalks, orange-stalks, lemon-stalks, coffee-stalks, briar-stalks; while from other countries in the warm regions are brought rattans, calamus-stems, bamboos, Malaccas, and Manilla canes. Whatever is the kind employed, the wood is usually cut towards the end of autumn, especially if it be wished to preserve the bark.

A walking-stick of moderate pretensions, made of ordinary wood, and to be sold at a moderate price, passes through almost as many processes as a needle, and is, to all intents and purposes, a manufactured article. Let us look on, while such a stick is being made.

First, then, shall it have the bark on or not? Most of the better kinds have lost their bark, and ours shall accordingly. Only one halfpenny is paid for stripping the bark from a branch of the warted-crab, which is a favourite wood for sticks; but has a bark obstinately clinging to the protuberances on the side of the branch. The peelers boil the branch for a couple of hours, and the bark then readily yields to any simple instrument. In straighter and smoother branches, the difficulty is less; and, consequently, the rate of pay is lower.

Then comes the straightening of the stick, and the fashioning of the crook, which so often forms its upper termination. The upper end is immersed in hot, damp sand; it becomes soft and non-elastic, and readily assumes and maintains any curvature which may be given to it. For every kind of wood, there is a temperature and a dampness best fitted for this process; and thus the stick-maker has to store his memory with a body of practical rules on the subject. Then, for the straightening, the stick is immersed in hot, dry sand, which gives it a kind of pliability different from that requisite for the crooking; and by bending and humouring it in a groove in a board, the stick becomes straight and symmetrical. But if our walking-stick contemns this Quaker-like straightness, and has a yearning for the knobby and crooked, it comes under the operation of the rasp and the file—unless, indeed, the knobs are such as Nature gave.

The external adornment is even more varied than the original form. Many walking-sticks appear in such masquerade costumes, that their brother-branches would not know them again; they are sand-papered, or emeried, or rotten-stoned, and are further smoothed with fish-fin or fish-skin; then they are stained by liquid dyes, the chemical

composition of which the stick-maker probably numbers among his secrets; and lastly, they are varnished. Sometimes the surface is charred, and the charred portion scraped off here and there, so as to impart a mottled appearance to the stick. Sometimes, but more frequently on the Continent than in England, lithographic transfers decorate the surface of the stick.

These every-day, steady-looking, thoroughgoing, middle-class serviceable walking-sticks form the mainstay and support of the manufacture, like as willow-pattern plates and twopenny cups and saucers are commercially more important to the Staffordshire potteries than Parian statuettes or dessert services. But still the more ornate and aristocratic sticks and canes give employment to a large number of work-people: whalebone, tortoiseshell, ram's horn, rhinoceros' horn, gutta percha, shark-spine, narwhal-horn, ivory—these are some only among many substances employed for sticks The mode of working each kind does not differ materially from that of manufacturing other articles from the same materials; but there is a curious exception in relation to tortoiseshell: the raspings and parings of this substance are susceptible of being conglomerated by heat and pressure, and formed into elongated rods for sticks—a capital mode of picking up crumbs, and making them useful.

As to the ferules, crooks, handles, and decorative appendages, who shall number them! Gold, silver, sham-gold, sham-silver, ivory, ebony, tortoiseshell, mother o' pearl, agate, cornelian, jasper, jade, leather, hair, silk, skin—all are employed What offence crooks have given, that they should be out of favour, does not appear; but certain it is that the rectangular handle is now in the ascendant. it juts out in stern precision from the vertical stem, and ignores Hogarth's theory of the beauty of curved lines. It sometimes aspires to stags' heads, and at others descends to stags' feet; and not unfrequently it makes a Jenny Lind-ish attempt at portraiture.

So large has this manufacture now become, that the principal London maker is said to sell annually about one hundred and fifty thousand walking-sticks made of English wood, and three hundred and sixty thousand rattans and canes for making the more expensive varieties. The polished ash sticks are mostly made at Birmingham; where they are sawn and turned by machine-lathes, previous to the polishing. The importation of walking-sticks from abroad is not very considerable, as the English makers strive to meet all the demand that may arise: this relates to the finished sticks, and not to the raw material.

There is a nationality even in walking-sticks. Germany makes better whalebone sticks than England, and is also expert in making elastic and tough sticks from the almost impenetrable hide of the rhinoceros. Austria excels in the sticks with carved ivory handles; but England bears the palm for those ornamented with silver wire, or gold and silver chasing. Paris is said to have had, in 1847, no less than one hundred and sixty-five manufacturers, and nine hundred and sixty-two workpeople employed in making walking-sticks and whips; but, as we cannot tell how many have been added to these numbers from other and similar trades, so are we likewise without data to settle the numerical claims of the walking-sticks. There were, however, four thousand five hundred and fifty-six cwts. of rattans, bamboos, and other canes imported into France in 1850, and this seems to tell significantly of a large walking-cane manufacture in that country. The little Grand Ducal (if anything so little can be grand) State of Hesse excels all other countries in the manufacture of pictorial walking-sticks. In neatly transferring lithographic patterns to sticks Hesse is unrivalled. They are sold largely to England and America, and some of them are exceedingly elegant; the patterns are transferred from paper while the ink from the printing, whether coloured or black, is wet, and the stick is afterwards varnished.

But Hamburg seems to be the walking-stick metropolis. Herr Meyer, of that city, is the king of stick makers His stall of walking-sticks, radiating in all its splendour in the Zollverein department of the Great Exhibition, attracted many an admiring gaze. Very little less than five hundred varieties there made their appearance, from the ornate and costly, down to the useful and cheap Being a free port for the reception of sticks and canes from all parts of the world, and hand-labour being cheaper there than in London, Hamburg drives a large trade in this department of industry.

Crochetty walking-sticks occasionally make a noise in the world—walking sticks which contain a shop full of furniture (more or less) in their bosom. A Scottish physician has lately constructed a walking-stick containing a variety of medical instruments and medicines. Another sagacious personage has enriched society with a walking-stick containing a compass, a mirror, a dressing-case, an inkstand, a telescope, a thermometer, a set of drawing instruments, stationery, and lucifers. A third, thoughtful concerning the supply of nature's wants, has made a walking-stick which acts as a miniature larder and wine-cellar; for it contains a long cylindrical bottle, a wine-glass on similar elongated principles, and a receptacle for biscuits or compressed meat. Another has contrived to pack away in his walking-stick a useful map of London and a compass. A fifth (perhaps an electro biological gentleman) has made a walking-stick with a complete galvanic battery in its interior; "on holding the knob in the hand, a shock is slightly felt, and by taking a piece of silver or copper in each hand, and touching the knob on each side, the shock is greatly increased!"

As to the murderous walking-sticks, which thrust out upon you their swords, or dirks, or spring spears, we like them not: their use is only to be tolerated in private gentlemen and editors, who do not feel comfortable in the streets of California or Kentucky without a Colt's revolver peeping out of their pockets loaded to the muzzle and on full cock.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

BAD deeds seldom prosper, happily for mankind; and the English cause gained no advantage from the cruel death of Joan of Arc. For a long time, the war went heavily on. The Duke of Bedford died; the alliance with the Duke of Burgundy was broken; and Lord Talbot became a great general on the English side in France. But, two of the consequences of wars are, Famine—because the people cannot peacefully cultivate the ground and grow crops—and Pestilence, which comes of want, misery, and suffering. Both these horrors broke out in both countries, and lasted for two wretched years. Then, the war went on again, and came, by slow degrees, to be so badly conducted by the English government, that, within twenty years from the execution of the Maid of Orleans; of all the great French conquests, the town of Calais alone remained in English hands.

While these victories and defeats were taking place in the course of time, many strange things happened at home. The young king, as he grew up, proved to be very unlike his great father, and showed himself a miserable puny creature. There was no harm in him—he had a great aversion to shedding blood: which was something—but, he was a weak, silly, helpless young man, and a mere shuttlecock to the great lordly battledores about the Court. Of these battledores, Cardinal Beaufort a relation of the King, and the Duke of Gloucester, were at first the most powerful. The Duke of Gloucester had a wife, who was nonsensically accused of practising witchcraft to cause the King's death and lead to her husband's coming to the throne, he being the next heir. She was charged with having, by the help of a ridiculous old woman named Margery (who was called a witch), made a little waxen doll in the King's likeness, and put it before a slow fire that it might gradually melt away. It was supposed, in such cases, that the death of the person whom the doll was made to represent, was sure to happen. Whether the duchess was as ignorant as the rest of them, and really did make such a doll with such an intention, I don't know; but, you and I know very well that she might have made a thousand dolls, if she had been stupid enough, and might have melted them all, without hurting the King or anybody else. However, she was tried for it, and so was old Margery, and so was one of the duke's chaplains, who was charged with having assisted them. Both he and Margery were put to death, and the duchess, after being taken, on foot and bearing a lighted candle, three times round the City as a penance, was imprisoned for life. The duke, himself, took all this pretty quietly, and made as little stir about the matter as if he were rather glad to be rid of the duchess.

But, he was not destined to keep himself out of trouble long. The royal shuttlecock being three-and-twenty, the battledores were very anxious to get him married. The Duke of Gloucester wanted him to marry a daughter of the Count of Armagnac; but, the Cardinal and the Earl of Suffolk were all for MARGARET, the daughter of the King of Sicily, who they knew was a resolute ambitious woman and would govern the King as she chose. To make friends with this lady, the Earl of Suffolk, who went over to arrange the match, consented to accept her for the King's wife without any fortune, and even to give up the two most valuable possessions England then had in France. So, the marriage was arranged, on terms very advantageous to the lady; and Lord Suffolk brought her to England, and she was married at Westminster. On what pretence this queen and her party charged the Duke of Gloucester with high treason within a couple of years, it is impossible to make out, the matter is so confused; but, they pretended that the King's life was in danger, and they took the duke prisoner. A fortnight afterwards, he was found dead in bed (they said), and his body was shown to the people, and Lord Suffolk came in for the best part of his estates. You know by this time how strangely liable state prisoners were to sudden death.

If Cardinal Beaufort had any hand in this matter, it did him no good, for he died within six weeks; thinking it very hard and curious—at eighty years old!—that he could not live to be Pope.

This was the time when England had completed her loss of all her great French conquests. The people charged the loss principally upon the Earl of Suffolk, now a duke, who had made those easy terms about the Royal marriage, and who, they believed, had even been bought by France. So he was impeached as a traitor, on a great number of charges, but chiefly on accusations of having aided the French king, and of designing to make his own son King of England. The Commons and the people being violent against him, the King was made (by his friends) to interpose to save him, by banishing him for five years, and proroguing the Parliament. The duke had much ado to escape from a London mob, two thousand strong, who lay in wait for him in St. Giles's Fields; but, he got down to his own estates in Suffolk, and sailed away from Ipswich. Sailing across the Channel, he sent into Calais to know if he might land there; but, they kept his boat and men in the harbour, until an English

ship, carrying a hundred and fifty men and called the Nicholas of the Tower, came alongside his little vessel, and ordered him on board. "Welcome, traitor, as men say," was the captain's grim and not very respectful salutation. He was kept on board, a prisoner, for eight-and-forty hours, and then a small boat appeared rowing towards the ship. As this boat came nearer, it was seen to have in it a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner in a black mask. The duke was handed down into it, and there his head was cut off with six strokes of the rusty sword. Then, the little boat rowed away to Dover beach, where the body was cast out, and left until the duchess claimed it. By whom, high in authority, this murder was committed, has never appeared. No one was ever punished for it.

There now arose in Kent an Irishman, who gave himself the name of Mortimer, but whose real name was Jack Cade. Jack, in imitation of Wat Tyler, though he was a very different and inferior sort of man, addressed the Kentish men upon their wrongs, occasioned by the bad government of England, among so many battledores and such a poor shuttlecock; and they rose up to the number of twenty thousand. Their place of assembly was Blackheath, where, headed by Jack, they put forth two papers, which they called "The Complaint of the Commons of Kent," and "The Requests of the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent." They then retired to Sevenoaks. The royal army coming up with them here, they beat it and killed their general. Then, Jack dressed himself in the dead general's armour, and led his men to London.

Jack passed into the City from Southwark, over the bridge, and entered it in triumph, giving the strictest orders to his men not to plunder. Having made a show of his forces there, while the citizens looked on quietly, he went back into Southwark in good order, and passed the night. Next day, he came back again, having got hold in the meantime of Lord Say, an unpopular nobleman. Says Jack to the Lord Mayor and judges: "Will you be so good as to make a tribunal in Guildhall, and try me this nobleman?" The court being hastily made, he was found guilty, and Jack and his men cut his head off on Cornhill. They also cut off the head of his son-in-law, and then went back in good order to Southwark again.

But although the citizens could bear the behaviour of an unpopular lord, they could not bear to have their houses pillaged. And it did so happen that Jack, after dinner—perhaps he had drunk a little too much—began to plunder the house where he lodged; upon which, of course, his men began to imitate him. Wherefore, the Londoners took counsel with Lord Scales, who had a thousand men in the Tower; and defended London Bridge, and kept Jack and his people out. This advantage gained, it was resolved by divers great men to divide Jack's army in the old way, by making a great many promises on behalf of the state, that were never intended to be performed. This *did* divide them some of Jack's men saying that they ought to take the conditions which were offered, and others saying that they ought not, for they were only a snare; some going home at once; others staying where they were; and all doubting and quarrelling among themselves. Jack, who was in two minds about fighting or accepting a pardon, and who indeed did both, saw at last that there was nothing to expect from his men, and that it was very likely some of them would deliver him up and get a reward of a thousand marks, which was offered for his apprehension. So, after they had travelled and quarrelled all the way from Southwark to Blackheath, and from Blackheath to Rochester, he mounted a good horse and galloped away into Sussex. But, there galloped after him, on a better horse, one Alexander Iden, who had a hard fight with him, and killed him. Jack's head was set aloft on London Bridge, with the face looking towards Blackheath, where he had raised his flag; and Alexander Iden got the thousand marks.

It is supposed by some, that the Duke of York, who had been removed from a high post abroad through the Queen's influence, and sent out of the way, to govern Ireland, was at the bottom of this rising of Jack and his men, because he wanted to trouble the Government. He claimed (though not yet publicly) to have a better right to the throne than Henry of Lancaster, as one of the family of the Earl of March, whom Henry the Fourth had set aside. Touching this claim, which, being through female relationship, was not according to the usual descent, it is enough to say that Henry the Fourth was the free choice of the people and the Parliament, and that his family had now reigned undisputed for sixty years. The memory of Henry the Fifth was so famous, and the English people loved it so much, that the Duke of York's claim would, perhaps, never have been thought of (it would have been so hopeless) but for the unfortunate circumstance of the present King's being by this time quite an idiot, and the country very badly governed. These two circumstances gave the Duke of York a power he could not otherwise have had.

Whether the Duke knew anything of Jack Cade, or not, he came over from Ireland while Jack's head was on London Bridge; being secretly advised that the Queen was setting up his enemy, the Duke of Somerset, against him. He went to Westminster at the head of four thousand men, and on his knees before the King, represented to him the bad state of the country, and petitioned him to summon a Parliament to consider it. This the King promised. When the Parliament was summoned

the Duke of York accused the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Somerset accused the Duke of York; and, both in and out of Parliament, the followers of each party were full of violence and hatred towards the other. At length, the Duke of York put himself at the head of a large force of his tenants, and, in arms, demanded the reformation of the Government. Being shut out of London, he encamped at Dartford, and the royal army encamped at Blackheath. According as either side triumphed, the Duke of York was arrested, or the Duke of Somerset was arrested. The trouble ended, for the moment, in the Duke of York renewing his oath of allegiance, and going in peace to one of his own castles.

Half a year afterwards the Queen gave birth to a son, who was very ill received by the people, and not believed to be the son of the King. It shows the Duke of York to have been a moderate man, unwilling to involve England in new troubles, that he did not take advantage of the general discontent at this time, but really acted for the public good. He was made a member of the cabinet, and the King being now so much worse that he could not be carried about and shown to the people with any decency, the duke was made Lord Protector of the kingdom, until he should recover, or the Prince should come of age. At the same time the Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower. So, now the Duke of Somerset was down, and the Duke of York was up. By the end of the year, however, the King recovered his memory and some spark of sense; upon which the Queen used her power—which recovered with him—to get the Protector disgraced, and her favourite released. So, now the Duke of York was down, and the Duke of Somerset was up.

These ducal ups and downs gradually separated the whole nation into the two parties of York and Lancaster, and led to those terrible civil wars long known as the Wars of the Red and White Roses, because the red rose was the badge of the House of Lancaster, and the white rose was the badge of the House of York.

The Duke of York, joined by some other powerful noblemen of the White Rose party, and leading a small army, met the King with another small army at St. Alban's, and demanded that the Duke of Somerset should be given up. The poor King, being made to say in answer that he would sooner die, was instantly attacked. The Duke of Somerset was killed, and the King himself was wounded in the neck, and took refuge in the house of a poor tanner. Whereupon, the Duke of York went to him, led him with great submission to the Abbey, and said he was very sorry for what had happened. Having now the King in his possession, he got a Parliament summoned and himself once more made Protector, but, only for a few months; for, on the King getting a little better again, the Queen's party got him into their possession, and disgraced the Duke once more. So, now the Duke of York was down again.

Some of the best men in power, seeing the danger of these constant changes, tried even then to prevent the Red and White Rose Wars. They brought about a great council in London between the two parties. The White Roses assembled in Blackfriars, the Red Roses in Whitefriars: and some good priests communicated between them, and made the proceedings known at evening to the King and the judges. They ended in a peaceful agreement that there should be no more quarrelling; and there was a great royal procession to St. Paul's, in which the Queen walked arm-in-arm with her old enemy, the Duke of York, to show the people how comfortable they all were. This state of peace lasted half a year, when a dispute between the Earl of Warwick (one of the Duke's powerful friends) and some of the King's servants at Court, led to an attack upon that Earl—who was a White Rose—and to a sudden breaking out of all the old animosities. So, here were greater ups and downs than ever.

There were even greater ups and downs than these, soon after. After various battles, the Duke of York fled to Ireland, and his son the Earl of March to Calais, with their friends the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick; and a Parliament was held declaring them all traitors. Little the worse for this, the Earl of Warwick presently came back, landed in Kent, was joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other powerful noblemen and gentlemen, engaged the King's forces at Northampton, signally defeated them, and took the King himself prisoner, who was found in his tent. Warwick would have been glad, I dare say, to have taken the Queen and Prince too, but they escaped into Wales and thence into Scotland.

The King was carried by the victorious force straight to London, and made to call a new Parliament, which immediately declared that the Duke of York and those other noblemen were not traitors, but excellent subjects. Then, back comes the Duke from Ireland at the head of five hundred horsemen, rides from London to Westminster, and enters the House of Lords. There, he laid his hand upon the cloth of gold which covered the empty throne, as if he had half a mind to sit down in it—but he did not. On the Archbishop of Canterbury asking him if he would visit the King, who was in the palace close by, he replied "I know no one in this country, my lord, who ought not to visit *me*." No one of the lords present, spoke a single word; the duke went out as he had come in, established himself royally in the King's palace, and, six days afterwards, went in to the Lords a formal statement of his claim to the throne. The lords went to the King on this momentous

subject, and after a great deal of discussion, in which the judges and the other law officers were afraid to give an opinion on either side, the question was compromised. It was agreed that the present King should retain the crown for his life, and that it should then pass to the Duke of York and his heirs.

But, the resolute Queen, determined on asserting her son's rights, would hear of no such thing. She came from Scotland to the north of England, where several powerful lords armed in her cause. The Duke of York, for his part, set off with some five thousand men, a little time before Christmas Day, one thousand four hundred and sixty, to give her battle. He lodged at Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, and the Red Roses defied him to come out on Wakefield Green, and fight them then and there. His generals said, he had best wait until his gallant son, the Earl of March, came up with his power; but, he was determined to accept the challenge. He did so, in an evil hour. He was hotly pressed on all sides, two thousand of his men lay dead on Wakefield Green, and he himself was taken prisoner. They set him down in mock state on an ant-hill, and twisted grass about his head, and pretended to pay court to him on their knees, saying, "O King, without a kingdom, and Prince without a people, we hope your gracious Majesty is very well and happy!" They did worse than this; they cut his head off, and handed it, on a pole, to the Queen, who laughed with delight when she saw it (you recollect their walking so religiously and comfortably to St. Paul's!), and had it fixed, with a paper crown upon its head, on the walls of York. The Earl of Salisbury lost his head, too; and the Duke of York's second son, a handsome boy who was flying with his tutor over Wakefield Bridge, was stabbed in the heart by a murderous lord —Lord Clifford by name—whose father had been killed by the White Roses in the fight at St. Alban's. There was awful sacrifice of life in this battle, for no quarter was given, and the Queen was wild for revenge. When men unnaturally fight against their own countrymen, they are always observed to be more unnaturally cruel and filled with rage than they are against any other enemy.

But, Lord Clifford had stabbed the second son of the Duke of York—not the first. The eldest son, Edward Earl of March, was at Gloucester; and, vowing vengeance for the death of his father, his brother, and their faithful friends, he began to march against the Queen. He had to turn and fight a great body of Welsh and Irish first, who worried his advance. These he defeated in a great fight at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford, where he beheaded a number of the Red Roses taken in battle, in retaliation for the beheading of the White Roses at Wakefield. The Queen had the next turn of beheading. Having moved towards London, and falling in, between St. Alban's and Barnet, with the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Norfolk, White Roses both, who were there with an army to oppose her, and had got the King with them; she defeated them with great loss, and struck off the heads of two prisoners of note, who were in the King's tent with him, and to whom the King had promised his protection. Her triumph, however, was very short. She had no treasure, and her army subsisted by plunder. This caused them to be hated and dreaded by the people, and particularly by the London people, who were wealthy. As soon as the Londoners heard that Edward, Earl of March, united with the Earl of Warwick, was advancing towards the city, they refused to send the Queen supplies, and made a great rejoicing. The Queen and her men retreated with all speed, and Edward and Warwick came on, greeted with loud acclamations on every side. The courage, beauty, and virtues of young Edward could not be sufficiently praised by the whole people. He rode into London like a conqueror, and met with an enthusiastic welcome. A few days afterwards, Lord Falconbridge and the Bishop of Exeter assembled the citizens in St. John's Field, Clerkenwell, and asked them if they would have Henry of Lancaster for their King? To this they all roared, "No, no, no!" and, "King Edward! King Edward!" Then, said those noblemen, would they love and serve young Edward? To this they all cried, "Yes, yes!" and threw up their caps and clapped their hands, and cheered tremendously. Therefore, it was declared that by joining the Queen and not protecting those two prisoners of note, Henry of Lancaster had forfeited the crown; and Edward of York was proclaimed King. He made a great speech to the applauding people at Westminster, and sat down as sovereign of England on that throne, on the golden covering of which his father—worthy of a better fate than the bloody axe which cut the thread of so many lives in England, through so many years—had laid his hand.

END OF VOLUME THE FIFTH.